THE FAERIE QVEEN:

THE Shepheards Calendar:

Together

WITH THE OTHER

Works of England's Arch-Poët,

EDM. SPENSER:

¶ *Collected into one Volume, and carefully corrected.*

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
Anno Dom. 1611.



PR2350
1611
Rice

2d folio ed of Faire Em.
not [illegible] of other known.

TO THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT EMPERESSE,

RENOVNED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRACIOVS GOVERNMENT:

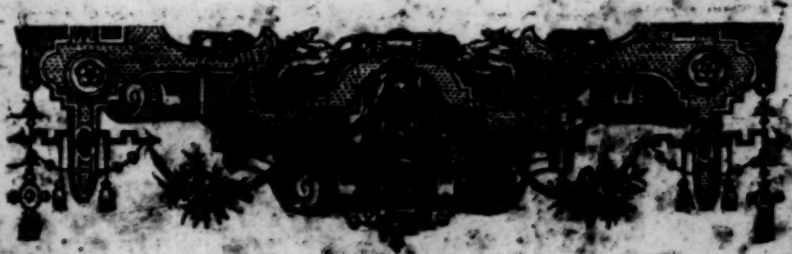
ELIZABETH,

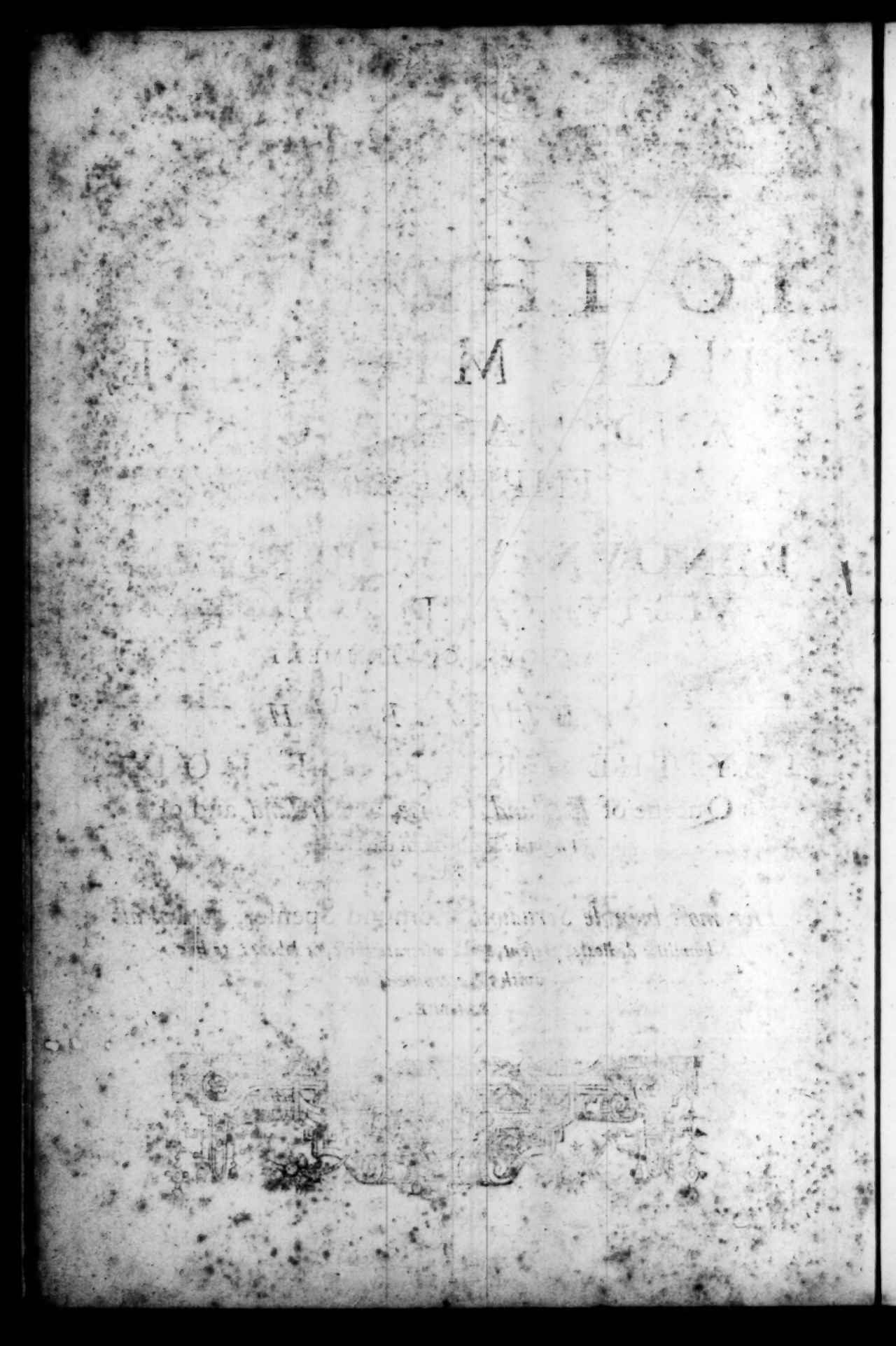
BY THE GRACE OF GOD,

Queene of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*, and of *Virginia*: Defender of the Faith, &c.

Her most humble Seruaunt, Edmund Spenser, *doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to liue with the eternitie of her*

FAME.





THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

Of Holineſſe.

1

LO, I the man, whoſe Muſe whilom did maſk,
As time her taught, in lowely Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforc't a far vnfitter taſk,
For trũpets ſtern to change mine oatẽ reeds,
And ſing of Knights, & Ladies gentle deeds;
Whoſe praiſes hauing ſlept in ſilence long,
Mee, all too meane, the ſacred Muſe areeds
To blazon broad, amongſt her learned throng:
Fierce warres, and faithfull loues, ſhall moralize my ſong.

2

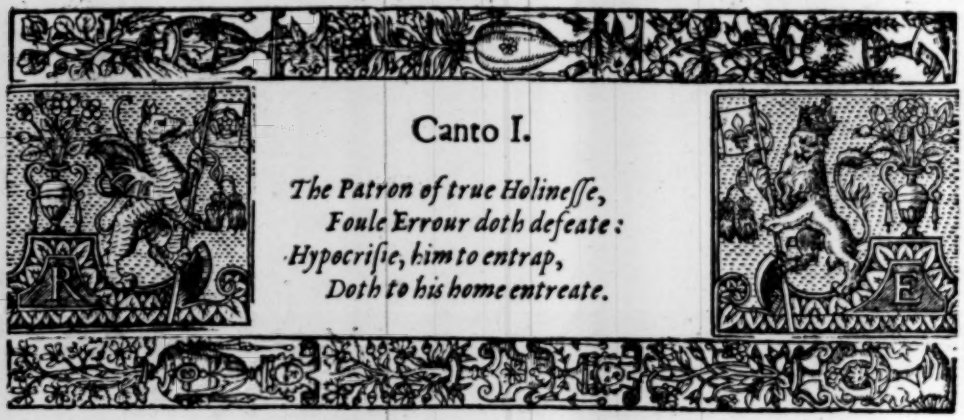
Helpe then, ô holy Virgin, chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will:
Lay forth out of thine euerlaſting ſcrine
The antique rolles, which there lie hidden ſtill,
Of Faerie Knights, and faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Whom that moſt noble Briton Prince ſo long
Sought through the world, and ſuffered ſo much ill,
That I muſt rue his vndeſerved wrong:
O! help thou my weake wit, and ſharpen my dull tongue.

3

And thou moſt dreaded impe of higheſt *Ioue*,
Faire *Venus* ſonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good Knight ſo cunningly didſt roue,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
In loues and gentle iollities arrayd,
After his murdrous ſpoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

4

And with them eke, ô Goddeſſe heauenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Maieſtie divine,
Great Lady of the greateſt Iſle, whoſe light
Like *Phœbus* lampe throughout the world doth ſhine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raiſe my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted ſtile:
The which to heare, vouchſafe, ô deareſt dread a-while.



Canto I.

The Patron of true Holineſſe,
Foule Errour doth defeate:
Hypocriſie, him to entrap,
Doth to his home entreate.

1

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine,
Ycladin mightie armes and ſiluer ſhield,
wherin old dints of deep woũds did remain
The cruell marks of many a bloudie field;
Yet armes til that time did he neuer wield:
His angry ſteede did chide his foming bit;
As much di'daining to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly Knight he ſeem'd, and faire did ſit,
As one for knightly giuſts and fierce encounters fit.

2

But on his breaſt a bloudy Croſſe he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whoſe ſweet ſake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as liuing) euer him ador'd:
Vpon his ſhield the like was alſo ſcor'd,
For ſoueraigne hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did ſeeme too ſolemne ſad:
Yet nothing did he dread; but euer was ydrad.

3

Vpon a great adventure he was bond,
That greateſt *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greateſt glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
To win him worſhip, and her grace to haue,
Which of all earthly things he moſt did craue;
And euer as he rode, his heart did earn
To proue his puiſſance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and ſtearn.

4

A louely Lady rode him faire beſide,
Vpon a lowely Aſſe more white then ſnowe;
Yet ſhee much whiter, but the ſame did hide
Vnder a veile, that wimpled was full lowe,
And over all a black ſtole ſhee did throwe,
As one that inly mourn'd: ſo was ſhe ſad,
And heauie ſat vpon her palfrey ſlowe;
Seemed in heart ſome hidden care ſhe had,
And by her in a line a milke white lamb ſhe lad.

5

So pure an Innocent, as that ſame lamb,
She was in life and euery vertuous lore,
And by deſcent from Royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their ſcepters ſtretcht from Eaſt to Weſtern ſhore,
And all the world in their ſubiection held;
Till that infernall fiend with foule vprore
Forewaſted all their land, and them expeld:
Whom to avenge, ſhe had this Knight from far compeld.

6

Behinde her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
That lazie ſeem'd in beeing euer laſt,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they paſt,
The day with cloudes was ſuddaine overcaſt,
And angry *Ioue* an hideous ſtorme of raine
Did powre into his Lemans lap ſo faſt,
That euery wight to ſhrowd it did conſtraine,
And this faire couple eke to ſhroud themſelues were faine.

7

Enforc't to ſeeke ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhadie groue not farre away they ſpide,
That promiſt ayde the tempeſt to withſtand:
Whoſe lofty trees, yclad with ſommers pride,
Did ſpread ſo broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any ſtarre:
And all within were paths and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour, that them ſeemes; ſo in they entred are.

8

And forth they paſſe, with pleaſure forward led,
Ioying to heare the birds ſweet harmony,
Which therein ſhrouded from the tempeſts dred,
Seem'd in their ſong to ſcorne the cruell ſky.
Much can they praiſe the trees ſo ſtraight and hie,
The ſayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
The builder Oake, ſole king of forreſts all,
The Aſpine, good for ſtaues, the Cypreſſe funerall.

The

9

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
And Poets ſage, the Firre that weepeth ſtill,
The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for ſhafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrhe ſweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitfull Oliue, and the Platane round,
The carver Holme, the Maple ſildom inward ſound.

10

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Vntill the bluſtring ſtorme is overblowne,
When, weening to returne, whence they did ſtray,
They cannot finde that path which firſt was ſhowne,
But wander to and fro in waies vnknowne,
Furtheſt from end then, when they neereſt ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many paths, ſo many turnings ſeen,
That which of them to take, in diverſe doubt they been.

11

At laſt, reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten ſeem'd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow Caue
Amid the thickeſt woods. The Champion ſtout
Eftſoones diſmounted from his courſer braue,
And to the Dwarfe awhile his needleſſe ſpeare he gaue.

12

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
Leaſt ſuddaine miſchiefe yee too raſh provoke:
The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
Breeds dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without ſmoke,
And perill without ſhowe: therefore your hardy ſtroke
Sir Knight with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah Lady (ſaid he) ſhame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden ſhade:
Vertue gives her ſelfe light, through darknes for to wade.

13

Yea, but (quoth ſhee) the perill of this place
I better wot then you: though now too late
To wiſh you back returne with foule diſgrace;
Yet wiſdom warnes, whilſt foote is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſteppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours den*;
A monſter vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore, I 'reed beware. Fly, fly (quoth then
The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for liuing men.

14

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be ſtaide;
But forth vnto the darkſome hole he went,
And looked in: his gliſtring armour made
A little glooming light, much like a ſhade,
By which he ſaw the vgly monſter plaine,
Halfe like a ſerpent horribly diſplaide,
But th'other halfe did womans ſhape retaine,
Moſt loathſome, filthy, foule, and full of vile diſdaine.

15

And, as ſhee lay vpon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerſpred,
Yet was in knots and many boughts vpwound,
Pointed with mortall ſting. Of her there bred
A thouſand young ones, which ſhe daily fed,
Sucking vpon her poiſonous dugs, each one
Of ſundry ſhape, yet all ill fauoured:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them ſhone,
Into her mouth they crept, and ſuddain all were gone.

16

Their dam vpſtart, out of her den effraide,
And ruſhed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her curſed head, whoſe folds diſplaid
Were ſtretcht now forth at length without entraile.
Shee lookt about, and ſeeing one in maile
Armed to point, ſought back to turne againe;
For, light ſhe hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in deſert darkneſſe to remaine,
Where plaine none might her ſee, nor ſhe ſee any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce vpon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to ſtay:
There-with enrag'd ſhee loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her ſpeckled taile advaunſt,
Threatning her angry ſting, him to diſmay:
Who, nought agaſt, his mighty hand enhaunſt:
The ſtroke down from her head vnto her ſhoulder glaunſt.

18

Much daunted with that dint, her ſenſe was daz'd;
Yet kindling rage, her ſelfe ſhe gather'd round,
And all at once her beaſtly body raiz'd
With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
Tho wrapping vp her wreathed ſterne arround,
Leapt fierce vpon his ſhield, and her huge traine
All ſuddainly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to ſtirre he ſtroue in vaine:
God help the man ſo wrapt in *Errours* endleſſe traine.

19

His Lady, ſad to ſee his ſore conſtraint,
Cride out, Now, now Sir Knight, ſhew what you bee,
Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, elſe ſhe ſure will ſtrangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high diſdaine,
And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Where-with he gryp't her gorge with ſo great paine,
That ſoone to looſe her wicked bands did her conſtraine.

20

There-with ſhe ſpewd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyſon horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of fleſh and gobbets raw,
Which ſtunk ſo vilely, that it forc't him slack
His graſping hold, and from her turne him back:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lack,
And creeping, ſought way in the weedy graſs:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

21

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride aboue the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
And ouerflowe each Plaine and lowely dale:
But when his later ebbe gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mud he leaues, wherein there breed
Tenne thousand kindes of creatures, partly male,
And partly female of his fruitfull seed;
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

22

The same so sore annoyed has the Knight,
That wel-nigh choaked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
Whose courage when the fiend perceiu'd to shrinke,
Shee poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of Serpents small,
Deformed monsters, foule, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legges did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweet euen-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which doe bite their hasty supper best;
A cloude of combrous gnats doe him molest,
All striuing to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in mind all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroake at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthy sin
He reft her hatefull head without remorse;
A streame of coale black bloud forth gushed frō her corse.

25

Her scattred broode, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
Gath'red themselues about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
At her wide mouth: but, beeing there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked vp their dying mothers blood;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable sight him much amaz'd,
To see th'vnkindly Imps of heauen accurst,
Deuoure their dam; on whom while so he gaz'd,
Hauing all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnes burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no longer labour spend: (tend.
His foes haue slaine themselues, with whom he should con-

27

His Lady, seeing all that chaunc't from farre,
Approch't in haste to greet his victorie;
And said, Faire Knight, borne vnder happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lie:
Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
Wherein you haue great glory wonne this day,
And proou'd your strength on a strong enemie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

28

Then mounted he vpon his Steed againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne euer would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So, forward on his way (with God to friend)
He passeth forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he trauelled before he heard of ought.

29

At length they chaunc't to meet vpon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowely bent,
Simple in shewe, and voyd of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breast, as one that did repent.

30

Hee faire the Knight saluted, louting lowe;
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did knowe
Of strange adventures, which abroad did pass.
Ah my deare sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues in hidden Cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespass,
Tidings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

31

But, if of danger which hereby doth dwell,
And home-bred euill ye desire to heare,
Of a strange man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said hee) I chiefely doe enquere,
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For, to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature liues so long a space.

32

Farre hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderneſſe
His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (said the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for, what so strong,
But wanting rest, will also want of might?
The Sunne, that measures heauen all day long,
At night doth baite his steeds the *Ocean* waues emong.

Then

33

Then with the Sunne, take Sir your timely reſt,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Vntroubled night (they ſay) giues counſell beſt.
Right well Sir Knight ye haue adviſed bin
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win
Is wiſely to adviſe: now day is ſpent;
Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
For this ſame night. The Knight was well content:
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34

A little lowely Hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forreſts ſide,
Farre from reſort of people, that did paſs
In trauell to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy Chappell edifide,
Wherein the Hermite duly wont to ſay
His holy things each morne and euentide:
Thereby a Cryſtall ſtreame did gently play,
Which from a ſacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35

Arriued there, the little houſe they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Reſt is their feaſt, and all things at their will;
The nobleſt mind the beſt contentment has.
With faire diſcourſe the euening ſo they paſs:
For, that old man of pleaſing words had ſtore,
And well could file his tongue as ſmooth as glaſs;
He told of Saints and Popes, and euermore
He ſtrow'd an *Aue-Mary* after and before.

36

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them faſt;
And the ſad humour loading their eye liddes,
As meſſenger of *Morpheus* on them caſt
Sweet ſlumbring deaw, the which to ſleep them biddes.
Vnto their lodgings then his gueſts he riddes:
Where when all drown'd in deadly ſleepe he findes,
Hee to his ſtudie goes, and there amiddes
His Magick bookes and arts of ſundry kindes,
Hee ſeekes out mightie charmes, to trouble ſleepy mindes.

37

Then chuſing out few words moſt horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verſes frame,
With which, and other ſpells like terrible,
He bad awake black *Plutoes* griſly Dame,
And curſed heauen, and ſpake reprochefull ſhame
Of higheſt God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darkneſſe and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

38

And forth hee call'd out of deep darkneſſe dread
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
Fluttring about his euer damned head,
Awaite whereto their ſeruice he applies,
To ayde his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of thoſe he choſe out two, the falſeſt two,
And fitteſt for to forge true-ſeeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a meſſage to,
The other by him ſelfe ſtaide other worke to do.

39

Hee, making ſpeedy way through ſperſed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To *Morpheus* houſe doth haſtily repaire:
Amid the bowels of the earth full ſteep
And low, where dawning day doth neuer peep,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth euer waſh, and *Cynthia* ſtill doth ſteep
In ſilver deaw his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles ſad Night ouer him her mantle black doth ſpred.

40

Whoſe double gates he findeth locked faſt,
The one faire fram'd of burniſht Yuory:
The other, all with ſiluer ouercaſt;
And wakefull dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to baniſh Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle ſleep.
By them the Spright doth paſſe in quietly,
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep
In drowſie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keep.

41

And more, to lull him in his ſlumber ſoft,
A trickling ſtreame from high rock tumbling downe,
And euer-drizling raine vpon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the ſown
Of ſwarming Bees, did caſt him in a ſwowne:
No other noiſe, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As ſtill are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but careleſſe Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall ſilence, farre from enemies.

42

The meſſenger approching to him ſpake;
But his waſte words return'd to him in vaine:
So ſound he ſlept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thruſt, and puſht with paine,
Whereat he gan to ſtretch: but he againe
Shooke him ſo hard, that forced him to ſpeake.
As one then in a dreame, whoſe drier braine
Is toſt with troubled ſights and fancies weake,
He mumbled ſoft, but would not all his ſilence breake.

43

The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lumpiſh head, with blame
Halfe angry, asked him for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* ſent,
He that the ſtubborne Sprites can wiſely tame,
He bids thee to him ſend for his intent
A fit falſe dreame, that can delude the ſleepers ſent.

44

The God obayde, and calling forth ſtraight way
A diverſe dreame out of his priſon darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe ſid lay
His heauie head, devoide of carefull carke,
Whoſe ſenſes all were ſtraight benumb'd and ſtarke.
He, backe returning by the Yuorie dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearfull Larke,
And on his little wings the dreame he bore
In haſte vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender parts
So liuely, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sense it could haue rauisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

46

Now, when that idle dreame was to him brought,
Vnto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, voide of euill thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily:
And that new creature borne without her due,
Full of the makers guile, with visage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whose semblance she did carry vnder feigned hew.

47

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
And comming where the Knight in slumber lay,
The one vpon his hardy head him plac't,
And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliss and wicked ioy:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plaind, how that false winged boy
Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame Pleasures toy.

48

And shee her selfe (of beauty soueraigne Queene)
Faire *Venus*, seem'd vnto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking euermore did weene
To be the chastest flower, that ay did spring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King;
Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen iô Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilst freshest *Flora* her Yuie girlond crownd.

49

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiss,
He starting vp, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his Lady is,
Vnder black stole hiding her baited hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment, and louely looke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him tooke.

50

All cleane dismaid to see so vncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought t'haue staine her in his fierce despight:
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He staid his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in womens pittious wise,
Tho can shee weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell Fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue to winne me certaine hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me doe, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

52

Your owne deere sake forc't mee at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdome; There she stopt with teares:
Her swollen heart her speech seem'd to bereaue,
And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
Captiu'd to fortune and fraile worldly feares,
Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:
Let me not die in languor and long teares.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismaid?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid?

53

Loue of your selfe, shee said, and deere constraint
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
In secret anguish and vnpittied plaint,
Whilst you in careless sleepe are drowned quite.
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted Knight
Suspect her truth: yet sith n'vntruth hee knew,
Her fawning loue with foule disdainefull spight
He would not shend, but said, Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake vnknowne such griefe vnto you grew.

54

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
Not all content, yet seem'd she to appease
Her mournefull plaints, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chuse but please;
So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

55

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearinesse of former fight
Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spright,
That troublous dreame gan freshly toss his braine,
With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he back return'd againe.

Canto II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcroſſe Knight from Truth:
Into whoſe ſtead faire falſhood ſteps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

1

By this, the Northern wagoner had ſet
His ſeuenfold teme behind the ſtedfaſt ſtar,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
But firme is fixt, and ſendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In haſte was climbing vp the Eaſterne hill,
Full enuious that night ſo long his roome did fill;

2

When thoſe accurſed meſſengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maiſter, and gan tell
Their bootleſſe paines, and ill ſucceeding night:
Who, all in rage to ſee his skilfull might
Deluded ſo, gan threaten helliſh paine
And ſad *Proſerpines* wrath, them to affright:
But when he ſawe his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and ſearcht his balefull bookes againe.

3

Eftſoones he tooke that miſcreated faire,
And that falſe other Spright, on whom he ſpred
A ſeeming body of the ſubtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and luſty-hed
His wanton dayes that euer looſely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Thoſe two he tooke; and in a ſecret bed,
Couer'd with darkneſſe and miſdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to ioy in vaine delight.

4

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull haſte
Vnto his gueſt, who after troublous ſights
And dreames, gan now to take more ſound repaſt,
Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearefull frights,
As one agaſt with fiends or damned ſprights,
And to him calls, Riſe, riſe vnhappy Swaine,
That heere wex old in ſleepe, whiles wicked wights
Haue knit themſelues in *Venus* ſhamefull chaine;
Come, ſee where your falſe Lady doth her honour ſtaine.

5

All in amaze he ſuddenly vp ſtart
With ſword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who ſoone him brought into a ſecret part,
Where that falſe couple were full cloſely ment
In wanton luſt and lewd embracement:
Which when he ſaw, he burnt with iealous fire,
The eye of reaſon was with rage yblent,
And would haue ſlaine them in his furious ire;
But hardly was reſtreined of that aged Sire.

6

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguiſh of his guiltie ſight,
He could not reſt, but did his ſtout heart eat,
And waſte his inward gall with deepe deſpight,
Yrkeſome of life, and too long lingring night.
At laſt faire *Heſperus* in higheſt skie
Had ſpent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light,
Then vp he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The Dwarfe hath brought his ſteed: ſo both away do flie.

7

Now when the roſy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged *Tithons* ſaffron bed,
Had ſpred her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils *Titan* diſcouered,
The royall virgin ſhooke off drowſy-hed,
And riſing forth out of her baſer bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan ſhe waile and weepe, to ſee that wofull ſtowre.

8

And after him ſhe rode with ſo much ſpeede
As her ſlowe beaſt could make; but all in vaine:
For him ſo far had borne his light-foot ſteed,
Pricked with wrath and fierie fierce diſdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitleſſe paine;
Yet ſhe her weary limbes would neuer reſt,
But euery hill and dale, each wood and Plaine
Did ſearch, ſore grieued in her gentle breſt,
He ſo vngently left her, whom ſhe loued beſt.

But

9

But ſubtile *Archimago*, when his gueſts
He ſaw divided into double parts,
And *Vna* vvandring in woods and forreſts,
Th'end of his drift, he praiſd his diueliſh arts,
That had ſuch might ouer true meaning harts;
Yet reſts not ſo, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further ſmarts:
For her he hated as the hiſſing ſnake,
And in her many troubles did moſt pleaſure take.

10

He then deviſde himſelfe how to diſguiſe;
For by his mighty Science he could take
As many formes and ſhapes in ſeeming wiſe,
As euer *Proteus* to himſelfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, ſometime a fiſh in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
That of himſelfe he oft for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden power of herbes, & might of Magick ſpell?

11

But now ſeem'd beſt, the perſon to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled gueſt:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And ſilver ſhield: vpon his coward breſt
A bloudy croſſe; and on his craven creſt
A bunch of haires diſcolourd diverſly:
Full iolly knight he ſeemde, and well addreſt,
And when he ſate vpon his courſer free,
Saint George himſelfe yee would haue deemed him to be.

12

But he, the knight, whoſe ſemblance he did beare,
The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and iealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him aſtray.
At laſt him chaunc't to meet vpon the way
A faithleſſe Sarazin, all arm'd to point,
In whoſe great ſhield was writ with letters gay
Sans Foy: Full large of limbe and euery ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad in ſcarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich aſſay,
And like a *Perſian* mitre on her head
She wore, with crownes and owches garniſhed,
The which her laviſh lovers to her gaue;
Her wanton palfrey all was overſpred
With tinſell trappings, woven like a waue,
Whoſe bridle rung with golden bells, and boſſes braue.

14

With faire diſport and courting dalliance
Shee entertaind her lover all the way:
But when ſhe ſaw the knight his ſpeare advance,
She ſoone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addreſſe him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth ſpurred faſt: adowne his courſers ſide
The red bloud, trickling, ſtaind the way as he did ride.

15

The knight of the *Red-croſſe* when him he ſpide,
Spurring ſo hote with rage diſpighteous,
Gan fairely couch his ſpeare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their ſteeds doe ſtagger, and amazed ſtand,
And eke themſelues too rudely rigorous,
Aſtonied with the ſtroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

16

As when two rammes, ſtird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts ſo fierce on either ſide
Doe meet, that with the terror of the ſhock
Aſtonied, both ſtand ſenſeleſſe as a block,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So ſtoode theſe twaine, vnmooued as a rock,
Both ſtaring fierce, and holding idlely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17

The *Sarazin* ſore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his ſword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puiſſaunce envies,
And through their iron ſides with cruelties
Does ſeeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flaſhing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning ſhields,
And ſtreames of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

18

Curſe on that Croſſe (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddeſt bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now aſſured ſit,
And hide thy head. There-with vpon his creſt
With rigour ſo outrageous he ſmit,
That a large ſhare it hew'd out of the reſt,
And glauncing down his ſhield, frō blame him fairely bleſt.

19

Who therat wondrous wroth, the ſleeping ſpark
Of native vertue gan eftſoones reviue,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely ſtrooke, that it the ſteele did riue,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aliue,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kiſs,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghoſt did ſtriue
With the fraile fleſh; at laſt it flitted is,
Whither the ſoules doe flie of men, that liue amiſs.

20

The Lady, when ſhe ſaw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as haſtily gan ſcowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* ſhield, ſigne of the conquerour.
Her ſoone he ouertooke, and bad to ſtay;
For preſent cauſe was none of dread, her to diſmay.

Shee

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir vouchsafe to showe
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse lowe,
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious showe,
Did much emmoue his stoutheroïcke heart,
And sayd; deare Dame, your suddein ouerthrowe
Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

22

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was (O, what now auaileth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

23

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me vnto the onely heire
Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire;
Was neuer Prince so meek and debonaire:
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My deerest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

24

His blessed body, spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assayd!
Then forth I went, his woefull corse to finde;
And many yeares throughout the world I strayd,
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde
With loue, long time did languish as the striken hinde.

25

At last, it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could neuer win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liv'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold *Sans loy*.

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Crauing of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And sayd; Faire Lady, heart of flint would rew,
The vndeserued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Hauing both found a new friend you to ayde,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth;
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he faining seemely mirth,
And she coy lookes: so, Dainty they say maketh derth.

28

Long time they thus together trauelled;
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouer-cast;
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th'vnlucky ground.

29

But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,
For the coole shadow thither hastly got:
For, golden *Phœbus* now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot,
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselues to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30

Faire seemely pleasance each to other makes;
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:
And thinking of those branches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forhead fit,
He pluckt a bough: out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

31

Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that hapned to me here,
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
And with that suddein horror could no member moue.

32

At last, when-as the dreadfull passion
Was ouer-past, and manhood well awake:
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
What voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

Then

9

But ſubtile *Archimago*, when his gueſts
He ſaw divided into double parts,
And *Una* vvandring in woods and forreſts,
Th'end of his drift, he praiſd his diueliſh arts,
That had ſuch might ouer true meaning harts;
Yet reſts not ſo, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke vnto her further ſmarts:
For her he hated as the hiſſing ſnake,
And in her many troubles did moſt pleaſure take.

10

He then deviſde himſelfe how to diſguiſe;
For by his mighty Science he could take
As many formes and ſhapes in ſeeming wiſe,
As euer *Proteus* to himſelfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, ſometime a fiſh in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
That of himſelfe he oft for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O! who can tell
The hidden power of hearbes, & might of Magick ſpell?

11

But now ſeem'd beſt, the perſon to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled gueſt:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And ſilver ſhield: vpon his coward breſt
A bloudy croſſe; and on his craven creſt
A bunch of haires diſcolourd diverſly:
Full iolly knight he ſeemde, and well addreſt,
And when he ſate vpon his courſer free,
Saint George himſelfe yee would haue deemed him to be.

12

But he, the knight, whoſe ſemblance he did beare,
The true *Saint George*, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and iealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him aſtray.
At laſt him chaunc't to meet vpon the way
A faithleſſe Sarazin, all arm'd to point,
In whoſe great ſhield was writ with letters gay
Sans Foy: Full large of limbe and euery ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13

He had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad in ſcarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich aſſay,
And like a *Perſian* mitre on her head
She wore, with crownes and owches garniſhed,
The which her laviſh lovers to her gaue;
Her wanton palfrey all was overſpred
With tinſell trappings, woven like a waue,
Whoſe bridle rung with golden bells, and boſſes braue.

14

With faire diſport and courting dalliance
Shee entertaind her lover all the way:
But when ſhe ſaw the knight his ſpeare advance,
She ſoone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addreſſe him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth ſpurred faſt: adowne his courſers ſide
The red bloud, trickling, ſtaind the way as he did ride.

15

The knight of the *Red-croſſe* when him he ſpide,
Spurring ſo hote with rage diſpighteous,
Gan fairely couch his ſpeare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their ſteeds doe ſtagger, and amazed ſtand,
And eke themſelues too rudely rigorous,
Aſtonied with the ſtroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

16

As when two rammes, ſtird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts ſo fierce on either ſide
Doe meet, that with the terror of the ſhock
Aſtonied, both ſtand ſenſeleſſe as a block,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So ſtoode theſe twaine, vnmooued as a rock,
Both ſtaring fierce, and holding idlely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17

The *Sarazin* ſore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his ſword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puiſſaunce envies,
And through their iron ſides with cruelties
Does ſeeke to perce: repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flaſhing fier flies
As from a forge out of their burning ſhields,
And ſtreames of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

18

Curſe on that Croſſe (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keepes thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddeſt bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now aſſured ſit,
And hide thy head. There-with vpon his creſt
With rigour ſo outragious he ſmit,
That a large ſhare it hew'd out of the reſt,
And glauncing down his ſhield, frō blame him fairely bleſt.

19

Who therat wondrous wroth, the ſleeping ſpark
Of natiue vertue gan eftſoones reviue,
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely ſtrooke, that it the ſteele did riue,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe aliue,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kiſs,
Greeting his graue: his grudging ghoſt did ſtriue
With the fraile fleſh; at laſt it flitted is,
Whither the ſoules doe flie of men, that liue amiſs.

20

The Lady, when ſhe ſaw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as haſtily gan ſcowre,
Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* ſhield, ſigne of the conquerour.
Her ſoone he ouertooke, and bad to ſtay;
For preſent cauſe was none of dread, her to diſmay.

Shee

PAGINATION IN

21
She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
Cryde, Mercy, mercy Sir vouchsafe to showe
On silly Dame, subiect to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse lowe,
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious showe,
Did much emmoue his stout heroicke heart,
And sayd; deare Dame, your suddein ouerthrowe
Much rueth me: but now put feare apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

22
Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom vnhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heauens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was (O, what now auaileth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West vnder his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

23
He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me vnto the onely heire
Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;
Was neuer Prince so faithfull and so faire;
Was neuer Prince so meek and debonaire:
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine: that shall I euer mone.

24
His blessed body, spoild of liuely breath,
Was afterward, I knowe not how, conuaid
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me vnhappy mayd,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assayd!
Then forth I went, his woefull corse to finde;
And many yeares throughout the world I strayd,
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded minde
With loue, long time did languish as the striken hinde.

25
At last, it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could neuer win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soueraigne dread.
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he liv'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans ioy*,
And twixt them both was borne the bloudy bold *Sans loy*.

26
In this sad plight, friendlesse, vnfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Crauing of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And sayd; Faire Lady, heart of flint would rew,
The vndeserued woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27
Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Hauing both found a new friend you to ayde,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With change of cheare, the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth;
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he faining seemely mirth,
And she coy lookes: so, Dainty they say maketh derth.

28
Long time they thus together traueiled;
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse ouer-cast;
And their greene leaues trembling with euery blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:
The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast
Vnder them neuer sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe, but shund th'vnlucky ground.

29
But this good Knight, soon as he them gan spie,
For the coole shadow thither hastly got:
For, golden *Phœbus* now that mounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot,
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That liuing creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselues to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30
Faire seemely pleasance each to other makes;
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that liued yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit:
And thinking of those branches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forhead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

31
Therewith a pitious yelling voyce was heard,
Crying, ô spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynde embard:
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that hapned to me here,
And to his wretched Lady, my deare Loue;
O too deare loue! loue bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and vp his haire did houe,
And with that suddein horror could no member moue.

32
At last, when-as the dreadfull passion
Was ouer-past, and manhood well awake:
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
What voice of damned ghost from *Limbo* lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty ayre
(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtfull eares these speeches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

Then

33
Then groning deep, Nor damned ghoſt, quoth he,
Nor guilefull ſprite to thee theſe words doth ſpeake;
But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a tree:
Wretched man, wretched tree; whoſe nature weake,
A cruell witch her curſed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plac't in open Plaines,
Where *Boreas* doth blowe full bitter bleake,
And ſcorching Sunne does dry my ſecret vaines:
For, though a tree I ſeeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34
Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whoſe miſchieuous arts
Art thou misſhaped thus, as now I ſee?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing hearts,
As raging flames who ſtriueth to ſuppreſſe.
The author then, ſayd he, of all my ſmarts,
Is one *Dueſſa* a falſe ſorcereſſe,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchedneſſe.

35
In prime of youthly yeares, when courage hot
The fire of loue and ioy of cheualree
Firſt kindled in my breſt; it was my lot
To loue this gentle Lady whom ye ſee,
Now not a Lady, but a ſeeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire Lady by his ſide;
Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Dueſſa* hide.

36
Whoſe forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to haue exceeded farre:
I in defence of mine did likewiſe ſtand;
Mine, that did then ſhine as the Morning ſtarre:
So, both to batttell fierce arraunged arre;
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Vnder my ſpeare: ſuch is the dy of warre:
His Lady, left as a priſe martiall,
Did yield her comely perſon, to be at my call.

37
So doubly lov'd of Ladies vnlike faire,
Th'one ſeeming ſuch, the other ſuch indeed,
One day in doubt I caſt for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceede;
A Roſy girlond was the Victors meede:
Both ſeemde to win, and both ſeemde won to bee,
So hard the diſcord was to be agreede.
Fraliſſa was as faire, as faire mote bee:
And euer falſe *Dueſſa* ſeemd as faire as ſhee.

38
The wicked witch now ſeeing all this while
The doubtfull ballance equally to ſway,
What not by right, ſhe caſt to win by guile,
And by her helliſh ſcience raiſd ſtreight way
A foggy miſt, that ouer-caſt the day,
And a dull blaſt, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties ſhining ray,
And with foule vgly forme did her diſgrace:
Then was ſhe faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39
Then cride ſhe out, Phy, phy, deformed wight,
Whoſe borrowed beauty now appeareth plaine
To haue before bewitched all mens ſight;
O leaue her ſoone, or let her ſoone be ſlaine.
Her loathly viſage viewing with diſdaine,
Eftſoones I thought her ſuch, as ſhe me told,
And would haue kild her; but, with fained paine,
The falſe witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where ſhe now is turnd to treen mould.

40
Thenceforth I took *Dueſſa* for my Dame,
And in the witch vnweening ioyd long time:
Ne euer wiſt, but that ſhe was the ſame;
Till on a day (that day is euery Prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunc't to ſee her in her proper hew,
Bathing her ſelfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did view,
That euer to haue toucht her, I did deadly rew.

41
Her neather parts misſhapen, monſtruous,
Were hid in water, that I could not ſee:
But they did ſeeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans ſhape man would beleeue to be.
Thenceforth from her moſt beaſtly companie
I gan refraine, in minde to ſlip away,
Soone as appeard ſafe opportunity:
For, danger great, if not aſſur'd decay,
I ſawe before mine eyes, if I were knowne to ſtray.

42
The diueliſh hag by changes of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in ſleepy night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did beſmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might;
That all my ſenſes were bereaued quight:
Then brought ſhe me into this deſert waſte,
And by my wretched Louers ſide me pight;
Where now incloſde in wooden wals full faſt,
Baniſht from liuing wights, our weary dayes we waſte.

43
But how long time, ſayd then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this misformed houſe to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this euill plight,
Till we be bathed in a liuing Well;
That is the terme preſcribed by the ſpell.
O! how, ſayd he, mote I that well out-finde,
That may reſtore vou to your wonted well?
Time and ſuffiſed fates to former kind
Shall vs reſtore: none elſe from hence may vs vnbinde.

44
The falſe *Dueſſa*, now *Fideſſa* hight,
Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight
Full of ſad feare and ghaſtly dreriment,
When all this ſpeech the liuing tree had ſpent,
The bleeding bough did thruſt into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with freſh clay did cloſe the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

Her

45

Her ſeeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all vnweeting of that well ſhe knew,
And paind himſelfe with buſie care to reare
Her out of careleſſe ſwoune. Her eylids blew
And dimmed ſight, with pale and deadly hew,
At laſt ſhe gan vp-lift: with trembling cheare
Her vp he tooke, too ſimple and too true,
And oft her kiſt. At length, all paſſed feare,
He ſet her on her ſteede, and forward forth did beare.

Canto III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeekes her loue,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Deuotions mart, & fall's
in hand of leachour vilde.

1

NOught is there vnder heau'ns wide holownes
That moues more deare cõpaſſion of mind,
Thẽ beuty brought t'vnworthy wretchednes
By Enuies ſnares, or Fortunes freaks vnkind:
I, whether lately throgh her brightnes blind,
Or through allegeance and faſt fealtie,
Which I doe owe vnto all womankind,
Feele my heart pearc't with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pittie I could die.

2

And now it is empaſſioned ſo deepe,
For faireſt *Vnaes* ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my fraile eyes theſe lines with teares doe ſteepe,
To thinke how ſhee through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,
Though faire as euer liuing wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight diuorced in deſpaire
And her due loues deriu'd to that vile witches ſhare.

3

Yet ſhee moſt faithfull Lady all this while
Forſaken, wofull, ſolitary maid
Farre from all peoples preaſe, as in exile,
In wilderneſſe and waſtfull deſerts ſtraid,
To ſeeke her knight; who, ſubtilly betraid
Through that late viſion, which th'Enchaũter wrought,
Had her abandond. Shee of nought affraid,
Through woods and waſtneſſe wide him daily ſought;
Yet wiſhed tydings none of him vnto her brought.

4

One day, nigh weary of the irkeſome way,
From her vnhaſtie beaſt ſhe did alight,
And on the graſſe her dainty limbs did lay
In ſecret ſhadow, farre from all mens ſight:
From her faire head her fillet ſhe vndight,
And laid her ſtole aſide. Her angels face
As the great eye of heauen ſhined bright,
And made a ſunſhine in the ſhadie place;
Did neuer mortall eye behold ſuch heauenly grace.

5

It fortuned, out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddainly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To haue attonce deuour'd her tender corſe:
But to the pray when as he drew more nie,
His bloody rage aſſwaged with remorſe,
And with the ſight amaz'd, forgat his furious force.

6

In ſtead thereof he kiſt her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,
As hee her wronged innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty maiſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong!
Whoſe yeelded pride, and proude ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compaſſion,
And drizling teares did ſhed for pure affection.

7

The Lyon Lord of euery beaſt in field,
Quoth ſhe, his princely puiſſance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pitty of my ſad eſtate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruell heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and euer moſt ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8

Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast vpon her gazing stood;
With pitty calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting vp her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heauenly brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
To seeke her straied Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leaue her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she wak't, he waited diligent,
With humble seruice to her will prepar'd:
From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement,
And euer by her lookes conceiued her intent.

10

Long shee thus trauelled through deserts wide,
By which she thought her wandring knight should pass,
Yet neuer shew of liuing wight espide;
Till that at length she found the troden grass,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Vnder the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spide, slowe footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11

To vvhom approching, shee to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor vnderstand;
Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for neuer in that land
Face of faire Lady she before did view,
And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne euer lookt behind,
As if her life vpon the wager lay;
And home shee came, where as her mother blind
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of gastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arriued there
Dame *Vna*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

13

Which when none yeelded, her vnruly Page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
She found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Vpon her beades deuoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* euery day,
And thrice nine hundred *Aues* shee was wont to say.

14

And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrice euery weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beades she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remoue away,
Faire *Vna* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When euery creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad *Vna* downe her layes in wearie plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe:
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loued knight,
And sighes, and grones, and euermore does steepe
Her tender breast in bitter teares all night,
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Aboue the shinie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
And all in deadly sleep did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heauie load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage seuerall,
Which hee had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

Hee was to weet a stout and sturdie theefe,
Wont to rob Churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which giuen was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men careless slept,
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Vnto this house he brought, and did bestowe
Vpon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of *Corceca* slowe,
With whom he whoredome vs'd, that few did knowe,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did growe:
Ne spared he to giue her gold and rings,
And now he to her brought part of his stollen things.

19

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of those fearefull women none durst rise,
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to aduise,
But open breakes the dore in furious wise,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Vnder his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppreſt.

Him

20

Him booteth not reſiſt, nor ſuccour call,
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,
Who ſtraight him rent in thouſand peeces ſmall,
And quite diſmembred hath: the thirſtie land
Drunke vp his life; his corſe left on the ſtrand.
His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor ſeeme to vnderſtand
The heauie hap which on them is alight,
Affraid, leaſt to themſelues the like miſhappen might.

21

Now when broad day the world diſcouered has,
Vp *Vna* roſe, vp roſe the Lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward paſs,
In waies vnknowne, her wandring knight to ſeeke,
With paines farre paſſing that long wandring *Greeke*,
That for his loue refuſed deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
Still ſeeking him, that from her ſtill did flie,
Then furtheſt from her hope, when moſt ſhee weened nie.

22

Soone as ſhee parted thence, the fearefull twaine,
That blind old woman and her daughter deare
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there ſlaine,
For anguiſh great they gan to rend their haire,
And beat their breaſts, and naked fleſh to teare.
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,
Then forth they ranne like two amazed Deere,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the cauſer of their ill.

23

Whom ouertaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her railing all the way,
And her accuſing of diſhoneſtie,
That was the flowre of faith and chaſtitie;
And ſtill amidſt her rayling, ſhe did pray,
That plagues, and miſchiefs, and long miſery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endleſſe errour ſhe might euer ſtray.

24

But when ſhee ſaw her prayers nought preuaile,
She back returned with ſome labour loſt;
And in the way, as ſhee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes emboſt,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging boſt,
But ſubtill *Archimag*, that *Vna* ſought
By traines into new troubles to haue toſt:
Of that old woman tydings he beſought,
If that of ſuch a Lady ſhe could tellen ought.

25

There-with ſhe gan her paſſion to renew,
And cry, and curſe, and raile, and rend her haire,
Saying, that harlot ſhee too lately knew,
That cauſd her ſhed ſo many a bitter teare,
And ſo forth told the ſtory of her feare:
Much ſeemed he to mone her hapleſſe chaunce,
And after, for that Lady did inquere;
Which beeing taught, he forward gan aduaunce
His faire enchaunted ſteed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

Ere long he came where *Vna* trauail'd ſlowe,
And that wilde Champion waiting her beſide:
Whom ſeeing ſuch, for dread he durſt not ſhowe
Himſelfe too nigh at hand, but turned wide
Vnto an hill; from whence when ſhe him eſpide,
By his like ſeeming ſhield, her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh, ſhe wiſt it was the ſame,
And with faire fearefull humbleſſe towards him ſhe came.

27

And weeping ſaid, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where haue yee been thus long out of my ſight?
Much feared I to haue been quite abhord,
Or ought haue done, that yee diſpleaſen might,
That ſhould as death vnto my deare heart light:
For ſince mine eye your ioyous ſight did miſs,
My cheerfull day is turn'd to cheerleſſe night,
And eke my night of death the ſhadow is;
But welcome now my light, and ſhining lamp of bliſs.

28

Hee thereto meeting, ſaid, My deareſt Dame,
Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that knighthood I ſo much ſhould ſhame,
As you to leaue, that haue mee loued ſtill,
And choſe in Faery Court of meere good will,
Where nobleſt knights were to be found on earth:
The earth ſhall ſooner leaue her kindely skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall dearth,
Then I leaue you, my life, yborne of heauenly birth.

29

And ſooth to ſay, why I left you ſo long,
Was for to ſeeke adventure in ſtrange place,
Where *Archimago* ſaid a felon ſtrong
To many Knights did daily worke diſgrace;
But knight he now ſhall neuer more deface:
Good cauſe of mine excuſe; that mote ye pleaſe
Well to accept, and euermore embrace
My faithfull ſeruice, that by land and ſeas
Haue vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appeaſe.

30

His loucly words her ſeem'd due recompence
Of all her paſſed paines: one louing howre
For many yeeres of ſorrow can diſpence:
A dram of ſweet is worth a pound of ſowre:
She had forgot, how many a wofull ſtowre
For him ſhe late endur'd; ſhee ſpeakes no more
Of paſt: true is, that true loue hath no powre
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her ſtands her knight, for whom ſhe toyld ſo ſore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten Mariniere,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft ſouſt in ſwelling *Tethys* ſaltiſh teare,
And long time hauing tand his tawney hide
With bluſtring breath of heauen, that none can bide,
And ſcorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soone as the port from farre he has eſpide,
His cheerfull whiſtle merrily doth ſound. (round:
And *Nereus* crownes with cups; his mates him pledge a-

32

Such ioy made *Vna*, when her Knight ſhe found;
And eke th'enchaunter ioyous ſeemd no leſſe
Then the glad Marchant, that does view from ground
His ſhip farre come from watrie wilderneſſe;
He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth bleſſe:
So forth they paſt, and all the way they ſpent
Diſcourſing of her dreadfull late diſtreſſe,
In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment:
Who told, her all that fell in iourney as ſhe went.

33

They had not ridden farre, when they might ſee
One pricking towards them with haſty heat,
Full ſtrongly arm'd, and on a courſer free
That through his fiercenesſe fomed all with ſweat,
And the ſharp iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider ſpurr'd his chauffed ſide;
His looke was ſterne, and ſeemed ſtill to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hide,
And on his ſhield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dide.

34

When nigh he drew vnto this gentle paire,
And ſaw the Red-croſſe, which the Knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftſoones prepare
Himſelfe to battell with his couched ſpeare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
To taſte th'vntryed dint of deadly ſteele;
But yet his Lady did ſo well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his ſpeare, and ſpurnd his horſe with iron heele.

35

But that proude Paynim forward came ſo fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his ſharp-head ſpeare
Through vainely croſſed ſhield he quite did pierce;
And, had his ſtaggering ſteed not ſhrunke for feare,
Through ſhield and body eke he ſhould him beare:
Yet ſo great was the puiſſance of his puſh,
That from his ſaddle quite he did him beare:
He tumbling rudely downe to ground did ruſh,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did guſh.

36

Diſmounting lightly from his loftie ſteed,
He to him lept, in mind to reaue his life,
And proudly ſaid, Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him, that ſlew *Sans foy* with bloudy knife;
Henceforth his ghoſt, freed from repining ſtrife,
In peace may paſſen ouer *Lethe* lake,
When mourning altars, purg'd with enemies life,
The black infernall *Furies* doen aſſake:
Life from *Sans foy* thou tookſt, *Sans loy* ſhall frō thee take.

37

There-with in haſte his helmet gan vnlace,
Till *Vna* cride, ô hold that heauie hand,
Deare Sir, what euer that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquiſht ſtand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withſtand:
For he is one the trueſt Knight aliue,
Though conquered now he lie on lowely land,
And whil'ſt him fortune fauourd, faire did thriue
In bloudy field: therefore of life him not depriue.

38

Her pittious words might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending vp his helmet, would
Haue ſlaine him ſtraight: but when he ſees his age,
And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
His haſtie hand he doth amazed hold,
And halfe aſhamed, wondred at the ſight:
For, the old man well knew he, though vntold,
In charmes and magick to haue wondrous might,
Ne euer wont in field, ne in round liſts to fight.

39

And ſaid, Why *Archimago*, luckleſſe ſire,
What doe I ſee? what hard miſhap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taſte mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In ſtead of foe, to wound my friend amiſs?
He anſwered nought, but in a traunce ſtill lay,
And on thoſe guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did ſit. Which doen away,
He left him lying ſo, ne would no longer ſtay;

40

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
Amazed ſtands, her ſelfe ſo mockt to ſee
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For ſo misfeigning her true Knight to bee:
Yet is ſhe now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that ſame Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her viſage to behold.

41

But her fierce ſeruaunt, full of kingly awe
And high diſdaine, when as his ſoueraigne Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he ſawe,
With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his ſhield, did weene the ſame
Haue reft away with his ſharp rending clawes:
But he was ſtout, and luſt did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his ſhield redeem'd, & forth his ſword he drawes.

42

O then too weake and feeble was the force
Of ſalvage beaſt, his puiſſance to withſtand:
For, he was ſtrong, and of ſo mighty corſe,
As euer wielded ſpeare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wiſely vnderſtand.
Eftſoones he pierced through his chauffed cheſt
With thrilling point of deadly iron brand,
And launc't his Lordly hart: with death oppreſt
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forſooke his ſtubborne breſt.

43

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging ſpoile of lawleſſe victors will?
Her faithfull gard remoou'd, her hope diſmaid,
Her ſelfe a yeelded prey to ſaue or ſpill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches, and diſdainfull ſpight
Her vilely entertaines, and (will or nill)
Beares her away vpon his courſer light:
Her prayers nought preuaile, his rage is more of might.

And

44

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And pittious plaints she filleth his dull eares,
That stony heart could riven haue in twaine,
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But hee, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leaue her so,
But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More milde in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

Canto IIII.

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa guides the faithfull knight: Where, brothers death to wreak, Sansioy doth chalenge him to fight.

1

YOung knight, what euer that dost arms profess
And through long labors hunterst after fame,
Beware of fraude, beware of fickleness,
In choice, & change of thy dear loued Dame,
Least thou of her belieue too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy hart remoue:
For, vnto Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in loue;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly proue.

2

Who after that he had faire *Vna* lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her stead had borne,
Called *Fidessa*, and so suppos'd to be;
Long with her trauaild, till at last they see
A goodly building, brauely garnished,
The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither travailed.

3

Great troupes of people travail'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, hauing scaped hard,
With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,
Which euer after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bade him bend his pase:
For she is weary of the toilesome way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4

A stately Palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all ouer them displaid,
That purest skie with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted vp were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries farre over-laid,
Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres;
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5

It was a goodly heape for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mold
Did on so weake foundation euer sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That euery breath of heauen shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still, to all the gates stood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Call'd *Malueno*, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on euery side
With rich array and costly Arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

7

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious view
Their fraile amazed senses did confound:
In liuing Princes Court none euer knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* selfe, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like euer saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on euery side,
Which with their presence faire, the place much beautifide.

8

High aboue all, a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
On which there sate most braue embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glistring gold, and peereless pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone;

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* faireſt childe,
That did presume his fathers firie waine,
And flaming mouthes of steedes vnwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to raine;
Proude of such glory and advauncement vaine,
While flashing beames doe daze his feeble eyen,
He leaues the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And rapt with whirling wheeles, enflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10

So proude shee shined in her Princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdaine,
And sitting high; for lowely shee did hate:
Lo, vnderneath her scornefull feete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous traine,
And in her hand she held a mirrour bright,
Wherein her face shee often viewed faine,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For shee was wondrous faire, as any liuing wight.

11

Of griesly *Pluto* shee the daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her peereless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did shee swell:
And thundring *Ioue*, that high in heauen doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claimed for her Sire;
Or if that any else did *Ioue* excell:
For, to the highest shee did still aspire,
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desire.

12

And proude *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crown'd to be:
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of natiue soueraintie,
But did vsurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Vpon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne rul'd her Realmes with lawes, but policie,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did vphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa*, seeming Lady faire,
A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name,
Made roome, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the loweſt staire
Of her high throne; where they, on humble knee
Making obeisance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To proue the wide report of her great Maiestie.

14

With lofty eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to showe
Of Princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her Lords and Ladies all this while deuise
Themselues to setten forth to strangers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some pranke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight doe entertaine,
Right glad with him to haue increast their crew:
But to *Duessa* each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire curtesie to shew;
For in that Court whilome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd,
Thought all their glory vaine in knightly view,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16

Suddaine vprise th from her stately place
The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurlen forth, and shee with Princely pace,
As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightnesse broad doth blaze:
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other, vpon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

So forth shee comes, and to her coche does clime,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seem'd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
And strowe to match, in royall rich array,
Great *Iunoes* golden chaire, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To *Ioues* high house through heauens brasse-paued way
Drawne of faire Peacocks, that excell in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

18

But this was drawne of six vnequall beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellours did ride,
Taught to obey their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applide:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish *Idlenesse*, the nurse of sin;
Vpon a slothfull Asse he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monk, the seruice to begin.

19

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red:
For, of deuotion hee had little care,
Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once vphold his heauie hed,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the waine was very euill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or elſe astray.

From

20

From worldly cares himselfe hee did essoine,
And greatly shunned manly exercise:
For euery worke hee chalenged essoine,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grieuous maladie;
For, in his lustlesse limbs through euill guise
A shaking feaver raign'd continually:
Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company.

21

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was vp-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne:
And like a Crane his necke was long and fine,
With which he swallowed vp excessiue feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pine;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
Hee spewed vp his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22

In greene vine leaues he was right fitly clad;
For, other clothes he could not weare for heat,
And on his head an Ivie girland had,
From vnder which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he some-what still did eate,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarse vpholden can;
In shape and life, more like a monster, then a man.

23

Vnfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke vnable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meate and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he sildom knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcasse blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow;
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
Vpon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
And whally eyes (the signe of iealousie)
Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare:
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appeare,
Vnseemely man to please faire Ladies eye;
Yet he, of Ladies oft was loued deare,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantasie?

25

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which vnderneath did hide his filthinesse,
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies, and new-fangleneesse;
For, he was false, and fraught with fickleneesse,
And learned had to loue with secret lookes,
And well could daunce and sing with ruefulnesse,
And fortunes tell, and read in louing bookes,
And thousand other waies, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26

Inconstant man, that loued all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did loue,
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But ioy'd weake wemens hearts to tempt and proue
If from their loyall loues he might them moue;
Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochefull paine
Of that foule euill, which all men reproue,
That rots the marrowe, and consumes the braine:
Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

27

And greedy *Auarice* by him did ride,
Vpon a Camell loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either side,
With precious metall, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heape of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And vnto hell himselfe for money sold;
Accursed vsury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballance waide.

28

His life was nigh vnto deaths dore yplac't,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shooes he ware,
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and riches to compare;
Yet chylde ne kinsman liuing had he none
To leaue them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life vnto himselfe vnknowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lack in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end couetise,
Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished euermore;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grieuous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was *Auarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

30

And next to him malicious *Enuie* rode,
Vpon a rauenous Wolfe, and still did chaw
Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him euer sad:
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle of discolour'd Say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly their lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile vpties
In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Couetise,
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proude *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

32

He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſſe, that any like did vſe:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuſe;
So euery good to bad he doth abuſe:
And eke the verſe of famous Poets wit
He does backbite, and ſpightfull poyſon ſpues
From leprous mouth, on all that euer writ:
Such one vile *Envie* was, that firſt in rowe did ſit.

33

And him beſide rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Vpon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his head;
His eyes did hurle forth ſparkles fiery red,
And ſtared ſterne on all that him beheld,
As aſhes pale of hew and ſeeming dead;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling through haſty rage, when choler in him ſweld.

34

His ruffin raiment all was ſtaind with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through vnadviſed raſhneſſe woxen wood;
For, of his hands he had no gouernment,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But, when the furious fit was overpaſt,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he neuer would forecaſt,
How many miſchiefes ſhould enſue his heedleſſe haſt.

35

Full many miſchiefes follow cruell *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloudſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Vnmanly murder, and vnthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours ruſty knife,
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All theſe, and many euills moe haunt ire,
The ſwelling Splene, and Phrenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking Palſey, and Saint *Frances* fire:
Such one was *Wrath*, the laſt of this vngodly tire.

36

And after all, vpon the wagon beame
Rode *Satan*, with a ſmarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laſht the lazie teame,
So oft as *Sloth* ſtill in the mire did ſtand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for ioy, and ſtill before their way
A foggy miſt had couered all the land;
And vnderneath their feet, all ſcattered lay
Dead ſculs & bones of men, whoſe life had gone aſtray.

37

So forth they marchen in this goodly ſort,
To take the ſolace of the open aire,
And in freſh flowring fields themſelues to ſport:
Emongſt the reſt rode that falſe Lady faire,
The foule *Dueſſa*, next vnto the chaire
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine:
But that good Knight would not ſo nigh repaire,
Him ſelfe eſtranging from their ioyaunce vaine,
Whoſe fellowſhip ſeem'd far vnfit for warlike ſwaine.

38

So hauing ſolaced themſelues a ſpace,
With pleaſaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe returned to the Princely Place;
Whereas an errant Knight in armes ycled,
And heathniſh ſhield, wherein with letters red,
Was writ *Sans ioy*, they new arriued find:
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,
He ſeem'd in hart to harbour thoughts vnkind,
And nouriſh bloudy vengeance in his bitter mind.

39

Who when the ſhamed ſhield of ſlaine *Sans foy*
He ſpide with that ſame Faery champions Page,
Bewraying him, that did of late deſtroy
His eldeſt brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that ſame envious gage
Of Victors glory from him ſnatcht away:
But th'Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Diſdaind to loſe the meed hee wonne in fray,
And him re'ncountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40

There-with they gan to hurlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darraine,
And claſh their ſhields, and ſhake their ſwords on hie,
That with their ſturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene vpon eternall paine
Of high diſpleaſure, that enſewen might,
Commaunded them their furie to refraine,
And if that either to that ſhield had right,
In equall liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

41

Ah deareſt Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reaſons rule, to ſee this recreant Knight,
No knight, but treachour full of falſe deſpight
And ſhamefull treaſon, who through guile hath ſlaine
The proweſt knight that euer field did fight,
Euen ſtout *Sans foy* (O! who can then refraine?)
Whoſe ſhield he bears re'nverſt, the more to heap diſdaine.

42

And, to augment the glorie of his guile,
His deareſt loue the faire *Fideſſa* loe
Is there poſſeſſed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harueſt ſowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand ſhall dearly well requight,
So be, ô Queene, you equall fauour ſhowe.
Him little anſwerd th'angry Elfin knight;
He neuer meant with words, but ſwords, to plead his right.

43

But threw his gauntlet, as a ſacred pledge
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they paſſe in ioy and iollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was exceſſiue *Gluttony*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to reſt them call.

Now

44

Now, when as darkſome night had all diſplaid
Her coale black curtaine ouer brighteſt ſky,
The warlike youths on daintie couches laid,
Did chace away ſweet ſleep from ſluggiſh eye,
To muſe on meanes of hoped victory.
But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden maſe
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Vp-roſe *Dueſſa* from her reſting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with ſilent paſe.

45

Whom broade awake ſhe finds, in troublous fit,
Forecaſting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoues with ſpeeches ſeeming fit:
Ah deare *Sans ioy*, next deareſt to *Sans foy*,
Cauſe of my new griefe, cauſe of my new ioy,
Ioyous, to ſee his image in mine eye,
And griev'd, to think how foe did him deſtroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrie;
Lo, his *Fideſſa*, to thy ſecret faith I flie.

46

With gentle words he can her fairely greet,
And bad ſay on the ſecret of her hart.
Then ſighing ſoft, I learne that little ſweet
Oft tempred is (quoth ſhe) with muchell ſmart:
For, ſince my breſt was launc't with louely dart
Of deare *Sans ſoy*, I neuer ioyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Haue waſted, louing him with all my powre,
And for his ſake haue felt full many an heauie ſtowre.

47

At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,
And hop't to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes vnweeting I was caſt,
By this falſe faytor, who vnworthy ware
His worthy ſhield, whom he with guilefull ſnare
Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhamefull graue.
Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,
And euer ſince hath kept in darkſome caue,
For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans foy* I gaue.

48

But ſince faire ſunne hath ſperſt that lowring clowde,
And to my loathed life now ſhewes ſome light,
Vnder your beames I will me ſafely ſhrowde,
From dreaded ſtorme of his diſdainfull ſpight:
To you th'inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers praiſe, to you eke longs his loue.
Let not his loue, let not his reſtleſſe ſpright
Be vnreueng'd, that calls to you aboue
Frō wandring *Stygian* ſhores, where it doth endleſſe moue.

49

Thereto ſaid he, faire Dame be nought diſmaid
For ſorrowes paſt; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of preſent peril be affraid;
For, needleſſe feare did neuer vantage none,
And helpleſſe hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sans foy*, his vitall paines are paſt,
Though grieued ghoſt for vengeance deep doe grone:
He liues, that ſhall him pay his duties laſt,
And guilty Elfin bloud ſhall ſacrifice in haſt.

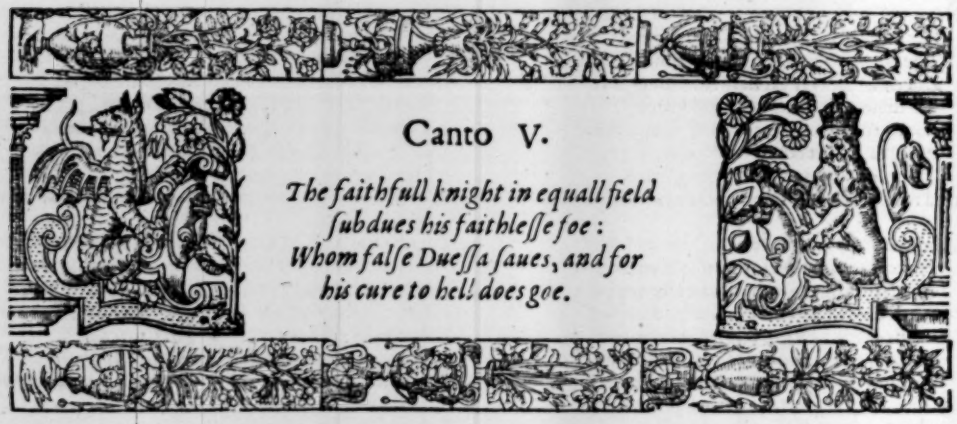
50

O! but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth ſhe)
Of Fortune falſe, and oddes of armes in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can euer be,
Where both doe fight alike, to win, or yield?
Yea, but (quoth ſhe) he beares a charmed ſhield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can pierce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (anſwerd he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherſe.

51

But faire *Fideſſa*, ſithence Fortunes guile,
Or enemies powre hath now captiued you,
Returne from whence ye came, and reſt awhile
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe ſubdue,
And with *Sans foyes* dead dowry you endue.
Ay me, that is a double death (ſhe ſaid)
With proude foes ſight my ſorrow to renue:
Where euer yet I be, my ſecret aide
Shall followe you. So paſſing forth, ſhee him obaide.

Canto



Canto V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
ſubdues his faithleſſe foe:
Whom falſe Dueſſa ſaues, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

1

THe noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can neuer reſt, vntill it forth haue brought
Th'eternall broode of glory excellent:
Such reſtleſſe paſſion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Faery Knight,
Deuiſing, how that doughty turnament
With greateſt honour he atchieuen might;
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning light.

2

At laſt, the golden Orientall gate
Of greateſt heauen gan to open faire,
And *Phœbus* freſh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his deawie haire:
And hurles his gliſtring beames through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakefull Elfe perceiu'd, ſtraight way
He ſtarted vp, and did himſelfe prepare,
In ſun bright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proude he combat will that day.

3

And forth he comes into the common hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to ſtranger Knights may fall.
There many Minſtrales maken melody,
To driue away the dull melancholy,
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loues, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

4

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In wouen maile all armed warily,
And ſternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of liuing creatures eye.
They bring them wines of *Greece*, and *Araby*,
And dainty ſpices fetcht from furtheſt *Ind*,
To kindle heate of courage priuily:
And in the wine a ſolemne oath they bind
T'obſerue the ſacred Lawes of armes that are aſſign'd.

5

At laſt, forth comes that farre renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and Princely maieſtie;
She is ybrought vnto a paled Greene,
And placed vnder ſtately Canapee,
The warlike feates of both thoſe knights to ſee.
On th'other ſide, in all mens open view
Dueſſa placed is, and on a tree
Sanſfoy his ſhield is hangd with bloody hew:
Both thoſe the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

6

A ſhrilling trumpet ſounded from on hie,
And vnto battaile bad themſelues addreſſe:
Their ſhining ſhields about their wriſts they tie,
And burning blades about their heads doe bleſſe,
The inſtruments of wrath and heauineſſe:
With greedy force each other doth aſſaile,
And ſtrike ſo fiercely, that they doe impreſſe
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred maile;
The iron walls to ward their blowes are weake and fraile.

7

The Sarazin was ſtout, and wondrous ſtrong,
And heaped blowes like iron hammers great:
For, after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat:
And doubled ſtrokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For, all for praiſe and honour he did fight.
Both ſtriken ſtrike, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their ſhields forth flieth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe, ſhew marks of eithers might.

8

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtriues for right:
As when a Griffon, ſeized of his pray,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Through wideſt ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:
With hideous horrour both together ſmight,
And ſouce ſo ſore, that they the heauens affray:
The wiſe Soothſayer, ſeeing ſo ſad ſight,
Th'amazed vulgar tells of warres and mortall fight.

So

9

So th'one for wrong, the other ſtriues for right,
And each to deadly ſhame would driue his foe:
The cruell ſteele ſo greedily doth bite
In tender fleſh, that ſtreames of bloud downe flowe,
With which the armes, that earſt ſo bright did ſhowe
Into a pure vermullion now are dide:
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did growe,
Seeing the gored wounds to gape ſo wide,
That victory they dare not wiſh to either ſide.

10

At laſt, the Paynim chaunſt to caſt his eye,
His ſuddaine eye, flaming with wrathfull fire,
Vpon his brothers ſhield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And ſaid, Ah wretched ſonne of wofull ſire,
Dooſt thou ſit wayling by blacke *Stygian* lake,
Whil'ſt heere thy ſhield is hangd for victors hire,
And ſluggiſh german dooſt thy foes ſlake,
To after-ſend his foe, that him may ouertake?

11

Goe caitiue Elfe, him quickly ouertake,
And ſoone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guilty ghoſt, to him my meſſage make,
That I his ſhield haue quit from dying foe.
There-with vpon his creſt he ſtrooke him ſo,
That twice hee reeled, ready twice to fall;
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The falſe *Dueſſa*, Thine the ſhield, and I, and all.

12

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie ſpeake,
Out of his ſwowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earſt was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did ſhake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and ſhame, and Ladies ſake,
Of all attonce he caſt aveng'd to be,
And with ſo exceeding furie at him ſtrake,
That forced him to ſtoope vpon his knee;
Had he not ſtooped ſo, he ſhould haue clouen bee.

13

And to him ſaid, Goe now proude Miſcreant,
Thy ſelfe thy meſſage doe to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe, lay his foe thy ſhield with his doth beare.
There-with his heauie hand he high gan reare,
Him to haue ſlaine; when loe, a darkſome clowde
Vpon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vaniſht is. The Elfe him calls alowde,
But anſwer none receiues: the darknes him does ſhrowde.

14

In haſte *Dueſſa* from her place aroſe,
And to him running ſaid, O proweſt knight,
That euer Lady to her loue did choſe,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious deſpight,
And bloody vengeance; lo, th'infernall powres
Couering your foe with cloude of deadly night,
Haue borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
The conqueſt yours, I yours, the ſhield, and glory yours.

15

Not all ſo ſatisfide, with greedie eye
He ſought all round about, his thirſtie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithleſſe enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in ſecret ſhade:
He ſtands amazed, how he thence ſhould fade.
At laſt the trumpets, Triumph ſound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory,
And to him brought the ſhield, the cauſe of enmitie.

16

Where-with he goeth to that ſoveraigne Queene;
And falling her before on lowely knee,
To her makes preſent of his ſervice ſeene:
Which ſhee accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay cheualree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fills, and flies to heauen bright.

17

Home is he brought, and laid in ſumptuous bed:
Where many ſkilfull leaches him abide,
To ſalue his hurts, that yet ſtill freſhly bled.
In wine and oyle they waſhen his wounds wide,
And ſoftly can embalme on euery ſide.
And all the while, moſt heauenly melody
About the bed ſweet muſicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while *Dueſſa* wept full bitterly.

18

As when a wearie traueller that ſtraies
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeuen-mouthed *Nile*,
Vnweeting of the perillous wandring waies,
Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
Which in falſe griefe hiding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full ſore, and ſheddeth tender teares:
The fooliſh man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is ſwallowd vp vnwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19

So wept *Dueſſa* vntill eventide,
That ſhining lamps in *Ioues* high houſe were light:
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne lenger would abide,
But comes vnto the place, where th'Heathen knight
In ſlumbring ſwounе nigh voyd of vitall ſpright,
Lay couer'd with inchaunted cloude all day:
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight,
To waile his wofull caſe ſhe would not ſtay,
But to the Eaſterne coaſt of heauen makes ſpeedy way.

23

Where grieſly *Night*, with viſage deadly ſad,
That *Phœbus* chearefull face durſt neuer view,
And in a foule black pitchie mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darkeſome mew,
Where ſhe all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her iron charet ſtood,
Already harneſſed for iourney new;
And coleblack ſteeds yborne of helliſh brood,
That on their ruſtie bits did champ, as they were wood.

Who

21

Who when ſhe ſaw *Dueſſa* ſunny bright,
Adornd with gold and iewels ſhining cleare,
Shee greatly grew amazed at the ſight,
And th'vnacquainted light began to feare:
(For neuer did ſuch brightneſſe there appeare)
And would haue back retired to her Caue,
Vntill the witches ſpeech ſhe gan to heare,
Saying, yet ô thou dreaded Dame, I craue
Abide, till I haue told the meſſage which I haue.

22

Shee ſtaid, and foorth *Dueſſa* gan proceed,
O thou moſt ancient Grandmother of all,
More old then *Ioue*, whom thou at firſt didſt breed,
Or that great houſe of Gods cæleſtiall,
Which waſt begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
And ſaw'ſt the ſecrets of the world vnmade,
Why ſuffredſt thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
With Elfin ſword, moſt ſhamefully betraide?
Lo, where the ſtout *Sans ioy* doth ſleepe in deadly ſhade.

23

And, him before, I ſaw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sans foy* ſhrinke vnderneath his ſpeare;
And now the prey of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor waild of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
That whilome was to mee too dearely deare.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old *Aveugles* ſonnes ſo euill heare?
Or who ſhall not great *Nights* drad children ſcorne,
When two of three her Nephews are ſo foule forlorne?

24

Vp then, vp dreary Dame, of darkneſſe Queene,
Goe gather vp the reliques of thy race,
Or elſe goe them avenge, and let be ſeene
That dreaded *Night* in brighteſt day hath place,
And can the children of faire *Light* deface.
Her feeling ſpeeches ſome compaſſion moued
In heart, and change in that great mothers face:
Yet pittie in her heart was neuer proued
Till then: and euermore ſhe hated, neuer loued.

25

And ſaid, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good ſucceſſes, which their foes enſue:
But who can turne the ſtreame of deſtinie,
Or breake the chaine of ſtrong neceſſitie,
Which faſt is tide to *Ioues* eternall ſeate?
The ſonnes of *Day* he fauoureth, I ſee,
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others loſſe, is bad excheat.

26

Yet ſhall they not eſcape ſo freely all;
For ſome ſhall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sans foy* to fall,
Shall with his owne blood price that he hath ſpilt.
But what art thou, that tell'ſt of Nephewes kilt?
I that doe ſeeme not I, *Dueſſa* am,
(Quoth ſhee) how euer now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous gold arraid I to thee came;
Dueſſa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27

Then bowing downe her aged backe, ſhe kiſt
The wicked witch, ſaying; In that faire face,
The falſe reſemblance of Deceit, I wiſt,
Did cloſely lurke; yet ſo true-ſeeming grace
It carried, that I ſcarce in darkſome place
Could it diſcerne, though I the mother be
Of Falſhood, and root of *Dueſſaes* race.
O welcome child, whom I haue long'd to ſee,
And now haue ſeene vnwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28

Then to her iron wagon ſhe betakes,
And with her beares the foule welfauourd witch:
Through mirkſome aire her ready way ſhe makes.
Her twyfold Teme (of which, two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each vnlich)
Did ſoftly ſwim away, ne euer ſtampe,
Vnleſſe ſhe chaunc't their ſtubborne mouths to twitch;
Then, foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29

So well they ſped, that they be come at length
Vnto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Deuoid of outward ſenſe, and natiue ſtrength,
Couerd with charmed cloude from view of day,
And ſight of men, ſince his late luckleſſe fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congealed,
They binden vp ſo wiſely as they may,
And handle ſoftly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, cloſe in night concealed.

30

And all the while ſhee ſtood vpon the ground,
The wakefull dogs did neuer ceaſe to bay,
As giuing warning of th'vnwonted ſound,
With which her iron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griſly looke them much diſmay;
The meſſenger of death, the ghaſtly Owle,
With drearie ſhrieks did alſo her bewray;
And hungry Wolues continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, ſo filthy and ſo foule.

31

Thence turning backe in ſilence ſoft they ſtole,
And brought the heauie corſe with eaſie paſe
To yawning gulfe of deepe *Auernus* hole.
By that ſame hole, an entrance, darke and baſe
With ſmoake and ſulphure hiding all the place,
Deſcends to hell: there creature neuer paſt,
That backe returned without heauenly grace;
But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines haue braſt,
And damned ſprights ſent forth to make ill men agaſt.

32

By that ſame way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charet, fild with ruſty blood,
And downe to *Plutoes* houſe are come biliue:
Which paſſing through, on euery ſide them ſtood
The trembling ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtonie eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of fiends infernall flockt on euery ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durſt ride.

They

33

They paſſe the bitter waues of *Acheron*,
Where many ſoules ſit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned ghoſts in torments fry,
And with ſharpe ſhrilling ſhrieks doe bootleſſe cry,
Curſing high *Ioue*, the which them thither ſent.
The houſe of endleſſe paine is built thereby,
In which, ten thouſand ſorts of puniſhment
The curſed creatures doe eternally torment.

34

Before the threſhold, dreadfull *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thouſand Adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloudie flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his briſtles ſtrong,
And felly gnarre, vntill daies enemy
Did him appeaſe; then downe his taile he hong,
And ſuffered them to paſſen quietly:
For, ſhee in hell and heauen had power equally.

35

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heauen to ſin;
And *Siſyphus* an huge round ſtone did reele
Againſt an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirſtie *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus ioynts were ſtretched on a gin,
Theſeus condemn'd to endleſſe ſloth by law,
And fiftie ſiſters water in leake veſſels draw.

36

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leaue off their worke, vnmindfull of their ſmart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe paſe,
Till they be come vnto the furtheſt part:
Where was a Caue ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, vneaſie, doleſull, comfortleſſe,
In which ſad *Aeſculapius* farre apart
Empriſond was in chaines remedileſſe,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corſe hee did redreſſe.

37

Hippolytus a iolly huntſman was,
That wont in charet chace the foaming Bore;
He all his Peeres in beauty did ſurpaſs,
But Ladies loue, as loſſe of time forbore:
His wanton ſtepdame loued him the more,
But when ſhe ſaw her offred ſweets refuſed,
Her loue ſhee turn'd to hate, and him before
His father fierce, of treaſon falſe accuſed,
And with her iealous termes, his open eares abuſed.

38

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god ſyre beſought
Some curſed vengeance on his ſonne to caſt:
From ſurging gulf two monſters ſtraight were brought,
With dread whereof his chaſing ſteedes agaſt,
Both charet ſwift and huntſman overcaſt.
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent,
Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſte
Scattred on euery mountaine, as he went,
That of *Hippolitus* was left no moniment.

39

His cruell ſtepdame ſeeing what was done,
Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th'innocence of her ſonne.
Which hearing his raſh Sire, began to rend
His haire, and haſtie tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering vp the reliques of his ſmart
By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolyts* friend,
Them brought to *Aeſculape*, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned euery part.

40

Such wondrous ſcience in mans wit to raigne
When *Ioue* aviz'd, that could the dead reviue,
And fates expired could renue againe,
Of endleſſe life he might him not depriue,
But vnto hell did thruſt him downe aliue,
With flaſhing thunderbolt ywounded ſore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies ſtriue
Himſelfe with ſalues to health for to reſtore,
And ſlake the heauenly fire, that raged euermore.

41

There auncient *Night* arriving, did alight
From her high wearie waine, and in her armes
To *Aeſculapius* brought the wounded knight:
Whom hauing ſoftly diſarraid of armes,
Tho gan to him diſcouer all his harmes,
Beſeeching him with prayer, and with praiſe,
If either ſalues, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordone wight from dore of death mote raiſe,
Hee would at her requeſt prolong her nephewes daies.

42

Ah Dame (quoth hee) thou tempteſt mee in vaine,
To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
And the old cauſe of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renue.
Is not enough, that thruſt from heauen due
Heere endleſſe penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddeſt mee to eeke? Can *Night* defray
The wrath of thundring *Ioue*, that rules both night & day?

43

Not ſo (quoth ſhee) but ſith that heauens king
From hope of heauen hath thee excluded quight,
Why feareſt thou, that canſt not hope for thing,
And feareſt not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of euerlaſting *Night*?
Goe to then, ô thou ſyre renowmed ſonne
Of great *Apollo*, ſhew thy famous might
In medicine, that elſe hath to thee wonne
Great paines, & greater praiſe, both neuer to be donne.

44

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things elſe, the which his art did teach:
Which hauing ſeene, from thence aroſe away
The mother of dread darkneſſe, and let ſtay
Arcugles ſonne there in the Leaches cure,
And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
To runne her timely race, whilſt *Phœbus* pure
In weſterne waues his wearie wagon did recure,

45

The falſe *Dueſſa* leauing noyous Night,
Returnd to ſtately Palace of dame Pride;
Where when ſhe came, ſhe found the Faerie knight
Departed thence, albe his woundez wide,
Not throughly heald, vnreadie were to ride.
Good cauſe he had to haſten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarfe had ſpide,
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytiue wretched thrals, that wailed night and day.

46

A ruefull ſight, as could be ſeene with eye;
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wiſe
The hidden cauſe of their captiuitie,
How mortgaging their liues to *Couetiſe*,
Through waſtefull Pride, and wanton Riotiſe,
They were by law of that proude Tyranneſſe
Prouokt with *Wrath*, and *Enuies* falſe ſurmiſe,
Condemned to that Dungeon mercileſſe,
Where they ſhould liue in woe, and die in wretchedneſſe.

47

There was that great proude king of *Babylon*,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him as onely God to call vpon,
Till through celeſtiall doome throwne out of dore,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:
There alſo was king *Crœſus*, that enhaunſt
His heart too high through his great riches ſtore;
And proude *Antiochus*, the which advaunc't
His curſed hand gainſt God, and on his altars daunc't.

48

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That firſt the world with ſword and fire warraid;
And after him, old *Ninus* farre did paſs
In princely pomp, of all the world obaid;
There alſo was that mightie Monarch laid
Lowe vnder all, yet aboue all in pride,
That name of natiue ſire did foule vpbraid,
And would as *Ammons* ſonne be magnifide,
Till ſcornd of God and man a ſhamefull death he dide.

49

All theſe together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkaſes of beaſts in butchers ſtall.
And in another corner wide were ſtrowne
The antique ruines of the *Romaines* fall:
Great *Romulus* the Grandſire of them all,
Proude *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborne *Hanniball*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and ſterne *Marius*,
High *Cæſar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

50

Amongſt theſe mighty men, were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whoſe ſides transfixt
With ſonnes owne blade, her foule reproches ſpoke;
Faire *Sthenobœa*, that her ſelfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with ſtroke
Of Aſpes ſting her ſelfe did ſtoutly kill:
And thouſands moe the like, that did that dungeon fill.

51

Beſides the endleſſe routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were aſſembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falls,
Through wicked pride, and waſted wealthes decay.
But moſt of all, which in the Dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Conſumed had their goods, and thriftleſſe howres,
And laſtly throwne themſelues into theſe heauy ſtowres.

52

Whoſe caſe when as the carefull Dwarfe had told,
And made enſample of their mournefull ſight
Vnto his Maiſter, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early roſe, and ere that dawning light
Diſcouered had the world to heauen wide,
He by a priuie Poſterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be ſpide:
For, doubtleſſe death enſewd, if any him deſcride.

53

Scarce could he footing find in that foule way,
For many corſes, like a great Lay-ſtall
Of murdred men which therein ſtrowed lay,
Without remorſe, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great Princeſſe pride did fall
And came to ſhamefull end. And them beſide
Forth riding vnderneath the caſtell wall,
A dunghill of dead carkaſes he ſpide,
The dreadfull ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of *Pride*.

Canto

Canto VI.

From lawleſſe luſt by wondrous grace
faire Vna is releaſt:
Whom ſaluage nation does adore,
and learnes her wiſe beheaſt.

1

AS when a ſhip, that flies faire vnder ſaile,
An hidden rocke eſcaped hath vnwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The Mariner yet halfe amazed ſtares
At perill paſt, and yet it dout ne dares
To ioy at his foole-happy ouerſight:
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt ioy and cares
The dreadleſſe courage of this Elfin knight,
Hauing eſcap't ſo ſad enſamples in his ſight.

2

Yet ſad hee was that his too haſty ſpeed,
The faire *Dueſſa* had forc't him leaue behind;
And yet more ſad, that *Vna* his deare dreed
Her truth had ſtaind with treaſon ſo vnkind;
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,
But for his loue, and for her owne ſelfe ſake,
She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
Him for to ſeeke, ne euer would forſake,
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sanſloy* did ouertake.

3

Who, after *Archimagoes* foule defeat,
Led her away into a forreſt wilde,
And turning wrathfull fire to luſtfull heat,
With beaſtly ſin thought her to haue defilde,
And made the vaſſall of his pleaſures vild.
Yet firſt hee caſt by treatie, and by traines,
Her to perſwade, that ſtubborne fort to yield:
For, greater conqueſt of hard loue he gaines,
That works it to his will, then he that it conſtraines.

4

With fawning words hee courted her awhile,
And looking louely, and oft ſighing ſore,
Her conſtant hart did tempt with diuers guile:
But words, and lookes, and ſighes ſhe did abhore,
As rock of Diamond, ſtedfaſt euermore.
Yet for to feed his firie luſtfull eye,
He ſnatcht the veile, that hung her face before;
Then gan her beauty ſhine, as brighteſt ſky,
And burnt his beaſtly hart t'efforce her chaſtitie.

5

So when hee ſaw his flatt'ring arts to faile,
And ſubtile engines bet from batterie,
With greedy force he gan the fort aſſaile,
Whereof hee weend poſſeſſed ſoone to bee,
And with rich ſpoile of ranſackt chaſtitie.
Ah heauens! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heauenly virgin thus outraged ſee,
How can ye vengeance iuſt ſo long with-hold,
And hurle not flaſhing flames vpon that Paynim bold?

6

The pittious maiden, carefull, comfortleſſe,
Does throw out thrilling ſhrieks, & ſhrieking cryes,
The laſt vaine help of womens great diſtreſſe,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten ſtarres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phœbus* flying ſo moſt ſhamefull ſight,
His bluſhing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for ſhame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now deuiſe to quit a thrall from ſuch a plight?

7

Eternall prouidence, exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her ſelfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her ſhrill out-cryes and ſhriekes ſo loud did bray,
That all the woods and forreſts did reſound;
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,
Whiles old *Syluanus* ſlept in ſhady arbour ſound:

8

Who, when they heard that pittious ſtrained voice,
In haſte forſooke their rurall meriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noiſe,
To weet what wight ſo loudly did lament.
Vnto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin eſpide,
A rude, miſſhapen, monſtrous rablement,
Whoſe like he neuer ſaw, he durſt not bide,
But got his ready ſteed, and faſt away gan ride.

9

The wilde Wood-gods, arriued in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outragious foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,
And gin to pitty her vnhappy state,
All stand astomed at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes vnworthy of so wofull plight.

10

She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;
And euery tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy Wolfe through hunger fell
A silly Lamb farre from the flock does take,
Of whom hee meanes his bloudie feast to make,
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent prey in haste hee does forsake,
Which quit from death, yet quakes in euery lim
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim:

11

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustick horrour all aside doe lay,
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
To comfort her, and feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly obay.

12

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still through feare and hope amaz'd does sit,
Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th:
They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soueraine,
Are wonne with pitty and vnwonted ruth,
And all prostrate vpon the lowely Plaine,
Do kisse her feet, & fawne on her with count'nance faine.

13

Their hearts shee gheesseth by their humble guise,
And vields her to extremitie of time;
So, from the ground shee fearelesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all, as glad as birds of ioyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a Shepheards rime,
And with greene branches strowing all the ground,
Doe worship her, as Queene, with Oliue girlond crownd.

14

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
So towards old *Syluanus* they her bring;
Who, with the noise awaked, commeth out,
To weet the cause, his weake steps gouerning,
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,
And with an Ivie twine his waste is girt about.

15

Farre off hee wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybels* frantick rites haue made them mad;
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The God himselfe, viewing that mirrour rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;
His owne faire *Driope* now he thinks not faire,
And *Pholoe* foule, when her to this he doth compare.

16

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddesse of the wood;
And old *Syluanus* selfe bethinks not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see:
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,
But misseth bowe, and shafts, and buskins to her knee.

17

By view of her hee ginneth to reviue
His ancient loue, and deerest *Cyparisse*,
And calls to mind his pourtraiture aliue,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
And how hee slew with glauncing dart amiss
A gentle Hind, the which the louely boy
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly bliss;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguish and self-will'd annoy.

18

The wooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,
Her to behold doe thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foote *Naiades*
Flock all about to see her louely face:
But when they viewed haue her heauenly grace,
They envie her in their malicious mind,
And flie away for feare of foule disgrace:
But all the *Satyres* scorne their wooddy kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

19

Glad of such luck, the luckelesse lucky maid,
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time, her gentle wit she plies
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th'Image of Idolatries;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
From her owne worship, they her Asse wold worship faine.

20

It fortuned a noble warlike Knight
By iust occasion to that forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the linage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserued name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild farre lands with glorie of his might,
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,
And euer lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he little did delight.

A Sa-

21

A Satyres ſonne, yborne in forreſt wilde,
By ſtrange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a Lady milde,
Faire *Thyamis*, the daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in ſacred bands of wedlock tide
To *Therion*, a looſe vnruly ſwaine;
Who had more ioy to range the forreſt wide,
And chaſe the ſalvage beaſt with buſie paine,
Then ſerue his Ladies loue, and waſte in pleaſures vaine.

22

The forlorne maid did with loues longing burne,
And could not lacke her louers company;
But to the wood ſhe goes, to ſerue her turne,
And ſeeke her ſpouſe, that from her ſtill does flie,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunc't her wandring for to finde,
And kindling coales of luſt in brutiſh eye,
The loyall links of wedlock did vnbinde,
And made her perſon thrall vnto his beaſtly kinde.

23

So long in ſecret cabin there he held
Her captiue to his ſenſuall deſire,
Till that with timely fruite her belly ſweld,
And bore a boy vnto that ſalvage ſire:
Then home he ſuffred her for to retire,
For raunſome leauing him the late borne childe;
VVhom till to riper yeeres he gan aſpire,
He nourſled vp in life and manners wilde,
Emongſt wilde beaſts & woods, from lawes of men exilde.

24

For,all he taught the tender Imp, was but
To baniſh cowardize and baſtard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Vpon the Lyon, and the rugged Beare,
And from the ſhe Beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wilde roring Bulls hee would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to beare;
And the Robucks in flight to overtake,
That euery beaſt for feare of him did flie and quake.

25

Thereby ſo feareleſſe, and ſo fell he grew,
That his owne ſire and maiſter of his guiſe,
Did often tremble at his horrid view,
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduiſe,
The angry beaſts not raſhly to deſpiſe,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon ſtoupe to him in lowely wiſe,
(A leſſon hard) and make the Libbard ſtearne
Leaue roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearne.

26

And for to make his powre approued more,
VVilde beaſts in iron yokes he would compell;
The ſpotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale ſwift, and the Tigre cruell;
The Antelope, and Wolfe, both fierce and fell;
And them conſtraine in equall teame to draw.
Such ioy he had, their ſtubborne harts to quell,
And ſturdie courage tame with dreadfull awe,
That his beheaſt they feared, as proud tyrants lawe.

27

His louing mother came vpon a day
Vnto the woods, to ſee her little ſonne;
And chaunc't vnwares to meet him in the way,
After his ſports, and cruell paſtime done,
When after him a Lyoneſſe did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did loude requere
Her children deare, whom he away had vvonne:
The Lyon vvhelps ſhe ſaw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childiſh feare.

28

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the ſight,
And turning back, gan faſt to flie away,
Vntill with loue revok't from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perſwaded was to ſtay,
And then to him theſe womaniſh words gan ſay;
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,
For loue of mee leaue off this dreadfull play;
To daily thus vvith death, is no fit toy,
Goe find ſome other play-fellowes, mine own ſweet boy.

29

In theſe, and like delights of bloudy game
He trained was, till riper yeeres he raught;
And there abode, whilſt any beaſt of name
Walkt in that foreſt, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Deſir'd of forraine foemen to be knowne,
And farre abroad for ſtrange adventures ſought:
In which his might was neuer overthrowne,
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blowne.

30

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures ſpent,
Vnto thoſe natiue vvoods for to repaire,
To ſee his Sire and ofspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he vnwares the faireſt *Vna* found,
Strange Lady, in ſo ſtrange habiliment,
Teaching the Satyres, which her ſat around,
True ſacred lore, which from her ſweet lips did redound.

31

He wondred at her wiſedome heauenly rare,
VVhoſe like in womens wit he neuer knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her ſad ſorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which ſuch troubles threw,
And ioyd to make proofe of her crueltie
On gentle Dame, ſo hurtleſſe, and ſo true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her diſcipline of faith and veritie.

32

But ſhee, all vow'd vnto the *Redcroſſe* Knight,
His wandring peril cloſely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her deare heart with anguiſh did torment,
And all her wit in ſecret counſels ſpent,
How to eſcape. At laſt, in priuie wiſe
To *Satyrane* ſhee ſhevved her intent;
VVho glad to gaine ſuch fauour, gan deuiſe,
How with that penſiue Maid he beſt might thence ariſe.

33

So, on a day, when Satyres all were gone
To doe their ſeruice to *Sylvanus* old,
The gentle virgin (left behind alone)
He led away with courage ſtout and bold.
Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
Or euer hope recouer her againe:
In vaine he ſeekes, that hauing cannot hold.
So faſt he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are paſt, and come now to the Plaine.

34

The better part now of the lingring day,
They trauaild had, when as they far eſpide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in haſte to ride,
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcroſſe*.
But hee them ſpying, gan to turne aſide,
For feare, as ſeem'd, or for ſome feigned loſſe;
More greedy they of newes, faſt towards him do croſſe.

35

A ſilly man, in ſimple weedes forworne,
And toild with duſt of the long dried way;
His ſandales were with toilſome trauell torne,
And face all tand with ſcorching ſunny ray,
As he had trauaild many a ſommers day,
Through boyling ſands of *Araby* and *Ind*;
And in his hand a *Iacobs* ſtaffe, to ſtay
His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,
His ſcrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36

The Knight approching nigh, of him inquerd
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,
That in his armour bare a croſlet red.
Aye mee, deare Dame (quoth hee) well may I rue
To tell the ſad ſight, which mine eyes haue read:
Theſe eyes did ſee that Knight both liuing and eke dead.

37

That cruell word her tender hart ſo thrild,
That ſuddaine cold did runne through euery vaine,
And ſtony horrour all her ſenſes fild
With dying fit, that downe ſhe fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then wonne from death, ſhee bade him tellen plaine
The further proceſſe of her hidden griefe;
The leſſer pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

38

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunc't this day,
This fatall day, that ſhall I euer rew,
To ſee two Knights in trauell on my way
(A ſory ſight) arrang'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew:
My fearefull' fleſh did tremble at their ſtrife,
To ſee their blades ſo greedily imbrew,
That drunk with bloud, yet thirſted after life: (knife.
What more? the *Redcroſſe* knight was ſlaine with Paynim

39

Ah deareſt Lord (quoth ſhee) how might that bee,
And he the ſtouteſt Knight that euer wonne?
Ah deareſt Dame (quoth he) how might I ſee
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (ſaid *Satyrane*) that Paynims ſonne,
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath reft?
Not farre away (quoth hee) hee hence doth wonne
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left (cleft.
Waſhing his bloudy wounds, that through the ſteele were

40

There-with the Knight thence marched forth in haſt,
Whiles *Vna* with huge heauineſſe oppreſt,
Could not for ſorrow follow him ſo faſt;
And ſoone he came, as he the place had gheſt,
Whereas that Pagan proude himſelfe did reſt,
In ſecret ſhadow by a fountaine ſide:
Euen hee it was, that earſt would haue ſuppreſt
Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* eſpide,
With foule reprochefull words he boldly him deſide.

41

And ſaid, Ariſe thou curſed Miſcreant,
That haſt with knightleſſe guile and trecherous traine,
Faire knighthood fouly ſhamed, and dooſt vaunt
That good Knight of the *Redcroſſe* to haue ſlaine:
Ariſe, and with like treaſon now maintaine
Thy guilty wrong, or elſe thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, roſe amaine,
And catching vp in haſte his three ſquare ſhield,
And ſhining helmet, ſoone him buckled to the field.

42

And drawing nigh him, ſaid, Ah misborne Elfe,
In euill houre thy foes thee hither ſent,
Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy ſelfe:
Yet ill thou blameſt mee, for hauing blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That *Redcroſſe* Knight, perdie, I neuer ſlew:
But had he beene, where earſt his armes were lent,
Th'enchaunter vaine his errour ſhould not rue:
But thou his errour ſhalt, I hope, now prouen true.

43

There-with they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiercely to aſſaile
Each other bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they pearc't both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleſhes fraile,
That it would pitty any liuing eye.
Large floods of bloud adowne their ſides did raile;
But floods of bloud could not them ſatisfie:
Both hungred after death: both choſe to win, or die.

44

So long they fight, and fell revenge purſue,
That fainting each, themſelues to breathen let,
And oft refreſhed, battell oft renue:
As when two Bores with rankling malice met,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathleſſe both themſelues aſide retire,
Where foaming wrath, their cruell tuſks they whet,
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may reſpire;
Then back to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

So

45

So fiercely, when theſe Knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped ſtrokes, more hugely then before,
That with their drerie wounds and bloudy gore
They both deformed, ſcarcely could be knowne.
By this, ſad *Vna* fraught with anguiſh ſore,
Led with their noiſe, which throgh the aire was throwne,
Arriu'd, wher they in earth their fruitleſſe bloud had ſowne.

46

Whom all ſo ſoone as that proude Sarazin
Eſpide, he gan reuiue the memory
Of his lewd luſts, and late attempted ſin,
And left the doubtfull battell haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
But *Satyrane* with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternely bade him other buſines ply,
Then hunt the ſteps of pure vnſpotted Maid:
Where-with he all enrag'd, theſe bitter ſpeeches ſaid.

47

O fooliſh faeries ſonne, what furie mad
Hath thee incenſt, to haſte thy doleſull fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Then that thou hadſt repented it too late?
Moſt ſenſeleſſe man he, that himſelfe doth hate,
To loue another. Lo then, for thine aid,
Heere take thy louers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Maid
Fled farre away, of that proude Paynim ſore affraid.

48

But that falſe Pilgrim, which that leaſing told,
Beeing indeed old *Archimage*, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow, all this to behold,
And much reioyced in their bloudy fray:
But when he ſaw the Damſell paſſe away,
He left his ſtond, and her purſewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But, for to tell her lamentable caſe,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

Canto VII.

The Redcroſſe knight is Captiue made by Giant proude oppreſt:
Prince Arthur meets with Vna greatly with thoſe newes diſtreſt.

1

WHat man ſo wiſe, what earthly wit ſo ware,
As to deſcry the crafty cunning traine,
By which Deceit doth maſk in vizour faire,
And caſt her colours dyed deep in graine,
To ſeeme like Truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can faine,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guileleſſe man with guile to entertaine?
Great maiſtreſſe of her art was that falſe Dame,
The falſe *Dueſſa*, cloked with *Fideſſaes* name.

2

Who, when returning from the drery *Night*,
She found not in that perilous houſe of Pride,
Where ſhe had left the noble *Redcroſſe* knight,
Her hoped pray; ſhe would no lenger bide,
But forth ſhee went, to ſeeke him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe found whereas he wearie ſate,
To reſt himſelfe, foreby a fountaine ſide,
Diſarmed all of iron-coated Plate,
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſie forage ate.

3

Hee feedes vpon the cooling ſhade, and baye
His ſweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaues full gently playes,
Wherein the cheerfull birds of ſundry kind
Do chaunt ſweet muſick, to delight his mind:
The VVitch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproche of carelesneſſe vnkind
Vpbrayd, for leauing her in place vnmeet,
With foule words tempring faire, ſowre gall with honie ſweet.

4

Vnkindneſſe paſt, they gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſaunce of the ioyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made:
Whoſe bubbling waue did euer freſhly well,
Ne euer would through feruent ſommer fade:
The ſacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dianes* fauour, as it then befell.

5

The cauſe was this: One day when *Phœbe* faire
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heate of ſcorching aire,
Sat downe to reſt in middeſt of the race:
The Goddeſſe, wroth, gan foulie her diſgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flowe,
Be ſuch as ſhee herſelfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and ſlowe,
And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble growe.

6

Heereof this gentle Knight vnweeting was,
And lying downe vpon the ſandie graile,
Drunke of the ſtreame, as cleare as cryſtall glaſs:
Eftſoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mighty ſtrong was turn'd to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at firſt themſelues not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan aſſaile,
And chearefull blood in faintneſſe chill did melt,
Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body ſwelt.

7

Yet goodly court he made ſtill to his Dame,
Pour'd out in looſneſſe on the graſſie ground,
Both careleſſe of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the laſt he heard a dreadfull ſound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terrour ſeem'd to ſhake,
And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe there-with aſtound,
Vpſtarted lightly from his looſer make,
And his vnready weapons gan in hand to take.

8

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his ſhield, his monſtrous enemy
With ſtur die ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,
That with his talneſſe ſeem'd to threat the skie,
The ground eke groned vnder him for dreed;
His liuing like ſaw neuer liuing eye,
Ne durſt behold: his ſtature did exceed
The hight of three the talleſt ſonnes of mortall ſeed.

9

The greateſt Earth his vncouth mother was,
And bluſtring *Aeolus* his boaſted ſire,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth paſs,
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpire,
And fild her hidden caues with ſtormie ire,
That ſhee conceiu'd; and trebbling the due time,
In which the wombes of women doe expire,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of earthly ſlime,
Puft vp with emptie wind, and fild with ſinfull crime.

10

So, growen great through arrogant delight
Of th' high deſcent, whereof he was yborne,
And through preſumption of his matchleſſe might,
All other powres and knighthood he did ſcorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to loſſe: his ſtalking ſteps are ſtaide
Vpon a ſnaggy Oake, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowels, and it made
His mortall mace, where-with his foemen he diſmaide.

11

That, when the Knight he ſpide, he gan aduaunce
With huge force and inſupportable maine,
And towards him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who hapleſſe, and eke hopeleſſe, all in vaine
Did to him paſe, ſad battaile to darraine,
Diſarm'd, diſgrac't, and inwardly diſmaide,
And eke ſo faint in euery ioynt and vaine,
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
That ſcarcely could he weeld his bootleſſe ſingle blade.

12

The Giant ſtrooke ſo mainly mercileſſe,
That could haue overthrowne a ſtony towre;
And were not heauenly grace, that him did bleſſe,
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But hee was wary of that deadly ſtowre,
And lightly leapt from vnderneath the blowe:
Yet ſo exceeding was the villaines powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrowe,
And all his ſenſes ſtound, that ſtill he lay full lowe.

13

As when that diueliſh iron Engin wrought
In deepeſt Hell, and fram'd by *Furies* skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiueth fire, the heauens it doth fill
With thundring noiſe, and all the aire doth choke,
That none can breathe, nor ſee, nor heare at will,
Through ſmouldry cloude of duskiſh ſtinking ſmoke,
That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath eſcap't the ſtroke.

14

So daunted when the Giant ſaw the Knight,
His heauy hand he heaued vp on hie,
And him to duſt thought to haue battred quite,
Vntill *Dueſſa* loud to him gan cry;
O great *Orgoglio*, greateſt vnder sky,
O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies ſake,
Hold for my ſake, and doe him not to die:
But, vanquiſht, thine eternall bondſlaue make,
And mee thy worthy meed vnto thy Leman take.

15

He harkned, and did ſtay from further harmes,
To gaine ſo goodly guerdon, as ſhee ſpake:
So, wil'ingly ſhe came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was poſſeſſed of his new found make.
Then vp he tooke the ſlumbred ſenſeleſſe corſe,
And ere he could out of his ſwoune awake,
Him to his Caſtle brought with haſtie force,
And in a Dungeon deepe him threw without remorſe.

16

From that day foorth *Dueſſa* was his deare,
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:
He gaue her gold, and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne ſet on her head full hie,
And her endow'd with royall maieſtie:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terrour tie,
A monſtrous beaſt ybred in filthy fen
He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſome den.

Such

17

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whose many heads out budding euer new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same Monster much more vgly was;
For, seauen great heads out of his body grew,
An Iron breast, and back of scaly brass,
And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glass.

18

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heauenly Gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The euer-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And vnderneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.
Vpon this dreadfull Beast with seauenfold head
He set the false *Duessa*, for more awe and dread.

19

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytiue thrall,
When all was past, tooke vp his forlorne weed,
His mighty armour, missing most at need;
His siluer shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The ruefull moniments of heauinesse,
And with them all departs, to tell his great distresse.

20

He had not trauaild long, when on the way
He wofull Lady (wofull *Vna*) met,
Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
Whil'st *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,
Shee fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And liuely breath her sad breast did forsake,
Yet might her pittious hart be seene to pant and quake.

21

The messenger of so vnhappy newes,
Would faine haue dide: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recouering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chafe her chin,
And euery tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win,
Vnto her natiue prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieued ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22

Yee dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruell Fates the carefull threeds vnfold,
The which my life and loue together tide?
Now let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pearce to my hart, and passe through euery side,
And let eternall night so sad sight fro mee hide.

23

O lightsome day, the lamp of highest *Ioue*,
First made by him, mens wandring waies to guide,
When darknesse he in deepest dungeon droue,
Henceforth thy hated face for euer hide,
And shut vp heauens windowes shining wide:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feede,
But seeled vp with death, shall haue their deadly meed.

24

Then downe againe shee fell vnto the ground;
But hee her quickly reared vp againe:
Thrice did shee sink adowne in deadly swound,
And thrice hee her reviv'd with busie paine:
At last, when life recouer'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,
With soltring tongue, and trembling euery vaine,
Tell on (quoth shee) the wofull Tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present vnto mine eye.

25

Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his vtmost dart;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heauy plight,
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more fauour I haue found.

26

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
The subtile traines of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loues of false *Fidessa* fare,
Bought with the bloud of vanquisht Paynim bold:
The wretched payre transformed to treen mold;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with *Sans ioy* did hold;
The luckelesse conflict with the Giant stout,
Wherein captiu'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27

Shee heard with patience all vnto the end,
And stroue to maister sorrowfull assay:
Which greater grew, the more shee did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And loue fresh coales vnto her fire did lay:
For, greater loue, the greater is the losse.
Was neuer Lady loued dearer day,
Then shee did loue the Knight of the *Redcrosse*:
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28

At last, when feruent sorrow slaked was,
She vp arose, resoluing him to find
Aliue or dead: and forward forth doth pass,
All as the Dwarfe the way to her assign'd:
And euermore in constant carefull mind
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale;
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adowne the dale,
Shee wandred many a wood, and measur'd many a vale.

At last,

29

At laſt, ſhe chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour ſhined farre away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus* brighteſt ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteele endanger may:
All wart his breaſt a bauldrick braue he ware, (rare.
That ſhin'd like twinkling ſtars, with ſtones moſt precious

30

And in the midſt thereof, one precious ſtone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding ſhone,
Like *Heſperus* emongſt the leſſer lights,
And ſtroue for to amaze the weaker ſights;
Thereby, his mortall blade full comely hong
In Iuorie ſheath, yearv'd with curious ſlights;
Whoſe hilts were burniſht gold, and handle ſtrong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

31

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnes, and great terrour bred;
For, all the creſt a Dragon did enfold
With greedy pawes, and ouer all did ſpred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Cloſe couched on the beuer, ſeem'd to throwe
From flaming mouth bright ſparkles fierie red,
That ſuddaine horror to faint harts did ſhowe;
And ſcaly taile was ſtretcht adowne his back full lowe.

32

Vpon the top of all his lofty creſt,
A bunch of haires diſcolourd diuerſly,
With ſprinkled pearle, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to daunce for iollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hie
On top of greene *Selinis* all alone,
With bloſſoms braue bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender locks do tremble euery one
At euery little breath, that vnder heauen is blowne.

33

His warlike ſhield all cloſely couer'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be euer ſeene;
Not made of ſteele, nor of enduring braſs,
Such earthly mettals ſoone conſumed beene:
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one maſſie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keene,
That point of ſpeare it neuer pearcen could,
Ne dint of direfull ſword divide the ſubſtance would.

34

The ſame to wight hee neuer wont diſcloſe,
But when as monſters huge he would diſmay,
Or daunt vnequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heauens he would affray;
For, ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſtring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth ouer-lay;
And ſiluer *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is ſtaind with magick arts conſtraint.

35

No magick arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudy words of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not ſuch, as ſeem'd in ſight,
Before that ſhield did fade, and ſuddaine fall:
And when him liſt the raſcall routes appall,
Men into ſtones there-with he could tranſmew,
And ſtones to duſt, and duſt to nought at all;
And, when him liſt the proudeſt lookes ſubdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36

Ne let it ſeeme, that credence this exceeds:
For, he that made the ſame, was knowne right well
To haue done much more admirable deeds.
It *Merlin* was, which whilome did excell
All liuing wightes in might of magick ſpell:
Both ſhield, and ſword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when firſt to armes he fell;
But when he dide, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be ſeene, if ſought.

37

A gentle youth, his dearely loued Squire,
His ſpeare of Heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breaſt with pikehead ſquare;
A goodly perſon, and could menage faire
His ſtubborne ſteed with curbed canon bit,
Who vnder him did trample as the aire,
And chauſt, that any on his backe ſhould ſit;
The iron rowels into frothy fome he bit.

38

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With louely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her anſwers loth, he knew
Some ſecret ſorrow did her heart diſtraine:
Which to allay, and calme her ſtorming paine,
Faire feeling words he wiſely gan diſplay,
And for her humour fitting purpoſe faine,
To tempt the cauſe it ſelfe for to bewray;
Wherwith emmov'd, theſe bleeding words ſhe gan to ſay:

39

What worlds delight, or ioy of liuing ſpeach
Can heart, ſo plung'd in ſea of ſorrowes deep,
And heaped with ſo huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his iron arrow ſteep,
Soone as I thinke vpon my bitter bale:
Such helpleſſe harmes it's better hidden keepe,
Then rip vp griefe, where it may not auaile,
My laſt left comfort is, my woes to weep and waile.

40

Ah Lady deare, quoth then the gentle Knight,
Well may I weene, your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my ſpright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your ſorrowes treat.
But wofull Lady, let me you intreat,
For to vnfold the anguiſh of your hart:
Miſhaps are maiſtred by adviſe diſcreet,
And counſell mitigates the greateſt ſmart;
Found neuer help, who neuer would his hurts impart.

O! but

41

O! but (quoth ſhee) great griefe will not be told,
And can more eaſily be thought, then ſaid.
Right ſo (quoth he) but he, that neuer would,
Could neuer: will to might giues greateſt aide.
But griefe (quoth ſhee) does greater growe diſplaid,
If then it find not help, and breeds deſpaire.
Deſpaire breeds not (quoth he) where faith is ſtaid.
No faith ſo faſt (quoth ſhe) but fleſh does paire.
Fleſh may empaire (quoth he) but reaſon can repaire.

42

His goodly reaſon, and well guided ſpeach,
So deep did ſettle in her gratious thought,
That her perſwaded to diſcloſe the breach,
Which loue and fortune in her hart had wrought,
And ſaid; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the ſecrets of my griefe,
Or that your wiſedome will direct my thought,
Or that your proweſſe can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the ſtorie ſad, which I ſhall tell you briefe.

43

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes haue ſeene
The laughing ſtock of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
Whoſe Parents deare, whil'ſt equall Deſtinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The fauourable heauens did not envie,
Did ſpread their rule through all the territories
Which *Phiſon* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gebons* golden waues doe waſh continually:

44

Till that their cruell curſed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in ſight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
With murdrous ravine, and deuouring might
Their kingdome ſpoild, and country waſted quight:
Themſelues, for feare into his iawes to fall,
Hee forc't to caſtle ſtrong to take their flight,
Where faſt embard in mighty brazen wall,
He has them now foure yeeres beſieg'd to make thē thrall.

45

Full many knights adventurous and ſtout,
Haue enterpriz'd that Monſter to ſubdew;
From euery coaſt that heauen walks about,
Haue thither come the noble Martiall crew,
That famous hard atchieuements ſtill purſew,
Yet neuer any could that girlond win,
But all ſtill ſhrunk, and ſtill he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of ſin,
The pittious pray of his fierce crueltie haue bin.

46

At laſt, yled with farre reported praiſe,
Which flying Fame throughout the world had ſpred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raiſe,
That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
Forth-with to court of *Gloriane* I ſped,
Of *Gloriane*, great Queene of glory bright,
Whoſe kingdoms ſeat *Cleopolis* is red,
There to obtaine ſome ſuch redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from Tyrants powre deliuer might.

47

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a freſh vnprooued knight,
Whoſe manly hands imbrew'd in guilty bloud
Had neuer been, ne euer by his might
Had throwne to ground the vnregarded right:
Yet of his proweſſe proofe he ſince hath made
(I witneſſe am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghoſts of many one diſmaide
Haue felt the bitter dint of his auenging blade.

48

And yet the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His byting ſword, and his deuouring ſpeare,
Which haue endured many a dreadfull ſtowre,
Can ſpeake his proweſſe, that did earſt you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heere,
To be the record of his ruefull loſſe,
And of my dolefull diſaventurous deare:
O! heauie record of the good *Redcroſſe*,
Where haue you left your Lord, that could ſo wel you toſs?

49

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captiue langour ſhould redeeme,
Till all vnweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His ſenſe abus'd, and made him to miſdeeme
My loyaltie, not ſuch as it did ſeeme;
That rather death deſire, then ſuch deſpight.
Be iudge ye heauens, that all things right eſteeme,
How I him lov'd, and loue with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50

Thenceforth, mee deſolate he quite forſooke,
To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himſelfe betooke,
Where neuer foot of liuing wight did tread,
That brought not back the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced falſe *Dueſſa* meet,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft and miſſeeming ſweet,
Inveigled him to followe her deſires vnmeet.

51

At laſt, by ſubtill ſleights ſhee him betraid
Vnto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,
Who him diſarmed, diſſolute, diſmaid,
Vnwares ſurpriſed, and with mighty mall
The monſter mercileſſe him made to fall,
Whoſe fall did neuer foe before behold;
And now in darkſome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedileſſe, for aye he doth him hold;
This is my cauſe of griefe, more great then may be told.

52

Ere ſhee had ended all, ſhee gan to faint:
But hee her comforted and faire beſpake,
Certes, Madame, ye haue great cauſe of plaint,
That ſtouteſt heart, I weene, could cauſe to quake.
But be of cheere, and comfort to you take:
For, till I haue acquit your captiue Knight,
Aſſure your ſelfe, I will you not forſake.
His cheerfull words reviv'd her chearleſſe ſpright:
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding euer right.

Cant.

Canto VIII.

Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who ſlayes that Giant, wounds the beaſt,
and ſtrips Dueſſa quight.

1

AY mee! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heauēly grace doth him vphold,
And ſtedfaſt truth acquite him out of all.
Her loue is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as hee, through his owne fooliſh pride,
Or weakeneſſe, is to ſinfull bands made thrall:
Elſe ſhould this *Redcroſſe* knight in bands haue dide,
For whoſe deliuerance ſhe this Prince doth thither guide.

2

They ſadly trauaild thus, vntill they came
Nigh to a Caſtle builded ſtrong and hie:
Then cride the Dwarfe, Lo, yonder is the ſame,
In which my Lord my liege doth luckleſſe lie,
Thrall to that Giants hatefull tyrannie:
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres aſſay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie ſteed, and bade the Lady ſtay,
To ſee what end of fight ſhould him befall that day.

3

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that caſtle wall;
Whoſe gates he found faſt ſhut, ne liuing wight
To ward the ſame, nor anſwere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle ſmall,
Which hung adowne his ſide in twiſted gold,
And taſſels gay. Wide wonders ouer all
Of that ſame hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approoued been in vſes manifold.

4

Was neuer wight that heard that ſhrilling ſound,
But trembling feare did feele in euery vaine;
Three miles it might be eaſie heard around,
And Eccheos three anſwerd it ſelfe againe:
No falſe enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blaſt,
But preſently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate ſo ſtrong, no lock ſo firme and faſt,
But with that peercing noiſe flew open quite, or braſt.

5

The ſame before the Giants gate he blew,
That all the Caſtle quaked from the ground,
And euery dore of free-will open flew.
The Giant ſelfe diſmaied with that ſound
(Where he with his *Dueſſa* dalliance found)
In haſte came ruſhing forth from inner bowre,
With ſtaring count'nance ſterne, as one aſtound,
And ſtaggering ſteps, to weet what ſuddaine ſtowre
Had wrought that horror ſtrange, and dar'd his dreaded powre.

6

And after him the proude *Dueſſa* came,
High mounted on her many-headed beaſt,
And euery head with firie tongue did flame,
And euery head was crowned on his creaſt,
And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feaſt.
That when the knight beheld, his mighty ſhield
Vpon his manly arme he ſoone addreſt,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
And eager greedineſſe through euery member thrild.

7

There-with the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with ſcornefull wrath and high diſdaine:
And lifting vp his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged ſnubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at firſt encounter to haue ſlaine.
But wiſe and warie was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from ſo monſtrous maine,
Did faire auoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to think, ſuch thunderbolts to beare.

8

Ne ſhame hee thought to ſhunne ſo hideous might:
The idle ſtroke, enforcing furious way,
Miſſing the marke of his miſaymed ſight
Did fall to ground, and with his heauy ſway,
So deepely dinted in the driuen clay,
That three yards deep a furrow vp did throwe:
The ſad earth wounded with ſo ſore aſſay,
Did grone full grieuous vnderneath the blowe, (ſhowe
And trembling with ſtrange feare, did like an earthquake

9

As when almighty *Ioue*, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall ſinnes is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and ſmouldring dreriment,
Through riuen clowdes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way,
Both lofty towres and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry paſſage ſtay,
And ſhooting in the earth, caſts vp a mount of clay.

10

His boyſtrous club, ſo buried in the ground,
He could not rearen vp againe ſo light,
But that the Knight him at avantage found,
And whiles he ſtroue his combred club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He ſmote off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of natiue might;
Large ſtreames of bloud out of the trunked ſtock
Forth guſhed, like freſh water ſtreame from riuen rock.

11

Diſmaied with ſo deſperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of vnwonted paine,
He loudly brayd with beaſtly yelling ſound,
That all the fields rebellowed againe;
As great a noyſe, as when in Cymbrian Plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth ſting,
Doe for the milkie mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

12

That when his deare *Dueſſa* heard, and ſaw
The euill ſtound that dangerd her eſtate,
Vnto his ayde ſhe haſtily did draw
Her dreadfull beaſt; who ſwolne with bloud of late,
Came ramping forth with proud preſumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with ſingle ſword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke ſtand.

13

The proud *Dueſſa* full of wrathfull ſpight,
And fierce diſdaine to be affronted ſo,
Enforc't her purple beaſt with all her might
That ſtop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of ſo vnequall foe:
But nathemore would that couragious ſwaine
To her yield paſſage, gainſt his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous ſtroakes did him reſtraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14

Then tooke the angry Witch her golden cup,
Which ſtill ſhe bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and deſpaire did many thereof ſup,
And ſecret poyſon through their inward parts,
Th'eternall bale of heauie wounded harts;
Which, after charmes and ſome enchauntments ſaid,
She lightly ſprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his ſturdie courage ſoone was quaid,
And all his ſenſes were with ſuddaine dread diſmaid.

15

So downe he fell before the cruell beaſt,
Who on his neck his bloudy clawes did ſeize,
That life nigh cruſht out of his panting breaſt:
No powre he had to ſtirre, nor will to riſe.
That, when the carefull knight gan well aviſe,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beaſt gan turne his enterpriſe;
For, wondrous anguiſh in his hart it wrought,
To ſee his loued Squire into ſuch thraldome brought.

16

And high advauncing his bloud-thirſtie blade,
Strooke one of thoſe deformed heads ſo ſore,
That of his puiſſance proud enſample made;
His monſtrous ſcalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that miſformed ſhape miſshaped more:
A ſea of bloud guſht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments ſtaind with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over ſhooes in bloud he waded on the ground.

17

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to haue heard, great horror would haue bred,
And ſcourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieued hed,
His gorgeous rider from her loftie ſted
Would haue caſt downe, and trode in durty mire,
Had not the Giant ſoone her ſuccoured;
Who, all enrag'd with ſmart and frantick ire,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the knight retire.

18

The force, which wont in two to be diſperſt,
In one alone left hand he now vnites, (erſt;
Which is through rage more ſtrong then both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour ſmites,
That ſtrongeſt Oake might ſeeme to overthrowe:
The ſtroke vpon his ſhield ſo heauie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full lowe,
What mortall wight could euer beare ſo monſtrous blowe?

19

And in his fall, his ſhield that couer'd was,
Did looſe his veile by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that heauens light did paſs,
Such blazing brightneſſe through the ayer threw,
That eye mote not the ſame endure to view.
Which when the Giant ſpide with ſtaring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and ſoft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaued was on hie
For to haue ſlaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed beaſt, amaz'd
At flaſhing beames of that ſunſhiny ſhield,
Became ſtarke blind, and all his ſenſes daz'd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And ſeem'd himſelfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maiſtreſſe proud perceiu'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintneſſe reeld,
Vnto the Giant loudly ſhe gan call,
O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or elſe we periſh all.

21

At her ſo pittious cry was much amoou'd
Her Champion ſtout, and for to ayde his friend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proou'd;
But all in vaine: for, he has read his end
In that bright ſhield, and all their forces ſpend
Themſelues in vaine: for, ſince that glauncing ſight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As, where th'Almightues lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the ſenſes quight.

22

Whom when the Prince to battell new addreſt,
And threatning high his dreadfull ſtroke did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his right legge by the knee,
That downe he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whoſe hartſtrings with keene ſteele nigh hewen be,
The mighty trunk halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23

Or as a Caſtle reared high and round,
By ſubtile engins and malicious ſlight
Is vndermined from the loweſt ground,
And her foundation forc't, and feebled quight,
At laſt, downe falls, and with her heaped hight
Her haſtie ruine does more heauie make,
And yields it ſelfe vnto the Victors might;
Such was this Giants fall, that ſeemd to ſhake
The ſtedfaſt globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall ſteele him ſmote againe ſo ſore,
That headleſſe his vnweldy body lay,
All wallow'd in his owne foule bloudy gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous ſtore:
But ſoone as breath out of his breaſt did paſs,
That huge great body which the Giant bore,
Was vaniſht quite, and of that monſtrous maſs
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25

Whoſe grieuous fall, when falſe *Duessa* eſpide,
Her golden cup ſhe caſt vnto the ground,
And crowned Mitre rudely threw aſide;
Such pearcing griefe her ſtubborne hart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure that dolefull ſtound,
But leauing all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to ſtay,
So brought vnto his Lord, as his deſerued pray.

26

The royall Virgin, which beheld from farre,
In penſiue plight, and ſad perplexitie,
The whole atchieuement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running faſt to greet his victorie,
With ſober gladneſſe, and mild modeſtie,
And with ſweet ioyous cheare him thus beſpake;
Faire branch of nobleſſe, flowre of cheualrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How ſhall I quite the paines ye ſuffer for my ſake?

27

And you freſh bud of vertue ſpringing faſt,
Whom theſe ſad eyes ſaw nigh vnto deaths dore,
What hath poore Virgin for ſuch peril paſt,
Where-with you to reward? Accept therefore
My ſimple ſelfe, and ſeruice euermore;
And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
With equall eyes, their merites to reſtore,
Behold what ye this day haue done for mee,
And what I cannot quite, requite with vſuree.

28

But ſith the heauens, and your faire handling,
Haue made you maiſter of the field this day,
Your fortune maiſter eke with gouerning,
And well begun, end all ſo well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked woman ſcape away;
For, ſhee it is that did my Lord bethrall,
My deareſt Lord, and deep in dungeon lay,
Where he his better dayes hath waſted all.
O heare, how pittious he to you for ayde does call.

29

Forth-with he gaue in charge vnto his Squire,
That ſcarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himſelfe with greedy great deſire
Into the Caſtle entred forcibly,
Where liuing creature none he did eſpy.
Then gan he loudly through the houſe to call:
But no man car'd to anſwere to his cry.
There raigned a ſolemne ſilence ouer all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was ſeen in bowre or hall.

30

At laſt, with creeping crooked paſe forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as ſnowe,
That on a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro;
For, his eye ſight him failed long ygo:
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which vnuſed ruſt did ouergrowe:
Thoſe were the keyes of euery inner dore,
But he could not them vſe, but kept them ſtill in ſtore.

31

But very vncouth ſight was to behold
How he did faſhion his vntoward paſe:
For, as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward ſtill was turnd his wrinkled face;
Vnlike to men, who euer as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead:
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foſter-father of the Giant dead;
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

32

His reuerend haires and holy grauitie
The knight much honourd, as beſeemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that ſtately building wont to dwell.
Who anſwerd him full ſoft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt, where that ſame Knight was laid,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puiſſaunce fell
Had made his caytiue thrall; againe he ſaid,
He could not tell: ne euer other anſwere made.

Then

33

Then asked he, which way hee in might pass:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous Knight displeased was,
And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it fits with that same silver hed
In vaine to mock, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages graue degree,
Aread in grauer wise, what I demaund of thee.

34

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose senselesse speech, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenaunce,
And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

35

There all within full rich arrayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold.
And did with store of euery thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents true,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to view,
And sacred ashes ouer it was strowed new.

36

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to die,
With cruell malice and strong tyrannie:
Whose blessed sprites from vnderneath the stone
To God for vengeance cride continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardest hart wold bleed, to heare their pittious mone.

37

Through euery roome he sought, and euery bowre,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came vnto an iron dore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bunch, to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call
With all his powre, to weet if liuing wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

38

There-with, an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pittious plaints and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that heere lie dying euery stound,
Yet liue perforce in balefull darknesse bound?
For, now three Moones haue changed thrice their hew,
And haue been thrice hid vnderneath the ground,
Since I the heauens cheerfull face did view:
O welcome thou, that doost of death bring tydings true.

39

Which when that Champion heard, with pearcing point
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horrour ranne through euery ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so foule forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that iron dore,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed euer forth a filthy banefull smell.

40

But neither darknesse foule, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner vp to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, vnable to vphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreare.

41

His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th'vnwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And emptie sides deceiued of their due,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rue;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to rine steele plates, & helmets hewe,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Deeay'd, and all his flesh shrunk vp like withered flowres.

42

Whom when his Lady saw, to him shee ran
With hastie ioy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares shee wasted had,
Shee said, Ah dearest Lord! what euill starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly lookes doth marre?

43

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I haue lackt too long a day;
And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathfull wreakes themselues doe now alay,
And for these wrongs shall treble pennance pay
Of treble good: good growes of euils priefe.
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things that grieuous were to doe, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musick breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th'onely good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with iron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

45

Hence-forth ſir Knight, take to you wonted ſtrength,
And maiſter theſe miſhaps with patient might;
Lo, where your foe lyes ſtretcht in monſtrous length:
And lo, that wicked woman in your ſight,
The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her liue, or die.
To doe her die (quoth *Vna*) were deſpight,
And ſhame t'aveng ſo weake an enemy;
But ſpoile her of her ſcarlot robe, and let her fly.

46

So, as ſhe bade, that Witch they diſarraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were diſplaid;
Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked all.
Then when they had deſpoild her tire and Call,
Such as ſhe was, their eyes might her behold,
That her miſſhaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill fauour'd, old,
Whoſe ſecret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

47

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was ouer-growne with ſcurfe and filthy ſcald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her ſowre breath abhominably ſmeld;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as Maple rind,
So ſcabby was, that would haue loath'd all womankind.

48

Her neather parts, the ſhame of all her kind,
My chaſter Muſe for ſhame doth bluſh to write:
But at her rompe ſhe growing had behind
A Foxes taile, with dung all fouly dight;
And eke her feet moſt monſtrous were in ſight;
For, one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talants armd to greedy fight,
The other like a Beares vneuen paw:
More vgly ſhape yet neuer liuing creature ſaw.

49

Which when the knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wondred at ſo foule deformed wight.
Such then (ſaid *Vna*) as ſhe ſeemeth here,
Such is the face of falſhood, ſuch the ſight
Of foule *Dueſſa*, when her borrowed light
Is layd away, and counterfeſaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the Witch diſrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open ſhowne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes vnknowne.

50

She flying faſt from heauens hated face,
And from the world that her diſcouer'd wide,
Fled to the waſtfull wilderneſſe apace,
From liuing eyes her open ſhame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and Caues long vneſpide.
But that faire crew of knights, and *Vna* faire,
Did in that Caſtle afterwards abide,
To reſt themſelues, and wearie powres repaire,
Where ſtore they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

Canto IX.

His loues and linage Arthur tells,
The knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Treuiſan flies from Deſpaire,
Whom Redcroſſe knight withſtands.

1

Goodly golden chaine, where-with yfere
The vertues linked are in louely wiſe:
And noble minds of yore allied were,
In braue purſuit of cheualrous empriſe,
That none did others ſafetie deſpiſe,
Nor aide envie to him, in need that ſtands,
But friendly each did others praiſe deuiſe
How to aduaunce with fauourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the *Redcroſſe* knight from (bands.

2

Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,
With due repaſt they had recured well,
And that weake captiue wight now wexed ſtrong,
Them liſt no lenger there at leyſure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But ere they parted, *Vna* faire beſought
That ſtranger knight his name and nation tell;
Leaſt ſo great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die vnknowne, and buried be in thankleſſe thought.

Faire

3

Faire virgin (ſaid the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compaſſe of my wit:
For, both the linage and the certaine Sire
From which I ſprung, from me are hidden yet.
For, all ſo ſoone as life did me admit
Into this world, and ſhewed heauens light,
From mothers pap I taken was vnfit:
And ſtraight deliuer'd to a Faery knight,
To be vpbrought in gentle thewes and Martiall might.

4

Vnto old *Timon* he me brought byliue,
Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeeres hath been
In warlike feates th'experteſt man aliue,
And is the wiſeſt now on earth I ween;
His dwelling is lowe in a valley green,
Vnder the foote of *Rauran* moſſie hore,
From whence the riuer *Dee* as ſiluer cleen
His tumbling billowes rolls with gentle rore:
There all my dayes he traind me vp in vertuous lore.

5

Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,
As was his vſe, oft-times to viſit mee:
For he had charge my diſcipline to frame,
And Tutours nouriture to overſee.
Him oft and oft I askt in priuitie,
Of what loines and what linage I did ſpring:
Whoſe aunſwere bade me ſtill aſſured be,
That I was ſonne and heire vnto a king,
As time in her iuſt terme the truth to light ſhould bring.

6

Well worthy impe, ſaid then the Lady gent,
And Pupill fit for ſuch a Tutours hand.
But what aduenture, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth hee) to reade aright
The courſe of heauenly cauſe, or vnderſtand
The ſecret meaning of th'eternall might, (wight.
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of liuing

7

For whether he through fatall deepe foreſight
Mee hither ſent, for cauſe to me vngheſt,
Or that freſh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven breſt,
With forced fury following his beheſt,
Me hither brought by waies yet neuer found,
You to haue helpt I hold my ſelfe yet bleſt.
Ah curteous knight (quoth ſhee) what ſecret wound
Could euer find, to grieue the gentleſt hart on ground?

8

Deare Dame (quoth hee) you ſleeping ſparks awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will growe,
Ne euer will their feruent furie ſlake,
Till liuing moiſture into ſmoake doe flowe,
And waſted life doe lie in aſhes lowe.
Yet ſithence ſilence leſſeneth not my fire
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glowe)
I will reueale what ye ſo much deſire:
Ah Loue, lay downe thy bowe, the whiles I may reſpire.

9

It was in freſheſt flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage firſt does creepe in manly cheſt,
Then firſt the coale of kindly heate appeares
To kindle loue in euery liuing breſt;
But me had warn'd old *Timons* wiſe beheſt,
Thoſe creeping flames by reaſon to ſubdue,
Before their rage grewe to ſo great vnreſt,
As miſerable louers vſe to rue,
Which ſtill wex old in woe, whiles woe ſtill wexeth new.

10

That idle name of loue, and louers life,
As loſſe of time, and vertues enemy
I euer ſcornd, and ioy'd to ſtirre vp ſtrife,
In middeſt of their mournfull Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blowe the fire, which them to Aſhes brent:
Their God himſelfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at mee with fierce intent,
But I them warded all with warie gouernment.

11

But all in vaine: no fort can be ſo ſtrong,
Ne fleſhly breaſt can armed be ſo ſound,
But will at laſt be wonne with battry long,
Or vnawares ataduantage found;
Nothing is ſure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who moſt truſtes in arme of fleſhly might,
And boaſts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth ſooneſt fall in diſauentrous fight,
And yeelds his caitiue neck to victors moſt deſpight.

12

Enſample make of him your hapleſſe ioy,
And of my ſelfe now mated, as ye ſee;
Whoſe prouder vaunt, that proude auenging boy
Did ſoone pluck downe, and curb'd my liberty.
For, on a day, prickt forth with iollity
Of looſer life, and heate of hardiment,
Ranging the foreſt wide on courſer free,
The fields, the floods, the heauens with one conſent
Did ſeeme to laugh on me, and fauour mine intent.

13

Fore-wearied with my ſports, I did alight
From lofty ſteed, and downe to ſleepe me laid;
The verdant graſſe my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire diſplaid:
Whiles euery ſenſe the humour ſweet embayd,
And ſlumbring ſoft my hart did ſteale away,
Me ſeemed by my ſide a royall Maid
Her dainty limbs full ſoftly downe did lay:
So faire a creature yet ſaw neuer ſunny day.

14

Moſt goodly glee and louely blandiſhment
She to me made, and bade me loue her deare;
For, dearely ſure her loue was to me bent,
As when iuſt time expired ſhould appeare.
But, whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was neuer hart ſo raviſht with delight,
Ne liuing man like words did euer heare,
As ſhee to me deliuer'd all that night;
And at her parting ſaid, Shee Queene of Faeries hight.

15

VVhen I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And nought but preſſed graſs where ſhe had lyen,
I ſorrowed all ſo much, as earſt I ioy'd,
And waſhed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I caſt in carefull mind,
To ſeeke her out with labour and long tine,
And neuer vow to reſt, till her I find,
Nine moneths I ſeeke in vaine, yet nill that vow vnbind.

16

Thus as he ſpake, his viſage wexed pale,
And change of hew great paſſion did bewray;
Yet ſtill he ſtroue to cloake his inward bale,
And hide the ſmoake that did his fire diſplay,
Till gentle *Vna* thus to him gan ſay;
O happy Queene of Faeries, that haſt found
Mongſt many, one that with his proweſſe may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loues are often ſowne, but ſildom grow on ground.

17

Thine, ô then, ſaid the gentle *Redcroſſe* knight,
Next to that Ladies loue ſhall be the place,
O faireſt virgin, full of heauenly light,
Whoſe wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmeſt fixt in mine extreameſt caſe.
And you my Lord, the Patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
For, onely worthy you, through proweſſe priefe
Of liuing man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

18

So, diuerſly diſcourſing of their loues,
The golden Sunne his gliſtring head gan ſhew,
And ſad remembrance now the Prince amoues,
With freſh deſire his voyage to purſew:
Als *Vna* earnd her trauaile to renew.
Then thoſe two Knights, faſt friendſhip for to bind,
And loue eſtabliſh each to other true,
Gaue goodly gifts, the ſignes of gratefull mind,
And eke the pledges firme, right hands together ioynd.

19

Prince *Arthur* gaue a box of Diamond ſure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heale incontinent:
Which to requite, the *Redcroſſe* knight him gaue
A booke, wherein his Sauiours teſtament
Was writ with golden letters rich and braue;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able ſoules to ſaue.

20

Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To ſeeke his loue, and th'other for to fight
With *Vnaes* foe, that all her realme did prey.
But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,
And ſhrunken ſinewes of her choſen knight,
Would not a while her forward courſe purſew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recouer'd had his former hew:
For, him to be yet weake and wearie, well ſhe knew.

21

So as they trauaild, lo, they gan eſpy
An armed knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to fly,
Or other grieſly thing, that him agaſt.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,
As if his feare ſtill followed him behind;
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As hee had been a foale of *Pegaſus* his kind.

22

Nigh as he drew, they might perceiue his head
To be vnarm'd, and curld vncombed haires
Vpſtaring ſtiffe, diſmaid with vncouth dread;
Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe: and to increaſe his feares,
In foule reproche of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his gliſtring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memorie.

23

The *Redcroſſe* knight toward him croſſed faſt,
To weet what miſter wight was ſo diſmaid:
There him he finds all ſenſeleſſe and agaſt,
That of him ſelfe he ſeemd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward ſtaid,
Till he theſe wordes to him deliuer might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,
And eke from whom make ye this haſty flight:
For, neuer knight I ſaw in ſuch miſſeeming plight.

24

He anſwerd nought at all; but adding new
Feare to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes, and hartleſſe hollow hew,
Aſtoniſht ſtood, as one that had eſpide
Infernall furies, with their chaines vntide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe beſpake
The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
But trembling euery ioynt did inly quake, (ſhake.
And ſoltring tongue at laſt theſe words ſeem'd foorth to

25

For Gods deare loue, Sir Knight, do me not ſtay;
For loe, he comes, he comes faſt after mee.
Eft looking back, would faine haue runne away;
But he him forc't to ſtay, and tellen free
The ſecret cauſe of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie ſpeech,
Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned bee;
But through his boldneſſe rather feare did reach:
Yet forc't, at laſt he made through ſilence ſuddaine breach.

26

And am I now in ſafetie ſure (quoth he)
From him, that would haue forced me to die?
And is the point of death now turnd fro me,
That I may tell this haplеſſe hiſtory?
Feare nought (quoth he) no danger now is nie?
Then ſhall I you recount a ruefull caſe
(Said he) the which with this vnluckie eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reſt from it, had been partaker of the place.

I late-

27

I lately chaunc't (would I had neuer chaunc't)
With a faire Knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe advaunc't
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:
For, shee was proud, and of too high intent,
And ioyd to see her louer languish and lament.

28

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villaine (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scap't whyleare,
A man of hell, that cals himselfe *Despaire:*
Who first vs greets, and after faire areedes
Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which loue had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from vs all hope of due reliefe,
That earst vs held in loue of lingring life;
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade vs die, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

30

With which sad instrument of hastie death,
That woefull louer, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth liuing breath.
But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare:
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare:
But God you neuer let his charmed speeches heare.

31

How may a man (said hee) with idle speach
Be wonne, to spoile the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth:
His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the hart, and searcheth euery vaine,
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.
O! neuer Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

32

Certes (said he) hence shall I neuer rest,
Till I that treachours art haue heard and tride;
And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace doe me vnto his cabin guide.
I that hight *Trevisan* (quoth he) will ride
(Against my liking) back, to doe you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arriue in that same place;
For leuer had I die, then see his deadly face.

33

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, lowe in an hollow Caue,
Farre vnderneath a craggy clift ypight,
Dark, dolefull, drearie, like a greedy Graue,
That still for carrion carcases doth craue:
On top whereof aye dwelt the gastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which euer draue
Farre from that haunt all other chearfull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghosts did waile and howle.

34

And all about, old stocks and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was euer seene,
Did hang vpon the ragged rockie knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattered on the Greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arriued there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine haue fled, ne durst approchen neare:
But th'other forc't him stay, and comforted in feare.

35

That darksome Caue they enter, where they find
That cursed man, lowe sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His griefie locks, long growen, and vnbound,
Disordred hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penurie and pine,
Were shrunke into his iawes, as he did neuer dine.

36

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay vpon the grass
A drearie corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme bloud,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37

Which pittious spectacle, approuing true
The wofull tale that *Trevisan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did view,
With fire zeale he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge, before his bloud were cold,
And to the villaine said, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact, we heere behold,
What iustice can but iudge against thee right, (sight.
With thine owne bloud to price his bloud, heere shed in

38

What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to giue?
What iustice euer other iudgement taught,
But he should die, who merits not to liue?
None else to death this man despayring driue,
But his owne guiltie mind deseruing death.
Is then vniust to each his due to giue?
Or let him die, that loatheth liuing breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liueth heere vneath?

39

Who trauels by the weary wandring way,
To come vnto his wished home in haste,
And meets a flood, that doth his passage stay,
Is not great grace to help him over past,
Or free his feet, that in the mire sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
And fond, that ioyest in the woe thou hast,
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Vpon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40

Hee there does now enioy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou doost want and craue,
And further from it daily wandrest:
What if some little paine the passage haue,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter waue?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet graue?
Sleepe after toile, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41

The Knight much wondred at his suddaine wit,
And said, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
The souldier may not moue from watchfull sted,
Nor leaue his stand, vntill his Captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almighty doome
(Quoth hee) knowes best the termes established;
And hee, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

42

Is not his deed, what euer thing is donne,
In heauen and earth? did not hee all create
To die againe? all ends that was begunne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and haue their certaine date.
Who then can striue with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still changing state,
Or shun the death ordaind by destinie? (why.
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor

43

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
Through strife, and bloudshed, and avengement,
Now praisd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For, life must life, and bloud must bloud repay.
Is not enough thy euill life forespent?
For hee, that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44

Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But heere lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th'ill to preuent, that life ensewen may.
For, what hath life, that may it loued make,
And giues not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sickness, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake;
And euer fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

45

Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
For, neuer knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckless disaventures did amate:
Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut vp, for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46

Why then doost thou, ô man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped vp with huge iniquitie,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
Thou falsed hast thy faith with periurie,
And sold thy selfe to serue *Duessa* vilde,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde?

47

Is not he iust, that all this doth behold
From highest heauen, and beares an equall eye?
Shall he thy sinnes vp in his knowledge fold,
And guiltie be of thine impietie?
Is not his Law, Let euery sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willingly,
Then linger, till the glasse be all out runne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, ô Faeries sonne.

48

The knight was much enmoued with his speach,
That as a sword point through his hart did pearce,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all, that hee did reherse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reuerse
The vgly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As hee were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceiued him to wauer weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To driue him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand fiends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for euer shall remaine.

50

The sight wherof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And euer burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villaine him to ouercraw,
And brought vnto him swords, ropes, poyson, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him chuse, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had prouokt Gods ire.

But

51
But when as none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharpe and keene,
And gaue it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of Aſpin greene,
And troubled bloud through his pale face was ſeene
To come and goe; with tydings from the hart,
As it a running meſſenger had beene.
At laſt, reſolv'd to worke his finall ſmart,
He lifted vp his hand, that backe againe did ſtart.

52
Which when as *Vna* ſaw, through euery vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a ſwoune: but ſoone relieu'd againe,
Out of his hand ſhe ſnatcht the curſed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him ſaid, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meaneſt thou by this reprochefull ſtrife?
Is this the battell, which thou vaunt'ſt to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

53
Come, come away, fraile, filly, fleſhly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne deuiliſh thoughts diſmay thy conſtant ſpright.
In heauenly mercies haſt thou not a part?
Why ſhould'ſt thou then deſpaire, that choſen art?
Where iuſtice growes, there growes eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of helliſh ſmart,
And that accurſt hand-writing doth deface:
Ariſe, Sir Knight, ariſe, and leaue this curſed place.

54
So vp he roſe, and thence amounted ſtreight.
Which when the Carle beheld, and ſaw his gueſt
Would ſafe depart, for all his ſubtile ſleight,
He choſe an halter from among the reſt,
And with it hung himſelfe, vnbid, vnbleſt.
But death he could not worke himſelfe thereby;
For thouſand times he ſo himſelfe had dreſt,
Yet natheleſſe it could not doe him die,
Till he ſhould die his laſt, that is eternally.

Canto X.

Her faithfull knight faire Vna brings
to houſe of Holineſſe,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heauenly bleſſe.

1
WHat man is he, that boaſts of fleſhly might,
And vaine aſſurance of mortality,
Which all ſo ſoone, as it doth come to fight
Againſt ſpirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field moſt cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man aſcribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any ſtrength we haue, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2
By that which lately hapned, *Vna* ſaw,
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his ſinewes woxen weake and raw,
Through long impriſonment, and hard conſtraint,
Which he endured in his late reſtraint,
That yet he was vnfit for bloudie fight:
Therefore to cheriſh him with diets daint,
She caſt to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recouered had his late decaied plight.

3
There was an ancient houſe not farre away,
Renowm'd throughout the world for ſacred lore,
And pure vnſpotted life: ſo well they ſay
It gouernd was, and guided euermore
Through wiſedome of a Matrone graue and hore;
Whoſe onely ioy was to relieue the needs
Of wretched ſoules, and help the helpleſſe pore:
All night ſhe ſpent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in dooing good and godly deedes.

4
Dame *Celia* men did her call, as thought
From heauen to come, or thither to ariſe,
The mother of three daughters well vpbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exerciſe:
The eldeſt two moſt ſober, chaſt, and wiſe,
Fidelia and *Speranza* virgins were,
Though ſpous'd, yet wanting wedlocks ſolemnize;
But faire *Chariſſa* to a louely feere
Was linked, and by him had many pledges deere.

Arrined

5

Arriued there, the dore they find faſt lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
The Porter opened vnto them ſtraight way:
He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowely caſt, and gate full ſlowe,
Wont on a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps to ſtay,
Hight *Humilta*. They paſſe in ſtouping lowe;
For ſtraight and narrow was the way, which he did ſhowe.

6

Each goodly thing is hardeſt to begin:
But entred in, a ſpacious court they ſee,
Both plaine, and pleaſant to be walked in,
Where them does meete a Franklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became;
For, in his ſpeeches and behauiour hee
Did labour liuely to expreſſe the ſame,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7

There fairely them receiues a gentle Squire,
Of milde demeanure, and rare courteſie,
Right cleanly clad in comely ſad attire;
In word and deed that ſhew'd great modeſtie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reuerence*. Hee them with ſpeeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
But ſimple true, and eke vnfained ſweet,
As might become a Squire ſo great perſons to greet.

8

And afterwards them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
Who all this while was buſie at her beades:
Which doen, ſhe vp aroſe with ſeemly grace,
And toward them full matronely did paſe.
Where, when that faireſt *Vna* ſhe beheld,
Whom well ſhe knew to ſpring from heauenly race,
Her hart with ioy vnwonted inly ſweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9

And her embracing ſaid, O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe euer tread,
Moſt vertuous virgin, borne of heauenly birth,
That to redeeme thy woefull Parents head,
From Tyrants rage, and euer-dying dread,
Haſt wandred through the world now long a day;
Yet ceaſeſt not thy wearie ſoles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet vnweeting hither ſtray?

10

Strange thing it is an errant Knight to ſee
Heere in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his ſteps. So fewe there bee
That chuſe the narrow path, or ſeeke the right:
All keepe the broade high way, and take delight
With many rather for to goe aſtray,
And be partakers of their euill plight,
Then with a fewe to walke the righteſt way;
O fooliſh men! why haſte ye to your owne decay?

11

Thy ſelfe to ſee, and tyred limbs to reſt,
O matrone ſage (quoth ſhe) I hither came,
And this good Knight his way with me addreſt,
Led with thy praiſes and broad-blazed fame,
That vp to heauen is blowne. The ancient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modeſt guiſe,
And entertaind them both, as beſt became,
VVith all the court'ſies that ſhe could deuiſe,
Ne wanted ought, to ſhew her bountious or wiſe.

12

Thus as they gan of ſundry things deuiſe,
Lo, two moſt goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arme in arme in louely wiſe,
VVith countenaunce demure, and modeſt grace,
They numbred euen ſteps, and equall paſe:
Of which the eldeſt, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like ſunny beames threw from her Cryſtall face,
That could haue daz'd the raſh beholders ſight,
And round about her head did ſhine like heauens light.

13

Shee was arraied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
VVith wine and water fild vp to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himſelfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But ſhe no whit did change her conſtant mood:
And in her other hand ſhe faſt did hold
A booke, that was both ſignd and ſeald with blood,
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be vnderſtood.

14

Her younger Siſter, that *Speranza* hight,
VVas clad in blewe, that her beſeemed well;
Not all ſo chearefull ſeemed ſhe of ſight,
As was her ſiſter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguiſh in her hart, is hard to tell:
Vpon her arme a ſilver anchor lay,
VVhereon ſhe leaned euer, as befell:
And euer vp to heauen, as ſhe did pray,
Her ſtedfaſt eyes were bent, ne ſwarved other way.

15

They ſeeing *Vna*, towards her gan wend,
VVho them encounters with like courteſie;
Many kind ſpeeches they between them ſpend,
And greatly ioy each other well to ſee:
Then to the Knight with ſhamefaſt modeſtie
They turne themſelues, at *Vnaes* meeke requeſt,
And him ſalute with well beſeeming glee;
VVho faire them quites, as him beſeemed beſt,
And goodly can diſcourſe of many a noble geſt.

16

Then *Vna* thus; But ſhe your ſiſter deare,
The deare *Chariſſa*, where is ſhe become?
Or wants ſhe health, or buſie is elſewhere?
Ah no, ſaid they, but forth ſhe may not come:
For ſhe of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreaſt the world with one ſonne more,
That her to ſee ſhould be but troubleſome.
Indeed (quoth ſhe) that ſhould be trouble ſore,
But thankt be God, and her encreaſe ſo euermore.

Then

17

Then ſaid the aged *Cælia*, Deare Dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while
I read you reſt, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called ſhee a Groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan deſpoile
Of puiſſant armes, and laid in eaſie bed;
His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

18

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly reſt,
And bodies were refreſht with due repaſt,
Faire *Vna* gan *Fidelia* faire requeſt
To haue her Knight into her Schoole-houſe plac't,
That of her heauenly learning he might taſte,
And heare the wiſedome of her words diuine.
She granted, and that Knight ſo much agrac't,
That ſhe him taught celeſtiall diſcipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them ſhine.

19

And that her ſacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,
That none could read, except ſhe did them teach,
She vnto him diſcloſed euery whit,
And heauenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could neuer reach,
O God, of grace, of iuſtice, of free will,
That wonder was to heare her goodly ſpeach:
For ſhee was able with her words to kill,
And raiſe againe to life the hart, that ſhe did thrill.

20

And, when ſhe liſt poure out her larger ſpright,
She would commaund the haſtie Sunne to ſtay,
Or backward turne his courſe from heauens hight;
Some-times great hoſtes of men ſhe could diſmay:
Dry-ſhod to paſſe, ſhe parts the flouds in tway;
And eke huge Mountaines from their native ſeat
She would commaund, themſelues to beare away,
And throwe in raging ſea with roaring threat.
Almighty God her gaue ſuch powre, & puiſſance great.

21

The faithfull knight now grew in little ſpace,
By hearing her, and by her ſiſters lore,
To ſuch perfection of all heauenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greeu'd with remembrance of his wicked waies,
And prickt with anguiſh of his ſinnes ſo ſore,
That he deſir'd to end his wretched daies:
So much the dart of ſinfull guilt the ſoule diſmaies.

22

But wiſe *Speranza* gaue him comfort ſweet,
And taught him how to take aſſured hold
Vpon her ſiluer Anchor, as was meet;
Elſe had his ſinnes ſo great and manifold,
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
In this diſtreſſed doubtfull agonie,
When him his deareſt *Vna* did behold,
Diſdaining life, deſiring leaue to die,
She found her ſelfe aſſaild with great perplexitie.

23

And came to *Cælia* to declare her ſmart:
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which ſinfull horror works in wounded hart,
Her wiſely comforted all that ſhe might,
With goodly counſell and adviſement right;
And ſtraightway ſent with carefull diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great inſight
In that diſeaſe of grieued conſcience,
And well could cure the ſame; His name was *Patience*.

24

Who, comming to that ſoule-diſeaſed knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his griefe:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heauie ſpright,
Well ſearcht, eftſoones he gan apply reliefe
Of ſalues and med'cines, which had paſſing priefe,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which to eaſe he him recured briefe,
And much aſſwag'd the paſſion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as ſeeming now more light.

25

But yet the cauſe and roote of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected ſin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained ſtill,
And feſtring ſore did rankle yet within,
Cloſe creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him priuily
Downe in a darkſome lowely place farre in,
Whereas he meant his corroſiues to apply,
And with ſtreict diet tame his ſtubborne malady.

26

In aſhes and ſackcloth he did array
His dainty corſe, proud humours to abate,
And dieted with faſting euery day,
The ſwelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and eke late:
And euer as ſuperfluous fleſh did rot,
Amendement ready ſtill at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers firie hot,
That ſoone in him was left no one corrupted iot.

27

And bitter *Penance*, with an iron whip,
Was wont him once to diſple euery day:
And ſharpe *Remorſe* his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of bloud thence like a well did play;
And ſad *Repentance* vſed to embay,
His body in ſalt water ſmarting ſore,
The filthy blots of ſinne to waſh away.
So in ſhort ſpace they did to health reſtore
The man that would not liue, but earſt lay at deaths dore.

28

In which, his torment often was ſo great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his fleſh, and his owne ſinewes eat.
His owne deare *Vna* hearing euermore
His ruefull ſhrieks and gronings, often tore
Her guiltleſſe garments, and her golden haire,
For pitty of his paine and anguiſh ſore;
Yet all with patience wiſely ſhe did beare;
For well ſhe wiſt, his crime could elſe be neuer cleare.

Whom

29

Whom thus recouer'd by wife *Patience*,
And true *Repentance*, they to *Vna* brought:
Who ioyous of his cured conſcience,
Him dearely kiſt, and fairely eke beſought
Himſelfe to cheriſh, and conſuming thought
To put away out of his carefull breſt.
By this, *Chariſſa*, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen ſtrong, and left her fruitfull neſt;
To her, faire *Vna* brought this vnacquainted gueſt.

30

Shee was a woman in her freſheſt age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
With goodly grace and comely perſonage,
That was on earth not eaſie to compare;
Full of great loue, but *Cupids* wanton ſnare
As hell ſhe hated, chaſte in work and will;
Her neck and breaſts were euer open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might ſuck their fill;
The reſt was all in yellow robes arraied ſtill.

31

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their ſports, that ioyd her to behold,
Whom ſtill ſhee fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thruſt them forth ſtill, as they wexed old:
And on her head ſhee wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
Whoſe paſſing price vneath was to be told;
And by her ſide there ſate a gentle paire
Of Turtle doues, ſhee ſitting in an Ivorie chaire.

32

The Knight and *Vna* entring, faire her greet,
And bid her ioy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with courtſies ſeeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then *Vna* her beſought to be ſo good,
As in her vertuous rules to ſchoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withſtood,
In that ſad houſe of *Penaunce*, where his ſpright
Had paſt the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

33

She was right ioyous of her iuſt requeſt,
And taking by the hand that Faeries ſonne,
Gan him inſtruct in euery good beheſt,
Of loue, and righteouſneſſe, and well to donne,
And wrath and hatred warily to ſhunne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many ſoules in dolours had fordonne:
In which, when him ſhe well inſtructed hath,
From thence to heauen ſhe teacheth him the ready path.

34

Wherein his weaker wandring ſteps to guide,
An ancient Matrone ſhe to her does call,
Whoſe ſober lookes her wiſedome well deſcride:
Her name was *Mercy*, well knowne ouer all,
To be both gracious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him ſhe gaue,
To lead aright, that he ſhould neuer fall
In all his waies through this wide worlds waue,
That Mercy in the end his righteous ſoule might ſaue.

35

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her preſence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with buſhy thornes, and ragged breares,
VVhich ſtill before him ſhe remoov'd away,
That nothing might his ready paſſage ſtay:
And euer when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to ſhrinke, or from the right to ſtray,
She held him faſt, and firmly did vpbeare,
As carefull Nurſe her child from falling oft does reare.

36

Eftſoones vnto an holy Hoſpitall,
That was fore by the way, ſhee did him bring,
In which ſeauen Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to ſeruice of high heauens King,
Did ſpend their dayes in dooing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open euermore,
That by the wearie way were trauailing,
And one ſate waiting euer them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

37

The firſt of them that eldeſt was, and beſt,
Of all the houſe had charge and gouernement,
As Guardian and Steward of the reſt:
His office was to giue entertainement
And lodging, vnto all that came, and went:
Not vnto ſuch, as could him feaſt againe,
And double quite for that he on them ſpent,
But ſuch as want of harbour did conſtraine:
Thoſe for Gods ſake his dutie was to entertaine.

38

The ſecond was an Almner of the place:
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thriſty giue to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himſelfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for thoſe, whom he did breed:
The grace of God he laid vp ſtill in ſtore,
Which as a ſtocke he left vnto his ſeed;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he leſſe, yet ſome he would giue to the pore.

39

The third had of their Wardrobe cuſtodie,
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature ſeemely to array;
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no ſpare clothes to giue he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it diſtribute glad.

40

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poore priſoners to relieue with gracious ayd,
And captiues to redeeme with price of braſs,
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had ſtaid;
And though they faultie were, yet well he waid,
That God to vs forgiueth euery howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd,
And he that harrow'd hell with heauie ſtowre, (bowre.
The faultie ſoules from thence brought to his heauenlie

The

41
The fift had charge, ſick perſons to attend,
And comfort thoſe in point of death which lay;
For, them moſt needeth comfort in the end,
When ſin, and hell, and death doe moſt diſmay
The feeble ſoule departing hence away.
All is but loſt, that liuing we beſtowe,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! haue mind of that laſt bitter throwe;
For, as the tree does fall, ſo lyes it euer lowe.

42
The ſixt had charge of them now beeing dead,
In ſeemely ſort their corſes to engraue,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heauenly Spouſe both ſweet and braue
They might appeare, when he their ſoules ſhall ſaue.
The wondrous workmanſhip of Gods owne mould,
Whoſe face he made all beaſts to feare, and gaue
All in his hand, euen dead we honour ſhould.
Ah dearеſt God me grant, I dead be not defould.

43
The ſeauenth, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And widowes ayde, leaſt they ſhould be vndone:
In face of Iudgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull cauſes downe to tread:
And when they ſtood in moſt neceſſitee,
He did ſupply their want, and gaue them euer free.

44
There when the Elfin Knight arriued was,
The firſt and chiefeſt of the ſeauen, whoſe care
Was gueſts to welcome, towards him did paſs:
Where, ſeeing *Mercy*, that his ſteps vp bare,
And alwaies led, to her with reuerence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowelineſſe,
And ſeemly welcome for her did prepare:
For, of their Order ſhee was Patroneſſe,
Albe *Chariſſa* were their chiefeſt Foundereſſe.

45
There ſhe awhile him ſtaies, himſelfe to reſt,
That to the reſt more able he might be:
During which time, in euery good beheſt,
And godly worke of Almes and charitee,
She him inſtructed with great induſtree;
Shortly therein ſo perfect he became,
That from the firſt vnto the laſt degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holie righteouſneſſe, without rebuke or blame.

46
Thence forward, by that painefull way they paſs,
Forth to an hill that was both ſteepe and hie;
On top whereof a ſacred Chappell was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night ſaid his deuotion,
Ne other worldly buſineſs did apply;
His name was heauenly *Contemplation*;
Of God and goodneſſe was his meditation.

47
Great grace that old man to him giuen had;
For God he often ſaw from heauens hight.
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had loſt their kindly ſight,
Yet wondrous quick and perceant was his ſpright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the ſunne:
That hill they ſcale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
Gan faile; but by her help the top at laſt he wonne.

48
There they doe find that godly aged Sire,
With ſnowy locks adowne his ſhoulders ſhed,
As hoarie froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an Oake halfe dead.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And euery ſinew ſeene through his long faſt:
For, nought he car'd his carcaſſe long vnfed;
His mind was full of ſpirituall repaſt,
And pyn'd his fleſh, to keepe his body lowe and chaſt.

49
Who, when theſe two approching he eſpide,
At their firſt preſence grew agrieued ſore,
That forc't him lay his heauenly thoughts aſide;
And had he not that Dame reſpected more,
Whom highly he did reuerence and adore,
He would not once haue moued for the Knight.
They him ſaluted ſtanding farre afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

50
What end (quoth ſhe) ſhould cauſe vs take ſuch paine,
But that ſame end, which euery liuing wight
Should make his marke, high heauen to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that moſt glorious houſe, that gliſtreth bright
With burning ſtarres, and euer-liuing fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wiſe *Fidelia*? ſhee doth thee require,
To ſhew it to this Knight, according his deſire.

51
Thrice happy man, ſaid then the father graue,
Whoſe ſtaggering ſteps thy ſteady hand doth lead,
And ſhewes the way, his ſinfull ſoule to ſaue:
Who better can the way to heauen areade,
Then thou thy ſelfe, that was both borne and bred
In heauenly throne, where thouſand Angels ſhine?
Thou dooſt the prayers of the righteous ſeed
Preſent before the Maieſtie diuine,
And his auenging wrath to clemencie incline.

52
Yet ſith thou bidſt, thy pleaſure ſhall be donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and ſee the way
That neuer yet was ſeene of Faeries ſonne,
That neuer leads the trauiler aſtray;
But, after labours long, and ſad delay,
Brings them to ioyous reſt and endleſſe bliſs.
But, firſt, thou muſt a ſeaſon faſt and pray,
Till from her bands the ſpright aſſoiled is,
And haue her ſtrength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

53

That done, he leads him to the higheſt Mount;
Such one, as that ſame mighty man of God,
That bloud-red billowes like a walled front
On either ſide diſparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt fortie daies vpon; where, writ in ſtone
With bloudy letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receiue, whiles flaſhing fire about him ſhone.

54

Or like that ſacred hill, whoſe head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Oliues all around,
Is, as it were for endleſſe memory
Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For euer with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleaſant Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verſe each where renownd,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their heauenly notes, and make full many a louely lay.

55

From thence, farre off he vnto him did ſhew
A little path, that was Loth ſteep and long,
Which to a goodly Citie led his view;
Whoſe wals and towres were builded high and ſtrong
Of pearle and precious ſtone, that earthly tong
Cannot deſcribe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my ſimple ſong;
The Citie of the great King hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happineſſe doth dwell.

56

As he thereon ſtood gazing, he might ſee
The bleſſed Angels to and fro deſcend
From higheſt heauen, in gladſome companee,
And with great ioy into that Citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What ſtately building durſt ſo high extend
Her loftie towres vnto the ſtarry Sphere,
And what vnknowne nation there empeopled were.

57

Faire Knight (quoth he) *Hieruſalem* that is,
The new *Hieruſalem*, that God has built,
For thoſe to dwell-in that are choſen his,
His choſen people, purg'd from ſinfull guilt,
With pittious bloud, which cruelly was ſpilt
On curſed tree, of that vnſpotted Lam,
That for the ſinnes of all the world was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that Citie ſam,
More deare vnto their God, then younglings to their dam.

58

Till now, ſaid then the Knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I haue been,
In which that faireſt *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
The faireſt Citie was, that might be ſeene;
And that bright towre all built of cryſtall cleene,
Panthea, ſeem'd the brighteſt thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwiſe I weene;
For, this great Citie, that does farre ſurpaſs, (glaſs.
And this bright Angels towre, quite dims that towre of

59

Moſt true, then ſaid the holy aged man;
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly fame,
The faireſt peece, that eye beholden can:
And well beſeemes all Knights of noble name,
That couet in th'immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that ſame to haunt,
And doen their ſeruice to that ſouereigne Dame,
That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt:
For, ſhee is heauenly borne, and heauen may iuſtly vaunt.

60

And thou faire imp, ſprung out from Engliſh race,
How euer now accounted Elfins ſonne,
Well worthy doeſt thy ſeruice for her grace,
To ayde a virgin deſolate foredonne.
But, when thou famous victorie haſt wonne,
And high emongſt all Knights haſt hung thy ſhield,
Thence-forth the ſuit of earthly conqueſt ſhonne,
And waſh thy hands from guilt of bloudy field:
For, bloud can nought but ſin, & warres but ſorowes yield.

61

Then ſeeke this path, that I to thee preſage,
Which after all to heauen ſhall thee ſend;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder ſame *Hieruſalem* doe bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a bleſſed end:
For, thou emongſt thoſe Saints, whom thou dooſt ſee,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations friend
And Patrone: thou Saint *George* ſhalt called bee,
Saint *George* of mery England, the ſigne of victory.

62

Vnworthy wretch (quoth he) of ſo great grace,
How dare I thinke ſuch glory to attaine?
Theſe that haue it attaind, were in like caſe
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liu'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes muſt I at laſt be faine,
And Ladies loue to leaue, ſo dearely bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine
(Said he) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for looſe loues are vaine, and vaniſh into nought.

63

O! let me not (quoth he) returne againe
Back to the world, whoſe ioyes ſo fruitleſſe are;
But let me heere for aye in peace remaine,
Or ſtraight way on that laſt long voyage fare,
That nothing may my preſent hope empare.
That may not be (ſaid he) ne maiſt thou yit
Forgoe that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cauſe into thy hand commit,
Till from her curſed foe thou haue her freely quit.

64

Then ſhall I ſoone (quoth he) ſo God me grace,
Abet that virgins cauſe diſconſolate,
And ſhortly back returne vnto this place,
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore eſtate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didſt thou behight me borne of Engliſh blood,
Whom all a Faeries ſonne doen nominate?
That word ſhall I (ſaid he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is vnknowne the cradle of thy brood.

For

65

For well I wote, thou ſpringſt from ancient race
Of *Saxon* Kings, that haue with mighty hand
And many bloudy battailes fought in place,
High rear'd their royall throne in *Britane* land,
And vanquiſht them, vnable to withſtand:
From thence a Faery thee vnweeting reft,
There as thou ſleptſt in tender ſwadling band,
And her baſe Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such, men do Changelings call, ſo chang'd by Faeries theft.

66

Thence ſhee thee brought into this Faerie lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide;
Where, thee a Ploughman all vnweeting fond,
As he his toileſome teame that way did guide,
And brought thee vp in ploughmans ſtate to bide,
Whereof *Georgos* he thee gaue to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To Faery Court thou cam'ſt to ſeek for fame,
And proue thy puiſſant armes, as ſeemes thee beſt became.

67

O holy Sire (quoth he) how ſhall I quight
The many fauours I with thee haue found,
That haſt my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heauen bound?
This ſaid, adowne he looked to the ground,
To haue return'd, but dazed were his eyne
Through paſſing brightneſſe, which did quite confound
His feeble ſenſe, and too exceeding ſhine.
So darke are earthly things compar'd to things diuine.

68

At laſt, when as himſelfe he gan to find,
To *Vna* back he caſt him to retire;
Who him awaited ſtill with penſiue mind.
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good ſire,
He thence departing gaue for his paines hire.
So came to *Vna*, who him ioy'd to ſee,
And after little reſt, gan him deſire,
Of her aduenture mindfull for to bee.
So leaue they take of *Coelia*, and her daughters three.

Canto XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights two daies inceſſantly: The third, him ouerthrowes, & gaines moſt glorious victory.

1

HIgh time now gan it wex for *Vna* faire,
To thinke of thoſe her captiue Parents deare,
And their forwaſted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto when as they now approched neare,
With harty words her Knight ſhe gan to cheare,
And in her modeſt manner thus beſpake;
Deare knight, as deare as euer Knight was deare,
That all theſe ſorrowes ſuffer for my ſake,
High heauen behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

2

Now are we come vnto my natiue ſoyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Heere haunts that fiend, and does his daily ſpoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And euer ready for your foeman fell.
The ſparke of noble courage now awake,
And ſtriue your excellent ſelfe to excell;
That ſhall ye euermore renowmed make
Aboue all knights on earth, that battaile vndertake.

3

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (ſaid ſhe)
The braſen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge fiend impriſond be,
Whom I from far, ſee on the walls appeare,
Whoſe ſight my feeble ſoule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all, I doe eſpy
The watchman waiting, tydings glad to heare,
That (ô my parents) might I happily
Vnto you bring, to eaſe you of your miſery.

4

With that, they heard a roaring hideous ſound,
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
And ſeem'd vneath to ſhake the ſtedfaſt ground.
Eftſoones that dreadfull Dragon they eſpide,
Where ſtretcht he lay vpon the ſunny ſide
Of a great hill, himſelfe like a great hill.
But all ſo ſoone, as he from farre deſcride
Thoſe gliſtring armes, that heauen with light did fill,
He rous'd himſelfe full blithe, and haſtned them vntill.

5

Then bade the Knight this Lady yede aloofe,
And to an hill her ſelfe with-drawe aſide,
From whence ſhe might behold that battailes proofe,
And eke be ſafe from danger far deſcride:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wide.
Now, ô thou ſacred Muſe, moſt learned Dame,
Faire Impe of *Phœbus*, and his aged bride,
The Nurſe of time, and euerlaſting fame,
That warlike hands ennobleſt with immortall name;

6

O gently come into my feeble breſt,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Where-with the Martiall troupes thou doeſt infeſt,
And harts of great Heroës doeſt enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aſſwage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trumpe begins to ſound,
The God of warre with his fierce equipage
Thou dooſt awake, ſleepe neuer he ſo ſound,
And feared Nations dooſt with horrour ſterne aſtound.

7

Faire Goddeſſe lay that furious fit aſide,
Till I of warres and bloudy *Mars* doe ſing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedide,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim King,
That with their horrour heauen and earth did ring,
A worke of labour long, and endleſſe praiſe:
But, now awhile let downe that haughty ſtring,
And to my tunes thy ſecond tenor raiſe,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8

By this, the dreadfull Beaſt drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haſte,
That with his largeneſſe meaſured much land,
And made wide ſhadowe vnder his huge waſte;
As mountaine doth the valley ouercaſt.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monſtrous, horrible, and vaſt,
Which (to increaſe his wondrous greatneſſe more)
Was ſwolne with wrath, and poyſon, and with bloody gore.

9

And ouer, all with brazen ſcales was arm'd,
Like plated coate of ſteele, ſo couched neare,
That nought mote pearce, ne might his corſe be harm'd
With dint of ſword, nor puſh of pointed ſpeare;
Which as an Eagle, ſeeing prey appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So ſhaked he, that horrour was to heare:
For, as the claſhing of an Armour bright,
Such noyſe his rouzed ſcales did ſend vnto the Knight.

10

His flaggy wings when forth he did diſplay,
Were like two ſayles, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh ſpeedy way:
And eke the pennes that did his pineons bind,
Were like maine-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
With which, when as him liſt the ayre to beat,
And there by force vnwonted paſſage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
And all the heauens ſtood ſtill amazed with his threat.

11

His huge long taile, wound vp in hundred folds,
Does ouerſpred his long braſs-ſcaly back:
VVhoſe wreathed boughts when euer he vnfolds,
And thick entangled knots adowne does ſlack;
Beſpotted all with ſhields of red and black,
It ſweepeth all the Land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two ſtings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly ſharp, that ſharpeſt ſteele exceeden farre.

12

But ſtings and ſharpeſt ſteele did far exceed
The ſharpneſſe of his cruell rending clawes;
Dead was it ſure, as ſure as death in deed,
What euer thing does touch his rauenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he euer drawes.
But, his moſt hideous head, my tongue to tell
Does tremble: for, his deepe deuouring iawes
Wide gaped, like the griſly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abyſſe all ruin fell.

13

And that more wondrous was, in either iawe
Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,
In which, yet trickling bloud and gobbets rawe
Of late deuoured bodies did appeare,
That ſight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increaſe, and all attonce to kill,
A cloude of ſmoothering ſmoake and ſulphur ſeare
Out of his ſtinking gorge forth ſteemed ſtill,
That all the ayre about with ſmoake and ſtench did fill.

14

His blazing eyes, like two bright ſhining ſhields,
Did burne with wrath, and ſparkled liuing fire:
As two broad Beacons, ſet in open fields,
Send forth their flames farre off to euery Shire,
And warning giue, that enemies conſpire,
With fire and ſword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:
But farre within, as in a hollowe glade,
Thoſe glaring lumps were ſet, that made a dreadfull ſhade.

15

So dreadfully he towards him did paſs,
Forelifting vp aloft his ſpeckled breſt,
And often bounding on the bruſed graſs,
As for great ioyance of his new-come gueſt.
Eftſoones he gan advance his haughty creſt,
As chauffed Bore his briſtles doth vpreare,
And ſhooke his ſcales to battell ready dreſt;
That made the *Redcroſſe* Knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

16

The Knight gan fairely couch his ſteady ſpeare,
And fiercely ranne at him with rigorous might:
The pointed ſteele arriuing rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither pearce nor bight,
But glauncing by forth paſſed forward right;
Yet ſore amooued with ſo puiſſant puſh,
The wrathfull beaſt about him turned light,
And him ſo rudely paſſing by, did bruſh
With his long taile, that horſe & man to ground did ruſh.

Both

17

Both horſe and man vp lightly roſe againe,
And freſh encounter towards him addreſt:
But th'idle ſtroke yet back recoild in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to reſt.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beaſt,
To be avenged of ſo great deſpight;
For, neuer felt his imperceable breſt
So wondrous force from hand of liuing wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puiſſant knight.

18

Then with his wauing wings diſplayed wide,
Himſelfe vp high he lifted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly diuide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element vnſound,
To beare ſo great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad ſailes, about him ſoared round:
At laſt, lowe ſtouping with vnweldie ſway,
Snatcht vp both horſe and man, to beare them quite away.

19

Long he them bore aboue the ſubiect Plaine,
So farre as Ewghen bowe a ſhaft may ſend,
Till ſtrugling ſtrong did him at laſt conſtraine,
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard Hauke, preſuming to contend
With hardie fowle, aboue his able might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth ſpend,
To truſſe the prey too heauie for his flight; (fight.
Which comming downe to ground, does free it ſelfe by

20

Hee ſo diſſeized of his gryping groſſe,
The Knight his thrillant ſpeare againe aſſaid
In his braſs-plated body to emboſſe,
And three mens ſtrength vnto the ſtroke he laid;
Where-with the ſtiffe beame quaked, as affraid,
And glauncing from his ſcaly neck, did glide
Cloſe vnder his left wing, then broad diſplaid.
The pearcing ſteele there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the vncouth ſmart the Monſter loudly cride.

21

Hee cryde, as raging ſeas are wont to rore,
When wintry ſtorme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
The rolling billowes beat the ragged ſhore,
As they the earth would ſhoulder from her ſeate,
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the bluſtring brethren boldly threat,
To moue the world from off his ſtedfaſt henge,
And boyſtrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22

The ſteely head ſtuck faſt ſtill in his fleſh,
Till with his cruell clawes he ſnatcht the wood,
And quite aſunder broke. Forth flowed freſh
A guſhing riuer of black goarie blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he ſtood;
The ſtreame thereof would driue a water-mill.
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter ſenſe of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large noſethrill.

23

His hideous taile then hurled he about,
And there-with all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomie ſteed, whoſe courage ſtout
Striuing to looſe the knot, that faſt him tyes,
Himſelfe in ſtraighter bands too raſh implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce conſtraind
To throwe his rider: who can quickly riſe
From off the earth, with durty bloud diſtaind;
For, that reprochefull fall right ſouly he diſdaind:

24

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he ſtrooke ſo furious and ſo fell,
That nothing ſeemd the puiſſance could withſtand:
Vpon his creſt the hardned iron fell,
But his more hardned creſt was armd ſo well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet ſo extreamely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he ſhund the like to take,
But when he ſaw them come, he did them ſtill forſake.

25

The knight was wroth to ſee his ſtroke beguil'd,
And ſmote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the ſparkling ſteele recoild,
And left not any marke where it did light;
As if in Adamant rock it had been pight.
The beaſt impatient of his ſmarting wound,
And of ſo fierce and forcible deſpight,
Thought with his wings to ſtye aboue the ground;
But his late wounded wing vnſeruiceable found.

26

Then full of griefe and anguiſh vehement,
He loudly brayd, that like was neuer heard,
And from his wide deuouring oven ſent
A flake of fire, that flaſhing in his beard,
Him all amaz'd, and almoſt made affeard:
The ſcorching flame ſore ſinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body ſeard,
That he could not endure ſo cruell caſe,
But thought his armes to leaue, and helmet to vnlace.

27

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
Whom famous Poets verſe ſo much doth daunt,
And hath for twelue huge labours high extold,
So many furies and ſharp fits did haunt,
When him the poyſoned garment did enchaunt
With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verſes charm'd,
As did this knight twelue thouſand dolours daunt,
Whom firie ſteele now burnt, that erſt him arm'd,
That erſt him goodly arm'd, now moſt of all him harm'd.

28

Faint, weary, ſore, emboyled, grieued, brent
With heate, toyle, wounds, armes, ſmart, & inward fire
That neuer man ſuch miſchiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft deſire:
But death will neuer come when needs require.
Whom ſo diſmaid when that his foe beheld,
He caſt to ſuffer him no more reſpire,
But gan his ſturdie ſterne about to weld,
And him ſo ſtrongly ſtrooke, that to the ground him feld.

29

It fortuned (as faire it then befell)
Behind his back (vnweeting) where he ſtood,
Of auncient time there was a ſpringing Well,
From which faſt trickled forth a ſilver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that curſed Dragon got
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood
Defil'd thoſe ſacred waues, it rightly hot
The Well of Life: ne yet his vertues had forgot.

30

For, vnto life the dead it could reſtore,
And guilt of ſinfull crimes cleane waſh away;
Thoſe that with ſickneſſe were infected ſore,
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as it were borne that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Iordan* did excell,
And th'Engliſh *Bath*, and eke the german *Spaw*,
Ne can *Cephiſe*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well:
Into the ſame, the knight (back overthrowen) fell.

31

Now gan the golden *Phœbus* for to ſteepe
His fierie face in billowes of the Weſt,
And his faint ſteeds watred in Ocean deep,
Whiles from their iournall labours they did reſt,
When that infernall Monſter, hauing keſt
His weary foe into that liuing Well,
Can high aduaunce his broad diſcoloured breſt
Aboue his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

32

Which when his penſiue Ladie ſaw from farre,
Great woe and ſorrow did her ſoule aſſay,
As weening that the ſad end of the warre,
And gan to higheſt God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turne away:
With folded hands and knees full lowely bent
All night ſhe watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her ſad dreriment,
But praying ſtill did wake, and waking did lament.

33

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That *Titan* roſe to runne his daily race;
But early ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the ſea faire *Titans* deawy face,
Vp roſe the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if ſhee might ſpy
Her loued knight to moue his manly paſe:
For, ſhee had great doubt of his ſafety,
Since late ſhe ſaw him fall before his enemy.

34

At laſt ſhe ſaw, where he vpſtarted braue
Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle freſh out of the Ocean waue,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himſelfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas hauke vp mounts vnto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to aſſay,
And mariuailes at himſelfe, ſtill as he flies:
So new, this new-borne knight to battell new did riſe.

35

Whom, when the damned fiend ſo freſh did ſpy,
No wonder if he wondred at the ſight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new ſupplied knight.
He, now to proue his late renewed might,
High brandiſhing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Vpon his creſted ſcalpe ſo ſore did ſmite,
That to the skull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled ſenſes all diſmaid.

36

I wote not, whether the reuenging ſteele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or ſharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other ſecret vertue did enſew;
Elſe, neuer could the force of fleſhly arme,
Ne molten metall in his bloud embrew:
For, till that ſtound could neuer wight him harme,
By ſubtiltie, nor ſlight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37

The cruell wound enraged him ſo ſore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping Lyons ſeem'd to rore,
Whom rauenous hunger did thereto conſtraine:
Then gan he toſſe aloft his ſtretched traine,
And there-with ſcourge the buxome ayre ſo ſore,
That to his force to yeelden it was faine;
Ne ought his ſturdie ſtrokes might ſtand afore,
That high trees ouerthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38

The ſame aduauncing high aboue his head,
With ſharp intended ſting ſo rude him ſmot,
That to the earth him droue, as ſtriken dead;
Ne liuing wight would haue him life behot:
The mortall ſting his angry needle ſhot
Quite through his ſhield, and in his ſhoulder ſeaſd,
Where faſt it ſtuck, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous ſore diſeaſd,
Ne might his rankling paine with patience be appeaſd.

39

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
Then of the grieuous ſmart which him did wring,
From loathed ſoile he can him lightly reare,
And ſtroue to looſe the farre infixed ſting:
Which when in vaine he tride with ſtruggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the knotty ſting
Of his huge taile he quite in ſunder cleft,
Fiue ioynts thereof he hew'd, and but the ſtump him left.

40

Hart cannot think, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foule enfouldred ſmoake and flaſhing fire,
The hell-bred beaſt threw forth vnto the skyes,
That all was couered with darkneſſe dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He caſt at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering vp himſelfe out of the mire,
With his vneuen wings did fiercely fall
Vpon his ſunne-bright ſhield, and grip't it faſt withall.

Much

41
Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to loſe his weapon in his paw,
Ne wiſt yet how his talants to vnfold;
Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie iaw
To pluck a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reaue by ſtrength the griped gage away:
Thrice he aſſaid it from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vaine to draw it did aſſay,
It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

42
Tho when he ſaw no power might preuaile,
His truſty ſword he cald to his laſt aid,
Where-with he fiercely did his foe aſſaile,
And double blowes about him ſtoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the iron plaid;
As ſparkles from the andvile vſe to fly,
When heauie hammers on the wedge are ſwaid;
There-with at laſt he forc't him to vntie
One of his graſping feet, him to defend thereby.

43
The other foot faſt fixed on his ſhield,
When as no ſtrength nor ſtrokes mote him conſtraine
To looſe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He ſmote thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought ſo wondrous puiſſance might ſuſtaine;
Vpon the ioynt the lucky ſteele did light,
And made ſuch way, that hew'd it quite in twaine;
The paw yet miſſed not his miniſht might,
But hung ſtill on the ſhield, as it at firſt was pight.

44
For griefe thereof, and diueliſh deſpight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heauens light,
Enrold in duskiſh ſmoake and brimſtone blew;
As burning *Aetna* from his boyling ſtew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblack clouds and filthy ſmoke,
That all the Land with ſtench, & heauen with horror choke.

45
The heate whereof, and harmefull peſtilence,
So ſore him noyd, that forc't him to retire
A little backward for his beſt defence,
To ſaue his body from the ſcorching fire,
Which he from helliſh entrailes did expire.
It chaunc't (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did ſlide,
And downe he fell, with dread of ſhame ſore terrifide.

46
There grew a goodly tree him faire beſide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roſie red,
As they in pure Vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues ouer all were red:
For, happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke euerlaſting did befall:
Great God it planted in that bleſſed ſted
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our firſt fathers fall.

47
In all the world like was not to be found,
Saue in that ſoile, where all good things did growe,
And freely ſprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them ſowe,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrowe.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoſo did eat, eftſoones did knowe
Both good and ill: O mournefull memory!
That tree through one mans fault hath done vs all to die.

48
From that firſt tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
A trickling ſtreame of Balme, moſt ſoueraine
And daintie deare, which on the ground ſtill fell,
And ouerflowed all the fertill Plaine,
As it had deawed been with timely raine:
Life and long health that gracious ointment gaue,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The ſenſeleſſe corſe appointed for the Graue.
Into that ſame he fell: which did from death him ſaue.

49
For nigh thereto the euer damned beaſt
Durſt not approche, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preſerued, did deteſt:
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this, the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yeeld his roome to ſad ſucceeding night,
Who with her ſable mantle gan to ſhade
The face of earth, and waies of liuing wight,
And high her burning torch ſet vp in heauen bright.

50
When gentle *Vna* ſaw the ſecond fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through loſſe of bloud, moov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Beſmeard with precious Balme, whoſe vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and ſcorching heate alay,
Againe ſhee ſtriken was with ſore affright,
And for his ſafetie gan deuoutly pray;
And watch the noyous night, and wait for ioyous day.

51
The ioyous day gan early to appeare,
And faire *Aurora* from her deawy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her ſelfe to reare,
With roſie cheekes, for ſhame as bluſhing red;
Her golden locks for haſte were looſely ſhed
About her eares, when *Vna* her did mark
Climbe to her charet, all with flowers ſpred;
From heauen high to chaſe the chearleſſe dark,
With merry note her loud ſalutes the mounting Lark.

52
Then freſhly vp aroſe the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundez wide,
And did himſelfe to battell ready dight;
Whoſe early foe awaiting him beſide
To haue deuour'd, ſo ſoone as day he ſpide,
When now he ſaw himſelfe ſo freſhly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifide,
He woxe diſmaid, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathleſſe, with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

53

And in his firſt encounter, gaping wide,
Hee thought attonce him to haue ſwallowd quight,
And ruſht vpon him with outrageous pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,
Taking aduantage of his open iaw,
Ran through his mouth with ſo importune might,
That deepe empeare't his darkſome hollow maw,
And back retyr'd, his life bloud forth withall did drawe.

54

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vaniſht into ſmoake and cloudes ſwift;
So downe he fell, that th'earth him vnderneath
Did groane, as feeble ſo great loade to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
Whoſe falſe foundation waues haue waſht away,
With dreadfull poyſe is from the maine land rift,
And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth diſmay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55

The Knight himſelfe euen trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a maſſe it ſeem'd;
And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
Durſt not approche for dread, which ſhe miſdeem'd:
But yet at laſt, when as the direfull feend
She ſaw not ſtirre, off-ſhaking vaine affright,
She nigher drew, and ſaw that ioyous end:
Then God ſhe prayſd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchieu'd ſo great a conqueſt by his might.

Canto XII.

Faire Vna to the Redcroſſe knight
betrothed is with ioy:
Though falſe Dueſſa it to barre
her falſe ſleights doe imploy.

1

BEhold, I ſee the Hauen nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie courſe to bend;
Vere the maine ſhete, & beare vp with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And ſeemeth ſafe from ſtormes, that may offend;
There this faire Virgin wearie of her way
Muſt landed be, now at her iourneyes end:
There eke my feeble Barke a while may ſtay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2

Scarcely had *Phœbus* in the glooming Eaſt
Yet harneſſed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard aboue the earth his flaming creaſt,
When the laſt deadly ſmoake aloft did ſteeme,
That ſigne of laſt outbreathed life did ſeeme,
Vnto the watchman on the Caſtle wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beaſt did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,
To tell how he had ſeene the Dragons fatall fall.

3

Vproſe with haſtie ioy, and feeble ſpeed
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land;
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Thoſe tydings were, as he did vnderſtand:
Which when as true by tryall he out found,
He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
Which long time had been ſhut, and out of hond
Proclaimed ioy and peace through all his State;
For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

4

Then gan triumphant Trumpets ſound on hie,
That ſent to heauen the ecchoed report
Of their new ioy, and happy victory
Gainſt him, that had them long oppreſt with tort,
And faſt impriſoned in ſieged fort.
Then all the people, as in ſolemne feaſt,
To him aſſembled with one full conſort,
Reioycing at the fall of that great beaſt,
From whoſe eternall bondage now they were releaſt.

5

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queene,
Arrayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And ſad habiliments right well beſeene;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of ſage and ſober Peeres, all gravely gownd;
Whom farre before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able armes to ſound,
But now they Laurell branches bore in hand;
Glad ſigne of victorie and peace in all their land.

Vnto

6

Vnto that doughty Conquerour they came,
And him before, themſelues proſtrating lowe,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their Laurell boughes did throwe.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a rowe
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As freſh as flowres in medow greene doe growe,
When morning deaw vpon their leaues doth light:
And in their hands ſweet Tymbrels all vpheld on hight.

7

And them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton ſports and childiſh mirth did play,
And to the Maidens ſounding Tymbrels ſung
In well attuned notes, a ioyous lay,
And made delightfull muſick all the way,
Vntill they came where that faire virgin ſtood;
As faire *Diana* in freſh ſommers day
Beholds her Nymphes, enrang'd in ſhadie wood,
Some wreſtle, ſome doe run, ſome bathe in cryſtall flood:

8

So ſhe beheld thoſe maidens meriment
With cheerefull view; who, when to her they came,
Themſelues to ground with gracious humbleſſe bent,
And her ador'd by honourable name,
Lifting to heauen her euerlaſting fame:
Then on her head they ſet a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earneſt and twixt game;
Who, in her ſelfe-reſemblance well beſeene,
Did ſeeme ſuch as ſhe was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9

And after, all the raſcall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To ſee the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from heauen ſent,
And gaz'd vpon with gaping wonderment.
But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monſtrous large extent,
The ſight with idle feare did them diſmay,
Ne durſt approche him nigh, to touch, or once aſſay.

10

Some feard, and fled; ſome feard and well it faind;
One that would wiſer ſeeme then all the reſt,
Warnd him not touch: for, yet perhaps remaind
Some lingring life within his hollowe breſt,
Or in his wombe might lurke ſome hidden neſt
Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull ſeed;
Another ſaid, that in his eyes did reſt
Yet ſparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another ſaid, he ſaw him moue his eyes indeed.

11

One mother, when as her foole-hardy child
Did come too neere, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her little babe reuild,
And to her goſſips gan in counſell ſay;
How can I tell, but that his talents may
Yet ſcratch my ſonne, or rend his tender hand?
So, diuerſly themſelues in vaine they fray;
Whiles ſome more bold, to meaſure him nigh ſtand,
To proue how many acres he did ſpread of land.

12

Thus flocked all the folke him round about,
The whiles that hoarie King, with all his traine,
Being arriued, where that Champion ſtout
After his foes defeaſance did remaine,
Him goodly greets, and faire does entertaine,
With princely gifts of Ivorie and Gold,
And thouſand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
Then, when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

13

And after, to his Palace he them brings,
With Shaumes, and Trumpets, and with Clarions ſweet:
And all the way the ioyous people ſings,
And with their garments ſtrowes the paued ſtreet:
Whence mounting vp, they find purveyance meet
Of all, that royall Princes Court became,
And all the floore was vnderneath their feet
Beſpred with coſtly ſcarlot of great name,
On which they lowely ſit, and fitting purpoſe frame.

14

What needs me tell their feaſt and goodly guiſe,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
VVhat needs of dainty diſhes to deuiſe,
Of comely ſeruices, or courtly traine?
My narrowe leaues cannot in them containe
The large diſcourſe of royall Princes ſtate.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine:
For, th'antique world exceſſe and pride did hate;
Such proude luxurious pompe is ſwollen vp but late.

15

Then, when with meats and drinks of euery kind
Their feruent appetites they quenched had,
That ancient Lord gan fit occaſion find,
Of ſtrange adventures, and of perils ſad,
Which in his trauile him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed gueſt:
Who then with vtt'rance graue, and count'nance ſad,
From point to point, as is before expreſt,
Diſcourſt his voyage long, according his requeſt.

16

Great pleaſures mixt with pittifull regard,
That godly King and Queene did paſſionate,
Whiles they his pittifull aduentures heard,
That oft they did lament his luckleſſe ſtate,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapt on him ſo many wrathfull wreakes:
For, neuer gentle Knight, as he of late,
So toſſed was in Fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while ſalt teares bedeaw'd the hearers cheaks.

17

Then ſaid the royall Peere in ſober wiſe;
Deare ſonne, great been the euils, which ye bore
From firſt to laſt, in your late enterpriſe,
That I no'te, whether praiſe, or pitty more:
For, neuer liuing man (I weene) ſo ſore
In ſea of deadly dangers was diſtreſt;
But ſith now ſafe ye ſeiſed haue the ſhore,
And well arriued are, (high God be bleſt)
Let vs deuiſe of eaſe, and euerlaſting reſt.

18

Ah, dearest Lord, said then that doughty Knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet deuise;
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,
I bounden am, straight after this emprize
(As that your daughter can ye well aduise)
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serue sixe yeeres in warlike wise,
Gainst that proude Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

19

Vnhappy falles that hard necessitie
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I against the same can iustly preace:
But sith that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen vndoe; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither back returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vow'd betwixt you twaine.

20

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That who so kild that Monster (most deforme)
And him in hardy battaile ouercame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparant bee:
Therefore, sith now to thee pertaines the same,
By due desert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The fairest *Vn*' his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light;
So faire and fresh that Lady shew'd her selfe in sight.

22

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For, she had laid her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Where-with her heauenly beauty she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare,
All lilly white, withouten spot, or pride,
That seem'd like silke and siluer wouen neare;
But neither silke nor siluer therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshiny face
To tell, were as to striue against the streame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and base,
Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder: for, her owne deare loued knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiall sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but neuer so faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
She to her Sire made humble reuerence,
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:
Who with great wisdome, and graue eloquence,
Thus gan to say. But ere he thus had said,
With flying speed, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A Messenger with Letters, which his message said.

25

All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddaineness of that vnwarie sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood.
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foote was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake.

26

To thee, most mightie King of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be aduised for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new vnknowen guest:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

To me, sad maid, or rather widow sad,
He was affianced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periurie;
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iust doe fly,
And them conjure t'auenge this shamefull iniury.

28

Therefore, sith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or true, or liuing or else dead,
With-hold, ô soueraigne Prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weakenesse of my widowhed, or woe:
For, truth is strong, his rightfull cause to plead,
And shall find friends, if need requireth so:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

29 *Fidessa.*

When he these bitter byting words had red,
The tydings strange did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last, his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
Thy life and honour late aduenturest,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expreſt.

What

30

What meane theſe bloudy vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womaniſh impatient mind?
What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,
My conſcience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witneſſe, that I guiltleſſe ame.
But, if your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With crime doe not it couer, but diſcloſe the ſame.

31

To whom the *Redcroſſe* knight this anſwere ſent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat diſmaid,
Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraid
VVith breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately trauaild, that vnwares I ſtraid
Out of my way, through perils ſtrange and hard;
That day ſhould faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this falſe woman, that *Fideſſa* hight,
Fideſſa hight the falſeſt Dame on ground,
Moſt falſe *Dueſſa*, royall richly dight,
That eaſie was to inueagle weaker ſight:
Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,
Too falſe and ſtrong for earthly skill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betraid, when leaſt I feared ill.

33

Then ſtepped forth the goodly royall Maid,
And on the ground her ſelfe proſtrating lowe,
With ſober countenaunce thus to him ſaid;
O pardon me, my ſoueraigne Lord, to ſhowe
The ſecret treaſons, which of late I knowe
To haue been wrought by that falſe Sorcereſſe.
She onely ſhee it is, that earſt did throwe
This gentle knight into ſo great diſtreſſe,
That death him did await in daily wretchedneſſe.

34

And now it ſeemes, that ſhe ſuborned hath
This craftie meſſenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improuided ſcath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein ſhe vſed hath the practick paine
Of this falſe footman, cloakt with ſimpleneſſe:
Whom if ye pleaſe for to diſcouer plaine,
Ye ſhall him *Archimago* find, I gheſſe,
The falſeſt man aliue, who tries ſhall find no leſſe.

35

The King was greatly mooued at her ſpeach,
And all with ſuddaine indignation fraight,
Bade on that meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,
Attach't that faitor falſe, and bound him ſtrait:
Who, ſeeming ſorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With idle force did faine them to withſtand,
And often ſemblance made to ſcape out of their hand.

36

But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines.
And with continuall watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his ſubtile traines
He could eſcape foule death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde,
With ſacred rites and vowes for euer to abide.

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for euer can diuide;
His owne two hands, for ſuch a turne moſt fit,
The houſling fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon ſprinkled wide;
At which, a buſhy Teade a groome did light,
And ſacred lampe in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38

Then gan they ſprinkle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt, to ſolemnize that day;
They all perfumde with Frankencenſe diuine,
And precious odours fetcht from farre away,
That all the houſe did ſweat with great array:
And all the while ſweet Muſick did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To driue away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one ſung a ſong of loue and iollity.

39

During the which, there was an heauenly noiſe
Heard ſound through all the Palace pleaſantly,
Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall Maieſtie,
In their trinall triplicities on hie;
Yet wiſt no creature, whence that heauenly ſweet
Proceeded: yet each one felt ſecretly
Himſelfe thereby reft of his ſenſes meet,
And rauiſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

40

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemne feaſt proclaimd throughout the Land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it, here by ſignes to vnderſtand
The vſuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thriſe happy man the Knight himſelfe did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand;
And euer, when his eye did her behold,
Her hart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

41

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked enuie, nor vile iealouſie
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of blisfull ioy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had ſworne,
In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:
The which he ſhortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

Now

18

Ah, deareſt Lord, ſaid then that doughty Knight,
Of eaſe or reſt I may not yet deuiſe;
For, by the faith which I to armes haue plight,
I bounden am, ſtraight after this emprize
(As that your daughter can ye well adviſe)
Back to returne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to ſerue ſixe yeeres in warlike wiſe,
Gainſt that proude Paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought craue pardon, till I there haue beene.

19

Vnhappy falles that hard neceſſitie
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicitie;
Ne I againſt the ſame can iuſtly preace:
But ſith that band ye cannot now releaſe,
Nor doen vndoe; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of thoſe ſix yeares ſhall ceaſe,
Ye then ſhall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accompliſh vow'd betwixt you twaine.

20

Which, for my part, I couet to performe,
In ſort as through the world I did proclame,
That who ſo kild that Monſter (moſt deforme)
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should haue mine onely daughter to his Dame,
And of my kingdome heire apparant bee:
Therefore, ſith now to thee pertaines the ſame,
By due deſert of noble cheualree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo, I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The faireſt *Vn'* his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heire;
Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning ſtarre appeare
Out of the Eaſt, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is dawning neare,
And to the world does bring long wiſhed light;
So faire and freſh that Lady ſhew'd her ſelfe in ſight.

22

So faire and freſh, as freſheſt flowre in May;
For, ſhe had laid her mournefull ſtole aſide,
And widow-like ſad wimple throwne away,
Where-with her heauenly beauty ſhe did hide,
Whiles on her wearie iourney ſhe did ride;
And on her now a garment ſhe did weare,
All lilly white, withouten ſpot, or pride,
That ſeem'd like ſilke and ſilver wouen neare;
But neither ſilke nor ſilver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightneſſe of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her ſunſhiny face
To tell, were as to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and baſe,
Her heauenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for, her owne deare loued knight,
All were ſhe daily with himſelfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celeſtiall ſight:
Oft had he ſeene her faire, but neuer ſo faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when ſhe in preſence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed lowe, that her right well became,
And added grace vnto her excellence:
Who with great wiſdome, and graue eloquence,
Thus gan to ſay. But ere he thus had ſaid,
With flying ſpeed, and ſeeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man diſmaid,
A Meſſenger with Letters, which his meſſage ſaid.

25

All in the open hall amazed ſtood
At ſuddaineneſſe of that vnwarie ſight,
And wondred at his breathleſſe haſtie mood.
But he for nought would ſtay his paſſage right,
Till faſt before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbleſſe he did make,
And kiſt the ground, whereon his foote was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he diſcloſing, read thus, as the paper ſpake.

26

To thee, moſt mightie King of *Eden* faire,
Her greeting ſends in theſe ſad lines addreſt,
The wofull daughter, and forſaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the Weſt;
And bids thee be adviſed for the beſt,
Ere thou thy daughter linke in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new vnknowen gueſt:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Vnto another Loue, and to another Land.

27

To me, ſad maid, or rather widow ſad,
He was affianced long time before,
And ſacred pledges he both gaue, and had,
Falſe erraunt knight, infamous, and forſwore:
Witneſſe the burning Altars, which he ſwore,
And guiltie heauens of his bold periurie;
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for iudgement iuſt doe fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this ſhamefull iniury.

28

Therefore, ſith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falſe or true, or liuing or elſe dead,
With-hold, ô ſoueraigne Prince, your haſty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with ſtrength adowne to tread,
Through weakeneſſe of my widowhed, or woe:
For, truth is ſtrong, his rightfull cauſe to plead,
And ſhall find friends, if need requireth ſo:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

29 *Fideſſa.*

When he theſe bitter byting words had red,
The tydings ſtrange did him abaſhed make,
That ſtill he ſate long time aſtoniſhed
As in great muſe, ne word to creature ſpake.
At laſt, his ſolemne ſilence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes faſt fixed on his gueſt:
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely ſake
Thy life and honour late adventureſt,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expreſt.

What

30

What meane theſe bloudy vowes, and idle threats,
Throwne out from womaniſh impatient mind?
What heauens? what altars? what enraged heates
Here heaped vp with tearmes of loue vnkind,
My conſcience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witneſſe, that I guiltleſſe ame.
But, if your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ye faultie find,
Or wrapped be in loues of former Dame,
With crime doe not it couer, but diſcloſe the ſame.

31

To whom the *Redcroſſe* knight this anſwere ſent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat diſmaid,
Till well ye wote by graue intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me vpbraid
VVith breach of loue, and loyaltie betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately trauaild, that vnwares I ſtraid
Out of my way, through perils ſtrange and hard;
That day ſhould faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

32

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this falſe woman, that *Fideſſa* hight,
Fideſſa hight the falſeſt Dame on ground,
Moſt falſe *Dueſſa*, royall richly dight,
That eaſie was to inueagle weaker ſight:
Who, by her wicked arts, and wilie skill,
Too falſe and ſtrong for earthly skill or might,
Vnwares me wrought vnto her wicked will,
And to my foe betraid, when leaſt I feared ill.

33

Then ſtepped forth the goodly royall Maid,
And on the ground her ſelfe proſtrating lowe,
With ſober countenaunce thus to him ſaid;
O pardon me, my ſoueraigne Lord, to ſhowe
The ſecret treaſons, which of late I knowe
To haue been wrought by that falſe Sorcereſſe.
She onely ſhee it is, that earſt did throwe
This gentle knight into ſo great diſtreſſe,
That death him did await in daily wretchedneſſe.

34

And now it ſeemes, that ſhe ſuborned hath
This craftie meſſenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improuided ſcath,
By breaking of the band betwixt vs twaine;
Wherein ſhe vſed hath the practick paine
Of this falſe footman, cloakt with ſimpleneſſe:
Whom if ye pleaſe for to diſcouer plaine,
Ye ſhall him *Archimago* find, I gheſſe,
The falſeſt man aliue, who tries ſhall find no leſſe.

35

The King was greatly mooued at her ſpeach,
And all with ſuddaine indignation fraight,
Bade on that meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoones the Gard, which on his State did wait,
Attach't that faitor falſe, and bound him ſtrait:
Who, ſeeming ſorely chauffed at his band,
As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With idle force did faine them to withſtand,
And often ſemblance made to ſcape out of their hand.

36

But they him laid full lowe in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foot with iron chaines.
And with continuall watch did warely keepe;
Who then would thinke, that by his ſubtile traines
He could eſcape foule death or deadly paines?
Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes.
And to the Knight his Daughter deare he tyde,
With ſacred rites and vowes for euer to abide.

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for euer can diuide;
His owne two hands, for ſuch a turne moſt fit,
The houſling fire did kindle and prouide,
And holy water thereon ſprinkled wide;
At which, a buſhy Teade a groome did light,
And ſacred lampe in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of euill fates, but burnen euer bright.

38

Then gan they ſprinkle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt, to ſolemnize that day;
They all perfumde with Frankencenſe diuine,
And precious odours fetcht from farre away,
That all the houſe did ſweat with great array:
And all the while ſweet Muſick did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To driue away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one ſung a ſong of loue and iollity.

39

During the which, there was an heauenly noiſe
Heard ſound through all the Palace pleaſantly,
Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
Singing before th'eternall Maieſtie,
In their trinall triplicities on hie;
Yet wiſt no creature, whence that heauenly ſweet
Proceeded: yet each one felt ſecretly
Himſelfe thereby reft of his ſenſes meet,
And rauiſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſprite.

40

Great ioy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemne feaſt proclaimd throughout the Land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it, here by ſignes to vnderſtand
The vſuall ioyes at knitting of loues band.
Thriſe happy man the Knight himſelfe did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies hart and hand;
And euer, when his eye did her behold,
Her hart did ſeeme to melt in pleaſures manifold.

41

Her ioyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enioy,
Ne wicked enuie, nor vile iealouſie
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that ſea of bliſsfull ioy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had ſworne,
In caſe he could that monſtrous beaſt deſtroy,
Vnto his Faery Queene back to returne:
The which he ſhortly did, and *Vna* left to mourne.

Now

42

Now ſtrike your ſailes yee iolly Mariners:
For we be come vnto a quiet rode,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this wearie veſſell of her lode.

Heere ſhe awhile may make her ſafe aboade,
Till ſhe repaired haue her tackles ſpent,
And wants ſupplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto ſhe is bent:
Well may ſhee ſpeed, and fairely finiſh her intent.

The end of the firſt Booke.

THE



THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING THE LEGENDE OF SIR GVYON.

OR

Of Temperaunce.

1

Right well I wote, moſt mighty Soueraigne,
That all this famous antique hiſtory,
Of ſome, th'aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of iuſt memory;
Sith none that breatheth liuing aire, does knowe,
Where is that happy Land of Faery,
Which I ſo much doe vaunt, yet no where ſhowe,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can knowe.

2

But let that man with better ſenſe adviſe,
That of the world leaſt part to vs is read:
And daily how through hardy enterpriſe,
Many great Regions are diſcouered,
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous veſſell meaſured
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found true?
Or fruitfulleſt *Virginia* who did euer view?

3

Yet all theſe were, when no man did them knowe;
Yet haue from wiſeſt ages hidden beene:
And later times things more vnknowne ſhall ſhowe.
Why then ſhould witleſſe man ſo much miſweene
That nothing is, but that which he hath ſeene?
What if within the Moones faire ſhining ſpheare,
What if in euery other ſtarre vnſeene
Of other worlds he happily ſhould heare?
He wonder would much more: yet ſuch to ſome appeare.

4

Of Faery lond yet if he more inquire,
By certaine ſignes heere ſet in ſundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his ſenſe to be too blunt and baſe,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, ô faireſt Princeſſe vnder sky,
In this faire Mirror maiſt behold thy face,
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique Image thy great auncеſtry.

5

The which, ô pardon me thus to enfold
In couert veile, and wrap in ſhadowes light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which elſe could not endure thoſe beamez bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchſafe with patient eare
The braue adventures of this Faery Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciouſly to heare,
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

Canto I.

Guyon, by Archimage abus'd,
The Redcroſſe knight awaites,
Findes Mordant and Amauia ſlaine
With pleaſures poiſoned baites.

1

THat cunning Architect of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late diſpleaſure left in bands,
For falſed Letters and ſuborned wile,
Soone as the *Redcroſſe* knight he vnderſtands,
To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
To ſerue againe his ſoueraigne Elfin Queene,
His artes he moues, and out of caytiue hands
Himſelfe he frees by ſecret meanes vnſeene;
His ſhackles emptie left, himſelfe eſcaped cleene.

2

And forth he fares, full of malicious mind,
To worken miſchiefe and auenging woe,
Where euer he that godly knight may find,
His onely hart ſore, and his onely foe,
Sith *Vna* now he algates muſt forgoe,
Whom his victorious hands did earſt reſtore
To natiues crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
Where ſhe enioyes ſure peace for euermore,
As weather-beaten ſhip arriu'd on happy ſhore.

3

Him therefore now the obiect of his ſpight
And deadly feude he makes: him to offend
By forged treaſon, or by open fight
He ſeeks, of all his drift the aymed end:
Thereto his ſubtile engins he does bend,
His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
With thouſand other ſleights: for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtfull ballance hong;
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already ſtong.

4

Still as he went, he craftie ſtales did lay,
With cunning traines him to entrap vnwares,
And priuie ſpials plac't in all his way,
To weet what courſe he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at avantage in his ſnares.
But all in vaine: for, he was well aware;
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
By triall of his former harmes and cares,
But now ſo wiſe and warie was the knight,
That he deſcride, and ſhunned ſtill his ſlight:
The fiſh, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

5

Nath'leſſe, th'Enchaunter would not ſpare his paine,
In hope to win occaſion to his will;
Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill:
For, to all good he enemy was ſtill.
Vpon the way him fortuned to meet
(Faire marching vnderneath a ſhady hill)
A goodly knight, all arm'd in harneſſe meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his feet.

6

His carriage was full comely and vpright,
His countenaunce demure and temperate;
But yet ſo ſterne and terrible in ſight,
That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
He was an Elfin borne of noble ſtate,
And mickle worſhip in his natiue land;
Well could he tourney, and in liſts debate,
And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie Land.

7

Him als accompanid vpon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripeſt yeeres, and haires all hoarie gray,
That with a ſtaffe his feeble ſteps did ſtire,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbes ſhould tire:
And, if by lookes one may the mind aread,
He ſeem'd to be a ſage and ſober ſire,
And euer with ſlowe paſe the knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling ſteed with equall ſteps to tread.

8

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to worke ſome vncouth wile;
Eftſoones vntwiſting his deceitfull clew,
He gan to weaue a web of wicked guile,
And with faire countenaunce and flattring ſtile
To them approaching, thus the Knight beſpake:
Faire ſonne of *Mars*, that ſeeke with warlike ſpoile,
And great atchieu'ments, great your ſelfe to make,
Vouchſafe to ſtay your ſteed for humble miſers ſake.

He

9

He ſtaid his ſteed for humble miſers ſake,
And bade tell on the tenor of his plaint;
Who, feigning then in euery limbe to quake,
Through inward feare, and ſeeming pale and faint,
With pittious mone his pearcing ſpeech gan paint;
Deare Lady, how ſhall I declare thy caſe,
Whom late I left in langourous conſtraint!
Would God thy ſelfe now preſent were in place,
To tell this ruefull tale; thy ſight could win thee grace.

10

Or rather would, ô would it ſo had chaunc't,
That you, moſt noble Sir, had preſent beene,
When that lewd ribauld (with vile luſt aduaunc't)
Laid firſt his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
To ſpoile her daintie corſe ſo faire and sheene,
As on the earth (great mother of vs all)
With liuing eye more faire was neuer ſeene,
Of chaſtitie and honour virginall:
Witneſſe ye heauens, whom ſhe in vaine to helpe did call.

11

How may it be (ſaid then the knight halfe wroth)
That knight ſhould knight-hood euer ſo haue ſhent?
None but that ſaw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
How ſhamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looſer golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his ſharp ſword,
Againſt her ſnowy breaſt he fiercely bent,
And thi eatned death with many a bloudy word;
Tongue hates to tell the reſt, that eye to ſee abhord.

12

There-with, amooued from his ſober mood,
And liues he yet (ſaid he) that wrought this act,
And doen the heauens affoord him vitall food?
He liues (quoth he) and boaſteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that treachour then (ſaid he) be found,
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
That ſhall I ſhew (ſaid he) as ſure, as hound
The ſtriken Deare doth chalenge by the bleeding wound.

13

He ſtaid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haſte, away is quickly gone
To ſeeke that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They doe arriue anone,
Where ſate a gentle Lady all alone,
With garments rent, and haire diſcheueled,
Wringing her hands, and making pittious mone;
Her ſwollen eyes were much disfigured,
And her faire face, with teares was fouly blubbered.

14

The Knight, approching nigh, thus to her ſaid,
Faire Ladie, through foule ſorrow ill bedight,
Great pitty is to ſee you thus diſmaid,
And marre the bloſſome of your beauty bright:
For thy, appeaſe your griefe and heauy plight,
And tell the cauſe of your conceiued paine.
For, if he liue that hath you doen deſpight;
He ſhall you doe due recompence againe,
Or elſe his wrong with greater puiſſance maintaine.

15

Which when ſhee heard, as in deſpightfull wiſe,
She wilfully her ſorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did deſpiſe:
Her golden locks moſt cruelly ſhe rent,
And ſcratcht her face with gaſtly vtterance,
Ne would ſhe ſpeake, ne ſee, ne yet be ſeene,
But hid her viſage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grieuous ſhame, or for great teene,
As if her hart with ſorrow had transfixed beene;

16

Till her that Squire beſpake, Madame, my liege,
For Gods deare loue be not ſo wilfull bent,
But doe vouchſafe now to receiue reliefe,
The which good fortune doth to you preſent.
For, what boots it to weepe and to wayment
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increaſe,
And the weake mind with double woe torment?
When ſhe her Squire heard ſpeake, ſhe gan appeaſe
Her voluntarie paine, and feele ſome ſecret eaſe.

17

Eftſoone ſhe ſaid, Ah gentle truſtie Squire,
What comfort can I wofull wretch conceaue,
Or why ſhould euer I henceforth deſire
To ſee faire heauens face, and life not leaue,
Sith that falſe Traytor did my honour reaue?
Falſe Traytour certes (ſaid the Faerie knight)
I read the man, that euer would deceaue
A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little paine for ſuch a foule deſpight.

18

But now, faire Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this ſhamefull plight;
That ſhort reuenge the man may ouertake,
Where ſo he be, and ſoone vpon him light.
Certes (ſaid ſhe) I wote not how he hight,
But vnder him a gray ſteed did he wield,
Whoſe ſides with dapled circles weren dight;
Vpright he rode, and in his ſiluer ſhield
He bore a bloudy Croſſe, that quartred all the field.

19

Now by my head (ſaid *Guyon*) much I muſe
How that ſame Knight ſhould doe ſo foule amiſs,
Or euer gentle Damzell ſo abuſe:
For, may I boldly ſay, hee ſurely is
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
I preſent was, and can it witneſſe well,
When armes he ſwore, and ſtraight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*,
In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20

Nathleſſe, he ſhortly ſhall againe be tryde,
And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame:
Elſe be ye ſure, he dearely ſhall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the ſame:
All wrongs haue mends, but no amends of ſhame.
Now therefore Ladie, riſe out of your paine,
And ſee the ſaluing of your blotted name.
Full loath ſhee ſeemd thereto, but yet did faine;
For, ſhe was inly glad her purpoſe ſo to gaine.

21

Her purpoſe was not ſuch, as ſhe did faine,
Ne yet her perſon ſuch, as it was ſeene;
But vnder ſimple ſhewe, and ſemblant plaine
Lurkt falſe *Dueſſa*, ſecretly vnſeene,
As a chaſte virgin that had wronged beene:
So had falſe *Archimago* her diſguis'd,
To cloake her guile with ſorrow and ſad teene;
And eke himſelfe had craftily deuis'd
To be her Squire, and doe her ſeruice well aguis'd.

22

Her, late forlorne and naked, he had found,
Where ſhe did wander in waſte Wilderneſſe,
Lurking in Rocks and Caues farre vnder ground,
And with greene moſſe cov'ring her nakedneſſe,
To hide her ſhame and loathly filthineſſe;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty ſpoyld. Her nathleſſe
Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reveſt, and deckt with due habiliments.

23

For, all he did, was to deceiue good Knights,
And drawe them from purſuit of praiſe and fame,
To ſlug in ſloth and ſenſuall delights,
And end their daies with irrenowmed ſhame.
And now exceeding griefe him overcame
To ſee the *Redcroſſe* thus advaunced hie;
Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
Againſt his praiſe to ſtirre vp enmitie
Of ſuch, as vertues like mote vnto him allie.

24

So now he *Guyon* guides an vncouth way,
Through woods & mountaines, till they came at laſt
Into a pleaſant dale, that lowely lay
Betwixt two hils, whoſe high heads overplac't,
The valley did with coole ſhade overcaſt;
Through midſt thereof a little riuer rold,
By which there ſate a knight with helme vnlac't,
Himſelfe refreſhing with the liquid cold,
After his trauaile long, and labours manifold.

25

Loe, yonder hee (cryde *Archimage* alowd)
That wrought the ſhamefull fact, which I did ſhew;
And now he doth himſelfe in ſecret ſhrowd,
To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vaine: for, ye ſhall dearely doe him rew,
So God yee ſpeed, and ſend you good ſucceſſe;
Which we farre off will here abide to view.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulneſſe,
That ſtraight againſt that knight his ſpeare he did addreſſe.

26

Who, ſeeing him from farre ſo fierce to prick,
His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
And in the reſt his ready ſpeare did ſtick;
Tho when as ſtill he ſaw him towards paſe,
He gan r'encounter him in equall race.
They beene ymet, both ready to affrap,
When ſuddainly that warriour gan abaſe
His threatned ſpeare, as if ſome new miſhap
Had him betidde, or hidden danger did entrap;

27

And cryde, Mercie Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,
For mine offence and heedleſſe hardiment,
That had almoſt committed crime abhord,
And with reprochefull ſhame mine honour ſhent,
Whiles curſed ſteele againſt that badge I bent,
The ſacred badge of my Redeemers death,
Which on your ſhield is ſet for ornament:
But his fierce foe his ſteed could ſtay vneath,
Who (prickt with courage keene) did cruell battell breath.

28

But, when he heard him ſpeake, ſtraight way he knew
His error, and (himſelfe inclyning) ſaid;
Ah! deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you;
But me behoueth rather to vpbrayd,
Whoſe haſtie hand ſo farre from reaſon ſtraid,
That almoſt it did haynous violence
On that faire Image of that heauenly Maid,
That decks and armes your ſhield with faire defence:
Your court'ſie takes on you anothers due offence.

29

So been they both attone, and doen vpreare
Their beuers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportance each to other beare,
And entertaine themſelues with court'ſies meet.
Then ſaid the *Redcroſſe* Knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir *Guyon*, why with ſo fierce ſaliance,
And fell intent ye did at earſt me meet;
For, ſith I know your goodly gouernance,
Great cauſe (I ween) you guided, or ſome vncouth chaunce.

30

Certes (ſaid he) well mote I ſhame to tell
The fond encheaſon that me hither led.
A falſe infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that ſeemed ill beſted,
And plaind of grieuous outrage, which he red
A Knight had wrought againſt a Ladie gent:
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the marke of his intent,
And now is fled; foule ſhame him follow, where hee went.

31

So can he turne his earneſt vnto game,
Through goodly handling and wiſe temperaunce.
By this, his aged guide in preſence came;
Who, ſoone as on that knight his eye did glaunce,
Eſtſoones of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Faerie Court he late auiz'd;
And ſaid, Faire ſonne, God giue you happy chaunce,
And that deare Croſſe vpon your ſhield deuiz'd,
Where-with aboue all knights ye goodly ſeeme aguiz'd.

32

Ioy may you haue, and euerlaſting fame,
Of late moſt hard atchieu'ment by you donne,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heauenly Regiſters aboue the Sunne,
Where you a Saint, with Saints your ſeat haue wonne:
But, wretched we, where ye haue left your marke,
Muſt now anew begin, like race to runne,
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
And to the wiſhed haven bring thy wearie barke.

Palmer,

33

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* Knight)
His be the praise, that this atchieu'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then good-will to me attribute nought:
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought.
That home ye may report these happy newes;
For, well yee worthy beene for worth and gentle thewes.

34

So, courteous conge both did giue and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his black Palmer, that him guided still.
Still he him guided ouer dale and hill,
And with his steadie staffe did point his way:
His race with reason, and with words his will,
From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

35

In this faire wize they traueild long yfere,
Through many hard assaies, which did betide;
Of which he honour still away did beare,
And spred his glory through all Countries wide.
At last, as chaunc't them by a Forest side
To passe (for succour from the scorching ray)
They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
With peareing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
Which to attend, awhile their forward steps they stay.

36

But, if that careless heauens (quoth she) despise
The doome of iust reuenge, and take delight
To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
As bound by them to liue in lifes despight;
Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee.
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
That long captiued soules from wearie thraldome free.

37

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
Hath made sad witnesse of thy fathers fall,
Sith heauen thee deignes to hold in liuing state,
Long maist thou liue, and better thriue withall,
Then to thy luckless Parents did befall:
Liue thou, and to thy mother dead attest,
That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding brest,
Loe, I for pledges leaue. So giue me leaue to rest.

38

With that, a deadly shrieke she forth did throwe,
That through the wood reecchoed againe:
And after, gaue a groane so deepe and lowe,
That seem'd her tender hart was rent in twaine,
Or thrild with point of thorough-pearcing paine;
As gentle Hind, whose sides with cruell steele
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does raine,
Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
Brayes out her latest breath, and vp her eyes doth seele.

39

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soone arriued, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, halfe dead, halfe quick,
In whose white alabaster breast did stick
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gusht a streame of gore-bloud thick,
That all her goodly garments staind around,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground.

40

Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubbling fountaine lowe she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waues with purple gold did ray;
Als in her lap a little babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For, in her streaming bloud he did embay
His little hands, and tender ioynts embrew;
Pittifull spectacle, as euer eye did view.

41

Besides them both, vpon the soiled grass
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with bloud besprinkled was;
His ruddie lips did smile, and rosie red
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet beeing ded:
Seem'd to haue beene a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lustyhed,
Fit to inflame faire Lady with loues rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42

Whom, when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His hart gan wex as starke as Marble stone,
And his fresh bloud did frieze with fearefull cold,
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:
At last, his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine,
Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
Till ruth and fraile affection did constraine
His courage stout to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43

Out of her gored wound the cruell steele
He lightly snatcht, and did the floud-gate stop
With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
Her feeble pulse, to proue if any drop
Of liuing bloud yet in her veines did hop;
Which when he felt to moue, he hoped faire
To call back life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
That at the last she gan to breathe out liuing aire.

44

Which he perceiuing, greatly gan reioyce,
And goodly counsell (that for wounded hart
Is meetest med'cine) tempred with sweet voice;
Ay me! deare Lady, which the Image art
Of ruefull pitty, and impatient smart,
What direfull chance, arm'd with reuenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
Thus foule to hasten your vntimely date?
Speake, ô deare Lady speake: help neuer comes too late.

45

There-with her dim eye-lids ſhe vp gan reare,
On which the dreary death did ſit, as ſad
As lump of lead, and made darke cloudes appeare;
But when as him (all in bright armour clad)
Before her ſtanding ſhee eſpied had,
As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
She weakely ſtarted, yet ſhe nothing drad:
Straight downe againe her ſelfe in great deſpight,
She groueling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46

The gentle knight, her ſoone with carefull paine
Vplifted light, and ſoftly did vphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thrice ſhe ſunke againe,
Till he his armes about her ſides gan fold,
And to her ſaid; Yet if the ſtony cold
Haue not all ſeized on your frozen hart,
Let one word fall that may your griefe vnfold,
And tell the ſecret of your mortall ſmart;
He oft findes preſent help, who does his griefe impart.

47

Then caſting vp a deadly looke, full lowe
She ſigh't, from bottom of her wounded breſt,
And after, many bitter throbs did throwe,
With lips full pale, and foltring tongue oppreſt,
Theſe words ſhe breathed forth from riuen cheſt;
Leaue, ah leaue off, what euer wight thou bee,
To let a weary wretch from her due reſt,
And trouble dying ſoules tranquillitee.
Take not away now got, which none would giue to mee.

48

Ah! farre be it (ſaid he) Deare dame fro mee,
To hinder ſoule from her deſired reſt,
Or hold ſad life in long captiuitee:
For, all I ſeeke, is but to haue redreſt
The bitter pangs, that doth your hart infeſt.
Tell then (ô Lady) tell what fatall prieſe
Hath with ſo huge misfortune you oppreſt?
That I may caſt to compaſſe your reliefe,
Or die with you in ſorrow, and partake your griefe.

49

With feeble hands then ſtretched forth on hie,
As heauen accuſing guiltie of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In theſe ſad words ſhe ſpent her vtmoſt breath:
Heare then (ô man) the ſorrowes that vneath
My tongue can tell, ſo farre all ſenſe they paſs:
Lo, this dead corpſe, that lyes here vnderneath,
The gentleſt knight, that euer on greene graſs
Gay ſteed with ſpurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was:

50

Was (ay the while, that he is not ſo now!)
My Lord, my loue; my deare Lord, my deare loue,
So long as heauens iuſt with equall brow
Vouchſafed to behold vs from aboue,
One day when him high courage did emmoue,
(As wont ye knights to ſeeke adventures wild)
Hee pricked forth, his puiſſaunt force to proue,
Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This luckleſſe child, whom thus yee ſee with bloud defil'd.

51

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may gheſſe)
To come where vile *Acraſia* does wonne,
Acraſia, a falſe Enchauntereſſe,
That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
Within a wandring Iſland, that doth ronne
And ſtray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is;
Faire Sir, if euer there ye trauell, ſhonne
The curſed land where many wend amiſs,
And knowe it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of bliſs*.

52

Her bliſſe is all in pleaſure and delight,
Where-with ſhee makes her louers drunken mad:
And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,
On them ſhe works her will to vſes bad:
My lifeſt Lord ſhe thus beguiled had;
For, he was fleſh: (all fleſh doth frailetie breed.)
Whom, when I heard to been ſo ill beſtad,
(Weake wretch) I wrapt my ſelfe in Palmers weed,
And caſt to ſeek him forth through danger & great dreed.

53

Now had faire *Cynthia* by euen tournes
Full meaſured three quarters of her yeare,
And thrice three times had fild her crooked hornes,
When as my wombe her burdein would forbeare,
And bade me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought: (were;
The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my Midwiues
Hard help at need. So deare thee babe I bought;
Yet nought too deare I deem'd, while ſo my dear I ſought.

54

Him ſo I ſought, and ſo at laſt I found,
Where him that Witch had thralled to her will,
In chaines of luſt and lewd deſires ybound,
And ſo transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
Till through wiſe handling and faire gouernance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
Then meanes I gan deuiſe for his deliuerance.

55

Which when the vile Enchauntereſſe perceiu'd,
How that my Lord from her I would repriue,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting ſhe deceiu'd;
Sad verſe, giue death to him that death does giue,
And loſſe of loue, to her that loues to liue,
So ſoone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does linke:
So parted we, and on our iourney driue,
Till comming to this Well, he ſtoupt to drinke:
The charme fulfild, dead ſuddenly he downe did ſinke.

56

Which, when I wretch. Not one word more ſhe ſaid,
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And ſlyding ſoft, as downe to ſleepe her laid,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That ſeeing good Sir *Guyon*, could vneath
From teares abſtaine; for griefe his hart did grate,
And from ſo heauie ſight his head did wreath,
Accuſing Fortune, and too cruell fate,
Which plunged had faire Lady in ſo wretched ſtate.

Then

57

Then turning to the Palmer, ſaid, Old ſire,
Behold the Image of mortalitie,
And feeble nature cloth'd with fleſhly tire,
When raging paſſion with fierce tyrannie
Robs reaſon of her due regalitie,
And makes it ſeruaunt to her baſeſt part:
The ſtrong, it weakens with infirmitie,
And with bold furie armes the weakeſt hart;
The ſtrong, through pleaſure ſooneſt falls, the weake (through ſmart.

58

But temperance (ſaid he) with golden ſquire
Betwixt them both can meaſure out a meane,
Neither to melt in pleaſures hot deſire,
Nor fry in hartleſſe griefe and dolefull teene.
Thrice happy man, who fares them both atweene:
But, ſith this wretched woman overcome
Of anguiſh, rather then of crime hath beene,
Reſerue her cauſe to her eternall doome;
And in the meane, vouchſafe her honorable toombe.

59

Palmer (quoth he) death is an euill doome
To good and bad, the common Inne of reſt;
But, after death, the tryall is to come,
When beſt ſhall be to them that liued beſt:
But, both alike, when death hath both ſuppreſt,
Religious reuerence doth buriall teene,
Which whoſo wants, wants ſo much of his reſt:
For, all ſo great ſhame after death I weene,
As ſelfe to dyen bad, vnburied bad to beene.

60

So, both agree their bodies to engraue;
The great earths wombe they open to the ſky,
And with ſad Cypreſſe ſeemely it embraue;
Then couering with a clod their cloſed eye,
They lay therein thoſe corſes tenderly,
And bid them ſleepe in euerlaſting peace.
But, ere they did their vtmoſt obſequy,
Sir *Guyon*, more affection to increaſe,
Bynempt a ſacred vow, which none ſhould aye releaſe.

61

The dead Knights ſword out of his ſheath he drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their haire,
Which medling with their bloud and earth, he threw
Into the Graue, and gan deuoutly ſweare;
Such and ſuch euill God on *Guyon* reare,
And worſe and worſe young Orphane be thy paine,
If *I*, or thou, due vengeance doe forbeare,
Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine:
So, ſhedding many teares, they clos'd the earth againe.

Canto II.

Babes bloudy hands may not be clens'd,
the face of golden Meane.
Her ſiſters two Extremities:
ſtriue her to baniſh cleane.

1

THus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad Tragedie vptide,
The litle babe vp in his armes he hent;
Who with ſweet pleaſance & bold blandiſh-
Gan ſmile on them, that rather ought to weep, (ment
As careleſſe of his woe, or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deep
In that Knights hart, & words with bitter teares did ſteep.

2

Ah! luckleſſe babe, borne vnder cruell ſtar,
And in dead Parents balefull aſhes bred,
Full litle weeneſt thou, what ſorrowes are
Left thee for portion of thy liuelihed,
Poore Orphane, in the wide world ſcattered,
As budding branch rent from the natiue tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the ſtate of men: thus enter wee
Into this life with woe, and end with miſeree.

3

Then ſoft himſelfe inclining on his knee
Downe to that Well, did in the water weene
(So loue does loath diſdainefull nicitee)
His guilty hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
(For all his waſhing) cleaner. Still he ſtroue,
Yet ſtill the little hands were bloudie ſeene;
The which him into great amaz'ment droue,
And into diuers doubt his wauering wonder cloue.

4

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God, in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To shew how sore bloud-guiltinesse he hat'th;
Or that the charme and venim, which they drunk,
Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
Being diffused through the senseless trunk,
That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunk.

5

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great maruell make,
Whiles cause not well conceiued ye mistake.
But knowe, that secret vertues are infus'd
In euery Fountaine, and in euery Lake,
Which who hath skill them rightly to haue chus'd,
To proofe of passing wonders hath full often vs'd.

6

Of those, some were so from their sourse indewd
By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
Their Well-heads spring, and are with moisture deawd;
Which feedes each liuing plant with liquid sap,
And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
But other some, by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pourd into their waters base, (place.
And thence-forth were renowm'd, & sought from place to

7

Such is this Well, wrought by occasion strange,
Which to her Nymph befell. Vpon a day,
As shee the woods with bowe and shafts did raunge,
The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunc't to meet her by the way,
And kindling fire at her faire burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

8

At last, when failing breath began to faint,
And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affraid,
She sate her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
And to *Diana* calling loud for aide,
Her deare besought, to let her die a maid.
The Goddesse heard, and suddaine where she sate,
Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismaid
With stonie feare of that rude rustick mate,
Transform'd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

9

Lo, now she is that stone; from those two heads
(As from two weeping eyes) fresh streames doe flowe,
Yet cold through feare, and old conceiued dreads;
And yet the stone her semblance seemes to showe,
Shap't like a maid, that such ye may her knowe;
And yet her vertues in her water bide:
For, it is chaste and pure, as purest snowe,
Ne lets her waues with any filth be dide,
But euer (like her selfe) vnstained hath been tride.

10

From thence it comes, that this babes bloudy hand
May not be cleansd with water of this Well:
Ne certes Sir striue you it to withstand,
But let them still be bloudy, as befell,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As she bequeath'd in her last testament;
That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
In her sonnes flesh, to minde reuengement,
And be for all chaste Dames an endlesse moniment.

11

Hee harkned to his reason, and the child
Vptaking, to the Palmer gaue to beare;
But his sad fathers armes with bloud defild,
An heauie load himselfe did lightly reare,
And turning to that place, in which whyleare
He left his lofty steed with golden sell,
And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
By other accident that earst befell,
He is conuaide; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

12

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
And fairely fare on foote, how euer loth;
His double burden did him sore disease.
So long they trauailed with little ease,
Till that at last they to a Castle came,
Built on a rock adioyning to the seas;
It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
The children of one sire by mothers three;
Who dying whylome did diuide this Fort
To them by equall shares in equall fee:
But strifefull mind, and diuers qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they striue, and daily disagree;
The eldest did against the youngest goe,
And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14

Where, when the Knight arriu'd, he was right well
Receiu'd, as knight of so much worth became,
Of second sister, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modest guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Faire marching forth in honourable wize,
Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15

She led him vp into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modestie;
Ne in her speech, ne in her hauiour,
Was lightnesse seene, or looser vanitie,
But gracious womanhood, and grauitie,
Aboue the reason of her youthly yeares:
Her golden locks she roundly did vptie
In brayded tramels, that no looser heares
Did out of order stray about her dainty eares.

Whil'st

16

Whil'ſt ſhe her ſelfe thus buſily did frame,
Seemely to entertaine her new-come gueſt,
Newes hereof to her other ſiſters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton reſt,
Accourting each her friend with lauiſh feaſt:
They were two knights of peerleſſe puiſſaunce,
And famous fame abroad for warlike geſt,
Which to theſe Ladies loue did countenaunce,
And to his Miſtreſſe each himſelfe ſtroue to advaunce.

17

He that made loue vnto the eldeſt Dame,
Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
Yet not ſo good of deeds, as great of name,
Which he by many raſh adventures wan,
Since errant armes to ſew he firſt began;
More huge in ſtrength, then wiſe in workes he was,
And reaſon with foole-hardize over-ran;
Sterne melancholy did his courage paſs,
And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in ſhining braſs.

18

But he that lov'd the youngeſt, was *Sans-loy*,
He that faire *Vna* late foule outraged,
The moſt vnruly and the boldeſt boy
That euer warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawleſſe luſt encouraged,
Through ſtrong opinion of his matcheleſſe might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereau'd of right.
He now this Ladies champion choſe for loue to fight.

19

Theſe two gay knights, vow'd to ſo diuers loues,
Each other does envie with deadly hate,
And daily warre againſt his foeman moues,
In hope to win more fauour with his mate,
And th'others pleaſing ſeruice to abate,
To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
How in that place ſtrange knight arriued late,
Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely vnto battell ſterne themſelues prepar'd.

20

But ere they could proceed vnto the place
Where he abode, themſelues at diſcord fell,
And cruell combat ioynd in middle ſpace:
With horrible aſſault, and furie fell,
They heapt huge ſtroakes, the ſcorned life to quell,
That all on vprore from her ſetled ſeat,
The houſe was raiſd, and all that in did dwell;
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,
Did rend the ratling skies with flames of fouldring heat.

21

The noyſe thereof calth forth that ſtranger Knight,
To weet what dreadfull thing was there in hond;
Where, when as two braue knights in bloudy fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His ſunbroad ſhield about his wreſt he bond,
And ſhyning blade vnſheath'd, with which he ran
Vnto that ſtead, their ſtrife to vnderſtond;
And, at his firſt arriuall, them began
With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22

But they him ſpying, both with greedy force
Attonce vpon him ran, and him beſet
With ſtroakes of mortall ſteele without remorſe,
And on his ſhield like iron ſledges bet:
As when a Beare and Tigre, being met
In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
Eſpy a trauailer with feet ſurbet,
Whom they in equall prey hope to diuide,
They ſtint their ſtrife, and him aſſaile on euery ſide.

23

But he, not like a wearie trauailere,
Their ſharp aſſault right boldy did rebut,
And ſuffred not their blowes to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them back did put:
Whoſe grieued mindes, which choler did englut,
Againſt themſelues turning their wrathfull ſpight,
Gan with new rage their ſhields to hew and cut;
But ſtill when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heauie load on him they freſhly gan to ſmight.

24

As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous ſeas,
Whom raging winds threatning to make the pray
Of the rough rocks, do diuerſly diſeaſe,
Meets two contrary billowes by the way,
That her on either ſide do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy Graue:
She, ſcorning both their ſpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the fomy waue,
Does ride on both their backs, and faire her ſelfe doth ſaue:

25

So boldly he him beares, and ruſheth forth
Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
Wondrous great proweſſe and heroick worth
He ſhew'd that day, and rare enſample made,
When two ſo mighty warriours he diſmade:
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and payes,
Now forc't to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his paines, ſo double be his praiſe.

26

Strange ſort of fight, three valiant knights to ſee
Three combats ioyne in one, and to darraine
A triple warre with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward loue to gaine,
Which gotten was but hate. So loue does raine
In ſtouteſt mindes, and maketh monſtrous warre;
He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
And yet his peace is but continuall iarre:
O miſerable men, that to him ſubiect arre!

27

While thus they mingled were in furious armes,
The faire *Medina* with her treſſes ſorne,
And naked breaſt (in pitty of their harmes)
Emongſt them ran, and falling them beſorne,
Beſought them by the wombe which them had borne,
And by the loues, which were to them moſt deare,
And by the knighthood, which they ſure had ſworne,
Their deadly cruell diſcord to forbeare,
And to her iuſt conditions of faire peace to heare.

28

But her two other ſiſters, ſtanding by,
Her loud gainſaid, and both their Champion bad
Purſue the end of their ſtrong enmity,
As euer of their loues they would be glad.
Yet ſhe, with pithy words and counſell ſad,
Still ſtroue their ſtubborne rages to revoke;
That, at the laſt, ſuppreſſing fury mad,
They gan abſtaine from dint of direfull ſtroke,
And harken to the ſober ſpeeches which ſhe ſpoke.

29

Ah! puiſſaunt Lords, what curſed euill Spright,
Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble harts
Her helliſh brond hath kindled with deſpight,
And ſtird you vp to worke your wilfull ſmarts?
Is this the ioy of armes? be theſe the parts
Of glorious knight-hood, after bloud to thurſt,
And not regard due right and iuſt deſarts?
Vaine is the vaunt, and victory vniuſt,
That more to mighty hands, then rightful cauſe doth truſt.

30

And, were there rightfull cauſe of difference,
Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
Then with bloud-guiltineſs to heape offence,
And mortall vengeance ioyne to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath: fly, ô my liefeſt Lord.
Sad be the ſights, and bitter fruites of warre,
And thouſand Furies wait on wrathfull ſword;
Ne ought the praiſe of proweſſe more doth marre,
Then foule revenging rage, and baſe contentious iarre.

31

But louely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,
Doth nouriſh vertue, and faſt friendſhip breedes;
Weake ſhe makes ſtrong, & ſtrong thing does increaſe,
Till it the pitch of higheſt praiſe exceeds:
Braue be her warres, and honourable deeds,
By which ſhe triumphs ouer ire and pride,
And winnes an Oliue girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, ô my deare Lords, pacifide,
And this miſseeming diſcord meekly lay aſide.

32

Her gracious words their rancour did appall,
And ſunke ſo deepe into their boyling breſts,
That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
And lowely did abaſe their loftie creſts
To her faire preſence, and diſcrete beheſts.
Then ſhe began a treatie to procure,
And ſtabliſh termes betwixt both their requeſts,
That as a lawe for euer ſhould endure;
Which to obſerue, in word of knights they did aſſure.

33

Which to confirme, and faſt to bind their league,
After their wearie ſweat and bloudy toile,
She them beſought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repaire awhile,
To reſt themſelues, and grace to reconcile.
They ſoone conſent: ſo forth with her they fare,
Where they are well receiu'd, and made to ſpoile
Themſelues of ſoiled armes, and to prepare
Their minds to pleaſure, and their mouthes to dainty fare.

34

And thoſe two froward ſiſters (their faire loues)
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
And fained cheare, as for the time behoues;
But could not colour yet ſo well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For, both did at their ſecond ſiſter grutch,
And inly grieue, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'vtter touch; (much.
One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35

Eliſſa (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deeme
Such entertainement baſe, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would ſpeake, but euermore did ſeeme
As diſcontent for want of mirth or meat;
No ſolace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to ſhowe, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent lowring browes, as ſhe would threat,
She ſcould, and frownd with froward countenaunce,
Vnworthy of faire Ladies comely gouernaunce.

36

But young *Periſſa* was of other mind,
Full of diſport, ſtill laughing, looſely light,
And quite contrary to her ſiſters kind;
No meaſure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleaſure and delight;
In wine and meats ſhe flow'd aboue the bank,
And in exceſſe exceeded her owne might;
In ſumptuous tire ſhe ioy'd her ſelfe to prank;
But of her loue too lauiſh (little haue ſhe thank.)

37

Firſt, by her ſide did ſit the bold *Sans loy*,
Fit mate for ſuch a mincing mincon,
Who in her looſeneſſe tooke exceeding ioy;
Might not be found a franker framion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did ſee and grieue at his bold faſhion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet ſtill he ſat, and inly did himſelfe torment.

38

Betwixt them both, the faire *Medina* ſate,
With ſober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equall meaſure ſhe did moderate
The ſtrong extremities of their outrage;
That forward paire ſhe euer would aſſwage,
When they would ſtriue due reaſon to exceed;
But that ſame froward twaine would accourage,
And of her plenty adde vnto their need:
So kept ſhe them in order, and herſelfe in heed.

39

Thus fairely ſhee attempered her feaſt,
And pleaſd them all with meet ſatietie:
At laſt, when luſt of meat and drinke was ceaſt,
She *Guyon* deare beſought of curteſie,
To tell from whence he came through ieopardie,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who, with bold grace, and comely grauity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty ſiege began theſe words aloud to ſound.

This

40

This thy demaund, ô Lady, doth reuiue
Freſh memory in me of that great Queene,
Great and moſt glorious virgin Queene aliue,
That with her ſoueraigne powre, and ſcepter ſheene,
All Faerie Lond does peaceable ſuſteene.
In wideſt Ocean ſhe her throne does reare,
That ouer all the earth it may be ſeene;
As morning ſunne her beames diſpredden cleare:
And in her face, faire peace and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her, the riches of all heauenly grace
In chiefe degree are heaped vp on hie:
And all, that elſe this worlds encloſure baſe
Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
Adornes the perſon of her Maieſtie;
That men beholding ſo great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortalitie,
Doe her adore with ſacred reuerence,
As th'Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

42

To her, I homage and my ſeruice owe,
In number of the nobleſt knights on ground,
Mongſt whom, on me ſhe deigned to beſtowe
Order of *Maydenhead*, the moſt renownd,
That may this day in all the world be found:
An yearely ſolemne feaſt ſhe wonts to make
The day that firſt doth lead the yeare around;
To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
Reſort, to heare of ſtrange adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer ſhewed himſelfe that day,
And to that mighty Princeſſe did complaine
Of grieuous miſchiefes, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
Whereof he crav'd redreſſe. My Soueraigne,
Whoſe glory is in gracious deeds, and ioyes
Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
Eftſoones deuis'd redreſſe for ſuch annoyes;
Mee (all vnfit for ſo great purpoſe) ſhe employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phœbe* with her ſilver face
Thrice ſeene the ſhadowes of the neather world,
Sith laſt I left that honourable place,
In which her royall preſence is introld;
Ne euer ſhall I reſt in houſe nor hold,
Till I that falſe *Acraſia* haue wonne;
Of whoſe foule deeds (too hideous to be told)
I witneſſe am, and this their wretched ſonne,
Whoſe wofull Parents ſhe hath wickedly fordonne.

45

Tell on, faire Sir, ſaid ſhe, that dolefull tale,
From which ſad ruth does ſeeme you to reſtraine,
That we may pitty ſuch vnhappy bale,
And learne from pleaſures poyſon to abſtaine:
Ill, by enſample, good doth often gaine.
Then forward he his purpoſe gan purſew,
And told the ſtorie of the mortall paine,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes himſelfe did lately view.

46

Night was farre ſpent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying faſt from hiſſing Snake,
His flaming head did haſten for to ſteepe,
When of his pittious tale he end did make;
Whilſt with delight of that he wiſely ſpake,
Thoſe gueſts beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly ſleepe, that did them ouertake.
At laſt, when they had markt the changed skyes,
They wiſt their houre was ſpent; then each to reſt him hies.

Canto III.

Vaine Braggadocchio, getting Guyons horſe, is made the ſcorne Of knighthood true, and is of faire Belphœbe foule forlorne.

1

SOone as the morrowe faire with purple beames
Diſperſt the ſhadowes of the miſtie night,
And *Titan* playing on the Eaſterne ſtreames,
Gan cleare the deawy aire with ſpringing light,
Sir *Guyon*, mindfull of his vow yplight,
Vprоſe from drowſie couch, and him addreſt
Vnto the iourney which he had behight:
His puiſſant armes about his noble breſt,
And many-folded ſhield he bound about his wreſt.

Then

2

Then, taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloudy-handed babe vnto her truth
Did earneſtly commit, and her coniure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle nouriture enſu'th:
And, that ſo ſoone as riper yeares he raught,
He might for memory of that daies ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T avenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

3

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone:
Patience perforce; helpleſſe what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for griefe to mone?
His Palmer now ſhall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as vnder greene woods ſide
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his ſteed without, and ſpeare beſide,
And ruſhed in on foote, to ayde her ere ſhe dide.

4

The whiles, a loſell wandring by the way,
One that to bounty neuer caſt his mind,
Ne thought of honour euer did aſſay
His baſer breſt, but in his keſtrell kind
A pleaſing veine of glory vaine did find,
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous ſpright
Gaue him great ayde, and made him more inclin'd:
He, that braue ſteed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both ſteed and ſpeare, and ran away full light.

5

Now gan his hart all ſwell in iollitie,
And of himſelfe great hope and helpe conceiu'd,
That puffed vp with ſmoake of vanitie,
And with ſelfe-loued perſonage deceiu'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiu'd
For ſuch, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
But, for in court gay portaunce he perceiu'd,
And gallant ſhew to be in greateſt gree,
Eſtſoones to Court he caſt t'auaunce his firſt degree.

6

And by the way he chaunced to eſpy
One ſitting idle on a ſunny banke,
To whom auaunting in great brauery,
As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth pranke,
He ſmote his courſer in the trembling flank,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling ſpeare:
The ſeely man, ſeeing him ride ſo rank,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
And crying Mercy loud, his pittious hands gan reare.

7

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his firſt adventure faire,
And with big thundring voyce revil'd him loud;
Vile Caytiue, vaſſall of dread and deſpaire,
Vnworthy of the common breathed aire,
Why liueſt thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And dooſt not vnto death thy ſelfe prepare?
Die, or thy ſelfe my captiue yield for ay;
Great fauour I thee grant, for aunſwere thus to ſtay.

8

Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-dooing hand,
Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy deſtinies withſtand
My wrathfull will, and doe for mercy call.
I giue thee life: therefore proſtrated fall
And kiſſe my ſtirrup; that thy homage bee.
The Miſer threwe himſelfe as an Offall,
Straight at his foote in baſe humilitee,
And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

9

So, happy peace they made and faire accord:
Eſtſoones this liege-man gan to wex more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his owne kind he gan himſelfe vnfold:
For, he was wylie witted, and growne old
In cunning ſleights and practick knauery.
From that day forth he caſt for to vphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blowe the bellowes to his ſwelling vanitie.

10

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadochio*,
To ſerue at Court in view of vaunting eye;
Vaine-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blowe
In his light wings, is lifted vp to sky:
The ſcorne of knight-hood and true cheualrie,
To thinke without deſert of gentle deed,
And noble worth, to be advaunced hie:
Such prayſe is ſhame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth beare the faireſt flowre in honourable ſeed.

11

So, forth they paſſe (a well conſorted paire)
Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
Who ſeeing one that ſhone in armour faire,
On goodly courſer, thundring with his feet,
Eſtſoones ſuppoſed him a perſon meet,
Of his revenge to make the inſtrument:
For, ſince the *Redcroſſe* knight he earſt did weet,
To been with *Guyon* knit in one conſent,
The ill, which earſt to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

12

And comming cloſe to *Trompart*, gan inquere
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
That rode in golden ſell with ſingle ſpeare,
But wanted ſword to wreake his enmitee.
He is a great adventurer (ſaid hee)
That hath his ſword through hard aſſay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee
Of that deſpight, neuer to wearen none;
That ſpeare is him enough to doen a thouſand grone.

13

Th'enchaunter greatly ioyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
Tho, to him louting lowely, did begin
To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
By *Guyon*, and by that falſe *Redcroſſe* knight;
Which two, through treaſon and deceitfull gin,
Had ſlaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honour win, to wreake ſo foule deſpight.

There-

14

There-with all ſuddainely he ſeem'd enraged,
And threatned death with dreadfull countenaunce,
As if their liues had in his hand been gaged;
And with ſtiffe force ſhaking his mortall launce,
To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
Thus ſaid; Old man, great ſure ſhall be thy meed,
If where thoſe knights for feare of dew vengeance
Doe lurke, thou certainely to me areed,
That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15

Certes, my Lord (ſaid he) that ſhall I ſoone,
And giue you eke good help to their decay:
But mote I wiſely you aduiſe to doon;
Giue no ods to your foes, but doe puruay
Your ſelfe of ſword before that bloudy day:
For, they be twvo the proweſt knights on ground,
And oft approu'd in many hard aſſay;
And eke of ſureſt ſteele, that may be found,
Do arme your ſelfe againſt that day, them to confound.

16

Dotard (ſaid he) let be thy deepe adviſe;
Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wiſe;
Elſe neuer ſhould thy iudgement be ſo fraile,
To meaſure manhood by the ſword or maile.
Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
Withouten ſword or ſhield, an hoſt to quaile?
Thou little woteſt, what this right hand can:
Speake they, which haue beheld the battailes which it wan.

17

The man was much abaſhed at his boaſt;
Yet well he wiſt, that whoſo would contend
With either of thoſe Knights on euen coaſt,
Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
Yet feared leaſt his boldneſſe ſhould offend,
When *Braggadocchio* ſaid, Once I did ſweare,
When with one ſword ſeuen knights I brought to end,
Thence-forth in battaile neuer ſword to beare,
But it were that, which nobleſt knight on earth doth weare.

18

Perdie, Sir Knight, ſaid then th'enchaunter bliue,
That ſhall I ſhortly purchaſe to your hond:
For, now the beſt and nobleſt knight aliue
Prince *Arthur* is, that vvonnes in Faerie lond;
He hath a ſword that flames like burning brond.
The ſame (by my adviſe) I vndertake
Shall by to morrow by thy ſide be fond.
At which bold word that boaſter gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monſter make.

19

He ſtaid not for more bidding, but away
Was ſuddaine vaniſhed out of his ſight:
The Northerne wind his wings did broad diſplay
At his commaund, and reared him vp light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could eſpy
Tract of his foote: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bad other flie:
Both fled attonce, ne euer backe returned eye:

20

Till that they come vnto a Foreſt greene,
In which they ſhrowd themſelues from cauſeleſſe feare;
Yet feare them followes ſtill, where ſo they beene.
Each trembling leafe, and whiſtling wind they heare,
As gaſtly bug their haire on end does reare:
Yet both doe ſtriue their fearefulneſſe to faine.
At laſt, they heard a horne, that ſhrilled cleare
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe,
And made the foreſt ring, as it would riue in twaine.

21

Eft through the thick they heard one rudely ruſh;
With noyſe whereof he from his lofty ſteed
Downe fell to ground, and crept into a buſh,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But *Trompart* ſtoutly ſtaid to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftſoone there ſtepped forth
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
That ſeem'd to be a woman of great vvorth,
And by her ſtately portance, borne of heauenly birth.

22

Her face ſo faire as fleſh it ſeemed not,
But heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheeks the vermeill red did ſhew
Like roſes in a bed of lillies ſhed,
The which ambroſiall odours from them threw,
And gazers ſenſe with double pleaſure fed,
Able to heale the ſicke, and to reuiue the ded.

23

In her faire eyes two liuing lamps did flame,
Kindled aboue at th'heauenly makers light,
And darted firie beames out of the ſame,
So paſſing pearceant, and ſo wondrous bright,
That quite bereau'd the raſh beholders ſight:
In them the blinded god his luſtfull fire
To kindle oft aſſayd, but had no might;
For, with dread Maieſtie, and awfull ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched baſe deſire.

24

Her Ivorie forhead, full of bountie braue,
Like a broad table did it ſelfe diſſpred,
For Loue his loftie triumphs to engraue,
And write the battels of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when ſhee ſpake,
Sweet words, like dropping honny ſhe did ſhed,
And twixt the pearles and rubins ſoftly brake
A ſilver ſound, that heauenly muſicke ſeem'd to make.

25

Vpon her eye-lids many Graces ſate,
Vnder the ſhadow of her euen browes,
Working beſgards, and amorous retrate,
And euery one her with a grace endowes:
And euery one with meekeneſſe to her bowes:
So glorious mirrour of celeſtiall grace,
And ſoueraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How ſhall fraile pen deſcriue her heauenly face,
For feare through want of skill her beautie to diſgrace?

26

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
She seem'd, when she presented was to sight,
And was yclad (for heat of scorching aire)
All in a silken Camus, lilly white,
Purfled vpon with many a folded plight,
Which all aboue besprinkled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
Like twinkling starres, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

27

Belowe her ham her weede did some-what traine,
And her streight legs most brauely were embayld
In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
All bard with golden bendes, which were entaild
With curious anticks, and full faire aumaild:
Before, they fastned were vnder her knee
In a rich Iewell, and therein entraild
The end of all their knots, that none might see,
How they within their fouldings close enwrapped bee.

28

Like two faire Marble pillours they were seene,
Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
And honour in their festiuall resort;
Those same with stately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace:
But with the wooddy Nymphes when she did play,
Or when the flying Libbard she did chace,
She could them nimbly moue, and after flie apace.

29

And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bowe and quiuer gay,
Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
The saluage beasts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her snowy breast, and did diuide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in May
Now little gan to swell, and beeing tide,
Through her thin weed their places onely signifide.

30

Her yellowe locks crisped, like golden wire,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the wind emongst them did inspire,
They waved like a penon wide dispred,
And lowe behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flowring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweet flowres themselues did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaues and blossoms did enwrap.

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandy shore
Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
Where all the Nymphes haue her vnwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bowe and arrowes keene,
To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
Did shew her selfe in great triumphant ioy,
To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did view,
He was dismayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
When she at last him spying, thus bespake;
Haile Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrowe strake?
If thou didst, tell mee, that I may her overtake.

33

Where-with reviu'd, this answere forth he threw;
O Goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)
For, neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
But mote thy goodlyhed forgiue it mee,
To weet which of the Gods I shall thee name,
That vnto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34

To whom she thus; but ere her words ensewed,
Vnto the bush her eye did suddaine glaunce,
In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed,
And saw it stirre: she left her pearcing launce,
And towards gan a deadly shaft aduaunce,
In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
Out-crying, O what euer heauenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be, with-hold this deadly howre.

35

O stay thy hand: for, yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercise;
Lut lo, my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
Is farre renowm'd through many bold emprise;
And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
She staid: with that, he crauld out of his nest,
Forth creeping on his caitiue hands and thies,
And standing stoutly vp, his loftie crest
Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from rest.

36

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret Caue
For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
Not caring how, her silly life to saue,
She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
Seeing at last her selfe from danger rid,
Peepes foorth, and soone renewes her natiue pride;
She gins her feathers foule disfigured
Proudly to prune, and set on euery side,
So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide:

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he viewed
Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
Till shee to him her gracious speech renewed;
All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour haue pursewed
Through deeds of armes and prowesse Martiall;
All vertue merits praise: but such the most of all.

To

38

To whom he thus; ô faireſt vnder skie,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praiſe,
That warlike feates dooſt higheſt glorifie.
Therein haue I ſpent all my youthly daies,
And many battailes fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, whereſo they might bee found,
Endeuouring my dreaded name to raiſe
Aboue the Moone, that fame may it reſound
In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

39

But, what art thou (ô Lady) which dooſt range
In this wilde forreſt, where no pleaſure is,
And dooſt not it for ioyous Court exchange,
Emongſt thine equall Peeres, where happy bliſs
And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
There thou maiſt loue, and dearely loued bee,
And ſwim in pleaſure, which thou heere dooſt miſs;
There maiſt thou beſt be ſeene, and beſt maiſt ſee:
The wood is fit for beaſts; the Court is fit for thee.

40

Whoſo in pompe of proud eſtate (quoth ſhee)
Does ſwim, and bathes himſelfe in courtly bliſs,
Does waſte his daies in darke obſcuritee,
And in obliuion euer buried is:
Where eaſe abounds, yt's eath to doe amiſs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaues with cares, cannot ſo eaſie miſs.
Abroad in armes, at home in ſtudious kind
Who ſeekes with painefull toile, ſhall honour ſooneſt find.

41

In woods, in waues, in warres ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with perill and with paine;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,
Vnto her happy manſion attaine:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
And wakefull Watches euer to abide:
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plaine
To Pleaſures palace; it may ſoone be ſpide,
And day and night her dores to all ſtand open wide.

42

In Princes Court, The reſt ſhe would haue ſaid,
But that the fooliſh man (fild with delight
Of her ſweet words, that all his ſenſe diſmaid,
And with her wondrous beauty rauiſht quight)
Gan burne in filthy luſt, and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard armes her to embrace.
With that, ſhe ſwaruing back, her lauelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

43

Which when the Peaſant ſaw, amaz'd hee ſtood,
And grieued at her flight; yet durſt he not
Purſew her ſteps, through wild vnknowen wood;
Beſides, he feard her wrath, and threatned ſhot
Whiles in the buſh he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her preſence vaine;
But turning, ſaid to *Trompart*, What foule blot
Is this to knight, that Lady ſhould againe
Depart to woods vntoucht, and leaue ſo proud diſdaine?

44

Perdie (ſaid *Trompart*) let her paſſe at will,
Leaſt by her preſence danger mote befall.
For, who can tell (and ſure I feare it ill)
But that ſhe is ſome powre celeſtiall?
For, whiles ſhe ſpake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppreſſe,
That yet I quake and tremble ouer all.
And I (ſaid *Braggadocchio*) thought no leſſe,
When firſt I heard her horne ſound with ſuch gaſtlineſſe.

45

For, from my mothers wombe this grace I haue
Me giuen by eternall deſtinie,
That earthly thing may not my courage braue
Diſmay with feare, or cauſe one foot to flie,
But either helliſh fiends, or powres on hie:
Which was the cauſe, when earſt that horne I heard,
Weening it had beene thunder in the sky,
I hid my ſelfe from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my ſelfe I boldly reard.

46

But now, for feare of worſe that may betide,
Let vs ſoone hence depart. They ſoone agree;
So to his ſteed he got, and gan to ride
As one vnfit therefore, that all might ſee
He had not trained been in cheualree.
Which well that valiant courſer did diſcerne;
For, he deſpis'd to tread in dew degree,
But chauſt and fom'd, with courage fierce and ſterne,
And to be eas'd of that baſe burden ſtill did yerne.

Canto IIII.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and ſtops Occaſion:
Deliuers Phedon, and therefore
by Strife is rayld vpon.

1

IN braue purſuit of honourable deed,
There is I knowe not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble ſeed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
As, feates of armes, and loue to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride, ſeemes a ſcience
Proper to gentle bloud: ſome others faine
To menage ſteeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2

But he (the rightfull owner of that ſteed)
Who well could menage and ſubdue his pride;
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his moſt truſtie guide;
Who ſuffred not his wandring feet to ſlide.
But when ſtrong paſſion, or weake fleſhlineſſe
Would from the right way ſeeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Teach him the weak to ſtrengthen, & the ſtrong ſuppreſſe.

3

It fortuned forth faring on his way,
He ſaw from farre, or ſeemed for to ſee
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haſte it to agree.
A mad man, or that fained mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handſome ſtripling with great crueltee,
Whom ſore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with teares, & ſides with bloud did all abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did ſtalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy diſarray,
Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walke,
But on a ſtaffe her feeble ſteps did ſtay;
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and looſely hung vnrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinkles old.

5

And euer as ſhee went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproche, and tearmes of vile deſpight,
Prouoking him by her outragious talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes ſhe raught him ſtones, where-with to ſmite,
Sometimes her ſtaffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which ſhe could not goe vpright;
Ne any euill meanes ſhe did forbeare,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

6

The noble *Guyon* moou'd with great remorſe,
Approching, firſt the Hag did thruſt away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire ſtraight way,
Againſt him turning all his fell intent,
With beaſtly brutiſh rage gan him aſſay,
And ſmot, and bit, and kickt, and ſcratcht, and rent,
And did he wiſt not what in his auengement.

7

And ſure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his ſpright,
His force was vaine, and ſtrooke more often wide,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
And oft himſelfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,
Whilſt reaſon blent through paſſion, nought deſcride,
But as a blindfold Bull at random fares, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts,

8

His rude aſſault and rugged handeling,
Strange ſeemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abaſhed now not fighting ſo;
But more enfierced through his curriſh play,
Him ſternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,
To overthrowe him ſtrongly did aſſay,
But overthrew himſelfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And

9

And beeing downe the villaine ſore did beate,
And bruze with clowniſh fiſts his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
With whoſe reproche and odious menace
The Knight emboyling in his haughty hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan ſoone vnbrace
His graſping hold: ſo lightly did vpſtart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10

Which when the Palmer ſaw, he loudly cryde,
Not ſo, ô *Guyon*, neuer thinke that ſo
That Monſter can be maiſtred or deſtroyd:
He is no, ah, he is not ſuch a foe,
As ſteele can wound, or ſtrength can overthroe.
That ſame is *Furor*, curſed cruell wight,
That vnto knighthood works much ſhame and woe;
And that ſame Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occaſion, the root of all wrath and deſpight.

11

With her, whoſo will raging *Furor* tame,
Muſt firſt begin, and well her amenage:
Firſt her reſtraine from her reprochefull blame,
And euill meanes, with which ſhe doth enrage
Her frantick ſonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when ſhe is withdrawen, or ſtrong withſtood,
It's eath his idle furie to aſſwage,
And calme the tempeſt of his paſſion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowen, when ſtopped is the flood.

12

There-with Sir *Guyon* left his firſt empriſe,
And turning to that woman, faſt her hent
By the hoare locks, that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould ſhe ſtent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But ſtill prouok't her ſonne to wreake her wrong;
But natheleſſe he did her ſtill torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,
Thereon an iron lock did faſten firme and ſtrong.

13

Then when as vſe of ſpeech was from her reft,
With her two crooked hands ſhe ſignes did make,
And beckned him, the laſt help ſhe had left:
But he, that laſt left help away did take,
And both her hands faſt bound vnto a ſtake,
That ſhe no'te ſtirre. Then gan her ſonne to flie
Full faſt away, and did her quite forſake;
But *Guyon* after him in haſte did hie,
And ſoone him overtooke in ſad perplexitie.

14

In his ſtreng armes he ſtiffely him embrac't,
Who him gaineſtriuing, nought at all preuaild:
For, all his powre was vtterly defac't,
And furious fits at earſt quite weren quaild:
Oft he r'enforc't, and oft his forces fauld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour ſlack.
Then him to ground he caſt, and rudely hauld,
And both his hands faſt bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15

With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him ſore conſtraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he ſtill did grind,
And grimly gnaſh, threatning reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloudie ſtrakes did ſtaine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth ſparks of fire,
And more for ranke deſpight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to ſhew his raging ire.

16

Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiu'd,
Turning about, he ſaw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all ſoyld with bloud and mire:
Whom, when as he perceiued to reſpire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dreſſe.
Beeing at laſt recur'd, he gan inquire,
What hard miſhap him brought to ſuch diſtreſſe,
And made that caitiues thrall, the thrall of wretchedneſſe.

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can ſhun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to ſurpriſe?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man moſt warie, in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakeſt one,
Vnweeting, and vnware of ſuch miſhap,
She brought to miſchiefe through occaſion,
Where this ſame wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18

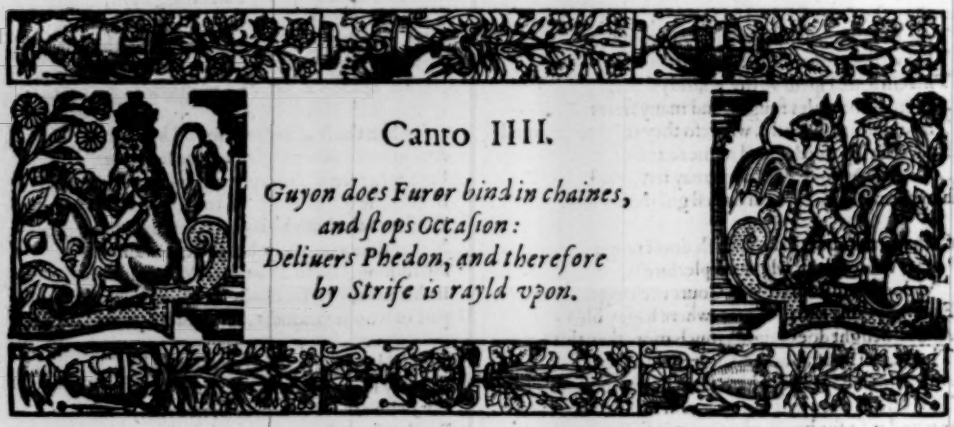
It was a faithleſſe Squire, that was the ſourſe
Of all my ſorrow, and of theſe ſad teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nourſe,
Attonce I was vpbrought; and eft when yeeres
More ripe vs reaſon lent to chuſe our Peares,
Our ſelues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time, without iealous feares,
Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part (Lvow) diſſembled not a whit.

19

It was my fortune common to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And ſet in higheſt ſeat of dignitee,
Yet ſeem'd no leſſe to loue, then lov'd to bee:
Long I her ſeru'd, and found her faithfull ſtill,
Ne euer thing could cauſe vs diſagree:
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each ſtroue to pleaſe, and others pleaſure to fulfill.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my loue and all my priuitie,
Who greatly ioyous ſeemed for my ſake,
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight that mote ſo welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that ſhee could thinke or ſee,
But vnto him ſhe would impart the ſame:
O wretched man! that would abuſe ſo gentle Dame.



Canto IIII.

Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and ſtops Occaſion:
Deliuers Phedon, and therefore
by Strife is rayld vpon.

1

IN braue purſuit of honourable deed,
There is I knowe not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble ſeed,
Which vnto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by natiue influence;
As, feates of armes, and loue to entertaine:
But chiefly skill to ride, ſeemes a ſcience
Proper to gentle bloud: ſome others faine
To menage ſteeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2

But he (the rightfull owner of that ſteed)
Who well could menage and ſubdue his pride;
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his moſt truſtie guide;
Who ſuffred not his wandring feet to ſlide.
But when ſtrong paſſion, or weake fleſhlineſſe
Would from the right way ſeeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperaunce and ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Teach him the weak to ſtrengthen, & the ſtrong ſuppreſſe.

3

It fortuned forth faring on his way,
He ſaw from farre, or ſeemed for to ſee
Some troublous vprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haſte it to agree.
A mad man, or that fained mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along vpon the ground,
A handſome ſtripling with great crueltee,
Whom ſore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with teares, & ſides with bloud did all abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did ſtalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy diſarray,
Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walke,
But on a ſtaffe her feeble ſteps did ſtay;
Her locks, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and looſely hung vnrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could euer taken hold,
And eke her face ill fauourd, full of wrinkles old.

5

And euer as ſhee went, her tongue did walke
In foule reproche, and tearmes of vile deſpight,
Prouoking him by her outragious talke,
To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
Sometimes ſhe raught him ſtones, where-with to ſmite,
Sometimes her ſtaffe, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which ſhe could not goe vpright;
Ne any euill meanes ſhe did forbeare,
That might him moue to wrath, and indignation reare.

6

The noble *Guyon* moou'd with great remorſe,
Approching, firſt the Hag did thruſt away;
And after, adding more impetuous force,
His mightie hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluckt him back: who, all on fire ſtraight way,
Againſt him turning all his fell intent,
With beaſtly brutiſh rage gan him aſſay,
And ſmot, and bit, and kickt, and ſcratcht, and rent,
And did he wiſt not what in his auengement.

7

And ſure he was a man of mickle might,
Had he had gouernance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his ſpright,
His force was vaine, and ſtrooke more often wide,
Then at the aymed marke, which he had eyde:
And oft himſelfe he chaunc't to hurt vnwares,
Whilſt reaſon blent through paſſion, nought deſcride,
But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom hee hurts,

8

His rude aſſault and rugged handeling,
Strange ſeemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In faire defence and goodly menaging
Of armes was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abaſhed now not fighting ſo;
But more enfierced through his curriſh play,
Him ſternely gryp't, and haling to and fro,
To overthrowe him ſtrongly did aſſay,
But overthrew himſelfe vnwares, and lower lay.

And

9

And beeing downe the villaine ſore did beate,
And bruze with clownish fists his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still cald vpon to kill him in the place.
With whose reproche and odious menace
The Knight emboyling in his haughty hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan soone vnbrace
His grasping hold: so lightly did vpstart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintaine his part.

10

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
Not so, ô *Guyon*, neuer thinke that so
That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
As steele can wound, or strength can overthroe.
That same is *Furor*, curſed cruell wight,
That vnto knighthood works much shame and woe;
And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight.

11

With her, whoso will raging *Furor* tame,
Must first begin, and well her amenage:
First her restraine from her reprochefull blame,
And euill meanes, with which she doth enrage
Her frantick sonne, and kindles his courage:
Then when she is withdrawen, or strong withstood,
It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
The bankes are ouerflowen, when stopped is the flood.

12

There-with Sir *Guyon* left his first empriſe,
And turning to that woman, fast her hent
By the hoare locks, that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
Her bitter rayling and foule reuilement,
But still prouok't her sonne to wreake her wrong;
But natheleſſe he did her still torment,
And catching hold of her vngratious tongue,
Thereon an iron lock did fasten firme and strong.

13

Then when as vse of speech was from her reft,
With her two crooked hands she signes did make,
And beckned him, the last help she had left:
But he, that last left help away did take,
And both her hands fast bound vnto a stake,
That she no'te stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14

In his streng armes he stiffely him embrac't,
Who him gainestriuing, nought at all preuaild:
For, all his powre was vtterly defac't,
And furious fits at earſt quite weren quaild:
Oft he r'enforc't, and oft his forces fayld,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slack.
Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
And both his hands fast bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an iron rack.

15

With hundred iron chaines he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him sore constraine:
Yet his great iron teeth he still did grind,
And grimly gnash, threatning reuenge in vaine:
His burning eyen, whom bloudie strakes did staine,
Stared full wide, and threw forth sparks of fire,
And more for ranke despight, then for great paine,
Shak't his long locks, colourd like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

16

Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiu'd,
Turning about, he saw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriu'd,
Lying on ground, all soyld with bloud and mire:
Whom, when as he perceiued to respire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
Beeing at last recur'd, he gan inquire,
What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
And made that caitiues thrall, the thrall of wretchednesse.

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Faire Sir, quoth he, what man can shun the hap,
That hidden lyes vnwares him to surprise?
Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
The man most warie, in her whelming lap.
So me weake wretch, of many weakest one,
Vnweeting, and vnware of such mishap,
She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
Where this same wicked villaine did me light vpon.

18

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
With whom from tender dug of common nourse,
Attonce I was vpbrought; and eft when yeeres
More ripe vs reason lent to chuse our Peares,
Our selues in league of vowed loue we knit:
In which we long time, without iealous feares,
Our faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
And for my part (Lvow) dissembled not a whit.

19

It was my fortune common to that age,
To loue a Ladie faire of great degree,
The which was borne of noble parentage,
And set in highest seat of dignitee,
Yet seem'd no lesse to loue, then lov'd to bee:
Long I her seru'd, and found her faithfull still,
Ne euer thing could cause vs disagree:
Loue that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each stroue to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my loue and all my priuitie,
Who greatly ioyous seemed for my sake,
And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
Ne euer wight that mote so welcome bee,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne euer thing, that shee could thinke or see,
But vnto him she would impart the same:
O wretched man! that would abuse so gentle Dame.

21

At laſt, ſuch grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
That I that Lady to my ſpouſe had wonne;
Accord of friends, conſent of parents ſought,
Affiance made, my happineſſe begonne,
There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
Which mariage make; that day too farre did ſeeme:
Moſt ioyous man, on whom the ſhining Sunne
Did ſhew his face, my ſelfe I did eſteeme,
And that my falſer friend did no leſſe ioyous deeme.

22

But ere that wiſhed day his beame diſcloſd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himſelfe to treaſon ill diſpoſd,
One day vnto me came in friendly mood,
And told (for ſecret) how he vnderſtood,
That Lady whom I had to me aſſin'd,
Had both diſtaind her honourable blood,
And eke the faith, which ſhe to me did bind;
And therefore wiſht me ſtay, till I more truth ſhould find.

23

The gnawing anguiſh and ſharpe iealouſie,
Which his ſad ſpeech infixed in my breſt,
Rankled ſo ſore, and feſtred inwardly,
That my engrieued mind could find no reſt,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwreſt,
And him beſought by that ſame ſacred band
Betwixt vs both, to counſell me the beſt.
He then with ſolemne oath and plighted hand
Aſſur'd, ere long the truth to let me vnderſtand.

24

Ere long, with like againe he boorded mee,
Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
And that it was a groome of baſe degree,
Which of my loue was partner Paramour:
Who vſed in a darkeſome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approue,
He promiſed to bring me at that howre,
When I ſhould ſee that would me neerer moue,
And driue me to with-draw my blind abuſed loue.

25

This graceleſſe man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady deare,
Who glad t'emboſome his affection vile,
Did all ſhe might, more pleaſing to appeare.
One day to worke her to his will more neare,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (ſo ſhee hight)
What great deſpight doth fortune to thee beare,
Thus lowely to abaſe thy beauty bright,
That it ſhould not deface all others leſſer light?

26

But if ſhe had her leaſt help to thee lent,
T'adorne thy forme according thy deſart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldeſt ſoone haue blent,
And ſtaind their praiſes with thy leaſt good part;
Ne ſhould faire *Claribell* with all her art
(Though ſhe thy Lady be) approche thee neare:
For proofe thereof, this euening, as thou art,
Array thy ſelfe in her moſt gorgeous geare,
That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27

The Maiden, proud through praiſe, & mad through loue,
Him harkned to, and ſoone her ſelfe arraid,
The whiles to me the treachour did remoue
His craftie engin, and as he had ſaid,
Me leading, in a ſecret corner laid,
The ſad ſpectator of my Tragedie;
Where left, he went, and his owne falſe part plaid,
Diſguiſed like that groome of baſe degree,
Whom he had fein'd th'abuſer of my loue to bee.

28

Eftſoones he came vnto th'appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arrayd,
In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
I not diſcerned in that darkſome ſhade,
But weend it was my loue, with whom he plaid.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting griefe,
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all affraid!
Me liefer were ten thouſand deathez priefe,
Then wound of iealous worme, & ſhame of ſuch repriefe.

29

I home returning, fraught with foule deſpight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soone as my loathed loue appeard in ſight,
With wrathfull hand I ſlew her innocent;
That after ſoone I dearely did lament:
For, when the cauſe of that outragious deed
Demaunded, I made plaine and euident,
Her faultie Handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Confeſt, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

30

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And helliſh fury all enrag'd, I ſought
Vpon my ſelfe that vengeable deſpight
To puniſh: yet it better firſt I thought,
To wreake my wrath on him, that firſt it wrought.
To *Philemon*, falſe faytour *Philemon*,
I caſt to pay that I ſo dearely bought:
Of deadly drugs I gaue him drinke anon,
And waſht away his guilt with guiltie potion.

31

Thus heaping crime on crime, and griefe on griefe,
To loſſe of loue adioyning loſſe of friend,
I meant to purge both, with a third miſchiefe,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene*; ſhe did firſt offend,
She laſt ſhould ſmart: with which cruell intent,
When I at her my murdrous blade did bend,
She fled away with gaſtly dreriment,
And I purſewing my fell purpoſe, after went.

32

Feare gaue her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;
Through Woods and Plaines, ſo long I did her chace,
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
Hath now faſt bound) me met in middle ſpace;
As I her, ſo he me purſewd apace,
And ſhortly overtooke: I, breathing ire,
Sore chauffed at my ſtay in ſuch a caſe,
And with my heate, kindled his cruell fire;
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inſpire.

Betwixt

33

Betwixt them both, they haue me doen to die,
Through wounds, and ſtroakes, & ſtubborne handeling,
That death were better then ſuch agony,
As griefe and furie vnto me did bring;
Of which in me yet ſticks the mortall ſting,
That during life will neuer be appeaſd.
When he thus ended had his ſorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, ſore haue ye beene diſeaſd;
But all your hurts may ſoone through temperance be eaſd.

34

Then gan the Palmer thus, Moſt wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend;
In their beginning they are weake and wan,
But ſoone through ſuffrance growe to fearefull end;
Whiles they are weake, betimes with them contend:
For, when they once to perfect ſtrength doe growe,
Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
Gainſt fort of Reaſon, it to overthrowe:
Wrath, iealouſy, griefe, loue, this Squire haue laid thus lowe.

35

Wrath, iealouſie, griefe, loue, doe thus expell:
Wrath is a fire, and iealouſie a weede,
Greefe is a flood, and loue a monſter fell;
The fire of ſparks, the weed of little ſeede,
The flood of drops, the Monſter filth did breed:
But ſparks, ſeed, drops, and filth doe thus delay;
The ſparks ſoone quench, the ſpringing ſeed outweed,
The drops dry vp, and filth wipe cleane away:
So ſhall wrath, iealouſie, griefe, loue, die and decay.

36

Vnlucky Squire (ſaid *Guyon*) ſith thou haſt
Falne into miſchiefe through intemperaunce,
Henceforth take heede of that thou now haſt paſt,
And guide thy waies with warie gouernaunce,
Leaſt worſe betide thee by ſome later chaunce.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and doe advaunce
Mine aunceſtry from famous *Coradin*,
Who firſt to raiſe our houſe to honour did begin.

37

Thus as he ſpake, lo, farre away they eſpide
A varlet running towards haſtily,
Whoſe flying feet ſo faſt their way applide,
That round about a cloud of duſt did flie,
Which mingled all with ſweat, did dim his eye.
He ſoone approched, panting, breathleſſe, hot,
And all ſo ſoyld, that none could him deſcry;
His countenaunce was bold, and baſhed not
For *Guyons* lookes, but ſcornefull eyglaunce at him ſhot.

38

Behind his backe he bore a brazen ſhield,
On which was drawen faire, in colours fit,
A flaming fire in midſt of bloudie field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I doe burne. Right well beſeemed it,
To be the ſhield of ſome redoubted knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
And deadly ſharpe he held, whoſe heads were dight
In poyſon and in bloud of malice and deſpight.

39

When hee in preſence came, to *Guyon* firſt
He boldly ſpake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
Abandon this foreſtalled place at erſt,
For feare of further harme, I counſell thee,
Or bide the chaunce at thine owne ieoperdie.
The Knight at his great boldneſſe wondered,
And though he ſcornd his idle vanitie,
Yet mildly him to purpoſe anſwered;
For, not to growe of nought he it coniectured.

40

Varlet, this place moſt due to me I deeme,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (ſeeme
But, whence ſhould come that harme, which thou dooſt
To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'aby?
Perdy (ſaid he) here comes, and is hard by
A knight of wondrous powre, and great aſſay,
That neuer yet encountred enemy,
But did him deadly daunt, or foule diſmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence ſtay.

41

How hight he then (ſaid *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrhochles is his name, renowmed farre
For his bold feates and hardy confidence,
Full oft approu'd in many a cruell warre,
The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
The ſonnes of old *Acrates* and *Deſpight*;
Acrates, ſonne of *Phlegeton* and *Iarre*:
But *Phlegeton* is ſonne of *Herebus* and *Night*:
But *Herebus* ſonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

42

So from immortall race he does proceed,
That mortall hands may not withſtand his might,
Drad for his derring doe, and bloudy deed;
For, all in bloud and ſpoile is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
That matter make for him to worke vpon,
And ſtirre him vp to ſtrife and cruell fight.
Fly therefore, flie this fearefull ſtead anon,
Leaſt thy foole-hardize worke thy ſad confuſion.

43

His be that care, whom moſt it doth concerne
(Said he): but whither with ſuch haſtie flight
Art thou now bound? for, well mote I diſcerne
Great cauſe, that carries thee ſo ſwift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me ſent, and ſtraight behight
To ſeeke *Occaſion*, whereſo ſhe bee:
For, he is all diſpoſd to bloudy fight,
And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
Hard is his hap, that firſt fals in his ieopardie.

44

Mad man (ſaid then the Palmer) that does ſeeke
Occaſion to wrath, and cauſe of ſtrife;
She comes vnſought: and ſhunned, followes eke.
Happy, who can abſtaine, when Rancour rife
Kindles Reuenge, and threats his ruſtie knife;
Woe neuer wants, where euery cauſe is caught,
And raſh *Occaſion* makes vnquiet life.
Then lo, where bound ſhe ſits, whom thou haſt ſought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that meſſage to thy Lord be brought.

45

That, when the varlet heard and ſaw, ſtraight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and ſaid, Vile knight,
That knights & knighthood dooſt with ſhame vpbray,
And ſhew'ſt th'enſample of thy childiſh might,
With ſilly weake old woman thus to fight;
Great glory and gay ſpoile ſure haſt thou got,
And ſtoutly prov'd thy puiſſaunce here in fight;
That ſhall *Pyrrhochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud aboliſh ſo reprochefull blot.

46

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable deſpight;
The quiuering ſteele his aymed end well knew,
And to his breaſt it ſelfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight
In the meant marke, advaunc't his ſhield atweene;
On which it ſeizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the fork-head keene;
Eftſoones he fled away, and might no where be ſeene.

Canto V.

Pyrrhochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chaine vnbinds:
Of whom ſore hurt, for his reuenge
Atin Cymochles finds.

1

WHo-euer doth to temperaunce apply
His ſtedfaſt life, and all his actions frame,
Truſt me, ſhall find no greater enemy,
Then ſtubborne perturbation, to the ſame;
To which right well the wiſe doe giue that name,
For, it the goodly peace of ſtayed mindes
Does overthrowe, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes authour, whoſo bound it findes,
As did *Pyrrhochles*, and it wilfully vnbindes.

2

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the Plaine faſt pricking *Guyon* ſpide
One in bright armes embattailed full ſtrong,
That as the Sunny beames doe glaunce and glide
Vpon the trembling waue, ſo ſhined bright,
And round about him threw forth ſparkling fire,
That ſeem'd him to enflame on euery ſide:
His ſteed was bloudy red, and fomed ire,
When with the maiſtring ſpur he did him roughly ſtire.

3

Approching nigh, he neuer ſtayd to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to prouoke,
But prickt ſo fierce, that vnderneath his feet
The ſmouldring duſt did round about him ſmoke,
Both horſe and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairely couching his ſteele-headed ſpeare,
Him firſt ſaluted with a ſturdy ſtroke;
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
To thinke, ſuch hideous puiſſaunce on foot to beare.

4

But lightly ſhunned it, and paſſing by
With his bright blade did ſmite at him ſo fell,
That the ſharpe ſteele arriuing forcibly
On his broad ſhield, bit not, but glauncing fell
On his horſe neck before the quilted ſell,
And from the head the body ſundred quight:
So him diſmounted lowe, he did compell
On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
The trunked beaſt faſt bleeding, did him ſouly dight.

5

Sore bruzed with the fall, he ſlowe vproſe,
And all enraged, thus him loudly ſhent;
Diſleall knight, whoſe coward courage choſe
To wreake it ſelfe on beaſt all innocent,
And ſhund the marke, at which it ſhould be ment,
Thereby thine armes ſeeme ſtrong, but manhood faile;
So haſt thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may ſuch guile thee now availe,
If wonted force and fortune doe not much me faile.

6

With that he drew his flaming ſword, and ſtrooke
At him ſo fiercely, that the vpper marge
Of his ſeuenfolded ſhield away it tooke,
And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
And open gaſh therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary ſoule from thence it would diſcharge;
Natheleſſe, ſo ſore a buffe to him it lent,
That made him reele, and to his breaſt his beuer bent.

Exceeding

7

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blowe,
And much aſham'd, that ſtroake of liuing arme
Should him diſmay, and make him ſtoupe ſo lowe,
Though otherwiſe it did him little harme:
Tho hurling high his iron braced arme,
He ſmote ſo manly on his ſhoulder plate,
That all his left ſide it did quite diſarme;
Yet there the ſteele ſtaid not, but inly bate
Deepe in his fleſh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

8

Deadly diſmaid, with horror of that dint,
Pyrrhochles was, and grieued eke entire;
Yet nathemore did it his furie ſtint,
But added flame vnto his former fire,
That wel-nigh molt his hart in raging ire:
Ne thence-forth his approued skill, to ward,
Or ſtrike, or hurlen round in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his ſaufegard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tigre far'd.

9

He hewd, and laſht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
And euery way did ſeeke into his life:
Ne plate, ne male could ward ſo mighty throwes,
But yielded paſſage to his cruell knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heate of all his ſtrife,
Was warie wiſe, and cloſely did await
Avantage, whil'ſt his foe did rage moſt rife;
Sometimes athwart, ſometimes he ſtrooke him ſtrait,
And falſed oft his blowes, t'illude him with ſuch bait.

10

Like as a Lion, whoſe imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Vnicorne defies,
T'avoyd the raſh aſſault and wrathfull ſtowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a tree applies,
And when him running in full courſe he ſpies,
He ſlips aſide; the whiles that furious beaſt
His precious horne, ſought of his enemies,
Strikes in the ſtock, ne thence can be releaſt,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bountious feaſt:

11

With ſuch faire ſlight him *Guyon* often faild,
Till at the laſt, all breathleſſe, wearie, faint
Him ſpying, with freſh onſet he aſſaild,
And kindling new his courage (ſeeming queint)
Strooke him ſo hugely, that through great conſtraint
He made him ſtoupe perforce vnto his knee,
And doe vnwilling worſhip to the Saint,
That on his ſhield depainted he did ſee;
Such homage tl that inſtant neuer learned hee.

12

Whom *Guyon* ſeeing ſtoupe, purſewed faſt
The preſent offer of faire victory,
And ſoone his dreadfull blade about he caſt,
Where-with he ſmote his haughty creſt ſo hie,
That ſtraight on ground made him full lowe to lie;
Then on his breaſt his victour foot he thruſt:
With that he cride, Mercy, doe me not die,
Ne deeme thy force by Fortunes doome vniuſt,
That hath (maugre her ſpight) thus lowe me laid in duſt.

13

Eftſoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* ſtaid,
Tempring the paſſion with adviſement ſlowe,
And maiſtring might on enemy diſmaid:
For, th'equall dye of warre he well did knowe;
Then to him ſaid, Liue, and allegaunce owe
To him that giues thee life and liberty:
And henceforth, by this daies enſample trowe,
That haſtie wroth, and heedleſſe hazardry,
Doe breede repentance late, and laſting infamy.

14

So, vp he let him riſe: who with grim looke
And count'naunce ſterne vpſtanding, gan to grind
His grated teeth for great diſdaine, and ſhooke
His ſandie locks, long hanging downe behind,
Knotted in blood and duſt, for griefe of mind,
That he in ods of armes was conquered;
Yet in himſelfe ſome comfort he did find,
That him ſo noble Knight had maiſtered,
Whoſe bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15

Which *Guyon* marking ſaid, Be nought agrieu'd,
Sir Knight, that thus ye now ſubdued arre:
Was neuer man, who moſt conqueſts atchieu'd
But ſometimes had the worſe, and loſt by warre,
Yet ſhortly gaind, that loſſe exceeded farre:
Loſſe is no ſhame, nor to be leſſe then foe;
But to be leſſer, then himſelfe, doth marre
Both looſers lot, and victors praiſe alſo.
Vaine others overthrowes, whoſe ſelfe doth overthrowe.

16

Fly, ô *Pyrrhochles*, flie the dreadfull warre,
That in thy ſelfe thy leſſer parts doe moue:
Outragious anger, and woe-working iarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring loue;
Thoſe, thoſe thy foes, thoſe warriours farre remoue,
Which thee to endleſſe bale captiued lead.
But ſith in might thou didſt my mercy proue,
Of curteſie to me the cauſe aread,
That thee againſt me drew with ſo impetuous dread.

17

Dreadleſſe, ſaid he, that ſhall I ſoone declare:
It was complaind, that thou hadſt done great tort
Vnto an aged woman, poore and bare,
And thralled her in chaines with ſtrong effort,
Void of all ſuccour and needfull comfort:
That ill beſeemes thee, ſuch as I thee ſee,
To worke ſuch ſhame. Therefore I thee exhort
To change thy will, and ſet *Occaſion* free,
And to her captiue ſonne yield his firſt libertee.

18

Thereat Sir *Guyon* ſmil'd: And is that all
Said he, that thee ſo ſore diſpleaſed hath?
Great mercy ſure, for to enlarge a thrall,
Whoſe freedome ſhall thee turne to greateſt ſcath.
Nath'leſſe, now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:
Loe, there they be; to thee *I* yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leape, where he them bound did ſee,
And gan to breake the bands of their captiuitee.

Soone

19

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe vntide,
Before her sonne could well assoiled bee,
She to her vse returnd, and straight deside
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrhochles:* th one (said she)
Because he wonne; the other, because hee
Was wonne: so matter did she make of nought,
To stirre vp strife, and doe them disagree:
But soone as *Furor* was enlarg'd, she sought
To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes wrought.

20

It was not long, ere she inflam'd him so,
That he would algates with *Pyrrhochles* fight,
And his redeemer chaleng'd for his foe,
Because he had not well maintaind his right,
But yielded had to that same stranger knight:
Now gan *Pyrrhochles* wex as wood as hee,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierce engrasped bee,
Whiles *Guyon* standing by, their vncouth strife does see.

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did prouoke
Against *Pyrrhochles*, and new matter fram'd
Vpon the old, him stirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blam'd
For suffering such abuse, as knighthood sham'd,
And him disabled quite. But he was wise,
Ne would with vaine occasion be inflam'd;
Yet others she more vrgent did deuise:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more,
And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
His mother eke (more to augment his spright)
Now brought to him a flaming fier brond,
Which she in *Stygian* lake (ay burning bright)
Had kindled: that she gaue into his hond,
That arm'd with fire, more hardly he mote him withstond.

23

Tho gan the villaine wex so fierce and strong,
That nothing might sustaine his furious force;
He cast him downe to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
And fouly battered his comely corse,
That *Guyon* much disdeign'd so loathly sight.
At last, he was compeld to cry perforce,
Helpe (ô Sir *Guyon*) help most noble knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24

The knight was greatly moued at his plaint,
And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
Till that the Palmer, by his graue restraint,
Him staid from yielding pittifull redresse;
And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth represse,
Ne let thy stout hart melt in pitty vaine:
He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
And his foe fettred would release againe,
Deserues to taste his follies fruit, repented paine.

25

Guyon obaid; So him away he drew
From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
But rash *Pyrrhochles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
When late he saw his Lord in heauie plight,
Vnder Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he seem'd in sight,
Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
Vnto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the world for warlike praise,
And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
Full many doughty knights he in his daies
Had doen to death, subdewd in equall frayes;
VVhose carcases, for terrour of his name,
Of fowles and beasts he made the pittious prayes,
And hung their conquered armes for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his deerest Dame.

27

His deerest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delights,
And idle pleasures in her *Bowre of Blisse*,
Does charme her louers, and the feeble sprights
Can call out of the bodies of fraile wights:
Whom then she does transforme to monstrous hewes,
And horribly misshapes with vgly sights,
Captiv'd eternally in iron mewes;
And darksome dens, where *Titan* his face neuer shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* soiourning,
To serue his Lemans loue: for he, by kind,
Was giuen all to lust and loose liuing,
When euer his fierce hands he free mote find:
And now he has pourd out his idle mind
In daintie delices, and lauish ioyes,
Hauing his warlike weapons cast behind,
And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lasciuious boyes.

29

And ouer him, Art striuing to compaire
With Nature, did an Arbour greene dispred,
Framed of wanton Ivie, flowring faire,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garnished,
That when mild *Zephyrus* emongst them blew,
Did breathe out bountious smels, & painted colours shew.

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring waue did play
Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay;
The wearie Traueiler, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirstie heat,
And then by it his wearie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slumber made him to forget
His former paine, and wip't away his toylsome sweat.

And

31

And on the other ſide a pleaſant Groue
Was ſhot vp high, full of the ſtately tree,
That dedicated is t'*Olympick Ioue*,
And to his ſonne *Alcides*, when as hee
Gain'd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
Therein the mery birds, of euery ſort,
Chaunted aloud their chearefull harmonie:
And made emongſt themſelues a ſweet conſort,
That quickned the dull ſpright with muſicall comfort.

32

There he him found all careleſly diſplaid,
In ſecret ſhadowe from the ſunny ray,
On a ſweet bed of Lillies ſoftly laid,
Amidſt a flock of Damzels freſh and gay,
That round about him diſſolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
Euery of which did looſely diſarray
Her vpper parts of meet habiliments,
And ſhewd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33

And euery of them ſtroue, with moſt delights,
Him to aggrate, and greateſt pleaſures ſhew;
Some fram'd faire lookes, glancing like euening lights;
Others, ſweet words, dropping like honny dew;
Some, bathed kiſſes, and did ſoft embrew
The ſugred liquor through his melting lips:
One boaſts her beauty, and does yeeld to view
Her dainty limbes aboue her tender hips;
Another, her out-boaſts, and all for tryall ſtrips.

34

Hee, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deepe deſire does ſteepe,
And his fraile eye with ſpoile of beautie feedes;
Sometimes, he falſely faines himſelfe to ſleepe,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes doe peepe,
To ſteale a ſnatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby cloſe fire into his hart does creepe:
So, them deceiues, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receit.

35

Atin arriuing there, when him he ſpide,
Thus in ſtill waues of deepe delight to wade,
Fiercely approching, to him loudly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* ſhade,
In which that manly perſon late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* ſonne?
Or where hath he hung vp his mortall blade,
That hath ſo many haughty conqueſts wonne?
Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

36

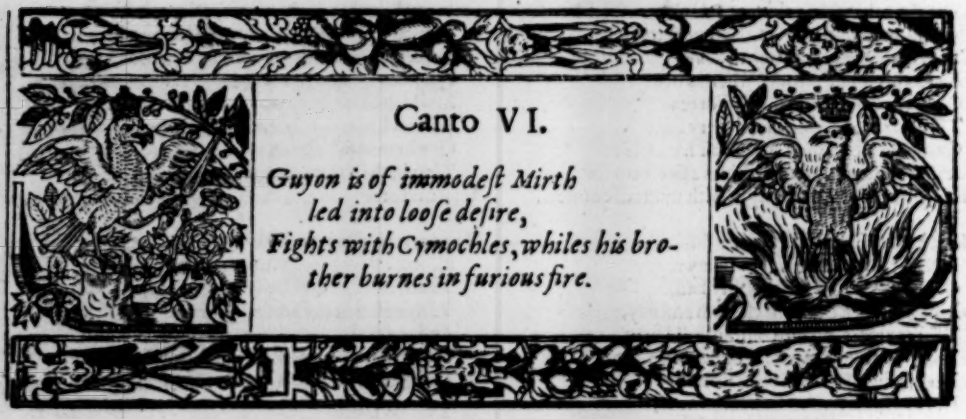
Then pricking him with his ſharpe-pointed dart,
He ſaid; Vp, vp, thou womaniſh weake knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Vnmindfull of thy praiſe and proweſt might,
And weetleſſe eke of lately wrought deſpight,
Whiles ſad *Pyrrochles* lyes on ſenſeleſſe ground,
And groneth out his vtmoſt grudging ſpright,
Through many a ſtroake, & many a ſtreaming wound,
Calling thy helpe in vaine, that heere in ioyes art drownd.

37

Suddainely out of his delightfull dreame
The man awoke, and would haue queſtiond more;
But he would not endure that woſull theame
For to dilate at large, but vrged ſore
With pearcing words, and pitifull implore,
Him haſtie to ariſe. As one affright
With helliſh fiends, or *Furies* mad vprore,
He then vproſe, inflam'd with fell deſpight,
And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted, paſſeth on his way:
Ne Ladies loues, ne ſweet entreaties might
Appeaſe his heate, or haſtie paſſage ſtay;
For, he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day
(That day it ſelfe him ſeemed all too long:)
On him, that did *Pyrrhochles* deare diſmay:
So, proudly pricketh on his courſer ſtrong,
And *Atin* aye him pricks with ſpurs of ſhame and wrong.



Canto VI.

Guyon is of immodeſt Mirth
led into looſe deſire,
Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
ther burnes in furious fire.

1

A Harder leſſon, to learne Continence
In ioyous pleaſure, then in grieuous paine:
For, ſweetnes doth allure the weaker ſenſe
So ſtrongly, that vneathes it can refraine
Frō that, which feeble nature couets faine;
But griefe and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, ſhe better can reſtraine;
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all ſhewes goodly maiſteries.

2

Whom bold *Cymochles* trauailing to find,
With cruell purpoſe bent to wreake on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a riuer, by whoſe vtmoſt brim
Wayting to paſſe, he ſaw whereas did ſwim
Along the ſhore, as ſwift as glaunce of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughes and arbours wouen cunningly,
That like a little foreſt ſeemed outwardly.

3

And therein ſate a Lady freſh and faire,
Making ſweet ſolace to herſelfe alone;
Sometimes ſhe ſung, as loud as Larke in aire,
Sometimes ſhe laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her elſe any one,
That might to her moue cauſe of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could deuiſe, and thouſand waies invent
To feed her fooliſh humour, and vaine iolliment.

4

Which when farre off *Chymochles* heard, and ſaw,
He loudly cald to ſuch as were abord,
The little barke vnto the ſhore to draw,
And him to ferry ouer that deepe ford:
The merry Marriner vnto his word
Soone harkned, and her painted boat ſtraight way
Turnd to the ſhore, where that ſame warlike Lord
She in receiu'd; but *Atin* by no way
Shee would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

5

Eftſoones her ſhallow ſhip away did ſlide,
More ſwift then Swallow ſheres the liquid skie,
Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged canuas with the wind to flie;
Onely ſhe turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut away vpon the yeelding waue,
Ne cared ſhee her courſe for to applie:
For, it was taught the way, which ſhe would haue,
And both from rocks and flats it ſelfe could wiſely ſaue:

6

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
New mirth, her paſſenger to entertaine:
For, ſhe in pleaſant purpoſe did abound,
And greatly ioyed merry tales to faine,
Of which a ſtore-houſe did with her remaine:
Yet ſeemed, nothing well they her became;
For, all her words ſhe drownd with laughter vaine,
And wanted grace in vtt'ring of the ſame,
That turned all her pleaſance to a ſcoffing game.

7

And other whiles vaine toyes ſhe would deuiſe,
As her fantaſtick wit did moſt delight:
Sometimes her head ſhe fondly would aguiſe
With gaudie girlonds, or freſh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of ruſhes plight;
Sometimes to doe him laugh, ſhe would aſſay
To laugh at ſhaking of the leaues light,
Or to behold the water worke, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

8

Her light behauiour, and looſe dalliance
Gaue wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no ſouenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd reuenge, and cruell fight,
But to weake wench did yeeld his Martiall might.
So eaſie was to quench his flamed mind
With one ſweet drop of ſenſuall delight:
So eaſie is, t'appeaſe the ſtormie wind
Of malice in the calme of pleaſant womankind.

Diuerſe

9

Diuerſe diſcourſes in their way they ſpent,
Mongſt which *Cymochles* of her queſtioned,
Both what ſhe was, and what that vſage ment,
Which in her cot ſhe daily practiſed.
Vaine man, ſayd ſhe, that would'ſt be reckoned
A ſtranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of *Phaedria* (for ſo my name is red)
Of *Phaedria*, thine owne fellow ſeruaunt;
For, thou to ſerue *Acraſia* thy ſelfe dooſt vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland ſea, that hight by name
The *Ydle lake*, my wandring ſhip I rowe,
That knowes her Port, and thither ſailes by ayme,
Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind doe blowe,
Or whether ſwift I wend, or whether ſlowe:
Both ſlowe and ſwift alike doe ſerue my tourne,
Ne ſwelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Ioue*
Can change my cheare, or make me euer mourne;
My little boat can ſafely paſſe this perilous bourne.

11

Whiles thus ſhe talked, and whiles thus ſhe toyd,
They were farre paſt the paſſage which he ſpake,
And come vnto an Iſland waſte and voyd,
That floted in the midſt of that great lake,
There her ſmall Gondelay her Port did make,
And that gay payre iſſuing on the ſhore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the Land that lay them faire before,
Whoſe pleaſaunce ſhe him ſhew'd, and plentiful great ſtore.

12

It was a choſen plot of fertile land,
Emongſt wide waues ſet like a little neſt,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
Beene choicely picked out from all the reſt,
And layd forth for enſample of the beſt:
No daintie flowre or herbe that growes on ground,
No arboret with painted bloſſoms dreſt,
And ſmelling ſweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fayre, and her ſweet ſmels throwe all around.

13

No tree, whoſe branches did not brauely ſpring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not ſit:
No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;
No ſong but did containe a louely dit:
Trees, branches, birds, and ſongs were framed fit
For to allure frayle mind to careleſſe eaſe.
Careleſſe the man ſoone wox, and his weake wit
Was overcome of thing, that did him pleaſe;
So pleaſed, did his wrathfull purpoſe faire appeaſe.

14

Thus when ſhee had his eyes and ſenſes fed
With falſe delights, and fild with pleaſures vaine,
Into a ſhady dale ſhe ſoft him led,
And layd him downe vpon a graſſie Plaine;
And her ſweet ſelfe, without dread or diſdaine
She ſet beſide, laying his head diſarm'd
In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtaine,
Where ſoone he ſlumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a lowd lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charm'd.

15

Behold, ô man, that toyle-ſome paines dooſt take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſant growes,
How they themſelues doe thine enſample make,
Whiles nothing enuious Nature them forth throwes
Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes,
They ſpring, they bud, they bloſſome freſh & faire,
And deck the world with their rich pompous ſhowes;
Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16

The Lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The Flowre-deluce, her louely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitleſſe labours yield,
And ſoone leaue off this toyleſome wearie ſtoure;
Lo, lo, how braue ſhe decks her bountious boure,
With ſilken curtens and gold couerlets,
Therein to ſhrowd her ſumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither ſpinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care ſhe lets.

17

Why then dooſt thou, ô man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soueraigne,
Wilfully make thy ſelfe a wretched thrall,
And waſte thy ioyous houres in needleſſe paine,
Seeking for danger and adventures vaine?
What bootes it all to haue, and nothing vſe?
Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the maine,
Will die for thirſt, and water doth refuſe?
Refuſe ſuch fruitleſſe toyle, and preſent pleaſures chuſe.

18

By this, ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleepe,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then ſhe with liquors ſtrong his eyes did ſteepe,
That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:
So ſhe him left, and did herſelfe betake
Vnto her boat againe, with which ſhe cleft
The ſlothfull waues of that great grieſly lake;
Soone ſhe that Iſland farre behind her left,
And now is come to that ſame place, where firſt ſhe weft.

19

By this time, was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Vnto the other ſide of that wide ſtrond,
Vvhere ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoone to hond
Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding fond,
With his ſad guide: himſelfe ſhe tooke aboord,
But the *Blacke Palmer* ſuffred ſtill to ſtond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord,
To ferry that old man ouer the perlous foord.

20

Guyon was loath to leaue his guide behind,
Yet being entred, might not back retire;
For, the ſlit barke, obaying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
Ne gaue him leaue to bid that aged Sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted courſe
Through the dull billowes thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their ſeat could force,
Nor timely tides did driue out of their ſluggiſh ſourſe.

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guiſe,
Her merry fit ſhe freſhly gan to reare,
And did of ioy and iollitie deuiſe,
Her ſelfe to cheriſh, and her gueſt to cheare:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbeare
Her honeſt mirth and pleaſance to partake:
But when he ſaw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
And paſſe the bounds of modeſt merimake,
Her dalliance he deſpis'd, and follies did forſake.

22

Yet ſhe ſtill followed her former ſtile,
And ſayd and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arriued in that pleaſant Ile,
Where ſleeping late ſhe left her other knight.
But, when as *Guyon* of that land had ſight,
He wiſt himſelfe amiſs, and angry ſayd;
Ah Dame, perdy ye haue not doen me right,
Thus to miſlead me, whiles I you obayd:
Me little needed from my right way to haue ſtrayd.

23

Fayre Sir, quoth ſhe, be not diſpleas'd at all;
Who fares on ſea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleaſure call:
The ſea is wide, and eaſie for to ſtray;
The wind vnſtable, and doth neuer ſtay.
But heere awhile ye may in ſafetie reſt,
Till ſeaſon ſerue new paſſage to aſſay;
Better ſafe Port, then be in ſeas diſtreſt.
There-with ſhe laught, and did her earneſt end in ieſt.

24

But he, halfe diſcontent, mote natheleſſe
Himſelfe appeaſe, and iſſued forth on ſhore:
The ioyes whereof, and happy fruitfulneſſe,
Such as he ſaw ſhe gan him lay before,
And all though pleaſant, yet ſhe made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freſhly ſpring,
The trees did bud, and earely bloſſoms bore,
And all the quire of birds did ſweetly ſing,
And told that gardins pleaſures in their caroling.

25

And ſhee, more ſweet then any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongſt them beare a part,
And ſtriue to paſſe (as ſhee could well enough)
Their natiue muſick by her skilfull art:
So did ſhe all, that might his conſtant hart
With-draw from thought of warlike enterpriſe,
And drowne in diſſolute delights apart,
Where noyſe of armes, or view of Martiall guiſe
Might not reuiue deſire of knightly exerciſe.

26

But hee was wiſe, and wary of her will,
And euer held his hand vpon his hart:
Yet would not ſeeme ſo rude, and thewed ill,
As to deſpiſe ſo courteous ſeeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart;
But fayrely-tempring, fond deſire ſubdewd,
And euer her deſired to depart.
She liſt not heare, but her diſports purſewd,
And euer bade him ſtay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was ſpent,
That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
And ſhaking off his drowſie dreriment,
Gan him auize, how ill did him beſeeme,
In ſlothfull ſleepe his molten hart to ſteme,
And quench the brond of his conceiued ire.
Tho vp he ſtarted, ſtird with ſhame extreme,
Ne ſtayed for his Damſell to inquire,
But marched to the ſtrond, there paſſage to require.

28

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompanyde with *Phædria* the faire:
Eftſoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
Crying, Let be that Lady debonaire,
Thou recreant knight, and ſoone thy ſelfe prepaire
To battaile, if thou meane her loue to gaine:
Lo, lo already, how the fowles in aire
Doe flock, awayting ſhortly to obtaine
Thy carcaſſe for their prey, the guerdon of thy paine.

29

And there-withall he fiercely at him flew,
And with important outrage him aſſayld;
Who, ſoone prepar'd to field, his ſword forth drew,
And him with equall value countervayld:
Their mighty ſtroakes their habericons diſmayld,
And naked made each others manly ſpalles;
The mortall ſteele deſpiteouſly entayld
Deepe in their fleſh, quite through the iron walles,
That a large purple ſtreame adowne their giambeux falles.

30

Cymochles, that had neuer met before
So puiſſant foe, with enuious deſpight
His proud preſumed force increaſed more,
Diſdeigning to be held ſo long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not ſo much his might,
As thoſe vnknightly raylings, which he ſpoke,
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof deuiſing ſhortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled euery ſtroke.

31

Both of them high attronce their hands enhaunſt,
And both attonce their huge blowes downe did ſway;
Cymochles ſword on *Guyons* ſhield yglaunc't,
And thereof nigh one quarter ſheard away;
But *Guyons* angry blade ſo fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* ſhone,
That quite it cloue his plumed creſt in tway,
And bared all his head vnto the bone;
Where-with aſtoniſht, ſtill he ſtood as ſenſeleſſe ſtone.

32

Still as he ſtood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld
That deadly danger, ſoone atweene them ran;
And at their feet her ſelfe moſt humbly feld,
Crying with pittious voyce, and count'nance wan;
Ah, weal-away! moſt noble Lords, how can
Your cruell eyes endure ſo pittious ſight,
To ſhed your liues on ground? wo worth the man,
That firſt did teach the curſed ſteele to bight
In his owne fleſh, and make way to the liuing ſpright.

If

33

If euer loue of Ladie did empierce
Your yron breastes, or pittie could finde place,
Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:
Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed, (breed.
And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights doe

34

But if for me ye fight, or me will serue,
Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterue,
And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
Another warre, and other weapons I
Doe loue, where loue does giue his sweet alarmes,
Without bloudshed, and where the enemie
Does yeeld vnto his foe a pleasant victorie.

35

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
But louely peace, and gentle amitie,
And in Amours the passing houres to spend,
The mightie Martiall hands doe most commend;
Of loue they euer greater glorie bore,
Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
And is for *Venus* loues renowmed more
Then all his wars and spoyles, the which he did of yore.

36

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent
To proue extremities of bloudie fight,
Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight:
Such powre haue pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Faerie knight
Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
And yeeld him readie passage to that other part.

37

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her ioy
And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemne sad, or still disdainefull coy,
Delighting all in armes and cruell warre,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and vnquiet iarre,
That she well pleased was thence to amoue him farre.

38

Tho, him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waues did lightly flote,
And soone arriued on the shallow land,
Where gladsome *Guyon* sailed forth to land,
And to that Damzell thankes gaue for reward.
Vpon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
There by his maister left, when late he far'd
In *Phedrias* fleet barke ouer that perlous shard.

39

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrrhochles* sharpe debatement made;
Streight gan he him reuile, and bitter rate,
As shepheards curre, that in darke euenings shade
Hath tracted forth some saluage beastes trade;
Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
The shame and death, which will thee soone inuade?
What coward hand shall doe thee next to die,
That art thus foully fled from famous enemie?

40

With that, he stiffely shooke his steel-head dart:
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
Though somewhat moued in his mightie hart,
Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
Backe to the strond retyr'd and there still stayd,
Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
The hastie heat of his auow'd reuenge delayd.

41

Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from farre
An armed knight, that towards him fast ran:
He ran on foot, as if in luckless warre
His forlorne steed from him the victour wan;
Hee seemed breathlesse, hartlesse, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinkled was with bloud,
And soyld with durtie gore, that no man can
Discerne the hew thereof. He neuer stood,
But bent his hastie course towards the idle flood.

42

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
And deepe himselfe beducked in the same,
That in the lake his loftie crest was steept,
Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept;
But with his raging armes hee rudely flasht,
The waues about, and all his armour swept,
That all the bloud and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

43

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
For much he wondred at that vncouth sight;
Whom should hee, but his owne deare Lord, there see?
His owne deare Lord *Pyrrhochles*, in sad plight,
Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde?
Pyrrhochles, ô *Pyrrhochles*, what is thee betyde?

44

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
O how I burne with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde
Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrhochles* farre
After pursewing death once to require,
Or thinke, that ought those puissant hands may marre:
Death is for wretches borne vnder vnhappie starre.

45
Perdie, then it is fit for me (ſaid he)
That am, I weene, moſt wretched man aliue:
Burning in flames, yet no flames can I ſee,
And dying daily, daily yet reuiue:
O *Atin*, helpe to me laſt death to giue.
The varlet at his plaint was grieu'd ſo ſore,
That his deepe wounded hart in two did riue,
And his owne health remembring now no more,
Did follow that enſample which he blam'd afore.

46
Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So loue the dread of daunger doth deſpiſe)
And of him catching hold, him ſtrongly ſtayd
From drowning. But more happie he, then wiſe
Of that ſeas nature did him not auiſe.
The waues thereof ſo ſlowe and ſluggiſh were,
Engroſt with mud, which did them foule agriſe,
That euerie weightie thing they did vpbeare,
Ne ought mote euer ſinke downe to the bottome there.

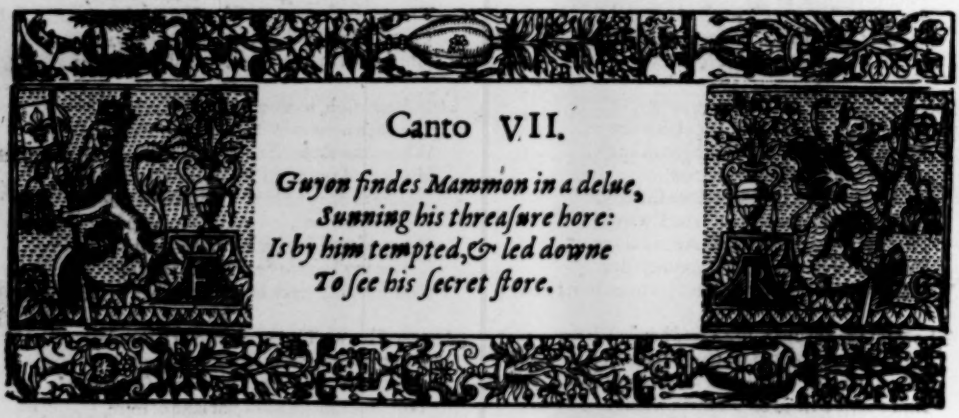
47
Whiles thus they ſtruggled in that idle waue,
And ſtroue in vaine, the one himſelfe to drowne,
The other both from drowning for to ſaue;
Lo, to that ſhore one in an auncient gowne,
Whoſe hoarie locks great grauitie did crowne,
Holding in hand a goodly arming ſword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous ſowne:
Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
The carefull ſeruant, ſtriuing with his raging Lord.

48
Him *Atin* ſpying, knewe right well of yore,
And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimage*;
To ſaue my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counſaile ſage:
Weake hands, but counſell is moſt ſtrong in age.
Him when the old man ſaw, he wondred ſore,
To ſee *Pyrrhochles* there ſo rudely rage:
Yet ſithens helpe, he ſaw, he needed more
Then pittie, he in haſte approached to the ſhore,

49
And cald; *Pyrrhochles*, what is this, I ſee?
What helliſh Furie hath at earſt thee hent?
Furious euer I thee knew to bee,
Yet neuer in this ſtraunge aſtoniſhment.
Theſe flames, theſe flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee preſent ſee,
In danger rather to be drent, then brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me conſume (ſaid hee)
Ne can be quencht, within my ſecret bowels bee.

50
That curſed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my liuer ſwell,
And his hot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
Kindled through his infernall brond of ſpight,
Sith late with him I batteil vain would boſte;
That now I weene *Ioues* dreaded thunder light
Does ſcorch not halfe ſo ſore, nor damned ghoſte
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not ſo felly roſte.

51
Which when as *Archimago* heard, his griefe
He knew right well, and him attonce diſarmd:
Then ſearcht his ſecret wounds, and made a prieſe
Of euerie place, that was with bruſing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And euermore with mightie ſpels them charmd,
That in ſhort ſpace he has them qualifyde,
And him reſtor'd to health, that would haue algates dyde.



Canto VII.

Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,
Sunning his threaſure hore:
Is by him tempted, & led downe
To ſee his ſecret ſtore.

1
AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
That to a ſtedfaſt ſtarre his courſe hath bent,
When foggy miſtes, or cloudie tempeſts haue
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
Vpon his card and compaſs firmes his eye,
The maiſters of his long experiment,
And to them does the ſteady helme apply,
Bidding his winged veſſell fairely forward fly:

2

So *Guyon* hauing loſt his truſtie guide,
Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And euermore himſelfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and prayſe-worthy deedes.
So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
Which Fame of her ſhrill trumpet worthy reedes:
For, ſtill he trauaild through wide waſtefull ground,
That nought but deſert wilderneſſe ſhew'd all around.

3

At laſt, he came vnto a gloomie glade,
Couer'd with boughes & ſhrubs from heauens light,
VVhere-as he ſitting found, in ſecret ſhade,
An vncouth, ſalvage, and vnciuill wight,
Of grieſly hew, and foule ill fauour'd ſight;
His face with ſmoake was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with ſout were ill bedight,
His coale-black hands did ſeeme to haue been ſeard
In Smithes fire-ſpetting forge, & nailes like clawes appeard.

4

His iron coate all overgrowne with ruſt,
Was vnderneath enveloped with gold,
Whoſe gliſtring gloſſe darkned with filthy duſt,
Well it appeared to haue been of old
A worke of rich entaile, and curious mold,
VVouen with anticks and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a maſs of coyne he told,
And turned vpſidowne, to feed his eye
And couetous deſire with his huge threaſury.

5

And round about him lay on euery ſide
Great heapes of gold that neuer could be ſpent:
Of which, ſome were rude ower, not purſide
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;
Some others were new driuen, and diſtent
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges ſquare;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But moſt were ſtampt, and in their metall bare
The antique ſhapes of Kings and Keſars ſtrange & rare.

6

Soone as he *Guyon* ſaw, in great affright
And haſte he roſe, for to remoue aſide
Thoſe pretious hils from ſtrangers envious ſight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, ſtayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide:
And, though himſelfe were at the ſight diſmaid,
Yet him perforce reſtrain'd, and to him doubtfull ſaid.

7

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
That heere in deſert haſt thine habitaunce,
And theſe rich heapes of wealth dooſt hide apart
From the worlds eye, and from her right vſaunce?
Thereat, with ſtaring eyes fixed aſcaunce,
In great diſdaine, hee anſwerd; Hardy Elfe,
That dareſt view my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee raſh, and heedleſſe of thy ſelfe,
To trouble my ſtill ſeate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

8

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greateſt god belowe the ſky,
That of my plentie poure out vnto all,
And vnto none my graces doe envie:
Riches, renowme, and principalitie,
Honour, eſtate, and all this worldes good,
For which men ſwink and ſweat inceſſantly,
Fro me doe flowe into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

9

Wherefore if me thou deigne to ſerue and ſew,
At thy commaund loe all theſe mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All theſe may not ſuffice, there ſhall to thee
Tenne times ſo much be numbred franke and free.
Mammon, ſaid hee, thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet ſuch eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter ſeruaunts entertaine.

10

Me ill befits, that in der-doing armes,
And honours ſuit my vowed dayes doe ſpend,
Vnto thy bountious baytes, and pleaſing charmes,
With which weake men thou witcheſt, to attend:
Regard of worldly muck doth foully blend
And lowe abaſe the high heroick ſpright,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire ſhields, gay ſteedes, bright armes bee my delight:
Thoſe be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

11

Vaine-glorious Elfe, ſaid he, dooſt not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will ſupply?
Shields, ſteeds, and armes, and all things for thee meet
It can puruay in twinkling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Doe not I Kings create, & throwe the crowne
Sometimes to him, that lowe in duſt doth ly?
And him that raignd, into his roome thruſt downe,
And whom I luſt, doe heape with glory and renowne?

12

All otherwiſe, ſaid he, I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all diſquietneſſe:
Firſt got with guile, and then preſerv'd with dread,
And after ſpent with pride and laviſhneſſe,
Leauing behind them grieſe and heauineſſe.
Infinite miſchiefes of them doe ariſe;
Striſe, and debate, bloudſhed, and bitterneſſe,
Outragious wrong, and helliſh couetiſe,
That noble hart (as great diſhonour) doth deſpiſe.

13

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the ſcepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou dooſt both confound,
And loyall truth to treaſon dooſt incline;
Witneſſe the guiltleſſe bloud pour'd oft on ground,
The crowned often ſlaine, the ſlayer crownd,
The ſacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Caſtles ſurpriz'd, great Cities ſackt and brent:
So mak'ſt thou kings, & gaineſt wrongfull gouernment.

14

Long were to tell the troublous ſtormes, that toſſe
The priuate ſtate, and make the life vnſweet:
Who ſwelling ſayles in Caſpian ſea doth croſſe,
And in fraile wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
Doth not (I weene) ſo many euils meet.
Then *Mammon* wexing wroth, And why then, ſaid,
Are mortall men ſo fond and vndiſcreet,
So euill thing to ſeeke vnto their ayd,
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbrayd?

15

Indeed, quoth he, through foule intemperance,
Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couetiſe:
But would they thinke, with how ſmall allowance
Vntroubled Nature doth her ſelfe ſuffice,
Such ſuperfluities they would deſpiſe,
Which with ſad cares empeach our natiue ioyes:
At the Well head the pureſt ſtreames ariſe:
But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
And with vncomely weeds the gentle waue accloyes.

16

The antique world, in his firſt flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
The gifts of ſoueraigne bountie did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy caſe;
But later ages pride (like corne-fed ſteed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat ſwolne encreaſe
To all licentious luſt, and gan exceed
The meaſure of her meane, and naturall firſt need.

17

Then gan a curſed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with ſteele to wound,
And the hid threaſures in her ſacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and ſilver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge deſire
And pompous pride eftſoones he did compound;
Then auarice gan through his veines inſpire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

18

Sonne, ſaid he then, let be thy bitter ſcorne,
And leaue the rudeneſſe of that antique age
To them, that liu'd therein in ſtate forlorne;
Thou that dooſt liue in later times, muſt wage
Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee liſt my offred grace to vſe,
Take what thou pleaſe of all this ſurpluſage;
If thee liſt not, leaue haue thou to refuſe:
But thing refuſed, doe not afterward accuſe.

19

Me liſt not, ſaid the Elfin knight, receaue
Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got:
Ne wote I, but thou didſt theſe goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,
Or that bloud-guiltineſſe or guile them blot.
Perdy, quoth he, yet neuer eye did view
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand theſe handled not,
But ſafe I haue them kept in ſecret mew,
From heauens ſight, and powre of all which them purſew.

20

What ſecret place, quoth he, can ſafely hold
So huge a maſs, and hide from heauens eye?
Or where haſt thou thy wonne, that ſo much gold
Thou canſt preſerue from wrong and robbery?
Come thou, quoth he, and ſee. So, by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darkeſome way, which no man could deſcry,
That deepe deſcended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compaſſed around.

21

At length they came into a larger ſpace,
That ſtretcht it ſelfe into an ample Plaine,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That ſtraight did lead to *Plutoes* grieſly raigne:
By that wayes ſide, there ſate infernall Paine,
And faſt beſide him ſate tumultuous ſtrife:
The one, in hand an iron whip did ſtraine;
The other brandiſhed a bloudy knife,
And both did gnaſh their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22

On th'other ſide, in one conſort there ſate
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Deſpight,
Diſloyall Treaſon, and hart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Iealouſie, out of their ſight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare ſtill to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where ſafe he ſhroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkneſſe lye,
And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

23

And over them ſad Horrour with grim hew,
Did alwaies ſore, beating his iron wings;
And after him, Owles and Night-ravens flew,
The hatefull meſſengers of heauie things,
Of death and dolour telling ſad tydings;
Whiles ſad *Celeno*, ſitting on a clift,
A ſong of bale and bitter ſorrow ſings,
That hart of flint aſunder could haue rift:
Which hauing ended, after him ſhe flyeth ſwift.

24

All theſe before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they paſſing, ſpake vnto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feede his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At laſt, him to a little dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little ſtride,
That did the houſe of Riches from hell-mouth diuide.

25

Before the dore ſate ſelfe-conſuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare leaſt Force or Fraud ſhould vnaware
Breake in, and ſpoyle the threaſure there in gard:
Ne would he ſuffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approche, albe his drowſie den were next;
For, next to death is Sleepe to be compar'd:
Therefore his houſe is vnto his annext;
Here Sleep, there Riches, & Hel-gate them both betwixt.

So

26

So ſoone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
Ne darkeneſſe him, ne danger might diſmay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore ſtraight way
Did ſhut, and from behind it forth there lept
An vgly fiend, more foule then diſmall day,
The which with monſtrous ſtalke behind him ſtept,
And euer as he went, due watch vpon him kept.

27

Well hoped he, ere long that hardie gueſt,
If euer couetous hand, or luſtfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that lik't him beſt,
Or euer ſleepe his eye-ſtrings did vntie,
Should be his prey. And therefore ſtill on hie
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to doe him die,
And rend in peeces with his rauenous pawes,
If euer he tranſgreſt the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

28

That houſes forme within was rude and ſtrong,
Like an huge Caue, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whoſe rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
Embоſt with maſſy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
That heauy ruine they did ſeeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and ſpred her ſubtile net,
Enwrapped in ſoule ſmoak & clowdes more black then Iet.

29

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with duſt and old decay,
And hid in darkeneſſe, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for, view of chearefull day
Did neuer in that houſe it ſelfe diſplay,
But a faint ſhadow of vncertaine light;
Such as a lamp, whoſe life does fade away:
Or as the Moone clothed with clowdy night,
Does ſhew to him, that walkes in feare and ſad affright.

30

In all that roome was nothing to be ſeene,
But huge great iron cheſts and coffers ſtrong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On euery ſide they placed were along.
But all the ground with ſculs was ſcattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,
Whoſe liues (it ſeemed) whilome there were ſhed,
And their vile carcaſes now left vnburied.

31

They forward paſſe, ne *Guyon* yet ſpake word,
Till that they came vnto an iron dore,
Which to them opened of it owne accord,
And ſhew'd of riches ſuch exceeding ſtore,
As eye of man did neuer ſee before;
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that aboue were added to that vnder ground.

32

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranſack did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to that warriour, ſaid;
Loe, heere the worldes bliſs: loe, heere the end,
To which all men doe ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33

Certes, ſaid he, I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made ſo happy do intend:
Another bliſs before mine eyes I place,
Another happineſſe, another end.
To them, that liſt, theſe baſe regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Doe rather chooſe my flitting houres to ſpend,
And to be Lord of thoſe, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my ſelfe, and be their ſeruile ſlaue.

34

Thereat the fiend his gnaſhing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, ſo long to lacke his greedy prey;
For, well he weened, that ſo glorious bayt
Would tempt his gueſt, to take thereof aſſay:
Had he ſo doen, he had him ſnatcht away,
More light then Culver in the Faulcons fiſt.
(Eternall God thee ſaue from ſuch decay.)
But when-as *Mammon* ſaw his purpoſe miſt,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wiſt.

35

Thence, forward he him led, and ſhortly brought
Vnto another roome, whoſe dore forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
By euery fornace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in ſight,
And euery fiend his buſie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36

One with great bellowes gathered filling aire,
And with forc't wind the fuell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With iron tongs, and ſprinkled oft the ſame
With liquid waues, fierce *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maiſtring them, renewd his former heat;
Some ſcumd the droſſe that from the metall came;
Some ſtird the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did ſwink, and euery one did ſweat.

37

But when as earthly wight they preſent ſaw,
Gliſtring in armes and battailous array,
From their hot worke they did themſelues withdraw
To wonder at the ſight: for, till that day,
They neuer creature ſaw, that came that way.
Their ſtaring eyes ſparkling with feruent fire,
And vgly ſhapes did nigh the man diſmay,
That were it not for ſhame, he would retire,
Till that him thus beſpake their ſoueraigne Lord and ſire:

38

Behold, thou Faeries ſonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer ſee:
The thing that thou didſt craue ſo earneſtly
(To weet, whence all the wealth late ſhewd by mee,
Proceeded) lo, now is reveald to thee.
Heere is the fountaine of the worldez good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Aviſe thee well, and change thy wilfull mood,
Leaſt thou perhaps hereafter wiſh, and be withſtood.

39

Suffice it then, thou Money-God, quoth hee,
That all thine idle offers I refuſe.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To covet more then I haue cauſe to vſe?
With ſuch vaine ſhewes thy worldlings vile abuſe:
But giue me leaue to followe mine empriſe.
Mammon was much diſpleaſd, yet no'te he chuſe
But beare the rigour of his bold meſpiſe,
And thence him forward led, him further to entiſe.

40

He brought him through a darkſome narrow ſtrait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A ſturdy villaine, ſtriding ſtiffe and bold,
As if the higheſt God defie he would;
In his right hand an iron club he held,
But he himſelfe was all of golden mold,
Yet had both life and ſenſe, and well could weld
That curſed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

41

Diſdaine he called was, and did diſdaine
To be ſo cald, and who ſo did him call:
Sterne was to looke, and full of ſtomack vaine,
His portance terrible, and ſtature tall,
Far paſſing th'height of men terreſtiall;
Like an huge Giant of the *Titans* race,
That made him ſcorne all creatures great and ſmall,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongſt black fiends, then men to haue his place.

42

Soone as thoſe glitterand armes he did eſpy,
That with their brightneſſe made that darkneſſe light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten battell to the Faerie knight:
Who likewiſe gan himſelfe to battaile dight,
Till *Mammon* did his haſtie hand with-hold,
And counſeld him abſtaine from perilous fight:
For, nothing might abaſh the villaine bold,
Ne mortall ſteele emperce his miſcreated mold.

43

So, hauing him with reaſon pacifide,
And the fierce Carle commaunding to forbeare,
He brought him in. The roome was large and wide,
As it ſome Gyeld or ſolemne Temple were:
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The maſſy roofe, and riches huge ſuſtaine:
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diadems, & titles vaine,
VVhich mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did (raigne.

44

A rout of people there aſſembled were,
Of euery ſort and nation vnder aky,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw neare
To th'vpper part, where was advaunced hie
A ſtately ſiege of ſoueraigne maieſtie;
And thereon ſate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Prince in ſuch array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride diſplay.

45

Her face right wondrous faire did ſeeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beame great brightnes threw
Through the dim ſhade, that all men might it ſee:
Yet was not that ſame her owne natiue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfetted ſhew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
Nath'leſſe, moſt heauenly faire in deed and view
She by creation was, till ſhe did fall; (all.
Thenceforth ſhe ſought for helps to cloke her crime with-

46

There, as in gliſtring glory ſhe did ſit,
She held a great gold chaine ylinked well,
Whoſe vpper end to higheſt heauen was knit,
And lower part did reach to loweſt hell;
And all that preace did round about her ſwell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was *Ambition*, raſh deſire to ſtie,
And euery linke thereof a ſtep of dignitie.

47

Some thought to raiſe themſelues to high degree,
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by cloſe ſhouldring, ſome by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for baſe regard;
And all, by wrong wayes, for themſelues prepar'd.
Thoſe that were vp themſelues, kept others lowe,
Thoſe that were lowe themſelues, held others hard,
Ne ſuffred them to riſe or greater growe,
But euery one did ſtriue his fellow downe to throwe.

48

Which, when as *Guyon* ſaw, he gan enquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what ſhe was that did ſo high aſpire.
Him *Mammon* anſwered; That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with ſuch contention
Doe flock about, my deare, my daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldez bliſs
For which ye men doe ſtriue: few get, but many miſs.

49

And faire *Philotimé* ſhee rightly hight,
The faireſt wight that wonneth vnder ſky,
But that this darkſome neather world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformitie,
VVorthy of heauen and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for envie thruſt:
But ſith thou haſt found fauour in mine eye,
Thy ſpouſe I will her make, if that thou luſt,
That ſhe may thee advaunce for works and merites iuſt.

Gramercy

50

Gramercy *Mammon*, ſaid the gentle knight,
For ſo great grace and offred high eſtate;
But I, that am fraile fleſh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for ſuch immortall mate
My ſelfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trouth yplight,
And loue auowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the ſame I haue no might:
To chaunge loue cauſeleſſe, is reproche to warlike knight.

51

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
Through grieſly ſhadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garniſhed
With hearbs and fruits, whoſe kinds mote not be red:
Not ſuch, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes foorth to men, ſweet and well ſauoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

52

There mournfull *Cypreſſe* grew in greateſt ſtore,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* ſad,
Dead ſleeping *Poppie*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which with th' vniuſt *Atheniens* made to dy
Wiſe *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Pourd out his life, and laſt Philoſophy
To the faire *Critias* his deareſt Belamie.

53

The *Gardin* of *Proſerpina* this hight:
And in the midſt thereof a ſiluer ſeat,
With a thicke Arbour goodly ouerdight,
In which ſhe often vs'd from open heat
Her ſelfe to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entreat.
Next thereunto did growe a goodly tree,
With braunches broad diſſpred, and body great,
Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote ſee
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54

Their fruit were golden apples gliſtring bright,
That goodly was their glorie to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
Like euer ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;
For thoſe, which *Hercules* with conqueſt bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
And thoſe with which th' *Eubœan* young man wan,
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55

Here alſo ſprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time ſought with fruitleſſe ſuit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongſt the gods falſe *Até* threw;
For which th' *Idean* Ladies diſagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had (of her) faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

56

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that ſhadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did ſtretch themſelues without the vtmoſt bound
Of this great gardin, compaſt with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themſelues did ſteepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the riuer of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many ſoules do endleſſe waile and weepe.

57

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, ſaw many damned wights,
In thoſe ſad waues; which direfull deadly ſtanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pittious cryes, and yelling ſtrights,
They made the further ſhore reſounden wide:
Emongſt the reſt of thoſe ſame ruefull ſights,
One curſed creature he by chaunce eſpide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden ſide.

58

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmoſt chin,
Yet gaped ſtill, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And ſtretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brinke:
But both the fruit from hand, and ſloud from mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely ſwinke:
The whiles he ſteru'd with hunger and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

59

The knight, him ſeeing labour ſo in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
Who, groning deepe, thus anſwered him againe;
Moſt curſed of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feaſted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be ſuch, as I thee ſee,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

60

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy preſent fate;
And vnto all that liue in high degree,
Enſample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vſe their preſent ſtate.
Then gan the curſed wretch aloud to cry,
Accuſing higheſt *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaſpheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniuſtice, there to let him dye.

61

Hee lookt a little further, and eſpyde
Another wretch, whoſe carcaſſe deepe was drent
Within the riuer, which the ſame did hyde:
But both his hands, moſt filthie feculent,
Aboue the water were on high extent,
And ſaynd to waſh themſelues inceſſantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for ſuch intent,
But rather fowler ſeemed to the eye;
So loſt his labour vaine and idle induſtrie.

62

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting vp his head, him answered thus:
I *Pilate* am, the saddest iudge, alas,
And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous
Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous:
The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

63

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole?

64

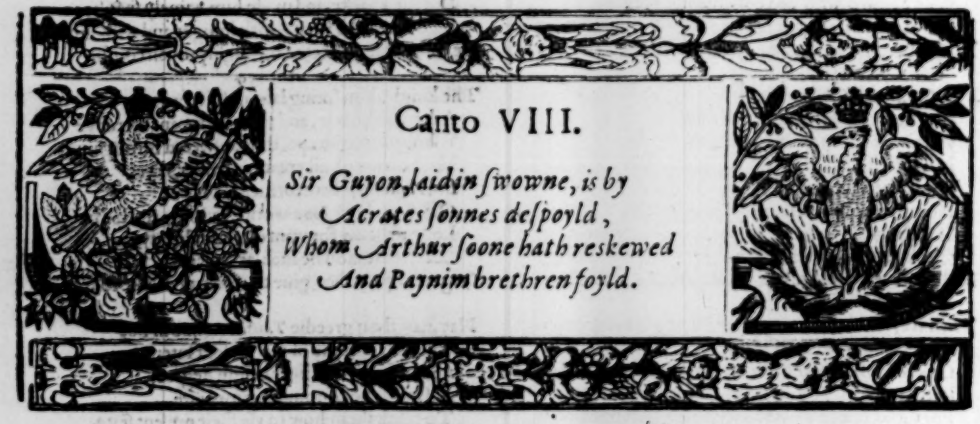
All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt:
To which if he inclined had at all,
That dreadfull fiend, which did behind him wayt,
Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was warie wise in all his way,
And well perceiued his deceiptfull sleight,
Ne suffered lust his safetie to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan waxe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe; which two vpbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
That none without the same enduren can.
For, now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterprize began:
For-thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66

The God, though loth, yet was constraind t'obay:
For longer time, then that, no liuing wight,
Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As ouercome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.



Canto VIII.

Sir Guyon, laid in swowne, is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld,
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foyld.

1

AND is there care in heauen? and is there loue
In heauenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their euils moue?
Ther is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men, then beasts. But ô th' exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loues his creatures so,
And all his workes with mercie doth embrace,
That blessed Angels, he sends to and fro,
To serue to wicked man, to serue his wicked foe.

2

How oft do they, their siluer bowers leaue,
To come to succour vs, that succour want?
How oft do they, with golden pineons, cleaue
The flitting skyes, like flying Pursuiuant,
Against foule feends to aide vs militant?
They for vs fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about vs plant,
And all for loue, and nothing for reward:
O why should heauenly God to men haue such regard?

3

During the while that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mammons* house, the Palmer, whom whylere
That wanton Mayd of passage had denide,
By further search had passage found elsewhere;
And being on his way, approched neare,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
Come hither, hither, ô come hastily:
That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry,

The

4

The Palmer lent his eare vnto the noyse,
To weet who called so importunely:
Againe, he heard a more efforced voyce,
That bade him come in haste. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that shady delue him brought at last,
Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
In senseless dreame; which sight at first him sore agast.

5

Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
And flourish faire aboue his equall peares;
His snowy front curled with golden haires,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with sunny rayes,
Diuinely shone, and two sharp winged sheares,
Decked with diuerse plumes, like painted layes,
Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
When hauing laid his cruell bowe away,
And mortall arrowes, where-with he doth fill
The world with murdrous spoyles and bloudie pray,
With his faire mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
The Goddesse pleased with his wanton play,
Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguil'd to bee,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
Through feare and wonder, that he nought could say,
Till him the child bespake, Long lackt, alas,
Hath been thy faithfull ayde in hard assay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
Behold this heauy sight, thou reuerend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour doe away;
For, life ere long shall to her home retire,
And hee that breathlesse seemes, shall courage bold respire.

8

The charge which God doth vnto me arret,
Of his deare safety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof (my selfe) vnto the end,
But euermore him succour, and defend
Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For, euill is at hand him to offend.
So hauing said, eftsoones he gan display
His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
And his slowe eyes beguiled of their sight,
Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
Gaz'd after him, as fowle escap't by flight;
At last, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
He much reioyc't, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10

At last, he spyde where towards him did pase
Two Paynim knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
And farre before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earst with *Archimago* sly,
Foreby that idle strond, of him were told,
That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11

Which to auenge on him they dearely vow'd,
Where-euer that on ground they mote him find;
False *Archimage* prouokt their courage proud,
And strife-full *Atin* in their stubborne mind
Coales of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer sate,
Keeping that slumbred corse to him assignd;
Well knew they both his person, sith of late
With him in bloudy armes they rashly did debate.

12

Whom when *Pyrrhochles* saw, inflam'd with rage,
That fire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
That with thy bruteneſſe shendst thy comely age,
Abandone soone, I read, the caitiue spoile
Of that same outcast carcasse, that erewhile
Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
And crownd his coward creſt with knightly stile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To proue hee liued ill, that did thus foully dye.

13

To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardize his carcasse shame,
Whose liuing hands immortaliz'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
And enuy base, to barke at sleeping fame:
Was neuer wight, that treason of him tolde;
Your selfe his proweſs prov'd & found him fierce & bold.

14

Then sayd *Cymochles*; Palmer thou doest dote,
Ne canst of proweſſe, ne of knighthood deeme,
Saue as thou seest or hear'st: But, well I wote,
That of his puissance tryall made extreeme;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and shield:
The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
And then due praise, or due reproche them yield;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
Or what doth his bad death now satisfie
The greedy hunger of reuenging ire,
Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
Yet sith no way is left to wreake my spight,
I will him reaue of armes, the victors hire,
And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

Faire

16

Faire Sir, ſaid then the Palmer ſuppliaunt,
For knighthoods loue doe not ſo foule a deed,
Ne blame your honour with ſo ſhamefull vaunt
Of vile revenge. To ſpoyle the dead of weed
Is ſacrilege, and doth all ſinnes exceed;
But leaue theſe reliques of his liuing might,
To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-black ſteed.
What herce or ſteed (ſaid he) ſhould he haue dight,
But be entombed in the rauen or the kight?

17

With that, rude hand vpon his ſhield he laid,
And th'other brother gan his helme vnlace,
Both fiercely bent to haue him diſarraid;
Till that they ſpyde, where towards them did paſe
An armed knight, of bold and bountious grace,
Whoſe Squire bore after him an heben launce,
And couerd ſhield. VVell kend him ſo farre ſpace
Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
When vnder him he ſaw his Lybian ſteed to prannce;

18

And to thoſe brethren ſaid, Riſe, riſe by liue,
And vnto battaile doe your ſelues addreſſe;
For, yonder comes the proweſt knight aliue,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobileſſe,
That hath to Paynim knights wrought great diſtreſſe,
And thouſand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
That word ſo deepe did in their harts impreſſe,
That both eftſoones vpſtarted furiouſly,
And gan themſelues prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrrhochles*, lacking his owne ſword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
And *Archimage* beſought, him that afford,
Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
So would I, ſayd th'enchaunter, glad and faine
Beteeme to you his ſword, you to defend,
Or ought that elſe your honour might maintaine,
But that this weapons powre I well haue kend,
To be contrary to the worke which yee intend.

20

For, that ſame knights owne ſword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art
For that his nourſling, when he knighthood ſwore,
There-with to doen his foes eternall ſmart.
The metall firſt he mixt with *Medewart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might ſaue;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And ſeauen times dipped in the bitter waue
Of helliſh *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gaue.

21

The vertue is, that neither ſteele nor ſtone,
The ſtroake thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne euer may be vſed by his fone,
Ne forc't his rightfull owner to offend,
Ne euer will it breake, ne euer bend.
Wherefore *Mordure* it rightfully is hight.
In vaine therefore, *Pyrrhochles*, ſhould I lend
The ſame to thee, againſt his Lord to fight.
For, ſure it would deceiue thy labour, and thy might.

22

Fooliſh old man, ſayd then the Pagan wroth,
That weeneſt words or charmes may force withſtond:
Soone ſhalt thou ſee, and then belieue for troth,
That I can carue with this enchaunted brond
His Lords owne fleſh. There-with out of his hond
That vertuous ſteele he rudely ſnatcht away,
And *Guyons* ſhield about his wriſt he bond;
So, ready dight fierce battaile to aſſay,
And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this, that ſtranger knight in preſence came,
And goodly ſalued them: who nought againe
Him aunſwered, as courteſie became;
But with ſterne lookes, and ſtomachous diſdaine,
Gaue ſignes of grudge and diſcontentment vaine.
Then, turning to the Palmer, hee gan ſpy
Where, at his feet, with ſorrowfull demaine
And deadly hew, an armed corſe did lye,
In whoſe dead face he read great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reuerend ſyre,
What great misfortune hath betid this knight?
Or did his life her fatall date expyre,
Or did he fall by treaſon, or by fight?
How-euer, ſure I rew his pittious plight.
Not one, nor other, ſayd the Palmer graue,
Hath him befalne, but clowdes of deadly night
Awhile his heauy eylids couer'd haue,
And all his ſenſes drowned in deepe ſenſeleſſe waue.

25

Which, thoſe ſame foes that doen awaite hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their ſpight,
VVould him diſarme, and treaten ſhamefully;
(Vnworthy vſage of redoubted knight.)
But you, fayre Sir, whoſe honourable ſight
Doth promiſe hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I beſeech to ſuccour his ſad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble caſe.
Firſt prayſe of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, ſayd he, no knight ſo rude (I weene)
As to doen outrage to a ſleeping ghoſt:
Ne was there euer noble courage ſeene,
That in advantage would his puiſſance boſt:
Honour is leaſt, where oddes appeareth moſt.
May be, that better reaſon will aſſwage
The raſh revengers heat. VVords well diſpoſt
Haue ſecret powre, t'appeaſe inflamed rage:
If not, leaue vnto me thy knights laſt patronage.

27

Tho, turning to thoſe brethren, thus beſpoke;
Yee warlike payre, whoſe valorous great might,
It ſeemes, iuſt wrongs to vengeance doth prouoke,
To wreake your wrath on this dead-ſeeming knight,
Mote ought allay the ſtorme of your deſpight,
And ſettle patience in ſo furious heat?
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for this carcaſſe pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already layd in loweſt ſeat,

To

28

To whom *Cymochles* ſaid: For what art thou,
That mak'ſt thy ſelfe his dayes-man, to prolong
The vengeance preſt? Or who ſhall let me now
On this vile body from to wreake my wrong,
And make his careaſſe as the outcaſt dong?
Why ſhould not that dead carrion ſatisfie
The guilt, which if he liued had thus long,
His life for due reuenge ſhould deare abie?
The treſpaſſe ſtill doth liue, albe the perſon die.

29

Indeed, then ſaid the Prince, the euill donne
Dies not, when breath the body firſt doth leaue;
But from the grandſire to the Nephewes ſonne,
And all his ſeed the curſe doth often cleaue,
Till vengeance vtterly the guilt bereaue:
So ſtraightly God doth iudge. But gentle knight,
That doth againſt the dead his hand vpreare,
His honour ſtaines with rancour and deſpight,
And great diſparagement makes to his former might.

30

Pyrrhochles gan reply the ſecond time,
And to him ſaid, Now felon ſure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou ſhalt be dead.
With that, his hand (more ſad then lump of lead)
Vplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His owne good ſword *Morddure*, to cleaue his head.
The faithfull ſteele ſuch treaſon no'uld endure,
But ſwaruing from the marke, his Lords life did aſſure.

31

Yet was the force ſo furious and ſo fell,
That horſe and man it made to reele aſide:
Nath'leſſe the Prince would not forſake his ſell
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)
But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
Falſe traytour, miſcreant, thou broken haſt
The law of armes, to ſtrike foe vndefide:
But thou thy treaſons fruit (I hope) ſhalt taſte
Right ſowre, and feele the law, the which thou haſt defac't.

32

With that, his balefull ſpeare he fiercely bent
Againſt the Pagans breaſt, and there-with thought
His curſed life out of her lodge haue rent:
But ere the point arriued where it ought,
That ſeauen-fold ſhield, which he from *Guyon* brought
He caſt-betweene, to ward the bitter ſtound:
Through all thoſe folds the ſteel-head paſſage wrought,
And through his ſhoulder peare't; wher-with to ground
He groueling fell, all gored in his guſhing wound.

33

Which when his brother ſaw, fraught with great griefe
And wrath, he to him leaped furiouſly,
And fouly ſaid, By *Mahoune*, curſed thiefe,
That direfull ſtroake thou dearely ſhalt aby.
Then hurling vp his harmefull blade on hie,
Smote him ſo hugely on his haughtie creſt,
That from his ſaddle forced him to fly:
Elſe mote it needs downe to his manly breſt
Haue cleft his head in twaine, and life thence diſpoſſeſt.

34

Now was the Prince in dangerous diſtreſſe,
Wanting his ſword, when he on foot ſhould fight:
His ſingle ſpeare could doe him ſmall redreſſe,
Againſt two foes of ſo exceeding might,
The leaſt of which was match for any knight.
And now the other, whom he earſt did daunt,
Had reard himſelfe againe to cruell fight,
Three times more furious, and more puiſſaunt,
Vnmindfull of his wound, or his fate ignoraunt.

35

So, both attonce him charge on either ſide,
With hideous ſtroakes, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to trauerſe wide,
And wiſely watch to ward that deadly ſtowre.
For, on his ſhield, as thicke as ſtormie ſhowre
Their ſtroakes did raine: yet did he neuer quaile,
Ne backward ſhrinke; but as a ſtedfaſt towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth aſſaile,
Them on her bulwarke beares, & bids them nought availe.

36

So ſtoutly he withſtood their ſtrong aſſay,
Till that at laſt, when he aduantage ſpide,
His poynant ſpeare he thruſt with puiſſant ſway
At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his ſhield was wide,
That through his thigh the mortall ſteele did gride:
He, ſwaruing with the force, within his fleſh
Did breake the launce, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red bloud flowed freſh,
That vnderneath his feet ſoone made a purple pleſh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and raile,
Curſing his gods, and himſelfe damning deepe:
Als when his brother ſaw the red bloud traile
Adowne ſo faſt, and all his armour ſteepe,
For very felneſſe loud he gan to weepe,
And ſaid, Caytiue, curſe on thy cruell hond,
That twice hath ſped; yet ſhall it not thee keepe
From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
Lo, where the dreadfull Death behind thy back doth ſtond.

38

With that hee ſtrooke, and th'other ſtrooke withall,
That nothing ſeem'd mote beare ſo monſtrous might:
The one vpon his couer'd ſhield did fall,
And glauncing downe, would not his owner bite:
But th'other did vpon his troncheon ſmite;
Which hewing quite aſunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lite,
The which diuiding with importune ſway,
It ſeiz'd in his right ſide, and there the dint did ſtay.

39

Wide was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
Red as the Roſe, thence guſhed grieuouſly;
That when the Paynim ſpide the ſtreaming blood,
Gaue him great hart, and hope of victorie.
On th'other ſide, in huge perplexitie,
The Prince now ſtood, hauing his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but ſtill at ward did lie:
Yet with his troncheon he ſo rudely ſtroke
Cymochles twice, that twice him forc't his foote revoke.

40

Whom when the Palmer ſaw in ſuch diſtreſſe,
Sir *Guyons* ſword he lightly to him raught,
And ſaid; Faire ſonne, great God thy right hand bleſſe,
To vſe that ſword ſo wiſely as it aught.
Glad was the knight, and with freſh courage fraught,
When as againe he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lion, which hath long time ſaught
His robbed whelpes, and at the laſt them fond
Emongſt the Shepheard ſwaines, the wreaketh wood & yond:

41

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blowes
On either ſide, that neither maile could hold,
Ne ſhield defend the thunder of his throwes:
Now to *Pyrrhochles* many ſtrokes he told;
Eft to *Cymochles* twice ſo many fold:
Then backe againe turning his buſie hond,
Them both attonce compeld with courage bold,
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both ſtood ſtiffe, yet could not both (withſtond.

42

As ſalvage Bull, whom two fierce maſtiues bayt,
VVhen rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with warie ward them to await,
But with his dreadfull hornes them driues afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing diſdaine,
That all the foreſt quakes to heare him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
That neither could his mighty puiſſance ſuſtaine.

43

But euer at *Pyrrhochles* when he ſmit
(Who *Guyons* ſhield caſt euer him before,
Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ)
His hand relented, and the ſtroke forbore,
And his deare hart the picture gan adore:
VVhich oft the Paynim ſau'd from deadly ſtowre.
But him hence-forth the ſame can ſaue no more;
For, now arriued is his fatall howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44

For, when *Cymochles* ſaw the foule reproche,
Which them appeached; prickt with guilty ſhame,
And inward griefe, he fiercely gan approche,
Reſolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,
Or die with honour and deſert of fame;
And on the hauberk ſtrooke the Prince ſo ſore,
That quite diſparted all the linked frame,
And pearced to the skin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twice to reele, that neuer moou'd afore.

45

Whereat renfierc't with wrath and ſharp regret,
Hee ſtrooke ſo hugely with his borrow'd blade,
That it empearc't the Pagans burganet,
And cleauing the hard ſteele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell paſſage made (ground,
Quite through his braine. Hee tumbling downe on
Breath'd out his ghoſt; which to th'infernall ſhade
Faſt flying, there eternall torment found,
For all the ſinnes, where-with his lewd life did abound.

46

Which when his german ſaw, the ſtony feare
Ran to his hart, and all his ſenſe diſmayd,
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare;
But, as a man whom helliſh fiends haue frayd,
Long trembling ſtill he ſtood: at laſt thus ſaid;
Traytour what haſt thou doen? how euer may
Thy curſed hand ſo cruelly haue ſwayd
Againſt that knight: Harrow and weal-away!
After ſo wicked deed why liv'ſt thou lenger day!

47

VVith that all deſperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge deſiring ſoone to die,
Aſſembling all his force and vtmoſt might,
With his owne ſword he fierce at him did fly,
And ſtrooke, and foynd, and laſht outragiouſly,
Withouten reaſon or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and ſufferance ſly
So haſtie heat ſoone cooled to ſubdue:
Tho, when this breathleſſe woxe, that battaile gan renue.

48

As when a windie tempeſt bloweth hie,
That nothing may withſtand his ſtormy ſtowre,
The clowdes (as things afraid) before him fly;
But all ſo ſoone as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to ſhoure,
And as in ſcorne of his ſpent ſtormy ſpight,
Now all attonce their malice forth doe poure;
So did Prince *Arthur* beare himſelfe in fight,
And ſuffred raſh *Pyrrhochles* waſte his idle might.

49

At laſt, when as the Sarazin perceiu'd,
How that ſtrange ſword refus'd to ſerue his need,
But when he ſtrooke moſt ſtrong, the dint deceiu'd,
He flong it from him, and devoyd of dreed,
Vpon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty armes engraſped faſt,
Thinking to overthrowe, and downe him tred:
But him in ſtrength and skill the Prince ſurpaſt,
And through his nimble ſleight did vnder him downe caſt.

50

Nought booted it the Paynim then to ſtriue;
For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
That may not hope by flight to ſcape aliue,
Still waites for death with dread and trembling awe;
So he, now ſubiect to the Victors law,
Did not once moue, nor vpward caſt his eye,
For vile diſdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twaine with ſad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet deſpis'd to die.

51

But full of Princely bountie and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to ſlay,
But caſting wrongs and all reuenge behind,
More glory thought to giue life, then decay,
And ſaid, Paynim, this is thy diſmall day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miſcreance,
And my true liegeman yield thy ſelfe for ay,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my ſouenaunce.

Foole

52

Foole, ſaid the Pagan, I thy gift deſie:
But vſe thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And ſay, that I not overcome doe die,
But in deſpight of life, for death doe call.
Wroth was the Prince, and ſory yet withall
That he ſo wilfully refuſed grace;
Yet ſith his fate ſo cruelly did fall,
His ſhining helmet he gan ſoone vnlace,
And left his headleſſe body bleeding all the place.

53

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awak't,
Life hauing maiſtered her ſenſeleſſe foe;
And looking vp, when as his ſhield he lackt,
And ſword ſaw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had loſt, he by him ſpide, right glad he grew,
And ſaid, Deare ſir, whom wandring to and fro
I long haue lackt, I ioy thy face to view;
Firme is thy faith, whom danger neuer fro me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
Of my good ſword and ſhield? The Palmer glad,
With ſo freſh hew vpriſing him to ſee,
Him anſwered; Faire ſonne, be no whit ſad
For want of weapons: they ſhall ſoone be had.
So gan he to diſcourſe the whole debate,
Which that ſtrange knight for him ſuſtained had,
And thoſe two Sarazins confounded late,
Whoſe carcaſſes on ground were horribly proſtrate.

55

Which when he heard, and ſaw the tokens true,
His hart with great affection was embayd,
And to the Prince with bowing reuerence due,
As to the Patrone of his life, thus ſaid;
My Lord, my liege, by whoſe moſt gracious ayd
I liue this day, and ſee my foes ſubdewd,
What may ſuffice, to be for meede repayd
Of ſo great graces, as ye haue me ſhewd,
But to be euer bound

56

To whom the Infant thus; Faire Sir, what need
Good turnes be counted, as a ſeruile bond,
To bind their doers to receiue their meed?
Are not all Knights by oath bound, to withſtond
Oppreſſours powre by armes and puiſſant hond?
Suffice, that I haue done my due in place.
So, goodly purpoſe they together fond,
Of kindneſſe and of curteous aggrace;
The whiles falſe *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

Canto IX.

The houſe of Temperance, in which doth ſober Alma dwell,
Beſieg'd of many foes, whom ſtranger knights to fight compell.

1

OF all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre & form,
Whiles it is kept in ſober gouernment;
But none then it more foule and indecent,
Diſtempred through miſrule and paſſions baſe:
It growes a Monſter, and incontinent
Doth loſe his dignitie and natiue grace.
Behold (who liſt) both one and other in this place.

2

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his ſtolne ſword,
And *Guyon* his loſt ſhield, they both yfere
Forth paſſed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'ſie read,
To weet why on your ſhield (ſo goodly ſcord)
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full liuely is the ſemblaunt, though the ſubſtance dead.

3

Faire Sir, ſaid he, if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine ſhew,
What mote ye weene, if the true liuely-head
Of that moſt glorious viſage ye did view?
But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bountie, and imperiall powre,
Thouſand times fairer then her mortall hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts deuoure,
And infinite deſire into your ſpirit poure!

4

Shee is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
Whoſe faire retrait I in my ſhield doe beare;
She is the flowre of grace and chaſtitie,
Throughout the world renowmed farre and neare,
My liefe, my liege, my Soueraigne, my deare,
Whoſe glory ſhineth as the morning ſtarre,
And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
Farre reach her mercies, and her praiſes farre,
As well in ſtate of peace, as puiſſaunce in warre.

5

Thrice happy man, ſaid then the *Briton* knight,
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Haue made a ſouldier of that Princeſſe bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth bleſſe her ſeruaunts, and them high aduaunce.
How may ſtrange knight hope euer to aſpire,
By faithfull ſeruice, and meet amenaunce
Vnto ſuch bliſſe? ſufficient were that hire
For loſſe of thouſand liues, to die at her deſire.

6

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed ſo great,
Or grace of earthly Prince ſo ſoueraine,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and eaſily attaine?
But were your will, her ſold to entertaine,
And numbred be mongſt knights of *Maydenhead*,
Great guerdon (well I wote) ſhould you remaine,
And in her fauour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honoured.

7

Certes, then ſaid the Prince, I God avow,
That ſince I armes and knighthood firſt did plight,
My whole deſire hath beene, and yet is now,
To ſerue that Queene with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no leſſe,
Since of that Goddeſſe I haue ſought the ſight,
Yet no where can her find: ſuch happineſſe
Heauen doth to me envy, and fortune fauourleſſe.

8

Fortune (the foe of famous cheuiſaunce)
Sildome (ſaid *Guyon*) yields to vertue ayde,
But in her way throwes miſchiefe and miſchaunce,
Whereby her courſe is ſtopt, and paſſage ſtaid.
But you, faire Sir, be not here-with diſmaid,
But conſtant keepe the way in which ye ſtand;
Which were it not, that I am elſe delaid
With hard adventure, which I haue in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Faerie land.

9

Gramercie Sir, ſaid he; but mote I wote,
What ſtrange adventure doe ye nowe purſue?
Perhaps my ſuccour, or advizement meet,
Mote ſtead you much your purpoſe to ſubdue.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the ſtory ſhew
Of falſe *Acraſia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Faerie court. So talked they, the whiles
They waſted had much way, and meaſurd many miles.

10

And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in haſte
His wearie wagon to the Weſterne vale,
When as they ſpide a goodly Caſtle, plac't
Foreby a ruer in a pleaſant dale;
Which chooſing for that euenings hoſpitale,
They thither marcht: but when they came in ſight,
And from their ſweaty courſers did avale,
They found the gates faſt barred long ere night,
And euery loup faſt lockt, as fearing foes deſpight.

11

Which when they ſaw, they weened foule reproche
Was to them doen, their entrance to forſtall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approche;
And wind his horne vnder the caſtle wall,
That with the noiſe it ſhooke, as it would fall:
Eftſoones foorth looked from the higheſt ſpire
The watch, and loud vnto the knights did call,
To weet what they ſo rudely did require.
Who gently anſwered, They entraunce did deſire.

12

Fly fly, good knights, ſaid he, fly faſt away
If that your liues ye loue, as meet ye ſhould;
Fly faſt, and ſaue your ſelues from neere decay,
Here may ye not haue entrance, though we would:
We would and would againe, if that we could;
But thouſand enemies about vs raue,
And with long ſiege vs in this caſtle hould:
Seauen yeares this wize they vs beſieged haue,
And many good knights ſlaine, that haue vs ſought to ſaue.

13

Thus as he ſpake, loe, with outragious cry
A thouſand villaines round about them ſwarm'd
Out of the rocks and caues adioyning nie,
Vile caitiue wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatning death, all in ſtrange manner arm'd,
Some with vnweldy clubs, ſome with long ſpeares,
Some ruſtie kniues, ſome ſtaues in fier warm'd.
Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed Steares,
Staring with hollow eyes, and ſtiffe vpſtanding heares.

14

Fiercely at firſt thoſe knights they did aſſaile,
And droue them to recoile: but when againe
They gaue freſh charge, their forces gan to faile,
Vnable their encounter to ſuſtaine;
For, with ſuch puiſſaunce and impetuous maine
Thoſe Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,
Like ſcattered Sheepe, when as the Shepheards ſwaine
A Lyon and a Tigre doth eſpy,
With greedy paſe forth ruſhing from the foreſt nie.

15

Awhile they fled, but ſoone returnd againe
With greater fury then before was found;
And euermore their cruell Capitaine
Sought with his raſcall routs t'encloſe them round,
And (ouer-runne) to tread them to the ground.
But ſoone the Knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
Hewing and ſlaſhing at their idle ſhades; (fades.
For, though they bodies ſeeme, yet ſubſtance from them

As

16

As when a ſwarme of Gnats at euentide
Out of the fennes of Allan doe ariſe,
Their murmuring ſmall trumpets ſounden wide,
Whiles in the ayre their cluſtring armie flies,
That as a cloud doth ſeeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beaſt may reſt, or take repaſt,
For their ſharpe wounds, and noyous iniuries,
Till the fierce Northerne wind with bluſtring blaſt
Doth blowe them quite away, and in the *Ocean* caſt.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout diſperſt,
Vnto the Caſtle gate they come againe,
And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erſt.
Now, when report of that their perilous paine,
And combrous conflict which they did ſuſtaine,
Came to the Ladies eare which there did dwell,
She forth iſſued with a goodly traine
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairely, as beſeſl.

18

Alma ſhe called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,
Yet was ſhe woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That ſought with her to linke in marriage:
For, ſhe was faire, as faire mote euer bee,
And in the flowre now of her freſheſt age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modeſtee,
That euen heauen reioyced her ſweet face to ſee.

19

In robe of lilly white ſhe was arrayd,
That from her ſhoulder to her heele downe raught,
The traine whereof looſe far behind her ſtrayd,
Branched with gold and pearle, moſt richly wrought,
And borne of two faire Damſels, which were taught
That ſeruice well. Her yellow golden haire
Was trimly wouen, and in treſſes wrought,
Ne other tyre ſhe on her head did weare,
But crowned with a garland of ſweet Roſiere.

20

Goodly ſhe entertaind thoſe noble knights,
And brought them vp into her caſtle hall;
Where, gentle court and gracious delight
She to them made, with mildneſſe virginall,
Shewing herſelfe both wiſe and liberall:
There when they reſted had a ſeaſon dew,
They her beſought of fauour ſpeciall,
Of that faire Caſtle to affoord them view;
She graunted, and them leading forth, the ſame did ſhew.

21

Firſt, ſhe them led vp to the Caſtle wall,
That was ſo high, as foe might not it clime,
And all ſo faire, and ſenſible withall,
Not built of brick, ne yet of ſtone and lime,
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* ſlime,
Whereof king *Nine* whilome built *Babell* towre;
But O great pitty, that no lenger time
So goodly workmanſhip ſhould not endure:
Soone it muſt turne to earth; no earthly thing is ſure.

22

The frame thereof ſeem'd partly circulare,
And part triangulare: O worke divine!
Thoſe two the firſt and laſt proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortall, feminine;
Th'other immortall, perfect, maſculine;
And twixt them both a quadrate was the baſe,
Proportioned equally by ſeuen and nine;
Nine was the circle ſet in heauens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Dyapaſe*.

23

Therein two gates were placed ſeemely well:
The one before, by which all in did paſſe,
Did th'other far in workmanſhip excell;
For, not of wood, nor of enduring braſſe,
But of more worthy ſubſtance fram'd it was;
Doubly diſparted, it did lock and cloſe,
That when it locked, none might thorough paſſe,
And when it opened, no man might it cloſe,
Still open to their friends, and cloſed to their foes.

24

Of hewen ſtone the porch was fairely wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more ſmooth and fine,
Then Iet or Marble farre from Ireland brought;
Over the which was caſt a wandring Vine,
Enchaced with a wanton Iuie twine.
And over it a faire Portcullis hung,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comely compaſſe, and compacture ſtrong,
Neither vnſeemely ſhort, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter ſate,
Day and night duly keeping watch and ward,
Nor wight, nor word mote paſſe out of the gate,
But in good order, and with due regard;
Vtterers of ſecrets he from thence debard,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
When cauſe requir'd, but neuer out of time;
Rarely and late it rong, at euening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on euery ſide
Twice ſixteene warders ſate, all armed bright
In gliſtring ſteele, and ſtrongly fortifide:
Tall yeomen ſeemed they, and of great might,
And were enranged ready ſtill for fight.
By them as *Alma* paſſed with her gueſts,
They did obeyſaunce, as beſeemed right,
And then againe returned to their reſts:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble geſts.

27

Thence ſhe them brought into a ſtately Hall,
Wherein were many tables faire diſpred,
And ready dight with drapets feaſtiuall,
Againſt the viands ſhould be miniſtred.
At th'vpper end there ſate, yclad in red
Downe to the ground, a comely perſonage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was, hight *Diet*; ripe of age,
And in demeanure ſober, and in counſell ſage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A iolly yeoman, Marſhall of the ſame,
Whoſe name was *Appetite*; he did beſtowe
Both gueſts and meat, when euer in they came,
And knew them how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both attone
Did dutie to their Lady, as became;
Who paſſing by, forth led her gueſtes anone
Into the kitchin roome, ne ſpar'd for niceneſſe none.

29

It was a vaut ybuilt for great diſpence,
With many raunges reard along the wall;
And one great chimney, whoſe long tonnell thence,
The ſmoke forth threw. And in the midſt of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Vpon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot, then *Aetn*' or flaming *Mongiball*:
For, day and night it brent, ne ceaſſed not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30

But to delay the heat, leaſt by miſchaunce
It might breake out, and ſet the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
An huge great paire of bellowes, which did ſtire
Continually, and cooling breath inſpire.
About the caudron many Cookes accoyld,
With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viands in the veſſell boyld
They did about their buſineſſe ſweat, and ſorely toyld.

31

The maiſter Cooke was cald *Concoction*,
A carefull man, and full of comely guiſe:
The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digeſtion*,
Did order all the cates in ſeemely wiſe,
And ſet them forth, as well he could deuiſe.
The reſt had ſeuerall offices aſſign'd:
Some to remoue the ſcum as it did riſe;
Others to beare the ſame away did mind;
And others it to vſe according to his kind.

32

But all the liquour, which was foule and waſte,
Not good nor ſeruiceable elſe for ought,
They in another great round veſſell plac't,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the reſt, that noyous was and nought,
By ſecret wayes that none might it eſpy,
Was cloſe conuaid, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Eſquiline*, whereby
It was avoided quite, and throwne out priuily.

33

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
When as thoſe Knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For, neuer had they ſeene ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
And ſoone into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royall Arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but eaſie to be thought.

34

And in the midſt thereof vpon the floure,
A louely beuy of faire Ladies ſate,
Courted of many a iolly Paramoure,
The which them did in modeſt wiſe amate,
And each one ſought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongſt them little *Cupid* plaid
His wanton ſports, beeing returned late
From his fierce warres, and hauing from him layd
His cruell bowe, where-with he thouſands hath diſmayd.

35

Diuerſe delights they found themſelues to pleaſe;
Some ſung in ſweet conſort, ſome caught for ioy,
Some plaid with ſtrawes, ſome idle ſate at eaſe;
But other ſome could not abide to toy,
All pleaſance was to them griefe and annoy:
This fround, that faund, the third for ſhame did bluſh,
Another ſeemed envious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw aruſh:
But at theſe ſtrangers preſence euery one did huſh.

36

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attonce out of their ſeates aroſe,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan diſpoſe
Themſelues to court, and each a Damſell choſe:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right faire and freſh as morning roſe,
But ſome-what ſad, and ſolemne eke in ſight,
As if ſome penſiue thought conſtraind her gentle ſpright.

37

In a long purple pall, whoſe skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, ſhe was arrayd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner ſaid;
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus diſmaid,
And your faire beautie doe with ſadneſſe ſpill?
Liues any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you loue, or doen you lacke your will?
What-euer be the cauſe, it ſure beſeemes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, ſaid ſhe (halfe in diſdainefull wiſe)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your ſelfe doe not the ſame adviſe?
Him ill beſeemes, anothers fault to name,
That may vnwares be blotted with the ſame:
Penſiue I yield I am, and ſad in mind,
Through great deſire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I weene) are ye therein behind, (find.
That haue twelue months ſought one, yet no where can her

39

The Prince was inly moued at her ſpeach,
Well weeting true, what ſhe had raſhly told;
Yet with faire ſemblaunt ſought to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce vnfold,
Now ſeeming flaming hot, now ſtony cold.
Tho, turning ſoft aſide, he did inquire,
What wight ſhe was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It anſwered was, her name was *Praiſe-deſire*,
That by well dooing ſought to honour to aſpire.

The

40

The whiles, the *Faerie* knight did entertaine
Another Damſell of that gentle crew,
That was right faire, and modeſt of demaine,
But that too oft ſhe chang'd her natiue hew:
Strange was her tire, and all her garment blew,
Cloſe round about her tuckt with many a plight:
Vpon her fiſt, the bird which ſhunneth view,
And keepes in couerts cloſe from liuing wight,
Did ſit, as yet aſhamed, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
Vnto the ground ſhe gaſt her modeſt eye,
And euer and anone with roſie red
The baſhfull bloud her ſnowy cheekes did die,
That her became, as poliſht Ivory,
Which cunning Craftſmans hand hath overlaid
With faire Vermilion or pure laſtery.
Great wonder had the knight to ſee the maid
So ſtrangely paſſioned, and to her gently ſaid,

42

Faire Damſell, ſeemeth by your troubled cheare,
That either me too bold yee weene, this wiſe
You to moleſt, or other ill to feare
That in the ſecret of your hart cloſe lyes,
From whence it doth, as cloud from ſea ariſe.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought elſe that I mote not deviſe,
I will (if pleaſe you it diſcure) aſſay
To eaſe you of that ill, ſo wifely as I may.

43

She anſwered nought, but more abaſht for ſhame,
Held downe her head, the whiles her louely face
The flaſhing bloud with bluſhing did inflame,
And the ſtrong paſſion mard her modeſt grace,
That *Guyon* meruaild at her vncouth caſe:
Till *Alma* him beſpake, Why wonder yee
Faire Sir at that, which ye ſo much embrace?
She is the fountaine of your modeſtee;
You ſhamefac't are, but *Shamefaſtneſſe* it ſelfe is ſhee.

44

Thereat the Elfe did bluſh in priuitee,
And turnd his face away; but ſhe the ſame
Diſſembled faire, and faind to ouerſee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
Themſelues did ſolace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Ladie thence away them ſought,
To view her Caſtles other wondrous frame.
Vp to a ſtately Turret ſhe them brought,
Aſcending by ten ſteps of Alablaſter wrought.

45

That Turrets frame moſt admirable was,
Like higheſt heauen compaſſed around,
And lifted high aboue this earthly maſs,
Which it ſurview'd, as hils doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound:
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
Frō which young *Hectors* bloud by cruell *Greeks* was ſpilt.

46

The rooſe hereof was arched ouer head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, ſet in watches ſtead,
Therein gaue light, and flam'd continually:
For, they of liuing fire moſt ſubtilly
Were made, and ſet in ſilver ſockets bright,
Couer'd with lids deviz'd of ſubſtance ſly,
That readily they ſhut and open might.
O, who can tell the prayſes of that makers might!

47

Ne can I tell, ne can I ſtay to tell
This parts great workmanſhip, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
And likeſt is vnto that heauenly towre,
That God hath built for his owne bleſſed bowre.
Therein were diuerſe roomes, and diuerſe ſtages,
But three the chiefeſt, and of greateſt powre,
In which there dwelt three honourable ſages,
The wiſeſt men (I weene) that liued in their ages.

48

Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurſe of all good Arts)
By *Phœbus* doome, the wiſeſt thought aliue,
Might be compar'd to theſe by many parts:
Nor that ſage *Pylian* ſire, which did ſuruiue
Three ages, ſuch as mortall men contriue,
By whoſe adviſe old *Priams* cittie fell,
With theſe in praiſe of policies mote ſtriue.
Theſe three in theſe three roomes did ſundry dwell,
And counſelled faire *Alma*, how to gouerne well.

49

The firſt of them could things to come fore-ſee:
The next, could of things preſent beſt adviſe:
The third, things paſt could keepe in memoree:
So that no time, nor reaſon could ariſe,
But that the ſame could one of theſe comprize.
For thy, the firſt did in the fore-part ſit,
That nought mote hinder his quicke preiudize:
He had a ſharpe fore-ſight, and working wit,
That neuer idle was, ne once could reſt a whit.

50

His chamber was diſpainted all within,
With ſundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite ſhapes of things diſperſed thin:
Some ſuch as in the world were neuer yit,
Ne can deuiſed be of mortall wit;
Some daily ſeene, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantaſies doe flit:
Infernall Hags, *Centaures*, ſcends, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fooles, louers, children,

51 (Dames.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made ſuch ſound,
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many ſwarmes of Bees aſſembled round,
After their hiues with honny doe abound:
All thoſe were idle thoughts and fantaſies,
Deuices, dreames, opinions vnſound,
Shewes, viſions, ſooth-ſayes, and prophecies;
And all that fained is, as leaſings, tales, and lies.

52

Emongſt them all ſate he which wonned there,
That hight *Phantaſtes* by his nature trew;
A man of yeares yet freſh, as mote appere,
Of ſwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did ſhew;
Bent hollow beetle browes, ſharp ſtaring eyes,
That mad or fooliſh ſeem'd: one by his view
Mote deeme him borne with ill diſpoſed skyes,
When oblique *Saturne* ſate in th'houſe of agonies.

53

Whom *Alma* hauing ſhewed to her gueſtes,
Thence brought them to the ſecond roome, whoſe wals
Were painted faire with memorable geſtes
Of famous Wiſards, and with picturals
Of Magiſtrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of common wealthes, of ſtates, of policie,
Of lawes, of iudgements, and of decretals;
All Artes, all Science, all Philoſophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54

Of thoſe that roome was full: and them among
There ſate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long,
That through continuall practiſe and vſage,
He now was growne right wiſe, and wondrous ſage.
Great pleaſure had thoſe ſtranger Knights, to ſee
His goodly reaſon, and graue perſonage,
That his diſciples both deſir'd to bee;
But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmoſt roome of three.

55

That chamber ſeemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was remoued farre behind,
Yet were the wals, that did the ſame vphold,
Right firme and ſtrong, though ſomwhat they declin'd;
And therein ſate an old old man, halfe blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corſe,
Yet liuely vigour reſted in his mind,
And recompenc't him with a better ſcorce:
Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded ſtill as they did paſs,
Ne ſuffred them to periſh through long eld,
As all things elſe, the which this world doth weld,
But laid them vp in his immortall ſcrine,
Where they for euer incorrupted dweld;
The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
Of old *Aſſaracus*, and *Inachus* diuine.

57

The yeares of *Neſtor* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Mathuſalem*, though longeſt lyu'd;
For, he remembred both their infancies:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriu'd
Of natiue ſtrength now, that he them ſurviu'd.
His chamber all was hangd about with rolles,
And old records from auncient times deriu'd,
Some made in bookes, ſome in long parchment ſcrols,
That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58

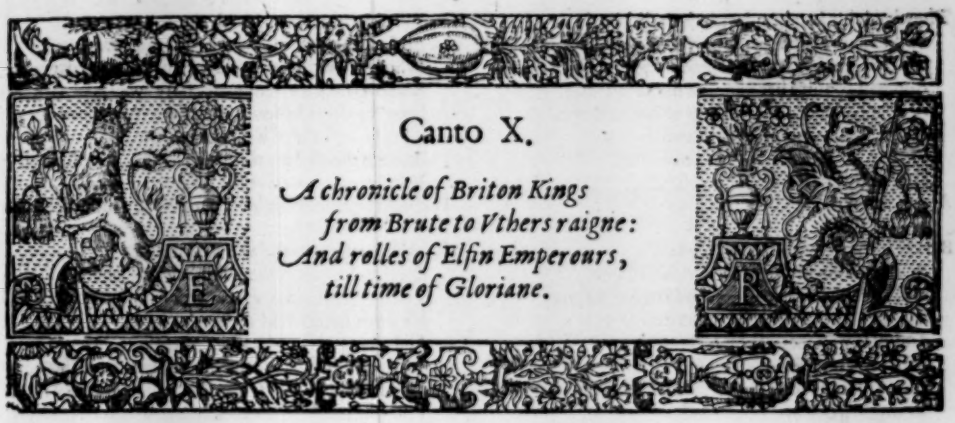
Amidſt them all he in a chaire was ſet,
Toſſing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was vnable them to fet,
A little boy did on him ſtill attend
To reach, when euer he for ought did ſend;
And oft when things were loſt, or laid amiſs,
That boy them ſought, and vnto him did lend.
Therefore he *Anamneſtes* cleped is,
And that old man *Eumneſtes*, by their propertis.

59

The Knights, there entring, did him reuerence dew,
And wondred at his endleſſe exerciſe.
Then as they gan his Librarie to view,
And antique Regiſters for to aviſe,
There chaunced to the Princes hand to riſe
An auncient booke, hight *Briton moniments*,
That of this lands firſt conqueſt did deuiſe,
And old diuiſion into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans gouernments.

60

Sir *Guyon* chaunc't eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond.
In which when as he greedily did looke;
Th'off-ſpring of Elves and Faries there he fond,
As it deliuer'd was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with feruent fire
Their countries auncestry to vnderſtond,
Crav'd leaue of *Alma*, and that aged ſire,
To read thoſe bookes; who gladly graunted their deſire.



Canto X.

A chronicle of Briton Kings
from Brute to Vthers raigne:
And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
till time of Gloriane.

1

WHo now ſhall giue vnto me words and ſound,
Equall vnto this haughtie enterprife?
Or who ſhall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowely verſe may loftily ariſe,
And lift it ſelfe vnto the higheſt skies?
More ample ſpirit then hitherto was wount,
Heere needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my moſt dreaded Soueraigne I recount,
By which all earthly Princes ſhe doth farre ſurmount.

2

Ne vnder Sunne, that ſhines ſo wide and faire,
Whence all that liues, does borrow life and light,
Liues ought, that to her linage may compaire,
Which though from earth it be deriued right,
Yet doth it ſelfe ſtretch forth to heauens hight,
And all the world with wonder overſpred;
A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
How ſhall fraile pen, with feare diſparaged,
Conceiue ſuch ſoueraigne glory, and great bountihed?

3

Argument worthy of *Mœonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
VVhereon the ruines of great *Oſſa* hill,
And triumphes of *Phlegrean Ioue* he wrote,
That all the Gods admir'd his loftie note.
But if ſome reliſh of that heauenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To decke my ſong withall, I would aſſay,
Thy name, ô ſoueraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

4

Thy name, ô ſoueraine Queene, thy realme and race,
From this renowmed Prince deriued arre,
Who mightily vpheld that royall mace,
Which now thou bear'ſt, to thee deſcended farre
From mighty Kings, and Conquerours in warre,
Thy Fathers and great Grand-fathers of old,
Whoſe noble deeds aboue the Northerne ſtarre
Immortall fame for euer hath enrold;
As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

5

The land, which warlike Britons now poſſeſſe,
And therein haue their mightie Empire rayſd,
In antique times was ſalvage wilderneſſe,
Vnpeopled, vnmanur'd, vnprov'd, vnprayſd;
Ne was it Iſland then, ne was it payſd
Amid the *Ocean* waues, ne was it ſought
Of Marchants farre, for profits therein prayſd,
But was all deſolate, and of ſome thought
By ſea to haue been from the *Celticke* main-land brought.

6

Ne did it then deſerue a name to haue,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ſhip from thoſe white rocks to ſaue,
VVhich all along the Southerne ſea-coaſt lay,
Threatning vnheedie wreck and raſh decay,
For ſafeties ſake that ſame his ſea-marke made,
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit ports for fiſhers trade,
Gan more the ſame frequent, and further to invade.

7

But farre in land a ſalvage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Giants, and halfe beaſtly men,
That neuer taſted grace, nor goodneſſe felt,
But like wild beaſts lurking in loathſome den,
And flying faſt as Roebuck through the fen,
All naked without ſhame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by ſpoyling liued then;
Of ſtature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That ſonnes of men amaz'd their ſternneſſe to behold.

8

But whence they ſprong, or how they were begot,
Vneath is to aſſure; vneath to weene
That monſtrous error which doth ſome aſſot,
That *Dioceſians* fiftie daughters ſheene
Into this land by chaunce haue driuen beene,
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights,
Through vaine illuſion of their luſt vncleene,
They brought forth Giants and ſuch dreadfull wights,
As farre exceeded men in their immeaſur'd mights.

They

9

They held this Land, and with their filthineſſe
Polluted this ſame gentle ſoyle long time:
That their owne mother loath'd their beaſtlineſſe,
And gan abhorre her broods vnkindly crime,
All were they borne of her owne natiue ſlime;
Vntill that *Brutus* anciently deriu'd
From royall ſtock of old *Aſſaracs* line,
Driuen by fatall errour, heere arriu'd,
And them of their vniuſt poſſeſſion depriu'd.

10

But ere he had eſtabliſhed his throne,
And ſpred his Empire to the vtmoſt ſhore,
He fought great battailes with his ſaluage fone;
In which he them defeated euermore,
And many Giants left on groning flore;
That well can witneſſe yet vnto this day
The weſterne Hogh, beſprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goëmot*, whom in ſtout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did ſlay.

11

And eke that ample Pit, yet farre renownd,
For the large leape, which *Debon* did compell
Coulin to make, beeing eight lugs of ground;
Into the which returning back, he fell:
But thoſe three monſtrous ſtones doe moſt excell,
Which that huge ſonne of hideous *Albion*,
Whoſe father, *Hercules* in Fraunce did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was ſlaine anon.

12

In meed of theſe great conqueſts by them got,
Corineus had the Prouince vtmoſt weſt,
To him aſſigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable geſt
He called *Cornewaile*, yet ſo called beſt:
And *Debons* ſhaire was, that is *Deuonſhire*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the reſt,
The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hire;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13

Thus *Brute* this Realme vnto his rule ſubdewd,
And raigned long in great felicitie,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eſchewd,
He left three ſonnes (his famous progeny)
Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongſt whom he parted his imperiall ſtate,
And *Locrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
At laſt, ripe age bad him ſurrender late
His life, and long good fortune, vnto finall fate.

14

Locrine was left the ſoueraigne Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
Which of himſelfe *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did poſſeſſe the Weſterne quart,
Which *Seuerne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enioyd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
That once their quiet gouernment annoyd,
But each his paines to others profit ſtill employd.

15

Vntill a Nation ſtrange, with viſage ſwart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then ſwarmd in euery part,
And overflow'd all countries farre away,
Like *Noyes* great floud, with their importune ſway,
This Land invaded with like violence,
And did themſelues through all the North diſplay:
Vntill that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
Did head againſt them make, and ſtrong munificence.

16

Hee them encountred (a confuſed rout)
Foreby the Riuer, that whilome was hight
The auncient *Abus*, where with courage ſtout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chac't ſo fiercely after fearefull flight,
That forc't their Chiefetaine, for his ſafeties ſake
(Their Chiefetaine *Humber* named was aright)
Vnto the mightie ſtreame him to betake,
Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17

The King returned proud of victorie,
And inſolent wox through vnwonted eaſe,
That ſhortly he forgot the ieopardie,
Which in his land he lately did appeaſe,
And fell to vaine voluptuous diſeaſe:
He lov'd faire Ladie *Eſtrild*, lewdly lov'd,
Whoſe wanton pleaſures him too much did pleaſe,
That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithful prov'd.

18

The noble daughter of *Corineus*,
Would not endure to be ſo vile diſdaind;
But gathering force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battaile well ordaind,
In which him vanquiſht ſhe to fly conſtraind:
But ſhe ſo faſt purſewd, that him ſhe tooke,
And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
Als his faire Leman, flying through a brooke,
She overhent, nought moued with her pittious looke.

19

But both her ſelfe, and eke her daughter deare,
Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
The faire *Sabrina* almoſt dead with feare,
She there attached, farre from all ſuccoure;
The one ſhe ſlew in that impatient ſtoure:
But the ſad virgin innocent of all,
Adowne the rolling riuer ſhe did poure,
Which of her name now *Severne* men do call:
Such was the end that to diſloyall loue did fall.

20

Then for her ſonne, which ſhe to *Locrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, vnmeet the rule of ſway)
In her owne hand the crowne ſhe kept in ſtore,
Till riper yeeres he raught, and ſtronger ſtay:
During which time, her powre ſhe did diſplay
Through all this Realme (the glory of her ſex)
And firſt taught men a woman to obay:
But when her ſonne to mans eſtate did wex,
Shee it ſurrendred, ne herſelfe would lenger vex.

Tho

21

Tho *Madan* raign'd, vnworthy of his race:
For, with all ſhame that ſacred throne he fild:
Next, *Memprife*, as vnworthy of that place,
In which beeing conſorted with *Manild*,
For thirſt of ſingle kingdome him he kild.
But *Ebranck* ſalued both their infamies
With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Braue moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22

An happy man in his firſt dayes he was,
And happy father of faire progeny:
For, all ſo many weekes as the yeere has,
So many children he did multiply;
Of which were twentie ſonnes, which did apply
Their minds to praiſe, and chevalrous deſire:
Thoſe germans did ſubdew all Germany,
Of whom it hight: but in the end their Sire,
With ſoule repulſe, from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23

Which blot, his ſonne ſucceeding in his ſeat,
The ſecond *Brute* (the ſecond both in name
And eke in ſemblance of his puiſſance great)
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of euerlaſting fame.
Hee with his victour ſword firſt opened
The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
And taught her firſt how to be conquered:
Since which, with ſundry ſpoiles ſhe hath been ranſacked.

24

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
And let the marſh of *Eſtham bruges* tell,
What colour were their waters that ſame day,
And all the moore twixt *Elverſham* and *Dell*,
With bloud of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
How oft that day did ſad *Brunchildis* ſee
The greene ſhield dyde in dolorous vermill?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote ſeeme to bee;
But rather ȝ *Scuith gogh*, ſigne of ſad cruciee.

25

His ſonne king *Leill*, by fathers labour long,
Enioyd an heritage of laſting peace,
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* ſtrong.
Next, *Huddibras* his realme did not encreaſe,
But taught the land from wearie warres to ceaſe.
Whoſe footſteps *Bladud* following, in arts
Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to theſe ſalvage parts,
And with ſweet ſcience mollifide their ſtubborne harts.

26

Enſample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
Which ſeeth with ſecret fire eternally,
And in their entrailes, full of quick Brimſton,
Nouriſh the flames, which they are warm'd vpon,
That to her people wealth they forth doe well,
And health to euery forraine nation:
Yet he at laſt, contending to excell
The reach of men, through flight into fond miſchiefe fell.

27

Next him, king *Leyr* in happy peace long raignd,
But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three faire daughters, which were well vptraind,
In all that ſeemed fit for kingly ſeed:
Mongſt whom his realme he equally decreed
To haue diuided. Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his vtmoſt date he ſaw proceed,
Hee cald his daughters; and with ſpeeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did loue her parentage.

28

The eldeſt, *Gonorill*, gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more then her owne life him lov'd:
And *Regan* greater loue to him profeſt,
Then all the world, when euer it were proou'd;
But *Cordeill* ſaid ſhe lov'd him, as behoou'd:
Whoſe ſimple anſwere, wanting colours faire
To paint it forth, him to diſpleaſance moou'd,
That in his crowne he counted her no heire,
But twixt the other twaine his kingdome whole did ſhaire.

29

So, wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
And twixt them ſhaird his realme by equall lots:
But without dowre the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Syre, thus eaſed of his crowne,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne,
That nought him grieu'd to been frō rule depoſed downe.

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is ſpent,
The light goes out, and wike is throwne away;
So, when he had reſign'd his regiment,
His daughter gan deſpiſe his drouping day,
And wearie wox of his continuall ſtay.
Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repaird,
VVho him at firſt well vſed euery way;
But when of his departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her bounty ſhe abated, and his cheare empair'd.

31

The wretched man gan then aviſe too late,
That loue is not, where moſt it is profeſt;
Too truly tryde in his extreameſt ſtate:
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to proue the reſt,
He to *Cordelia* himſelfe addreſt,
Who with entire affection him receau'd,
As for her Syre and king her ſeemed beſt;
And after all, an army ſtrong ſhee leau'd,
To war on thoſe, which him had of his realme bereau'd.

32

So to his crowne ſhe him reſtor'd againe,
In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
And after will'd it ſhould to her remaine:
Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld:
And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
Till that her ſiſters children, woxen ſtrong,
Through proud ambition againſt her rebeld,
And ouercommen kept in priſon long,
Till wearie of that wretched life, her ſelfe ſhe hong.

Then

33
Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raigne:
But fierce *Cundah* gan ſhortly to envie
His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud diſdaine
To haue a Peere in part of ſoueraintie,
And kindling coales of cruell enmitie,
Rais'd warre, and him in battaile overthrew:
Whence as he to thoſe wooddie hils did flie,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him ſlew:
Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34
His ſonne *Rival'* his dead roome did ſupply,
In whoſe ſad time bloud did from heauen raine:
Next, great *Gurguſtus*, then faire *Cecily*
In conſtant peace their kingdomes did containe;
After whom, *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raigne,
And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeeres he grew;
When his ambitious ſonnes vnto them twaine,
Arraught the rule, and from their father drew;
Stout *Ferrex* and ſterne *Porrex* him in priſon threw.

35
But ô! the greedy thirſt of royall crowne,
That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,
Stird *Porrex* vp to put his brother downe;
Who, vnto him aſſembling forraine might,
Made warre on him, and fell himſelfe in fight:
Whoſe death t'avenge, his mother mercileſſe
(Moſt mercileſſe of women, *Wyden* hight)
Her other ſonne faſt ſleeping did oppreſſe,
And with moſt cruell hand him murdred pittileſſe.

36
Here ended *Brutus* ſacred progenie,
Which had ſeauen hundred yeeres this ſcepter borne,
With high renowme, and great felicitie.
The noble branch from th'antique ſtock was torne
Through diſcord, and the royall throne forlorne:
Thence-forth this Realme was into factions rent,
Whil'ſt each of *Brutus* boaſted to be borne,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37
Then vp aroſe a man of matchleſſe might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
Who ſtird with pitty of the ſtreſſed plight
Of this ſad Realme, cut into ſundry ſhaires
By ſuch, as claimd themſelues *Brutes* rightfull heires,
Gathered the Princes of the people looſe,
To taken counſell of their common cares;
Who, with his wiſedome won, him ſtraight did chooſe
Their King, and ſwore him fealty to win or looſe.

38
Then made he head againſt his enemies,
And *Ymner* ſlew, or *Legrin* miſcreate;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
Whoſe countries he reduc't to quiet ſtate,
And ſhortly brought to ciuill gouernaunce,
Now one, which earſt were many made through variaunce.

39
Then made he ſacred lawes, which ſome men ſay
Were vnto him reveal'd in viſion,
By which he freed the Trauailers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Reſtraining ſtealth, and ſtrong extortion;
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britannie*:
For, till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
By ſtrength was wielded without policie;
Therefore he firſt wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40
Donwallo dide (for, what may liue for ay?)
And left two ſonnes, of peereleſſe proweſſe both;
That ſacked *Rome* too dearely did aſſay,
The recompence of their periured oth,
And ranſackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth;
Beſides ſubiected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their prayſes ſpeake, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of Britanny.

41
Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* ſonne,
In rule ſucceed, and eke in fathers praiſe;
He Eaſterland ſubdewd, and Danmarke wonne,
And of them both did foy and tribute raiſe,
The which was due in his dead fathers dayes:
He alſo gaue to fugitiues of *Spayne*
(Whom he at ſea found wandring from their wayes,
A ſeate in *Ireland* ſafely to remaine,
Which they ſhould hold of him, as ſubiect to *Britaine*.

42
After him raigned *Guithiline* his heyre
(The iuſteſt man and trueſt in his dayes)
Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
A woman worthy of immortall prayſe,
Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
And wholeſome Statutes to her husband brought;
Her many deem'd to haue beene of the *Fayes*,
As was *Aegerié*, that *Numa* tought;
Thoſe yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd & thought.

43
Her ſonnes *Sifillus* after her did raigne,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne ſuſtaine:
Who, had he not with wrath outragious,
And cruell rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, ſhould matched haue the beſt:
As well in that ſame field victorious
Againſt the forraine *Morands* he expreſt;
Yet liues his memory, though carcaſſe ſleepe in reſt.

44
Fiue ſonnes he left begotten of one wife,
All which ſucceſſiuely by turnes did raigne;
Firſt, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life;
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud diſdaine,
Depoſed was from Princedome ſoueraine,
And pittious *Elidure* put in his ſted;
Who ſhortly it to him reſtor'd againe,
Till by his death he it recouered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him diſthronized.

In

45

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
Till they outraigned had their vtmost date,
And then therein releized was againe,
And ruled long with honorable state,
Till he surrendred realme and life to fate.
Then all the sonnes of these fiue brethren raigned
By due succesle, and all their Nephewes late,
Euen three sore eleuen descents the crowne retayned,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gayned.

46

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
Left of his life most famous memory,
And endlesse moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd wals he did reædifie
Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme
Was by the people chosen in their sted,
Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
And goodly well long time it gouerned,
Till the proude *Romanes* him disquieted,
And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name
Of this sweet Island, neuer conquered,
And enuying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48

Yet twise they were repulsed backe againe,
And twise renforc't, backe to their ships to fly,
The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine.
And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, false to natiue soyle,
And enuious of Vncles soueraintie,
Betrayd his countrey vnto forreine spoile:
Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foile.

49

So by him *Cæsar* got the victory,
Through great bloushed, and many a sad assay,
In which himselfe was charged heauily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray:
Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50

Next him *Tenantius* raigned, then *Kimbeltne*,
What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line
To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
O ioyous memory of happy time,
That heauenly grace so plentiously displaid!
Otoo high ditty for my simple rime!
Soone after this, the *Romanes* him warrayd;
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

51

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
An army brought, and with him battell fought,
In which the king was by a Treachetour
Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceased not the bloudie fight for ought;
For *Aruirage* his brothers place supplide,
In armes, and eke in crowne; and by that draught
Did driue the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52

Was neuer king more highly magnifide,
Nor drad of *Romanes*, then was *Auirage*;
For which the Emperour to him allide
His daughter *Genuiss'* in marriage:
Yet shortly he renounc't the vassallage
Of *Rome* againe, who hither hast'ly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoyle and rage
Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
Perswaded him to ceasse, and her Lord to relent.

53

He dyde: and him succeeded *Marius*,
Who ioy'd his dayes with great tranquillity:
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That first receiued Christianitie,
The sacred pledge of Christs Euangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that daie
Hither came *Ioseph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayle (they say)
And preacht the truth: but since it greatly did decay.

54

This good king shortly without issew dide,
Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
That did her selfe in sundry parts diuide,
And with her powre her owne selfe ouerthrew,
Whil'st *Romanes* daily did the weake subdew:
Which seeing stout *Bunduca* vp arose,
And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom she marched straight against her foes,
And them vnwares besides the *Seuerne* did enclose.

55

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
Not with so good successe, as she deseru'd;
By reason that the Captaines, on her side,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her sweru'd;
Yet such, as were through former flight preseru'd,
Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
And with fresh courage on the victour seru'd:
But being all defeated saue a few,
Rather then fly, or be captiu'd, her selfe she slew.

56

O famous moniment of womens praise,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique history so high doth raise,
Or to *Hypsipyl'* or to *Thomiris*:
Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune fauoured her might,
Triumphed oft against her enimis;
And yet though ouercome in hapless fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

57

Her reliques *Fulgent* hauing gathered,
Fought with *Seuerus* and him ouerthrew;
Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled;
So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
Then gan *Carausius* tyrannize anew,
And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
But him *Allectus* treacherously slew,
And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
Nath'lesse the same enioyed but short happy howre:

58

For *Asclepiodate* him ouercame,
And left inglorious on the vanquisht Playne,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
Then afterwards he in his stead did raigne;
But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soueraigne:
Then gan this Realme renew her passed prime:
He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gaue for wife his daughter bright,
Faire *Helena*, the fairest liuing wight;
Who in all godly thewes, and goodly praise
Did far excell, but was most famous hight
For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes,
Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octauius here lept into his roome,
And it vsurped by vnrighteous doome:
But he his title iustifide by might,
Slaying *Traherne*, and hauing ouercome
The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
So settled he his kingdome, and confirm'd his right.

61

But wanting issew male, his daughter deare
He gaue in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*;
Then gan the Hunnes and Picts inuade this land,
During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
But that they ouerran all parts with easie hand.

62

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
And dayly spectacle of sad decay: (yeares,
Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
They crownd the second *Constantine* with ioyous teares:

63

Who hauing oft in battell vanquished
Those spoylefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
Long time in peace his Realme established,
Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
With which the world did in those dayes abound:
Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
Which from *Alclwid* to *Pannelt* did that border bound.

64

Three sonnes he dying left, all vnder age:
By meanes whereof, their vncle *Vortigere*
Vsurpt the crowne, during their pupillage;
Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
He sent to *Germanie*, strange aide to reare,
From whence eftsoones arriued here three hoyes
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie imployes.

65

Two brethren were their Capitaines, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approov'd in warre,
And both of them men of renowmed might;
Who making vantage of their ciuill iarre,
And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
Then they which sought at first their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforc't the kingdome to aband.

66

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
He is againe vnto his rule restor'd,
And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
Receiued is to grace and new accord,
Through his faire daughters face, & flattring word;
Soone after which, three hundred Lords he slew
Of Britush bloud, all sitting at his bord;
Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
Th'eternall marks of treason may at *Stonheng* view.

67

By this, the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrise and *Vther* did ripe yeares attaine,
And here arriuing, strongly challenged
The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was slaine,
And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raigne,
Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
So now entombed lyes at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

68

After him *Vther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cesure right,
As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
Or th'Authour selfe could not at least attend
To finish it: that so vntimely breach
The Prince himselfe halfe seemeth to offend,
Yet secret pleasure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

69

At laſt, quite rauiſht with delight, to heare
The royall Offspring of his natiue land,
Cride out, Deare countrey, O how dearely deare
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetuall band
Be to thy foſter Childe, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receaue!
How brutiſh is it, not to vnderſtand
How much to her we owe, that all vs gaue,
That gaue vnto vs all, what euer good we haue!

70

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leaſure, ſo long leaues here to repeat:
It told, how firſt *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beaſts deriued,
And then ſtole fire from heauen, to animate
His worke, for which he was by *Ioue* depriued
Of life himſelfe, and hart-ſtrings of an Ægle riued.

71

That man ſo made, he called *Elfe*, to weet,
Quick, the firſt authour of all Elfin kind:
Who, wandring through the world with wearie feet,
Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angell, th'authour of all woman-kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fayeries* ſpring, and fetch their lignage right.

72

Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puiſſant kings, which all the world warrayd,
And to themſelues all Nations did ſubdew:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſwayd,
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation firſt of all:
But *Elfiline* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

73

His ſonne was *Elfinel*, who ouercame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloudy field:
But *Elfant* was of moſt renowmed fame,
Who all of Cryſtall did *Panthea* build:
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild;
He built by art vpon the glaſſy See (bee.
A bridge of braſs, whoſe ſound heauens thunder ſeem'd to

74

He left three ſonnes, the which in order raignd,
And all their Offspring, in their dew deſcents,
Euen ſeuen hundred Princes, which maintaynd
With mightie deeds their ſundry gouernments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much materiall:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous moniments,
And braue enſample, both of Martiall
And ciuill rule to Kings and States imperiall.

75

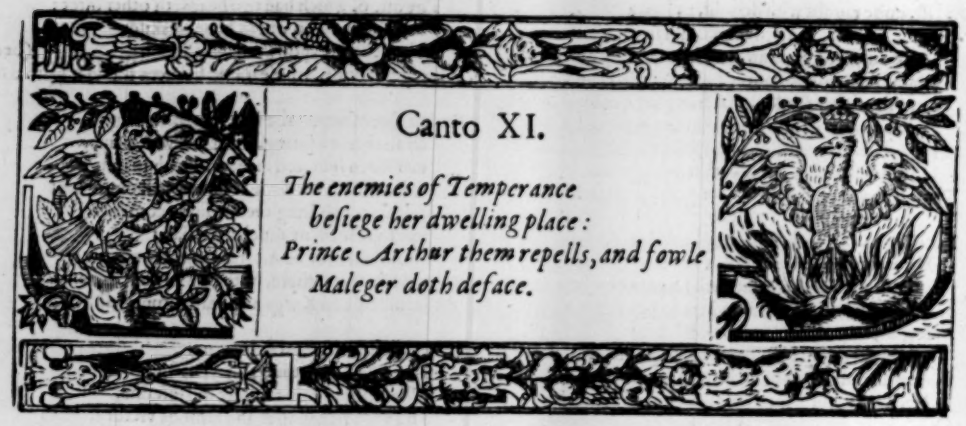
After all theſe *Elficleos* did raigne,
The wiſe *Elficleos* in great Maieſtie,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtaine,
And with rich ſpoiles and famous victory,
Did high aduance the crowne of *Faery*:
He left two ſonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
The eldeſt brother did vntimely die;
Whoſe empty place the mightie *Oberon*
Doubly ſupplide, in ſpouſall and dominion.

76

Great was his power and glorie, ouer all
Which him before that ſacred ſeate did fill,
That yet remaines his wide memoriall:
He dying left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler liueth none this howre.
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.
Long maiſt thou *Glorian* liue, in glory and great powre.

77

Beguil'd thus with delight of nouelties,
And naturall deſire of countries ſtate,
So long they read in thoſe antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Alma* ſeeing it ſo late,
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beſought
To thinke, how ſupper did them long awaite:
So, halfe vnwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairely feaſted, as ſo noble knights ſhe ought.



Canto XI.

The enemies of Temperance beſiege her dwelling place: Prince Arthur them repells, and fowle Maleger doth deface.

1

What warre ſo cruell, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that, which ſtrong affections do apply,
Againſt the fort of reaſon euermore
To bring the ſoule into captiuitie!
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile fleſh, relenting to their rage,
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Vpon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to ſinfull villenage.

2

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld
His parts to reaſons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the ſcepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly gouernment
Is ſetled there in ſure eſtabliſhment;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen moſt bright,
Doth floriſh in all beautie excellent;
And to her gueſtes doth bountious banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

3

Early before the Morne with cremoſin ray,
The windowes of bright heauen opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh euery creature glad,
Vproſe Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purpoſd iourney him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke in habite ſad,
Himſelfe addreſt to that aduenture hard:
So to the ruers ſide they both together far'd;

4

Where them awaited readie at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boate: They goe abord,
And he eftſoones gan launch his barke forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of ſight,
And faſt the land behind them fled away.
But let them paſs, whiles wind and weather right
Do ſerue their turnes: here I awhile muſt ſtay,
To ſee a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

5

For, all ſo ſoone as *Guyon* thence was gon
Vpon his voyage with his truſtie guide,
That wicked band of villeins freſh begon
That caſtle to aſſayle on euery ſide,
And lay ſtrong ſiege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they vnder them did hide;
So fowle and vgly, that exceeding feare
Their viſages impreſt, when they approched neare.

6

Them in twelue troupes their Captain did diſpart
And round about in fitteſt ſteads did place,
Where each might beſt offend his proper part,
And his contrary obiect moſt deface,
As euery one ſeem'd meeteſt in that caſe.
Seuen of the ſame againſt the Caſtle gate,
In ſtrong entrenchments he did cloſely place,
Which with inceſſant force and endleſſe hate,
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

7

The other fiue, fiue ſundry waues he ſet,
Againſt the fiue great Bulwarkes of that pile.
And vnto each a Bulwarke did arret,
T'aſſayle with open force or hidden guile,
In hope therof to win victorious ſpoyle.
They all that charge did feruently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toyle,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made moſt dreadfull battery.

8

The firſt troupe was a monſtrous rabblement
Of fowle miſshapen wights, of which ſome were
Headed like Owles, with beakes vncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
And ſome had wings, and ſome had clawes to teare,
And euery one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did boawe and arrowes beare
All thoſe were laweleſſe luſts, corrupt enuies,
And couetous aſpectes, all cruell enemies.

Thoſe

9

Thoſe ſame againſt the Bulwarke of the *Sight*
Did lay ſtrong ſiege, and battailous aſſault,
Ne once did yeeld it reſpit day nor night:
But ſoone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
And ſoone againe as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they againſt it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two then all more huge and violent,
Beauty, and money, they that Bulwarke ſorely rent.

10

The ſecond Bulwarke was the *Hearing* ſenſe,
Gainſt which the ſecond troupe deſignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in ſtrange difference,
Some hauing heads like Harts, ſome like to Snakes,
Some like wild Bores late rouz'd out of the brakes;
Slaundrous reproches, and foule infamies,
Leaſings, backbitings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
Bad counſels, prayſes, and falſe flatteries,
All thoſe againſt that Fort did bend their batteries.

11

Likewiſe that ſame third Fort, that is the *Smell*,
Of that third troupe was cruelly aſſayd:
Whoſe hideous ſhapes were like to feends of hell,
Some like to Hounds, ſome like to Apes diſmayd,
Some like to Puttocks, all in plumes arrayd:
All ſhap't according their conditions,
For, by thoſe vgly formes weren pourtraid
Fooliſh delights and fond abuſions,
Which doe that ſenſe beſiege with light illuſions.

12

And that fourth band, which cruell battery bent,
Againſt the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Taſt*,
Was as the reſt, a gryſie rabblement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oyſtriges, ſome fac't
Like loathly Toades, ſome faſhioned in the waſte
Like ſwine; for ſo deformed is luxurie,
Surfait, miſdiet, and vnthrifty waſte,
Vaine feaſts, and idle ſuperfluitie:
All thoſe this ſenſes Fort aſſaile inceſſantly.

13

But the fift troupe moſt horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report:
For, ſome like ſnayles, ſome did like ſpiders ſhew,
And ſome like vgly Vrchins thicke and ſhort:
They cruelly aſſailed that fift Fort,
Armed with darts of ſenſuall delight,
† With ſtrings of carnall luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſures, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame fift Bulwarke they continued fight.

14

Thus theſe twelue troupes with dreadfull puiſſance
Againſt that Caſtle reſtleſſe ſiege did lay,
And euermore their hideous Ordinance
Vpon the Bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten neere decay:
And euermore their wicked Captaine
Prouoked them the breaches to aſſay,
Somtimes with threats, ſomtimes with hope of gaine,
Which by the ranſack of that peece they ſhould attaine.

15

On th'other ſide, th'affieged Caſtles ward
Their ſtedfaſt ſtonds did mightily maintaine,
And many bold repulſe, and many hard
Atchiewement wrought with peril and with paine,
That goodly frame from ruine to ſuſtaine:
And thoſe two brethren Giants did defend
The walles ſo ſtoutly with their ſturdy maine,
That neuer entrance any durſt pretend,
But they to direfull death their groning ghoſts did ſend.

16

The noble Virgin, Lady of that place,
Was much diſmayed with that dreadfull ſight
(For, neuer was ſhee in ſo euill caſe)
Till that the Prince ſeeing her woefull plight,
Gan her recomfort from ſo ſad affright,
Offring his ſeruice, and his deareſt life
For her defence, againſt that Carle to fight,
Which was their chiefe and th'author of that ſtrife:
Shee him remercied as the Patrone of her life.

17

Eftſoones himſelfe in glitterand armes he dight,
And his well proued weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous congee he behight,
Thoſe gates to be vnbard, and forth he went.
Faire mote he thee, the proweſt and moſt gent,
That euer brandiſhed bright ſteele on hie:
Whom ſoone as that vnruly rabblement,
With his gay Squire iſſuing did eſpy,
They reard a moſt outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

18

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
Their flutring arrowes, thick as flakes of ſnowe,
And round about him flocke impetuouſly,
Like a great water flood, that tombling lowe
From the high mountains, threats to ouerflowe
With ſuddaine fury all the fertile Plaine,
And the ſad husbandmans long hope doth throwe
Adowne the ſtreame, and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may ſuſtaine.

19

Vpon his ſhield their heaped hayle he bore,
And with his ſword diſperſt the raſcall flocks,
Which fled aſunder, and him fell before,
As withered leaues drop from their dried ſtocks,
When the wroth Weſtern wind does reaue their locks;
And vnderneath him his courageous ſteed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
The fierce *Spumador*, borne of heauenly ſeed:
Such as *Laiſmedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

20

Which ſuddaine horrour and confuſed cry,
When as their Captaine heard, in haſte he yode
The cauſe to weet, and fault to remedy;
Vpon a Tigre ſwift and fierce he rode,
That as the wind ran vnderneath his lode,
While his long legs nigh raught vnto the ground;
Full large he was of limbe, and ſhoulders brode,
But of ſuch ſubtile ſubſtance and vnſound, (bound,
That like a ghoſt he ſeem'd, whoſe graue-clothes were vn-

Note, that all the following Leaf belong not to the Ed. 1609 but to that of 1612. or 1613.

† 1609 ſtings.

21

And in his hand a bended bowe was ſeene,
And many arrowes vnder his right ſide,
All deadly dangerous, all cruell keene,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloudy dide,
Such as the *Indians* in their quyuers hide;
Thoſe could he well direct and ſtreight as line,
And bid them ſtrike the marke, which he had eyde;
Ne was there ſalue, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their wounds: ſo inly they did tine.

22

As pale and wan as aſhes was his looke,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That ſeem'd to tremble euermore, and quake:
All in a canuas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twiſted brake,
Vpon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans ſcull, that ſeem'd a gaſtly ſight.

23

Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd faſt at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoarie locks all looſe, and viſage grim;
Their feet vnſhod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as ſwift on foot, as chaſed Stags;
And yet the one her other leg had lame,
Which with a ſtaffe, all full of knottie knags
She did diſport, and *Impotence* her name:
But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24

Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince eſpide,
Gliſtering in armes, and warlike ornament,
His beaſt he felly prickt on either ſide,
And his miſchieuous bowe full ready bent,
With which at him a cruell ſhaft he ſent:
But he was warie, and it warded well
Vpon his ſhield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

25

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall ſpeare
Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that ſhot whyleare:
But he was not ſo hardy to abide
That bitter ſtownd, but turning quick aſide
His light-foot beaſt, fled faſt away for feare:
Whom to purſue, the Infant after hide,
So faſt as his good Courſer could him beare,
But labour loſt it was, to weene approche him neare.

26

For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That view of eye could ſcarle him ouertake,
Ne ſcarce his feet on ground were ſeene to tred;
Through hils and dales he ſpeedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his ready paſſage brake,
And in his flight the villein turn'd his face
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caſpian* lake,
When as the *Ruſſian* him in fight does chace)
Vnto his Tygres tayle, and ſhot at him apace.

27

Apace he ſhot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
That him his foe more fiercely ſhould purſew:
Who when his vncouth manner he did vew
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keepe his ſtanding, and his ſhafts eſchew,
Vntill he quite had ſpent his perlous ſtore,
And then aſſaile him freſh, ere he could ſhift for more.

28

But that lame Hag, ſtill as abroad he ſtrew
His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
And to him brought, freſh battell to renew;
Which he eſpying, caſt her to reſtraine
From yielding ſuccour to that curſed Swaine,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tie;
But ſoone as him diſmounted on the Plaine,
That other Hag did farre away eſpy
Binding her ſiſter, ſhee to him ran haſtily.

29

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
Him backward ouerthrew, and downe him ſtayd
With their rude hands and grieſly grapplement,
Till that the villaine comming to their ayd,
Vpon him fell, and lode vpon him layd;
Full little wanted, but he had him ſlaine,
And of the battell balefull end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine,
And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30

So, greateſt and moſt glorious thing on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand;
So feeble is mans ſtate, and life vnſound,
That in aſſurance it may neuer ſtand,
Till it diſſolued be from earthly band.
Proofe be thou Prince, the proweſt man aliue,
And nobleſt borne of all in *Britayn* land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did ſo neerely driue,
That had not grace thee bleſt, thou ſhouldeſt not reuiue.

31

The Squire arriuing, fiercely in his armes
Snatcht firſt the one, and then the other Iade,
His chiefeſt lets and authors of his harmes,
And them perforce with-held with threatned blade,
Leaſt that his Lord they ſhould behind invade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull ſhame,
As one awak't out of long ſlumbring ſhade,
Reuiuing thought of glory and of fame,
Vnited all his powres to purge himſelfe from blame.

32

Like as a fire, the which in hollow caue
Hath long been vnder-kept, and downe ſuppreſt,
With murmurous diſdaine doth inly raue,
And grudge, in ſo ſtreight priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breakes forth with furious vnreſt,
And ſtriues to mount vnto his native ſeat;
All that did earſt it hinder and moleſt,
It now deuours with flames and ſcorching heat,
And carries into ſmoake with rage and horror great:

So

33

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his caitiue bands,
And as a Beare whom angry curres haue toaz'd,
Hauing off-shak't them, and escap't their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
Treads downe and ouerthrowes. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Discharged of his bowe and deadly quar'le,
To seize vpon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;
For, neither can he fly, nor other harme,
But trust vnto his strength and manhood meare,
Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
Fiercely aduaunst his valorous right arme,
And him so sore smote with his iron mace,
That groueling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

35

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
And all his labour brought to happy end,
When suddaine vp the villaine ouerthrowne,
Out of his swoune arose, fresh to contend,
And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great stone, which stood vpon one end,
And had not beene remoued many a day,
Some land-mark seem'd to be, or signe of sundry way.

36

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to thinke that throwe to beare,
But ground he gaue, and lightly leapt areare:
Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire
That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
Remounts againe into the open aire,
And vnto better fortune doth her selfe prepaire:

37

So braue returning, with his brandisht blade,
He to the Carle himselfe againe addrest,
And strooke at him so sternly, that he made
An open passage through his riuen brest,
That halfe the steele behind his back did rest;
Which drawing backe, he looked euermore
When the hart bloud should gush out of his chest,
Or his dead corse should fall vpon the flore;
But his dead corse vpon the flore fell nathemore:

38

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
All were the wound so wide and wonderous,
That through his carcasse one might plainly see.
Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
And halfe in rage to be deluded thus,
Againe through both the sides he strooke him quight,
That made his spright to grone full pitious:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright;
But freshly as at first, prepar'd himselfe to fight.

39

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne wist he what to thinke of that same sight,
Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
He doubted, least it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
Or aerie spirit vnder false pretence,
Or hellish feend rays'd vp through diuelish science.

40

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazled sight,
And oft of errour did himselfe appeach:
Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
That was most strong in most infirmitee;
Like did he neuer heare, like did he neuer see.

41

Awhile he stood in this astonishment;
Yet would he not for all his great dismay
Giue ouer to effect his first intent,
And th'vtmost meanes of victorie assay,
Or th'vtmost issew of his owne decay.
His owne good sword *Morddure*, that neuer fayld
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright shield that nought him now availd,
And with his naked hands him forcibly assayld.

42

Twixt his two mighty armes him vp he snatcht,
And crusht his carcasse so against his brest,
That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
And th'idle breath all vtterly exprest:
Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
The lumpish corse vnto the senseless ground:
Adowne he kest it with so pussant wrest,
That backe againe it did aloft rebound,
And gaue against his mother Earth a gronefull sound;

43

As when *Ioues* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
Stoupes at a flying Heron with proud disdaine,
The stone-dead quarry fals so forcibly,
That it rebounds against the lowly Plaine,
A second fall redoubling backe againe.
Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
And that he victor onely did remaine;
No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was cast.

44

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
And thought his labour lost and trauell vaine,
Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight:
Yet life he saw, and felt his mighty maine,
That whiles he maruaild still, did still him paine:
For thy he gan some other wayes advize,
How to take life from that dead-liuing swaine,
Whom still he marked freshly to arize
From th'earth, & from her wombe new spirits to reprize.

He

45

Hee then remembred well, that had been ſaid,
How th'Earth his mother was, and firſt him bore;
She eke, ſo often as his life decayd,
Did life with vſury to him reſtore,
And rayſd him vp much ſtronger then before,
So ſoone as he vnto her wombe did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him caſt no more,
Ne him commit to Graue terreſtriall,
But beare him farre from hope of ſuccour vſuall.

46

Tho, vp he caught him twixt his puiſſant hands,
And hauing ſcruz'd out of his carrion corſe
The lothfull life, now looſd from ſinfull bands,
Vpon his ſhoulders carried him perforce
Aboue three furlongs, taking his full courſe,
Vntill he came vnto a ſtanding lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorſe,
Ne ſtird, till hope of life did him forſake; (make.
So, end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did

47

Which when thoſe wicked Hags from farre did ſpy,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands:
And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
And hauing quencht her burning fier brands,
Hedlong her ſelfe did caſt into that lake;
But *Impotence*, with her owne wilfull hands,
One of *Malegers* curſed darts did take,
So riu'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

48

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
Tho, comming to his Squire, that kept his ſteed,
Thought to haue mounted: but his feeble vaines
Him faild thereto, and ſerued not his need, (bleed,
Through loſs of bloud, which from his wounds did
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping vp with ſpeed,
With ſtedfaſt hand vpon his horſe did ſtay,
And led him to the Caſtle by the beaten way;

49

Where many Groomes and Squires readie were,
To take him from his ſteed full tenderly,
And eke the faireſt *Alma* met him there
With balme and wine and coſtly ſpiceric,
To comfort him in his infirmitie;
Eftſoones ſhe caus'd him vp to be conuaid,
And of his armes deſpoyled eaſily,
In ſumptuous bed ſhe made him to be laid,
And all the while his wounds were dreſſing, by him ſtayd.

1609. Squiers.

Canto XII.

Guyon by Palmers gouernance,
paſſing through perils great,
Doth ouerthrowe the Bowre of bliſſe,
and Acraſie defeat.

1

NOw gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairely to riſe, and her adorned hed
To prick of higheſt praiſe forth to aduance,
Formerly grounded, and faſt ſetteled
On firme foundation of true bountihed;
And this braue knight, that for this vertue fights,
Now comes to poynt of that ſame perilous ſted,
Where Pleaſure dwelles in ſenſuall delights,
Mongſt thouſand dangers, & ten thouſand magick mights.

2

Two dayes now in that ſea he ſayled has,
Ne euer land beheld, ne liuing wight,
Ne ought ſaue perill, ſtill as he did paſs:
Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright
Vpon the waues to ſpred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring farre away they heard,
That all their ſenſes filled with affright,
And ſtraight they ſaw the raging ſurges reard
Vp to the skies, that them of drowning made afeard.

3

Said then the *Boatman*, Palmer ſteere aright,
And keepe an euen courſe; for yonder way
We needs muſt paſs (God do vs well acquight):
That is the *Gulfe of Greedineſſe*, they ſay,
That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
Which hauing ſwallowed vp exceſſiuely,
He ſoone in vomit vp againe doth lay,
And belcheth forth his ſuperfluitie,
That all the ſeas for feare doe ſeeme away to fly.

Ou

4

On th'other ſide an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mightie *Magnes* ſtone, whoſe craggy clift
Depending from on high, dreadfull to ſight,
Ouer the waues his rugged armes doth lift,
And threatneth down to throwe his ragged rift
On who ſo commeth nigh: yet nigh it drawes
All paſſengers, that none from it can ſhift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfes deuouring lawes,
They on this rock are rent, and ſunk in helpleſs wawes.

5

Forward they paſſe, and ſtrongly he them rowes,
Vntill they nigh vnto that Gulfe arriue,
Where ſtreame more violent and greedy growes:
Then he with all his puiſſaunce doth ſtriue
To ſtrike his owres, and mightily doth driue
The hollow veſſell through the threatfull waue;
Which gaping wide, to ſwallow them aliue
In th'huge abyſſe of his engulfing Graue,
Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror raue.

6

They paſſing by, that griefly mouth did ſee,
Sucking the Seas into his entralles deepe,
That ſeem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* ſteepe,
Through which the damned ghoſts doen often creepe
Backe to the world, bad liuers to torment:
But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
Ne that approcheth nigh the wide deſcent,
May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7

On th'other ſide, they ſaw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it ſelfe on them to ruinate,
On whoſe ſharpe clifts the ribs of veſſels broke,
And ſhiuered ſhips, which had been wrecked late,
Yet ſtuck, with carcaſſes exanimate
Of ſuch, as hauing all their ſubſtance ſpent
In wanton ioies, and luſtes intemperate,
Did afterwards make ſhipwracke violent
Both of their life, and fame for euer fowly blent.

8

For thy, this hight *The Rocke of* vile *Reproche*,
A dangerous and deteſtable place,
To which not fiſh nor fowle did once approche,
But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarſe and baſe,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of rauenous race,
Which ſtill ſate waiting on that waſtfull clift,
For ſpoile of wretches, whoſe vnhappy caſe,
After loſt credite and conſumed thrift,
At laſt them driuen hath to this deſpairefull drift.

9

The Palmer, ſeeing them in ſafetie paſt,
Thus ſaid: Behold th'enſamples in our ſights
Of luſtfull luxury and thrift leſſe waſte:
What now is left of miſerable wights,
Which ſpent their looſer daies in lewd delights,
But ſhame and ſad reproche, here to be red,
By theſe rent reliques, ſpeaking their ill plights?
Let all that liue, hereby be counſelled,
To ſhunne *Rocke of Reproche*, and it as death to dred.

10

So forth they rowed, and that *Ferryman*
With his ſtiffe oares did bruſh the ſea ſo ſtrong,
That the hoare waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles daunced all along,
Whiles the ſalt brine out of the billowes ſprong.
At laſt, far off they many Iſlands ſpie,
On euery ſide floting the floods emong:
Then ſaid the knight, Loe, I the land deſcrie;
Therefore old Syre thy courſe do thereunto apply.

11

That may not be, ſaid then the *Ferryman*,
Leaſt we vnweeting hap to be fordonne:
For thoſe ſame Iſlands, ſeeming now and than,
Are not firme land, nor any certein wonne,
But ſtraggling plots; which to and fro do ronne
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *wandring Iſlands*. Therefore do them ſhonne;
For they haue oft drawne many a wandring wight
Into moſt deadly danger and diſtreſſed plight.

12

Yet well they ſeeme to him, that farre doth vew,
Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground diſſpred
With graſſie green of delectable hew,
And the tall trees with leaues apparelled,
Are deckt with bloſſomes dyde in white and red,
That mote the paſſengers thereto allure;
But whoſoeuer once hath faſtened
His foot thereon, may neuer it recure,
But wandreth euermore vncertain and vnſure.

13

As th'Iſle of *Delos* whilome men report
Amid th'*Aegaan* ſea long time did ſtray,
Ne made for ſhipping any certaine port,
Till that *Latona* trauelling that way,
Flying from *Iunoes* wrath and hard aſſay,
Of her faire twins was there deliuered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was eſtabliſhed,
And for *Apolloes* honour highly herried.

14

They to him hearken, as beſeemeth meete,
And paſſe on forward: ſo their way does ly,
That one of thoſe ſame Iſlands which doe fleet
In the wide ſea, they needes muſt paſſen by,
Which ſeem'd ſo ſweet and pleaſant to the eye,
That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
Vpon the bank they ſitting did eſpy
A daintie damzell, dreſſing of her heare,
By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

15

She, them eſpying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher drawe vnto the ſhore;
For ſhe had cauſe to buſie them withall;
And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe left her locks vndight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did driue with all her power and might.

Whom

16

Whom ouertaking, ſhe in merry ſort
Them gan to bord, and purpoſe diuerſly,
Now faining dalliance and wanton ſport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodeſtly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being looſe and light:
Which not abiding, but more ſcornefully
Scoffing at him, that did her iuſtly wite,
She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him, ouer the *Ydle lake:*
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vaine allurements did forſake,
When them the wary Boateman thus beſpake;
Here now behoueth vs well to auyſe,
And of our ſafetie good heed to take;
For here before a perlous paſſage lyes,
Where many Mermayds haunt, making falſe melodies.

18

But by the way, there is a great Quickſand,
And a whirlepoole of hidden ieopardie:
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an euen hand;
For twixt them both the narrow way doth lie.
Scarſe had he ſaid, when hard at hand they ſpy
That quickſand nigh, with water couered;
But by the checked waue they did deſcrie
It plaine, and by the ſea diſcoloured:
It called was the quickſand of *Vnthriftyhed.*

19

They, paſſing by, a goodly Ship did ſee,
Laden from far with precious merchandize,
And brauely furniſhed, as ſhip might be,
Which through great diſauenture, or miſprize,
Her ſelfe had runne into that hazardize;
Whoſe Mariners and Merchants with much toyle,
Labour'd in vaine to haue recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to ſaue from pittious ſpoyle:
But neither toyle nor trauell might her backe recoyle.

20

On th'other ſide they ſee that perilous Poole,
That called was the *Whirlepoole of decay*,
In which full many had with hapleſs doole
Beene ſunke, of whom no memory did ſtay:
Whoſe circled waters rapt with whirling sway,
Like ro a reſtleſſe wheele, ſtill running round,
Did couet, as they paſſed by that waie,
To draw the boat within the vtmoſt bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to haue them dround.

21

But th'heedfull Boateman ſtrongly foorth did ſtretch
His brawnie armes, and all his body ſtraine,
That th'vtmoſt ſandy breach they ſhortly fetch,
Whiles the drad danger does behind remaine.
Suddaine they ſee, from midſt of all the Maine,
The ſurging waters like a Mountaine riſe,
And the great ſea puft vp with proud diſdaine,
To ſwell aboue the meaſure of his guiſe,
As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre deſpiſe.

22

The waues come rolling, and the billowes rore
Outragiouſly, as they enraged were;
Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them driue before
His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
For, not one puffe of wind there did appeare,
That all the three thereat woxe much affrayd,
Vnweeting what ſuch horrour ſtrange did reare.
Eftſoones they ſaw an hydeous hoſt arrayd
Of huge Sea monſters, ſuch as liuing ſenſe diſmayd;

23

Moſt vgly ſhapes, and horrible aſpects,
Such as Dame Nature ſelfe mote feare to ſee,
Or ſhame, that euer ſhould ſo fowle defects
From her moſt cunning hand eſcaped be;
All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and ſea-ſhouldring Whales,
Great whirlpooles, which all fiſhes make to flee,
Bright Scolopendraes, arm'd with ſiluer ſcales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeaſured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fiſh, that hath deſerv'd the name
Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
The grieſly Waſſerman, that makes his game
The flying ſhips with ſwiftneſſe to purſew,
The horrible Sea-ſatyre, that doth ſhew
His fearefull face in time of greateſt ſtorme,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eſchew
No leſſe then rockes (as trauellers informe)
And greedy *Roſmarines* with viſages deforme;

25

All theſe, and thouſand thouſands many more,
And more deformed Monſters thouſand fold,
With dreadfull noiſe, and hollow rombling rore,
Came ruſhing in the ſomy waues enrold,
Which ſeem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if theſe did the Knight appall;
For, all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
Compared to the Creatures in the ſeas entrall.

26

Feare nought, then ſaid the Palmer well aviz'd;
For, theſe ſame Monſters are not theſe in deed,
But are into theſe fearefull ſhapes diſguiz'd
By that ſame wicked witch, to worke vs dreed,
And draw from on this iourney to proceed.
Tho, lifting vp his vertuous ſtaffe on hye,
He ſmote the ſea, which calmed was with ſpeed,
And all that dreadfull Armie faſt gan flye
Into great *Tethys* boſome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that danger, forth their courſe they kept:
And as they went they heard a ruefull crie
Of one, that wayld and pittifully wept,
That through the ſea reſounding plaints did fly:
At laſt they in an Iſland did eſpy
A ſeemly Maiden, ſitting by the ſhore,
That with great ſorrow, and ſad agony,
Seemed ſome great miſfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for ſuccour called euermore.

Which

28

Which *Guyon* hearing, ſtreight his Palmer bade
To ſtere the boate towards that doleſull Mayd,
That he might knowe, and eaſe her ſorrow ſad:
Who him auizing better, to him ſayd;
Faire Sir, be not diſpleas'd, if diſobayd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For ſhe is inly nothing ill appayd,
But onely womaniſh ſine forgerie,
Your ſtubborne heart t'affect with fraile infirmitie.

29

To which when ſhe your courage hath inclin'd
Through fooliſh pittie, then her guileſull bayt
She will embooſome deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the laſt awayt.
The knight was ruled, and the *Boateman* ſtrayt
Held on his courſe with ſtayed ſtedfaſtneſſe,
Ne euer ſhrunke, ne euer ſought to bayt
His tired armes for toyſome wearineſſe,
But with his oares did ſweepe the watry wilderneſſe.

30

And now they nigh approched to the ſted,
Where as thoſe Mermaids dwelt: it was a ſtill
And calmy bay, on th'one ſide ſheltered
With the broad ſhadow of an hoarie hill,
On th'other ſide an high rocke toured ſtill,
That twixt them both a pleaſant port they made,
And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
There thoſe fiue ſiſters had continuall trade,
And vs'd to bathe themſelues in that deceitfull ſhade.

31

They were faire Ladies till they fondly ſtriv'd
With th'*Heliconian* maides for maiſtery;
Of whom they ouercommen were depriv'd
Of their proud beautie, and th'one moity
Transform'd to fiſh, for their bold ſurquedry:
But th'vpper halfe their hew retained ſtill,
And their ſweet ſkill in wonted melody;
Which euer after they abus'd to ill,
T'allure weake Trauellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32

So now to *Guyon*, as he paſſed by,
Their pleaſant tunes they ſweetly thus applide;
O thou faire ſonne of gentle Faery,
That art in mighty armes moſt magnifide
Aboue all knights, that euer battell tride,
O turne thy rudder hitherward awhile:
Here may thy ſtorme-bet veſſell ſafely ride;
This is the Port of reſt from troublous toyle,
The worlds ſweet In, from paine & wearieſome turmoyle.

33

With that, the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft,
In his big baſe them fitly anſwered,
And on the rocke the waues breaking aloft,
A ſolemne Meane vnto them meaſured,
The whiles ſweet *Zephyrus* lowd whiſteled
His trebble, a ſtrange kind of harmonie;
Which *Guyons* ſenſes ſoftly tickeled,
That he the *Boateman* bad rowe eaſily,
And let him heare ſome part of their rare melodie.

34

But him that Palmer from that vanitie,
With temperate aduiſe diſcounſelled,
That they it paſt, and ſhortly gan deſcry
The land, to which their courſe they leueled;
When ſuddeinly a groſſe fog ouer-ſpred
With his dull vapour all that deſert has,
And heauens cheareſull face enueloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Vniuerſe ſeem'd one confuſed maſs.

35

Thereat they greatly were diſmayd, ne wiſt
How to direct their way in darkneſſe wide,
But feard to wander in that waſtfull miſt,
For tombling into miſchiefe vneſpide.
Worſe is the danger hidden, then deſcride.
Suddeinly an innumerable flight
Of harmefull fowles, about them fluttering, cride,
And with their wicked wings them oft did ſmight,
And ſore annoyed, groping in that grieſly night.

36

Euen all the nation of vnfortunate
And fatall birds about them flocked were,
Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
The ill-fac't Owle, deaths dreadfull meſſengere,
The hoarſe Night-rauen, trump of doleſull drere,
The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
The ruefull Strich, ſtill waiting on the bere,
The Whiſtler ſhrill, that whoſo heares, doth dy;
The helliſh Harpies, Prophets of ſad deſtinie.

37

All thoſe, and all that elſe does horrour breed,
About them flew, and fild their ſayles with feare:
Yet ſtayd they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did rowe, and th'other ſtiffy ſteare;
Till that at laſt the weather gan to cleare,
And the faire land it ſelfe did plainely ſhowe.
Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
The ſacred ſoile, where all our perils growe:
Therfore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throwe.

38

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
The whiles the nimble boate ſo well her ſped,
That with her crooked keele the land ſhe ſtrooke,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* ſallied,
And his ſage Palmer, that him gouerned;
But th'other by his boate behind did ſtay.
They marched fairely forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmely armd for euery hard aſſay,
With conſtancie and care, gainſt danger and diſmay.

39

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beaſts, that roarde outrageouſly,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* ſting
Had them enraged with fell ſurquedry;
Yet nought they feard, but paſt on hardily,
Vntill they came in view of thoſe wilde beaſts:
Who all at once, gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their vpſtarting creſts,
Ran towards, to deuoure thoſe vnexpected gueſts.

But

40

But soone as they approch't, with deadly threat
The Palmer over them his staffe vpheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
And high aduaunced crests downe meekely feld:
In stead of fraying, they themselues did feare,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
All monsters to subdue to him that did it beare.

41

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which *Caduceus* whilome was made,
Caduceus, the rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the Stygian realmes invade,
Through gastly horrour, and eternall shade;
Th'infernall fiends with it he can assuage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furies*, when they most doe rage:
Such vertue in his staffe had eke this Palmer sage.

42

Thence passing forth, they shortly doe arriue,
Whereas the *Bowre of Blisse* was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best aliue,
That Natures worke by art can imitate:
In which what-euer in this worldly state
Is sweet, and pleasing vnto liuing sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentifull dispence,
And made there to abound with lauish affluence.

43

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Aswell their entred guests to keepe within,
As those vnruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin:
Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
But wisedoms powre, and temperances might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of subst ance light,
Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44

It framed was of precious yuory,
That seem'd a worke of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous history
Of *Iason* and *Medea* was ywrit;
Her mighty charmes, her furious louing fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and loue too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous peece
First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

45

Ye might haue seene the frothy billowes fry
Vnder the ship as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waues were into yuory,
Or yuory into the waues were sent;
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermell like the boyes bloud therein shed,
A pitious spectacle did represent,
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled;
It seemd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Creüsa* wed.

46

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be read; that euer open stood to all,
Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall,
That Trauellers to him seem'd to entise;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heeles in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

47

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestiall powre, to whom the care
Of life, and generation of all
That liues, pertaines, in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth let vs oft foresee,
And oft of secret ill bids vs beware:
That is our Selfe, whom though we doe not see,
Yet each doth in himselfe it well perceiue to bee.

48

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good enuyes to all,
That secretly doth vs procure to fall,
Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes vs see.
He of this Gardin had the gouernall,
And Pleasures porter was deuis'd to be,
Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49

With diuerse flowres he daintily was deckt,
And strowed round about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrifide;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
But he his idle curtesie defide,
And ouerthrew his bowle disdainefully;
And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

50

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious plaine, on euery side
Strowed with pleasance, whose faire grassie ground
Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
With all the Ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride
Did decke her, and too lauishly adorne, (morne.
When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

51

Thereto the Heauens alwaies louiall,
Lookt on them louely, still in stedfast state,
Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaues to violate,
Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
But the milde aire with season moderate
Gently attempred, and dispos'd so well,
That still it breathed forth sweet spirit & holesome smell.

More

52

More ſweet and wholſome, then the pleaſant hill
Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe, her ſelfe for griefe did kill;
Or the Theſſalian *Tempe*, where of yore
Faire *Daphne*, *Phœbus* hart with loue did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
Whenſ-euer they their heauenly bowres forlore;
Or ſweet *Parnaſſe*, the haunt of Muſes faire;
Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

53

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aſpect
Of that ſweet place, yet ſuffred no delight
To ſinke into his ſenſe, nor mind affect,
But paſſed forth, and lookt ſtill forward right,
Bridling his will, and maiſtering his might:
Till that he came vnto another gate,
No gate, but like one, beeing goodly dight
With boughes and branches, which did broad dilate
Their claſping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54

So faſhioned a Porch with rare deuiſe,
Archt over head with an embracing Vine,
Whoſe bunches hanging downe, ſeem'd to entice
All paſſers by, to taſte their luſhious wine,
And did themſelues into their hands incline,
As freelie offering to be gathered:
Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing ſweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet weil ripened.

55

And them amongſt, ſome were of burniſht gold,
So made by art, to beautifie the reſt,
Which did themſelues emongſt the leaues enfold,
As lurking from the view of couetous gueſt,
That the weake boughes, with ſo rich load oppreſt,
Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.
Vnder that Porch a comely Dame did reſt,
Clad in faire weedes, but foule diſordered,
And garments looſe, that ſeem'd vnmeet for womanhed.

56

In her left hand a Cup of gold ſhe held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whoſe ſappy liquor that with fulneſſe ſweld,
Into her cup ſhe ſcruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foule empeach,
That ſo fayre wine-preſſe made the wine more ſweet:
Thereof ſhe vs'd to giue to drinke to each,
Whom paſſing by ſhe happened to meet:
It was her guiſe, all Strangers goodly ſo to greet.

57

So ſhee to *Guyon* offred it to taſte;
VVho taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently caſt,
That all in peeces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor ſtained all the lond:
VVhereat *Exceſſe* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the ſame amend, ne yet withſtond,
But ſuffred him to paſſe, all were ſhe loth;
Who, not regarding her diſpleaſure, forward go'th.

58

There the moſt dainty Paradiſe on ground,
It ſelfe doth offer to his ſober eye,
In which all pleaſures plentiouſly abound,
And none does others happineſſe envy:
The painted flowres, the trees vpſhooting hie,
The dales for ſhade, the hilles for breathing ſpace,
The trembling groues, the Cryſtall running by;
And that, which all faire works doth moſt aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59

One would haue thought (ſo cunningly the rude
And ſcorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonneſſe enſude
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So ſtriuing each th'other to vndermine,
Each did the others worke more beautifie:
So differing both in willes, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through ſweet diuerſitie,
This Garden to adorne with all varietie.

60

And in the midſt of all, a Fountaine ſtood,
Of richeſt ſubſtance that on earth might bee,
So pure and ſhiny, that the ſilver flood
Through euery channell running one might ſee;
Moſt goodly it with pure imageree
Was over-wrought, and ſhapes of naked boyes,
Of which ſome ſeem'd with liuely iollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toyes,
Whil'ſt others did themſelues embay in liquid ioyes.

61

And over all, of pureſt gold was ſpred
A trayle of Ivie in his natiue hew:
For, the rich metall was ſo coloured,
That wight, who did not well aviſ'd it view,
Would ſurely deeme it to be Ivie true:
Lowe his laſciuious armes adowne did creepe,
That themſelues dipping in the ſilver dew,
Their fleecie flowres they tenderly did ſteepe,
Which drops of Cryſtall ſeem'd for wantonneſſe to weepe.

62

Infinite ſtreames continually did well
Out of this Fountaine, ſweet and faire to ſee,
The which into an ample Laver fell,
And ſhortly grew to ſo great quantitie,
That like a little lake it ſeem'd to bee;
Whoſe depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waues one might the bottom ſee,
All pav'd beneath with Iaſpar ſhining bright,
That ſeem'd the Fountaine in that Sea did ſayle vpright.

63

And all the margent round about was ſet,
With ſhady Laurell trees, thence to defend
The ſunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
And thoſe which therein bathed, mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the ſame to wend,
Two naked Damzelles he therein eſpyde,
Which therein bathing, ſeemed to contend,
And wreſtle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them eyde.

64

Some-times, the one would lift the other quight
Aboue the waters, and then downe againe
Her plonge, as over-maistered by might,
Where both awhile would couered remaine,
And each the other from to rise restraine;
The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
So through the Crystall waues appeared plaine:
Then suddainly both would themselues vnhele,
And th'amarous sweet spoyles to greedy eyes reuele.

65

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
Or as the *Cyprian* Goddesse, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare:
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Crystalline humour dropped downe apace.
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
And some-what gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborne breast gan secret pleasance to embrace.

66

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing awhile at his vnwonted guise;
Then th'one her selfe lowe ducked in the flood,
Abasht, that her a stranger did aduise:
But th'other, rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
And all that might his melting hart entise
To her delights, she vnto him bewrayd:
The rest hid vnderneath, him more desirous made.

67

With that, the other likewise vp arose,
And her faire locks, which formerly were bound
Vp in one knot, she lowe adowne did lose:
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloth'd around,
And th'Iuorie in golden mantle gownd:
So that faire spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it, no lesse faire was found:
So hid in locks and waues from lookers theft,
Nought but her louely face she for his looking left.

68

Withall she laughed, and shee blusht withall,
That blushing to her laughter gaue more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spyde the knight to slack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
Their wanton meriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approche more neare,
And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could reare.

69

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
And (counseld well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of bliss*
Of her fond fauorites so nam'd amiss:
When thus the Palmer: Now Sir, well aduise;
For, heere the end of all our trauell is:
Heere wonnes *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70

Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty eare,
Such as attonce might not on liuing ground,
Saue in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it heare,
To read what manner musick that mote bee:
For, all that pleasing is to liuing eare,
Was there consorted in one harmonee,
Birds, voyces, instruments, windes, waters, all agree.

71

The ioyous birds, shrouded in chearefull shade,
Their notes vnto the voyce attempred sweet;
Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments diuine respondence meet:
The siluer sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, vnto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind lowe answered to all.

72

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee,
Was the faire Witch, her selfe now solacing
With a new Louer, whom through sorceree
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring:
There she had him now layd aslumbering,
In secret shade, after long wanton ioyes:
Whil'st round about them pleasantly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lasciuious boyes,
That euer mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73

And all the while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight:
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Where-with she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

74

The whiles, some one did chaunt this louely lay;
Ah see, whoso faire thing doost faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe foorth with bashfull modestee,
That fayrer seemes, the lesse yee see her may;
Lo, see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display;
Lo, see soone after, how she fades and falles away.

75

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramoure:
Gather therefore the Rose, whil'st yet is prime,
For, soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of loue, whil'st yet is time,
Whil'st louing thou mayst loued be with equall crime.

He

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birds
Their diuerse notes t'attune vnto his lay,
As in approuance of his pleasing words.
The constant paire heard all that he did say,
Yet swarued not, but kept their forward way,
Through many couert groues, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Ladie, with her Louer lose,
VVhose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77

Vpon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,
All in a veile of silke and siluer thin,
That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we wouen see
Of scorched deaw, doe not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote there-with be fild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
That like pure Orient pearles adowne it trild:
And her fayre eyes sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light
Which sparkling on the silent waues, does seeme more (bright.

79

The young man sleeping by her, seem'd to bee
Some goodly swayne of honourable place,
That certes it great pitty was to see
Him his nobilitie so foule deface;
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternnesse did appeare
Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
And on his tender lips the downy haire
Did now but freshly spring, and siluen blossoms beare.

80

His warlike armes (the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise) were hong vpon a tree,
And his braue shield (full of old moniments)
Was foully ras't, that none the signes might see;
Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his aduauncement tend,
But in lewd loues, and wastefull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his body he did spend:
O horrible enchauntment, that him so did blend!

81

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but lustfull game)
That suddaine forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which onely for the same
The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
So held them vnder fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for feare of fouler shame.
The faire Enchauntresse, so vnwares opprest,
Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82

And eke her Louer stroue: but all in vaine;
For, that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine.
They tooke them both, & both them strongly bound
In captiue bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chaines of Adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone vntyde,
And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applide.

83

But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace braue,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pitilesse;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might saue
Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
Their Groues he feld, their Gardens did deface,
Their Arbers spoyld, their Cabinets suppresse,
Their Banket-houses burne, their buildings race,
And of the fayrest late, now made the foulest place.

84

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
The way they came, the same returnd they right,
Till they arriued where they lately had
Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.
VVhich now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soone did pacifie. (did lie.
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those beastes vvhich there

85

Said hee, These seeming beastes are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
Whylome her Louers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their mindes like monstruous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mournefull meede of ioyes delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be vnto their former state.

86

Straight-way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
And straight of beasts they comely men became;
Yet beeing men, they did vnmanly looke,
And stared gastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath, to see their captiue Dame:
But one aboue the rest in speciall,
That had an hog been late (hight *Grille* by name)
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

87

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and haue his hoggish mind,
But let vs hence depart, whil'st weather serues and wind.

The end of the second Booke.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING THE LEGENDE OF BRITOMARTIS.

OR

Of Chaſtitie.

1

IT falles me heere to write of Chaſtitie,
That faireſt vertue, farre aboue the reſt;
For which what needs me fetch from *Faery*
Forraine enſamples, it to haue expreſt?
Sith it is ſhrined in my Soueraignes breſt,
And form'd ſo liuely in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies, which haue it profeſt,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her hart,
If pourtrayd it might be by any liuing art.

2

But liuing art may not leaſt part expreſſe,
Nor life-reſembling pencill it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxiteles:*
His dædale hand would faile, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that paſſeth Painter farre
In picturing the parts of beautie daint,
So hard a workmanſhip adventure darre,
For feare through want of words her excellence to marre.

3

How then ſhall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylome in diuineſt wits did raigne,
Preſume ſo high to ſtretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckleſſe lot doth me conſtraine
Heere-to perforce. But ô, drad Soueraigne,
Thus farre forth pardon, ſith that choiceſt wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plaine
That I in colourd ſhowes may ſhadow it,
And antique prayſes vnto preſent perſons fit.

4

But if in liuing colours, and right hew,
Your ſelfe you covet to ſee pictured,
Who can it doe more liuely, or more trew,
Then that ſweet verſe, with *Nectar* ſprinkeled,
In which a gracious ſeruaunt pictured
His *Cynthia*, his heauens faireſt light?
That with his melting ſweetneſſe rauiſhed,
And with the wonder of her beamez bright,
My ſenſes lulled are in ſlumber of delight.

5

But let that ſame delicious Poet lend
A little leaue vnto a ruſticke Muſe,
To ſing his Miſtreſſe praiſe; and let him mend,
If ought amiſs her liking may abuſe:
Ne let his fayreſt *Cynthia* refuſe,
In mirrours more then one her ſelfe to ſee;
But eyther *Gloriana* let her chuſe,
Or in *Belphœbe* faſhioned to bee:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chaſtitee.

Canto I.

Guyon encountreth Britomart,
faire Florimell is chaced:
Dueſſaes traines and Malecaſtaes
champions are defaced.

1

THe famous Briton Prince and Faery knight,
After long wayes & perilous paines endured,
Hauing their weary limbes to perfect plight
Reſtor'd, & ſory wounds right well recured,
Of the faire *Alma* greatly were procured
To make there lenger ſoiourne and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allured,
From ſeeking praiſe, and deeds of armes abroade,
They courteous conge tooke, and forth together yode.

2

But the captiu'd *Acraſia* hee ſent,
Becauſe of trauell long, a nigher way,
With a ſtrong gard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Faery-court ſafe to conuay,
That her for witneſſe of his hard aſſay,
Vnto his *Faery* Queene he might preſent:
But he himſelfe betooke another way,
To make more triall of his hardiment,
And ſeeke adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

3

Long ſo they trauelled through waſtefull wayes,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils moſt did wonne,
To hunt for glorie and renowmed praiſe;
Full many Countries they did over-runne,
From the vpriſing to the ſetting Sunne,
And many hard adventures did atchieue;
Of all the which they honour euer wonne,
Seeking the weake oppreſſed to relieue,
And to recouer right for ſuch as wrong did grieue.

4

At laſt, as through an open Plaine they yode,
They eſpyde a knight, that towards pricked faire,
And him beſide an aged Squire there rode,
That ſeem'd to couch vnder his ſhield three-ſquare,
As if that age bade him that burden ſpare,
And yield it thoſe, that ſtouter could it wield:
He them eſpying, gan himſelfe prepare,
And on his arme addreſſe his goodly ſhield
That bore a Lyon paſſant in a golden field.

5

Which ſeeing good Sir *Guyon*, deare beſought
The Prince of grace, to let him runne that turne.
He graunted: therthe Faery quickly raught
His poynant ſpeare, and ſharpely gan to ſpurne
His ſtomy ſteed, whoſe fiery feete did burne
The verdant graſſe, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other backe his foote returne,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadfull ſpeare againſt the others head.

6

They beene ymet, and both their poynts arriued,
But *Guyon* droue ſo furious and fell,
That ſeem'd both ſhield and plate it would haue riued;
Natheleſſe, it bore his foe not from his ſell,
But made him ſtagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* ſelfe, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a ſpeares length behind his crouper fell,
Yet in his fall ſo well himſelfe he bare,
That miſchieuous miſchaunce his life & limbes did ſpare.

7

Great ſhame and ſorrow of that fall hee tooke;
For neuer yet ſince warlike armes he bore,
And thiuering ſpeare in bloudy field firſt ſhooke,
He found himſelfe diſhonoured ſo ſore.
Ah gentleſt knight that euer armour bore,
Let not thee grieue diſmounted to haue beene,
And brought to ground, that neuer waſt before;
For, not thy fault, but ſecret powre vnſeene,
That ſpeare enchaũted was, which laid thee on the Greene.

8

But weenedſt thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater griefe and ſhamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldſt renew,
That of a ſingle Damſell thou wert met
On equall Plaine, and there ſo hard beſet;
Euen the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom ſtrange adventure did from *Britaine* fet,
To ſeeke her Louer (loue farre ſought alas)
Whoſe image ſhe had ſeene in *Venus* looking glaſs.

Full

9

Full of diſdainefull wrath, he fierce vp-roſe,
For to revenge that foule reprochefull ſhame,
And ſnatching his bright ſword, began to cloſe
With her on foote, and ſtoutly forward came;
Die rather would he then endure that ſame.
Which when his Palmer ſaw, he gan to feare
His toward perill and vntoward blame,
Which by that new r'encounter he ſhould reare:
For, death ſate on the point of that enchaunted ſpeare.

10

And haſting towards him, gan faire perſwade,
Not to prouoke misfortune, nor to weene
His ſpeares default to mend with cruell blade;
For, by his mighty Science he had ſeene
The ſecret vertue of that weapon keene,
That mortall puiſſance mote not withſtond:
Nothing on earth mote alwaies happy beene.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loſe long gotten honour with one euill hond.

11

By ſuch good meanes he him diſcounſelled,
From proſecuting his reuenging rage:
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathfull will with reaſon to aſſwage,
And laid the blame, not to his carriage,
But to his ſtarting ſteed, that ſwaru'd aſide,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmely tide:
So is his angry courage fairely pacifide.

12

Thus reconcilement was betweene them knit,
Through goodly temperance, and affection chaſte,
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
To let not others honour be defac't
Of friend or foe, who euer it embas't,
Ne armes to beare againſt the others ſide:
In which accord the Prince was alſo plac't,
And with that golden chaine of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ryde.

13

O goodly vſage of thoſe antique times!
In which the ſword was ſeruaunt vnto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praiſe, and proofe of manly might,
The Martiall brood accuſtomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victorie,
And yet the vanquiſhed had no deſpight:
Let later age that noble vſe envie,
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruell ſurquedry.

14

Long they thus trauelled in friendly wiſe,
Through countries waſte, and eke well edifyde,
Seeking adventures hard, to exerciſe
Their puiſſance, whylome full dernely tryde:
At length they came into a forreſt wide,
Whoſe hideous horror and ſad trembling ſound
Full grieſly ſeem'd: Therein they long did ride,
Yet tract of liuing creatures none they found,
Saue Beares, Lyons, & Buls, which romed them around.

15

All ſuddenly out of the thickeſt bruſh,
Vpon a milke-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them ruſh,
Whoſe face did ſeeme as cleare as Cryſtall ſtone,
And eke (through feare) as white as Whales bone:
Her garments all were wrought of beaten gold,
And all her ſteed with tinſell trappings ſhone,
Which fled ſo faſt, that nothing mote him hold,
And ſcarce them leaſure gaue, her paſſing to behold.

16

Still as ſhe fled, her eye ſhe backward threw,
As fearing euill, that purſewd her faſt;
And her faire yellow locks behind her flew,
Looſely diſperſt with puffe of euery blaſt:
All as a blazing ſtarre doth farre out-caſt
His hairie beames, and flaming locks diſſpred,
At ſight whereof the people ſtand agaſt:
But the ſage Wiſard telles (as he has read)
That it importunes death, and dolefull drerihead.

17

So, as they gazed after her awhile,
Lo, where a griſly Foſter foorth did ruſh,
Breathing out beaſtly luſt her to defile:
His tyreling iade he fiercely forth did puſh,
Through thicke and thin, both over banke and buſh,
In hope her to attaine by hooke or crooke,
That from his gorie ſides the bloud did guſh:
Large were his limbes, and terrible his looke,
And in his clowniſh hand a ſharpe bore-ſpeare he ſhooke.

18

Which outrage when thoſe gentle knights did ſee,
Full of great envie and fell iealouſie,
They ſtayd not to aviſe who firſt ſhould bee,
But all ſpurd after faſt, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from ſhamefull villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally byliue
Her ſelfe purſewd, in hope to win thereby
Moſt goodly meed, the fayreſt Dame aliue:
But after the foule Foſter *Timias* did ſtriue.

19

The whiles faire *Britomart*, whoſe conſtant mind,
Would not ſo lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies loue, did ſtay behind,
And them awaited there a certaine ſpace,
To weet if they would turne backe to that place:
But when ſhee ſaw them gone, ſhe forward went,
As lay her iourney, through that perlous Pace,
With ſtedfaſt courage and ſtout hardiment;
Ne euill thing ſhe fear'd, ne euill thing ſhe ment.

20

At laſt, as nigh out of the wood ſhe came,
A ſtately Caſtle farre away ſhe eſpyde,
To which her ſteps directly ſhe did frame.
That Caſtle was moſt goodly edifyde,
And plac't for pleaſure nigh that forreſt ſide:
But faire before the gate a ſpatious Plaine,
Mantled with greene, it ſelfe did ſpredden wide,
On which ſhe ſaw ſixe knights, that did darraine
Fierce battaile againſt one, with cruell might and maine.

21

Mainely they all attonce vpon him layd,
And ſore beſet on euery ſide around,
That nigh he breathleſſe grew, yet nought diſmayd,
Ne euer to them yielded foot of ground
All had he loſt much bloud through many a wound,
But ſtoutly dealt his blowes, and euery way
To which he turned in his wrathfull ſtound,
Made them recoyle, and fly from drad decay,
That none of all the ſixe, before him durſt aſſay:

22

Like daſtard Curres, that hauing at a bay
The ſalvage beaſt emboſt in wearie chace,
Dare not adventure on the ſtubborne pray,
Ne byte before, but rome from place to place,
To get a ſnatch, when turned is his face.
In ſuch diſtreſſe and doubtfull ieopardy,
When *Britomart* him ſaw, ſhee ran apace
Vnto his reskew, and with earneſt cry,
Bade thoſe ſame ſixe forbeare that ſingle enemy.

23

But to her cry they liſt not lenden eare,
Ne ought the more their mighty ſtroakes ſurceaſe,
But gathering him round about more neare,
Their direfull rancour rather did encreaſe;
Till that ſhe ruſhing through the thickeſt preace,
Perforce diſparted their compacted gyre,
And ſoone compeld to harken vnto peace:
Tho gan ſhe mildly of them to inquire
The cauſe of their diſſenſion and outragious ire.

24

VVhere-to that ſingle knight did aunſwere frame;
Theſe ſixe would me enforce by oddes of might,
To change my liefe, and loue another Dame,
That death me liefer were then ſuch deſpight,
So vnto wrong to yield my wreſted right:
For, I loue one, the trueſt one on ground,
Ne liſt me change; ſhe th'*Errant Damſell* hight,
For whoſe deare ſake full many a bitter ſtound
I haue endur'd, and taſted many a bloudy wound.

25

Certes, ſaid ſhe, then been ye ſixe to blame,
To weene your wrong by force to iuſtifie:
For, knight to leaue his Lady were great ſhame,
That faithfull is, and better were to die.
All loſſe is leſſe, and leſſe the infamy,
Then loſſe of loue, to him that loues but one;
Ne may loue be compeld by maiſtery;
For, ſoone as maiſtery comes, ſweet loue anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and ſoone away is gone.

26

Then ſpake one of thoſe ſixe, There dwelleth heere
Within this Caſtle wall a Lady faire,
Whoſe ſoueraine beautie hath no liuing peere;
There-to ſo bountious and ſo debonaire,
That neuer any mote with her compaire.
She hath ordaind this lawe, which we approue,
That euery knight, which doth this way repaire,
In caſe he haue no Lady, nor no Loue,
Shall doe vnto her ſeruice neuer to remoue.

27

But, if he haue a Lady or a Loue,
Then muſt he her forgoe with foule defame,
Or elſe with vs by dint of ſword approue,
That ſhe is fairer then our faireſt Dame,
As did this knight, before ye hither came.
Perdie, ſaid *Britomart*, the choice is hard:
But what reward had he that overcame?
He ſhould advaunced be to high regard
Said they, and haue our Ladies loue for his reward.

28

Therefore aread Sir, if thou haue a Loue.
Loue haue I ſure, quoth ſhe, but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine owne Loue remoue,
Ne to your Lady will I ſeruice done,
But wreake your wrongs wrought to this knight alone,
And proue his cauſe. With that, her mortall ſpeare
She mightily aventred towards one,
And downe him ſmote ere well aware he were,
Then to the next ſhe rode, and downe the next did beare.

29

Ne did ſhe ſtay till three on ground ſhe layd,
That none of them himſelfe could reare againe;
The fourth was by that other knight diſmayd,
All were he wearie of his former paine,
That now there doe but two of ſixe remaine;
Which two did yield before ſhe did them ſmight.
Ah, ſaid ſhe then, now may ye all ſee plaine,
That truth is ſtrong, and true loue moſt of might,
That for his truſty ſeruaunts doth ſo ſtrongly fight.

30

Too well we ſee, ſaid they, and proue too well
Our faultie weakeneſſe, and your matchleſſe might:
For-thy faire Sir, yours be the Damozell,
Which by her owne law to your lot doth light,
And we your liege-men faith vnto you plight.
So vnderneath her feet their ſwords they ſhard,
And after, her beſought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reape the due reward:
Shee graunted, and then in they all together far'd.

31

Long were it to deſcribe the goodly frame,
And ſtately port of *Caſtle Ioyeous*,
(For, ſo that Caſtle hight by common name)
Where they were entertaind with curteous
And comely glee of many gracious
Faire Ladies, and many a gentle knight,
Who through a Chamber long and ſpacious,
Eftſoones them brought vnto their Ladies ſight.
That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

32

But for to tell the ſumptuous array
Of that great chamber, ſhould be labour loſt:
For, liuing wit (I weene) cannot diſplay
The royall riches and exceeding coſt
Of euery pillour and of euery poſt;
Which all of pureſt bullion framed were,
And with great pearles and pretious ſtones emboſt,
That the bright gliſter of their beamez cleare
Did ſparkle forth great light, and glorious did appeare.

Theſe

33

These stranger knights through passing, forth were led
Into an inner roome, whose royaltee
And rich purveyance might vneath be read;
Mote Princes place beseeme so deckt to bee.
Which stately manner when as they did see,
The image of superfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the state of meane degree,
They greatly wondred, whence so sumptuous guise
Might be maintaind, and each gan diuersely deuise.

34

The wals were round about apparelled
With costly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The loue of *Venus* and her Paramour
The fayre *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A worke of rare deuise, and wondrous wit.
First did it shew the bitter balefull stowre,
Which her assayd with many a feruent fit,
When first her tender hart was with his beautie smit.

35

Then, with what sleights and sweet allurements she
Entic'd the Boy (as well that art she knew)
And wooed him her Paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crowne his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a secret shade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heauens view,
Where him to sleepe she gently would perswade,
Or bathe him in a fountaine by some couert glade.

36

And whil'st he slept, she over him would spread
Her mantle, colour'd like the starry skyes,
And her soft arme lay vnderneath his head,
And with ambrosiall kisses bathe his eyes;
And whil'st he bath'd, with her two crafty spyes
She secretly would search each dainty lim,
And throwe into the Well sweet Rosemaries,
And fragrant violets, and Pances trim,
And euer with sweet Nectar she did sprinkle him.

37

So did she steale his heedlesse hart away,
And ioy'd his loue in secret vnespide.
But, for she saw him bent to cruell play,
To hunt the salvage beast in forest wide,
Dreadfull of danger, that mote him betide,
Shee oft and oft adviz'd him to refraine
From chase of greater beasts, whose brutish pride
Mote breed him scathe vnwares: but all in vaine;
For, who can shun the chaunce that dest'ny doth ordaine?

38

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languishing,
Deadly engored of a great wilde Bore,
And by his side the Goddesse groueling
Makes for him endlesse mone, and euermore
With her soft garment wipes away the gore,
Which staines his snowy skin with hatefull hew:
But when she saw no helpe might him restore,
Him to a dainty flowre she did transmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it liuely grew.

39

So was that chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylome was the antique worldes guize,
Some for vntimely ease, some for delight,
As pleased them to vse, that vse it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dauncing and reuelling both day and night,
And swimming deepe in sensuall desires,
And *Cupid* still emongst them kindled lustfull fires.

40

And all the while, sweet Musick did diuide
Her looser notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while, sweet birds thereto applide
Their dainty layes and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of loue and iollitie,
That wonder was to heare their trim consort.
Which when those knights beheld, with scornefull eye,
They sdeigned such lasciuious disport,
And loath'd the loose demeanure of that wanton sort.

41

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found sitting on a sumptuous bed,
That glistred all with gold and glorious shew,
As the proud *Persian* Queenes accustomed:
She seem'd a woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beautie, sauing that askaunce
Her wanton eyes, ill signes of womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glaunce,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenaunce.

42

Long worke it were, and needlesse to deuize
Their goodly entertainement and great glee:
She caused them be led in curteous wize
Into a bowre, disarmed for to bee,
And cheared well with wine and spiceree:
The *Redcrosse* Knight was soone disarmed there;
But the braue Mayd would not disarmed be,
But onely vented vp her vmbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appere.

43

As when faire *Cynthia*, in darkesome night,
Is in a noyous cloud enveloped,
Where she may find the substance thin and light,
Breakes forth her siluer beames, and her bright head
Discouers to the world discomfited;
Of the poore traueller that went astray,
With thousand blessings she is heried;
Such was the beauty and the shining ray,
With which faire *Britomart* gaue light vnto the day.

44

And eke those sixe, which lately with her fought,
Now were disarmd, and did themselues present
Vnto her view, and company vnsought;
For they all seemed curteous and gent,
And all sixe brethren, borne of one parent,
Which had them trayned in all ciuilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her Knights-seruice ought, to hold of her in Fee.

The

45

The first of them by name *Gardante* hight,
A iolly person, and of comely view;
The second was *Parlante*, a bold knight,
And next to him *Iocante* did ensew;
Basciante did himselfe most curteous shew;
But fierce *Bacchante* seem'd too fell and keene;
And yet in armes *Noctante* greater grew:
All were faire knights, and goodly well beseene;
But to faire *Britomart* they all but shadowes beene.

46

For she was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed there-withall,
That as the one stird vp affections base,
So th'other did mens rash desires appall,
And hold them backe, that would in errour fall;
As he that hath espyde a vermeill Rose,
To which sharpe thornes and briers the way forstall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expose;
But wishing it farre off, his idle wish doth lose.

47

Whom when the Lady saw so faire a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary sex,
(For she her weend a fresh and lusty knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vaine thoughts her falsed fancy vex:
Her fickle hart conceiued hastie fire,
Like sparks of fire which fall in slender flex,
That shortly brent into extreame desire,
And ransackt all her veines with passion entire.

48

Eftsoones shee grew to great impatience,
And into tearmes of open outrage burst,
That plaine discouer'd her incontinence,
Ne reckt she, who her meaning did mistrust;
For, she was giuen all to fleshly lust,
And poured forth in sensuall delight,
That all regard of shame she had discust,
And meet respect of honour put to flight:
So shamelesse beauty soone becomes a loathy sight.

49

Faire Ladies, that to loue captiued arre,
And chaste desires doe nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweet affections marre,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
Mongst thousands good, one wanton Dame to find:
Emongst the Roses growe some wicked weedes;
For, this was not to loue, but lust inclin'd;
For, loue does alwaies bring forth bountious deeds,
And in each gentle hart desire of honour breedes.

50

Nought so of loue this looser Dame did skill,
But as a coale to kindle fleshly flame,
Giuing the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading vnder foote her honest name:
Such loue is hate, and such desire is shame.
Still did she roue at her with crafty glaunce
Of her false eyes, that at her hart did ayme,
And told her meaning in her countenaunce;
But *Britomart* dissembled it with ignoraunce.

51

Supper was shortly dight, and downe they sat,
Where they were serued with all sumptuous fare,
VVhiles fruitfull *Ceres*, and *Lyæus* fat
Pourd out their plenty, without spight or spare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their banks did overflowe,
And aye betweene the cups, she did prepare
Way to her loue, and secret darts did throwe;
But *Britomart* would not such guilefull message knowe.

52

So when they slaked had the feruent heat
Of appetite with meates of euery sort,
The Lady did faire *Britomart* entreat,
Her to disarme, and with delightfull sport
To loose her warlike limbs and strong effort:
But when she mote not there-vnto be wonne,
(For, shee her sex vnder that strange purport
Did vse to hide, and plaine apparaunce shunne:)
In plainer wise to tell her grieuaunce she begunne;

53

And all attonce discouered her desire
With sighes, and sobs, and plaints, & pittious griefe,
The outward sparkes of her in-burning fire;
Which spent in vaine, at last she told her briefe,
That but if she did lend her short reliefe,
And doe her comfort, she mote algates die.
But the chaste Damzell, that had neuer priefe
Of such malengine and fine forgerie,
Did easily believe her strong extremitie.

54

Full easie was for her to haue beliefe,
Who, by selfe-feeling of her feeble sex,
And by long triall of the inward griefe,
Where-with imperious loue her hart did vex,
Could iudge what paines do louing harts perplex.
Who meanes no guile, be 'guiled soonest shall,
And to faire semblaunce doth light faith annex;
The bird, that knowes not the false Fowlers call,
Into his hidden net full easily doth fall.

55

For-thy, she would not in discourteous wise,
Scorne the faire offer of good will profest;
For, great rebuke it is, loue to despise,
Or rudely sdeigne a gentle harts request;
But with faire countenaunce, as beseemed best,
Her entertaind; nath'lesse, shee inly deem'd
Her loue too light, to wooe a wandring guest:
Which she misconstruing, thereby esteem'd
That frō like inward fire that' outward smoke had steem'd.

56

There-with awhile she her fit fancie fed,
Till she mote winne fit time for her desire:
But yet her wound still inward freshly bled,
And through her bones the false instilled fire
Did spread it selfe, and venime close inspire.
Tho, were the tables taken all away,
And euery Knight, and euery gentle Squire
Gan choose his Dame with *Basciomani* gay,
With whom he meant to make his sport and courtly play.

Some

57

Some fell to daunce, ſome fell to hazardry,
Some to make loue, ſome to make meriment,
As diuerſe wits to diuerſe things apply;
And all the while faire *Malecaſta* bent
Her crafty engins to her cloſe intent.
By this th'eternall lampes, where-with high *Ioue*
Doth light the lower world, were halfe yſpent,
And the moiſt daughters of huge *Atlas* ſtroue
Into the *Ocean* deepe to driue their wearie droue.

58

High time it ſeemed then for euery wight
Them to betake vnto their kindly reſt;
Eftſoones long waxen torches weren light,
Vnto their bowres to guiden euery gueſt:
Tho, when the Britoneſſe ſaw all the reſt
Auoided quite, ſhe gan her ſelfe deſpoile,
And ſafe commit to her ſoft fethered neſt;
Where, through long watch, & late dayes weary toyle,
She ſoundly ſlept, and carefull thoughts did quite aſſoile.

59

Now, when-as all the world in ſilence deepe
Yſhrowded was, and euery mortall wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly ſleepe,
Faire *Malecaſta*, whoſe engrieued ſpright
Could find no reſt in ſuch perplexed plight,
Lightly aroſe out of her weary bed,
And vnder the blacke veile of guilty Night,
Her with a ſcarlot mantle couered,
That was with gold and Ermines fayre enueloped.

60

Then panting ſoft, and trembling euery ioynt,
Her fearefull feet towards the bowre ſhe moued;
Where ſhe for ſecret purpoſe did appoynt
To lodge the warlike mayd vnwiſely loued,
And to her bed approching, firſt ſhe prooued,
Whether ſhe ſlept or wak't, with her ſoft hand
She ſoftly felt, if any member mooued,
And lent her wary eare to vnderſtand,
If any puffe of breath, or ſigne of ſenſe ſhe fand.

61

Which, when-as none ſhe fond, with eaſie ſhift,
For feare leaſt her vnwares ſhe ſhould abrayd,
Th'embroderd quilt ſhe lightly vp did lift,
And by her ſide her ſelfe ſhe ſoftly layd,
Of euery fineſt fingers touch affrayd;
Ne any noyſe ſhe made, ne word ſhe ſpake,
But inly ſigh't. At laſt, the royall Mayd
Out of her quiet ſlumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary ſide, the better eaſe to take.

62

Where, feeling one cloſe couched by her ſide,
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, halfe dead
Through ſuddaine feare and gaſtly dreriheed,
Did ſhrieke aloud, that through the houſe it rong,
And the whole family there-with adred,
Raſhly out of their rouzed couches ſprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in armes did throng.

63

And thoſe ſix Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcroſſe* knight ran to the ſtound,
Halfe arm'd and halfe vnarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confuſedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the ſenſeleſſe ground;
On th'other ſide, they ſaw the warlike Mayd
All in her ſnow-white ſmock, with locks vnbound,
Threatning the poynt of her auenging blade,
That with ſo troublous terrour they were all diſmayd.

64

About their Lady firſt they flockt around:
Whom hauing layd in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen ſwound;
And afterwards they gan with foule reproche
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, and troublous conteck broche:
But by enſample of the laſt dayes loſſe,
None of them raſhly durſt to her approche,
Ne in ſo glorious ſpoyle themſelues emboſſe;
Her ſuccour'd eke the Champion of the bloudy Croſſe.

65

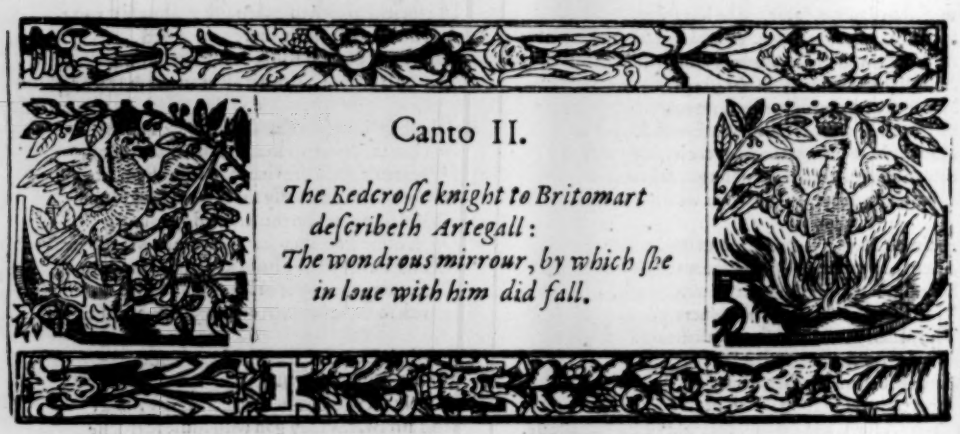
But one of thoſe ſixe Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly boawe and arrow keene,
Which forth he ſent with felonous deſpight,
And fell intent againſt the Virgin ſheene:
The mortall ſteele ſtaid not, till it was ſeene
To gore her ſide; yet was the wound not deepe,
But lightly raſed her ſoft ſilken skin,
That drops of purple blood there-out did weepe,
Which did her lilly ſmock with ſtaines of vermeil ſteepe.

66

Where-with enrag'd, ſhee fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming ſword about her layd,
That none of them foule miſchiefe could eſchew,
But with her dreadfull ſtrokes were all diſmayd:
Here, there, and euery where about her ſwayd
Her wrathfull ſteele, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcroſſe* knight gaue her good ayde,
Ay ioyning foot to foot, and ſide to ſide,
That in ſhort ſpace their foes they haue quite terrifide.

67

Tho, when-as all were put to ſhamefull flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her arrayd,
And her bright armes about her body dight:
For nothing would ſhe lenger there be ſtaid,
Where ſo looſe life, and ſo vngentle trade
Was vs'd of Knights and Ladies ſeeming gent:
So eurely, ere the groſſe Earthes gryeſy ſhade,
Was all diſperſt out of the firmament,
They tooke their ſteeds, & forth vpon their iourney went.



Canto II.

The Redcroſſe knight to Britomart
deſcribeth Artegall:
The wondrous mirrour, by which ſhe
in loue with him did fall.

1

HEre haue I cauſe, in men iuſt blame to find,
That in their proper praiſe too partiall be,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom, no ſhare in armes & cheualrie
They doe impart, ne maken memorie
Of their braue geſtes & proweſſe Martiall;
Scarce doe they ſpare to one, or two, or three,
Roome in their writs; yet the ſame writing ſmall
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

2

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in warres to beare moſt ſway,
And to all great exploits themſelues inclin'd:
Of which they ſtill the girlond bore away,
Till enuious Men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyne ſtraight lawes to curb their liberty;
Yet ſith they warlike armes haue layd away,
They haue exceld in artes and policie,
That now we fooliſh men that praiſe gin eke t'enuy.

3

Of warlike puiſſaunce in ages ſpent,
Be thou faire *Britomart*, whoſe praiſe I write,
But of all wiſedome be thou precedent,
O ſoueraigne Queene, whoſe praiſe I would endite,
Endite I would as duetie doth excite;
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arre,
VVhen in ſo high an obiect they doe lighte,
And ſtriuing fit to make, I feare doe marre:
Thy ſelfe thy prayſes tell, and make them knowen farre.

4

She, trauelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of ſundry things faire purpoſe gan to find,
T'abbridge their iourney long, and lingring day;
Mongſt which it fell into that Faeries mind,
To aske this Briton Mayd, what vncouth wind
Brought her into thoſe parts, and what inqueſt
Made her diſſemble her diſguiſed kind:
Faire Lady ſhe him ſeemd, like Lady dreſt;
But fayreſt knight aliue, when armed was her breſt.

5

Thereat ſhee ſighing ſoftly, had no power
To ſpeake awhile, ne ready anſwere make,
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter ſtowre,
As if ſhe had a feuer fit, did quake,
And euery dainty limbe with horrour ſhake;
And euer and anone the roſy red
Flaſht through her face, as it had beene a flake
Of lightning, through bright heauen fulmined;
At laſt, the paſſion paſt, ſhe thus him anſwered.

6

Faire Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre
I taken was from Nurſes tender pap,
I haue beene trained vp in warlike ſtowre,
To toſſen ſpeare and ſhield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his moſt miſhap;
Sithence I loathed haue my life to lead,
As Ladies wont, in pleaſures wanton lap,
To finger the fine needle and nyce thread;
Me leuer were with point of foe-mans ſpeare be dead.

7

All my delight on deeds of armes is ſet,
To hunt out perils and aduentures hard,
By ſea, by land, whereſo they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without reſpect of riches or reward.
For ſuch intent into theſe parts I came,
Withouten compaſſe, or withouten card,
Far from my natiue ſoyle, that is by name
The greater *Britaine*, heere to ſeeke for praiſe and fame.

8

Fame blazed hath, that heere in Faery lond
Doe many famous Knights and Ladies wonne,
And many ſtrange aduentures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worſhip may be wonne;
Which I to proue, this voyage haue begonne.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath vnto me donne
Late foule diſhonour and reprochefull ſpight,
The which I ſeeke to wreake, and *Arthegall* he hight.

The

9

The word gone out, ſhe backe againe would call,
As her repenting ſo to haue miſſayd,
But that he it vp-taking ere the fall,
Her ſhortly anſwered: Faire martiall Maid
Certes ye miſauiſed been, t'vpbraid
A gentle knight with ſo vnknightly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that euer playd
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Arthegall* hath euer borne the name.

10

For-thy great wonder were it, if ſuch ſhame
Should euer enter in his bountious thought,
Or euer do that mote deſeruen blame:
The noble courage neuer weeneth ought,
That may vnworthy of it ſelfe be thought.
Therefore, faire Damzell, be ye well aware,
Leaſt that too farre ye haue your ſorrowe ſought:
You and your countrey both I wiſh welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

11

The royall Mayd wexe inly wondrous glad,
To heare her loue ſo highly magnifide,
And ioyd that euer ſhe affixed had
Her heart on knight ſo goodly glorifide,
How euer finely ſhe it fained to hide:
The louing mother, that nine moneths did beare,
In the deare cloſet of her painefull ſide,
Her tender babe, it ſeeing ſafe appeare,
Doth not ſo much reioice, as ſhe reioiced there.

12

But to occaſion him to further talke,
To feed her humour with his pleaſing ſtile,
Her liſt in ſtrife-full tearmes with him to balke,
And thus replide: How euer, Sir, ye file
Your courteous tongue his praiſes to compile,
It ill beſeemes a knight of gentle ſort,
Such as ye haue him boaſted, to beguile
A ſimple mayd, and worke ſo haynous tort,
In ſhame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

13

Let be therefore my vengeance to diſſwade,
And read, where I that faytour falſe may find.
Ah, but if reaſon faire might you perſwade,
To ſlake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
Sayd he, perhaps ye ſhould it better find:
For, hardy thing it is, to weene by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or euer hope to match in equall fight;
Whoſe proweſſe paragon ſaw neuer liuing wight.

14

Ne ſoothlich is it eaſie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be found:
For, he ne wonneth in one certaine ſtead,
But reſtleſs walketh all the world around,
Ay doing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cauſe, and Orphans right,
Whereſo he heares, that any doth confound
Them comfortleſſe, through tyranny or might;
So is his ſoueraine honour rais'd to heauens hight.

15

His feeling words her feeble ſenſe much pleaſed,
And ſoftly ſunke into her molten heart;
Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eaſed
With hope of thing, that may allegge his ſmart;
For, pleaſing words are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in ſlomber lay:
Such ſecret eaſe felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet liſt the ſame efforce with faind gainesay;
(So, diſcord oft in Muſick makes the ſweeter lay.)

16

And ſayd, Sir knight, theſe idle tearms forbeare,
And ſith it is vneath to finde his haunt,
Tell me ſome markes, by which he may appeare,
If chaunce I him encounter paraunt;
For, perdy one ſhall other ſlay, or daunt: (ſted,
What ſhape, what ſhield, what arms, what ſteed, what
And whatſo elſe his perſon moſt may vaunt?
All which the *Redcroſſe* knight to point ared,
And him in euery point before her faſhioned.

17

Yet him in euery part before ſhe knew,
How-euer liſt her now her knowledge faine,
Sith him whilome in *Britaine* ſhe did view,
To her reuealed in a mirrour plaine;
Whereof did growe her firſt engraffed paine;
Whoſe root and ſtalke ſo bitter yet did taſte,
That but the fruite more ſweetneſſe did containe,
Her wretched dayes in dolour ſhe mote waſte,
And yield the pray of loue to loathſome death at laſt.

18

By ſtrange occaſion ſhe did him behold,
And much more ſtrangely gan to loue his ſight,
As it in bookes hath written been of old.
In *Debeubarth* that now South-wales is hight,
What time king *Ryence* raign'd, and dealed right,
The great Magician *Merlin* had deuiz'd,
By his deepe ſcience, and hell-dreaded might,
A looking glaſs, right wondrouſly aguiz'd,
Whoſe vertues through the wide world ſoon were ſolem- (niz'd.

19

It vertue had, to ſhew in perfect ſight,
What-euer thing was in the world contain'd,
Betwixt the loweſt earth and heauens hight,
So that it to the looker appertayn'd;
What-euer foe had wrought or friend had fayn'd,
Therein diſcouered was, ne ought mote paſs,
Ne ought in ſecret from the ſame remayn'd;
For-thy it round and hollow ſhaped was,
Like to the world it ſelfe, and ſeem'd a world of glaſs.

20

Who wonders not, that reades ſo wondrous worke?
But who does wonder that has red the Towre,
Wherein th'Ægyptian *Phaö* long did lurke
From all mens view, that none might her diſcoure,
Yet ſhe might all men view out of her bowre?
Great *Ptolomæe* it for his lemans ſake
Ybuilded all of glaſs, by Magicke powre,
And alſo it impregnable did make;
Yet when his loue was falſe, he with a peaze it brake.

21

Such was the glaſſie globe that *Merlin* made,
And gaue vnto king *Rience* for his guard,
That neuer foes his kingdome might inuade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tidings therof, and ſo them ſtill debard.
It was a famous Preſent for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treaſons could bewray, and foes conuince:
Happy this Realme, had it remained euer ſince.

22

One day it fortuned, faire *Britomart*
Into her fathers cloſet to repaire;
For, nothing he from her reſeru'd apart,
Being his onely daughter and his hayre:
Where when ſhe had eſpide that mirrour faire,
Her ſelfe awhile therin ſhe viewd in vaine;
Tho, her auizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof ſpoken were, ſhe gan againe
Her to bethinke of that mote to her ſelfe pertaine.

23

But as it falleth in the gentleſt hearts
Imperious Loue hath higheſt ſet his throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter ſmarts
Of them, that to him buxome are and prone:
So thought this Maid (as maidens vſe to done)
Whom fortune for her husband would allot,
Not that ſhe luſted after any one;
For, ſhe was pure from blame of ſinfull blot,
Yet wiſt her life at laſt muſt linke in that ſame knot.

24

Eftſoones there was preſented to her eye,
A comely knight, all arm'd in complet wize,
Through whoſe bright ventayle lifted vp on hie
His manly face, that did his foes agrize,
And friends to tearms of gentle truce entize
Lookt foorth, as *Phœbus* face out of the eaſt
Betwixt two ſhady mountaines doth arize;
Portly his perſon was, and much increaſt
Through his Heröicke grace, and honorable geſt.

25

His creſt was couered with a couchant Hound,
And all his armour ſeem'd of antique mould,
But wondrous maſſie and aſſured ſound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles armes which Arthegall did winne.
And on his ſhield enueloped ſeuenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her faire pouldred skin.

26

The Damzell well did view his perſonage,
And liked well, ne further faſtned not,
But went her way; ne her vnguilty age
Did weene, vnwares, that her vnluckie lot
Lay hidden in the bottome of the pot;
Of hurt vnwiſt moſt danger doth redound;
But the falſe Archer, which that arrow ſhot
So ſlyly, that ſhe did not feele the wound,
Did ſmile full ſmoothly at her weetleſs wofull ſtound.

27

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty creſt,
Ruffed of loue, gan lowely to auaile,
And her proud portance, and her princely geſt,
With which ſhe earſt triumphed, now did quaile:
Sad, ſolemne, ſowre, and full of fancies fraile
She woxe; yet wiſt ſhe neither how, nor why,
She wiſt not, ſilly maid, what ſhe did aile;
Yet wiſt, ſhe was not well at eaſe perdy,
Yet thought it was not loue, but ſome melancholy.

28

So ſoone as night had with her pallid hew
Defac't the beauty of the ſhining sky,
And reft from men the worlds deſired view,
She with her Nourſe adowne to ſleepe did lie;
But ſleepe full farre away from her did flie:
In ſtead thereof ſad ſighes and ſorrowes deepe
Kept watch and ward about her warily.
That nought ſhe did but waile, and often ſteepe
Her dainty couch with tears, which cloſely ſhe did weep.

29

And if that any drop of ſlombring reſt
Did chaunce to ſtill into her weary ſpright,
When feeble nature felt her ſelfe oppreſt;
Streight-way with dreames, and with fantaſticke ſight
Of dreadfull things the ſame was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed ſhe did aſtart,
As one with view of ghaſtly feends affright:
Tho, gan ſhe to renew her former ſmart,
And thinke of that faire viſage written in her heart.

30

One night, when ſhe was toſt with ſuch vnreſt,
Her aged Nurſe, whoſe name was *Glauce* hight,
Feeling her leape out of her loathed neſt,
Betwixt her feeble armes her quickly keight,
And downe againe in her warme bed her dight;
Ah my deare daughter, ah my deareſt dread,
What vncouth fit, ſayd ſhe, what euill plight
Hath thee oppreſt, and with ſad drearyhead
Chaunged thy liuely cheare, and liuing made thee dead?

31

For, not of nought theſe ſuddeine ghaſtly feares
All night afflict thy naturall repoſe;
And all the day, when as thine equall Peares
Their fit diſports with faire delight doe choſe,
Thou in dull corners doſt thy ſelfe incloſe,
Ne taſteſt Princes pleaſures, ne doeſt ſpred
Abroad thy freſh youthes faireſt flowre, but loſe
Both leafe and fruit, both too vntimely ſhed,
As one in wilfull bale for euer buried.

32

The time, that mortall men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wilde beaſtes do reſt,
And euery riuer eke his courſe forbeares,
Then doth this wicked euill thee infeſt,
And riue with thouſand throbs thy thrilled breſt;
Like an huge *Aetn*' of deep engulfed griefe,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow cheſt,
Whence forth it breakes in ſighes and anguiſh rife,
As ſmoke and ſulphure mingled with confuſed ſtrife.

Aye

33

Aye me, how much I feare, leaſt loue it bee;
But if that loue it be, as ſure I read
By knowen ſignes and paſſions, which I ſee,
Be it worthy of thy race and royall ſead,
Then I avow by this moſt ſacred head
Of my deare foſter child, to eaſe thy griefe,
And win thy will: Therefore away doe dread;
For, death nor danger from thy dew reliefe
Shall me debarre, tell me therefore my liefeſt liefe.

34

So hauing ſaid, her twixt her armes twaine
She ſtraightly ſtrayn'd, and colled tenderly,
And euery trembling ioynt, and euery vaine
She ſoftly felt, and rubbed buſily,
To doe the frozen colde awaie to flie;
And her faire deawy eyes with kiſſes deare
She oft did bathe, and oft againe did dry;
And euer her importun'd, not to feare
To let the ſecret of her heart to her appeare.

35

The Damzell paus'd, and then thus fearefully;
Ah Nurſe! what needeth thee to eke my paine?
Is not enough, that I alone doe die,
But it muſt doubled be with death of twaine?
For, nought for me but death there doth remaine.
O daughter deare, ſaid ſhe, deſpaire no whit;
For, Neuer ſore, but might a ſalue obtaine:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly ſmit,
Another arrow hath your louers heart to hit.

36

But mine is not, quoth ſhe, like others wound;
For which no reaſon can finde remedie.
Was neuer ſuch, but mote the like be found,
Said ſhe, and though no reaſon may apply
Salue to your ſore, yet loue can higher ſtie,
Then reaſons reach, and oft hath wonders donne.
But neither god of loue, nor god of ſky
Can doe (ſaid ſhe) that, which cannot be donne.
Things oft impoſſible (quoth ſhe) ſeeme ere begonne.

37

Theſe idle words, ſayd ſhe, doe nought aſſwage
My ſtubborne ſmart, but more annoyance breed,
For, no, no vſuall fire, no vſuall rage
It is, ô Nurſe, which on my life doth feed,
And ſuckes the bloud, which from my heart doth bleed.
But ſince thy faithfull zeale lets me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor pere it is, whoſe loue hath gryde
My feeble breſt of late, and launced this wound wyde;

38

Nor man it is, nor other liuing wight:
For then ſome hope I might vnto me drawe;
But th'only ſhade and ſemblant of a knight,
Whoſe ſhape or perſon yet I neuer ſawe,
Hath me ſubiected to loues cruell lawe:
The ſame one day, as me misfortune led,
I in my fathers wondrous mirrour ſawe,
And pleaſed with that ſeeming goodly-hed,
Vnwares the hidden hooke with baite I ſwallowed.

39

Sithens it hath infixed faſter hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and ſo ſore
Now rankleth in this ſame fraile fleſhly mould,
That all mine entrailes flowe with poyſnous gore,
And th'vlcer groweth dayly more and more;
Ne can my running ſore find remedie,
Other then my hard fortune to deplore,
And languiſh as the leafe falne from the tree,
Till death make one end of my daies and miſerie.

40

Daughter, ſayd ſhe, what need ye be diſmayd,
Or why make ye ſuch monſter of your mind?
Of much more vncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy luſt, contrary vnto kind:
But this affection nothing ſtrange I find;
For, who with reaſon can you aye reproue,
To loue the ſemblant pleaſing moſt your minde,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remoue?
No guilt in you, but in the tyranny of loue.

41

Not ſo th'*Arabian Myrrh*' did ſet her minde;
Not ſo did *Biblis* ſpend her piming heart,
But lov'd their native fleſh againſt all kind,
And to their purpoſe vſed wicked art:
Yet playd *Paſiphaë* more monſtrous part,
That lov'd a Bull, and learnd a beaſt to bee;
Such ſhamefull luſts who loaths not, which depart
From courſe of Nature and of modeſty?
Sweet loue ſuch lewdnes bands from his faire company.

42

But thine my Deare (welfare thy heart my Deare)
Though ſtrange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appeare;
And certes ſeems beſtowed not amiſs:
Ioy thereof haue thou and eternall bliſs.
With that vpleaning on her elbowe weake,
Her alablaſter breſt ſhe ſoft did kiſs,
Which all that while ſhe felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were; at laſt ſhe thus beſpake:

43

Beldame, your words do worke me little eaſe;
For, though my loue be not ſo lewdly bent,
As thoſe ye blame, yet may it not appeaſe
My raging ſmart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpleſs griefe augment.
For they, how euer ſhamefull and vnkinde,
Yet did poſſeſſe their horrible intent:
Short end of ſorrowes they thereby did finde; (minde.
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their

44

But wicked fortune mine, though mine be good,
Can haue no end, nor hope of my deſire,
But feed on ſhadowes, whiles I die for foode,
And like a ſhadow wexe, whiles with entire
Affection I doe languiſh and expire.
I fonder, then *Cephiſus* fooliſh child,
Who hauing viewed in a fountaine ſhere
His face, was with the loue thereof beguil'd;
I fonder loue a ſhade, the body farre exil'd.

45

Nought like, quoth ſhe, for that ſame wretched boy
Was of himſelfe the idle Paramoure;
Both loue and louer, without hope of ioy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'ſt the ſhadow of a warlike knight;
No ſhadow, but a body hath in powre:
That bodie, whereſoeuer that it light,
May learned be by cyphers, or by Magicke might.

46

But if thou may with reaſon yet repreſſe
The growing euill, ere it ſtrength haue got,
And thee abandond wholly do poſſeſſe,
Againſt it ſtrongly ſtriue, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adowne be ſmot.
But if the paſſion maſter thy fraile might,
So that needs loue or death muſt be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
To compaſſe thy deſire, and find that loued knight.

47

Her chearefull words much chear'd the feeble ſpright
Of the ſicke virgin, that her downe ſhe layd
In her warme bed to ſleepe, if that ſhe might;
And the old-woman carefully diſplayd
The clothes about her round with buſie ayd;
So that at laſt a little creeping ſleepe
Surpris'd her ſenſe: She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lampe downe in the oyle did ſteepe,
And ſet her by to watch, and ſet her by to weepe.

48

Earely the morrow next, before that day
His ioyous face did to the world reueale,
They both vprоſe and tooke their readie way
Vnto the Church their prayers to appeale,
With great deuotion, and with little zeale:
For, the faire Damzell from the holy herſe
Her loue-ſicke heart to other thoughts did ſteale;
And that old Dame ſayd many an idle verſe,
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reuerſe.

49

Returned home, the royall Infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her ſelfe in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nurſe, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Sauine, and the flowre
Of *Camphara*, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which ſhe in an earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with Colt wood did it fill,
And many drops of milke and bloud through it did ſpill.

50

Then taking thrice three haires from off her head,
Them trebbly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after hauing whiſpered a ſpace
Certaine ſad words, with hollow voice and baſe,
She to the virgin ſaid, thrice ſayd ſhe it;
Come daughter come, come; ſpit vpon my face,
Spit thrice vpon me, thrice vpon me ſpit;
Th'vneuen number for this buſineſſe is moſt fit.

51

That ſayd, her round about ſhe from her turnd,
She turned her contrary to the Sunne,
Thrife ſhe her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
All contrary; for ſhe the right did ſhunne,
And euer what ſhe did, was ſtreight vndonne.
So thought ſhe to vndoe her daughters loue:
But loue, that is in gentle breſt begonne,
No idle charmes ſo lightly may remoone;
That well can witneſſe, who by triall it does proue.

52

Ne ought it mote the noble Mayd auaile,
Ne ſlake the furie of her cruell flame,
But that ſhe ſtill did waſte, and ſtill did wayle,
That through long langour, and heart-burning brame
She ſhortly like a pyned ghoſt became,
Which long hath wayted by the Stygian ſtrond.
That when old *Glaucé* ſaw, for feare leaſt blame
Of her miſcarriage ſhould in her be fond
She wiſt not how t'amend, nor how it to withſtond.

Canto

Canto III.

Merlin bewrayes, to Britomart,
the ſtate of Artegall;
And ſhewes the famous Progeny
which from them ſpringen ſhall.

1

O Sacred fire, that burneſt mightily
In liuing breſts, ykindled firſt aboue,
Emongſt th'eternall ſpheres & lamping sky,
And thence pourd into men, which mẽ cal loue;
Not that ſame, which doth baſe affections (moue
In brutiſh minds, & filthy luſt inflame;
But that ſweet fit, that doth true beauty loue,
And choſeth vertue for his deareſt Dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deeds and neuer dying fame:

2

Well did Antiquitie a God thee deeme,
That ouer mortall minds haſt ſo great might,
To order them, as beſt to thee doth ſeeme,
And all their actions to direct aright:
The fatall purpoſe of diuine foreſight
Thou doeſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deepe impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirredſt vp th'Heroës high intents,
Which thre late world admires for wondrous moniments.

3

But thy drad darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proofe in any, of thy powre
Shewdſt thou, then in this royall Maide of yore,
Making her ſeeke an vnknowne Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter ſtowre:
From whoſe two loynes thou afterwards did raiſe
Moſt famous fruits of matrimoniall bowre,
Which through the earth haue ſpred their liuing prayſe,
That fame in trompe of gold eternally diſplayes.

4

Begin then, ô my deareſt ſacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memorie*,
That doeſt ennoble with immortall name
The warlike Worthies, from antiquitie,
In thy great volume of Eternity:
Begin, ô *Clio*, and recount from hence
My glorious Soueraignes goodly auncеſtry,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou haue it laſtly brought vnto her Excellence.

5

Full many waies within her troubled minde,
Old *Glaucé* caſt, to cure this Ladies griefe:
Full many waies ſhe ſought, but none could finde,
Nor herbes, nor charmes, nor counſell, that is chiefe
And choiſeſt med'cine for ſicke hearts reliefe:
For-thy great care ſhe tooke, and greater feare,
Leaſt that it ſhould her turne to foule repriefe,
And ſore reproche, when ſo her father deare
Should of his deareſt daughters hard misfortune heare.

6

At laſt, ſhe her aduis'd, that he, which made
That mirrour, wherein the ſicke Damoſell
So ſtrangely viewed her ſtrange louers ſhade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Vnder what coaſt of heauen the man did dwell,
And by what meanes his loue might beſt be wrought:
For, though beyond the *Affrick Iſmaell*,
Or th'Indian *Peru* he were, ſhe thought
Him forth through infinite indeuour to haue ſought.

7

Forthwith themſelues diſguiſing both in ſtrange
And baſe attyre, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by chaunge
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* cald, they tooke their way:
There the wiſe *Merlin* whylome wont, they ſay,
To make his wonne, lowe vnderneath the ground,
In a deepe delue, farre from the view of day,
That of no liuing wight he mote be found,
When ſo he counſeld with his ſprights encompaſt round.

8

And if thou euer happen that ſame way
To trauell, goe to ſee that dreadfull place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they ſay,
Vnder a rocke that lies a little ſpace
From the ſwift *Barry*, tombling downe apace,
Emongſt the woody hilles of *Dyneuowre*:
But dare thou not, I charge, in any caſe,
To enter into that ſame balefull Bowre,
For feare the cruel Feends ſhould thee vnwares deuowre.

9

But ſtanding high aloft, lowe lay thine eare,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noiſe of yron chaines,
And braſen Caudrons thou ſhalt rombling heare,
Which thouſand ſprights with long enduring paines
Doe toſſe, that it will ſtonne thy feeble braines,
And oftentimes great grones, and grieuous ſtounds,
When too huge toile and labour them conſtraines:
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes, and ringing ſounds
From vnder that deepe Rocke moſt horribly rebounds.

10

The cauſe ſome ſay is this: A litle while
Before that *Merlin* dyde, he did intend,
A braſen wall in compaſs to compile
About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
Vnto theſe Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which worke, the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſte did ſend,
Who thereby forc't his workemen to forſake,
Them bound till his returne, their labour not to ſlake.

11

In the meane time, through that falſe Ladies traine,
He was ſurpris'd, and buried vnder bere,
Ne ever to his work returnd againe:
Nath'leſſe thoſe feends may not their work forbeare,
So greatly his commandement they feare,
But there doe toyle and trauell day and night,
Vntill that braſen wall they vp do reare:
For, *Merlin* had in Magicke more inſight,
Then euer him before or after liuing wight.

12

For, he by words could call out of the skie
Both Sunne and Moone, and make them him obay:
The land to ſea, and ſea to maine-land dry,
And darkeſome night he eke could turne to daie:
Huge hoſtes of men he could alone diſmay,
And hoſtes of men of meaneſt things could frame,
When-ſo him liſt his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

13

And, ſooth, men ſay that he was not the ſonne
Of mortall Syre, or other liuing wight,
But wondrouſly begotten, and begunne
By falſe illuſion of a guilefull Spright,
On a faire Lady Nonne, that whilome hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
Who was the Lord of *Marthraual* by right,
And cooſen vnto king *Ambroſius*:
Whence he indued was with skill ſo maruellous.

14

They here ariuing, ſtayd awhile without,
Ne durſt aduenture raſhly in to wend,
But of their firſt intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
Vntill the hardy Mayd (with loue to friend)
Firſt entering, the dreadfull Mage there found
Deep buſied 'bout worke of wondrous end,
And writing ſtrange characters in the ground,
With which the ſtubborn feends he to his ſeruice bound.

15

He nought was moued at their entrance bold:
For, of their comming well he wiſt afore;
Yet liſt them bid their buſineſſe vnfold,
As if ought in this world in ſecret ſtore
Were from him hidden, or vnknowen of yore.
Then *Glaucé* thus, Let not it thee offend,
That we thus raſhly through thy darkſome dore,
Vnwares haue preſt: for, either fatall end,
Or other mighty cauſe, vs two did hither ſend.

16

He bade tell on: And then ſhe thus began;
Now haue three Moones with borrow'd brothers light,
Thrice ſhined faire, and thrice ſeem'd dim and wan,
Sith a ſore euill, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in doſefull plight,
Firſt rooting took; but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it ſprong, I cannot read aright;
But this I read, that but if remedee,
Thou her afford, full ſhortly I her dead ſhall ſee.

17

Therewith th'Enchaunter ſoftly gan to ſmyle
At her ſmooth ſpeeches, weeting inly well,
That ſhe to him diſſembled womaniſh guile,
And to her ſayd, Beldame, by that ye teil,
More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,
Then of my skill: who help may haue elſewhere,
In vaine ſeekes wonders out of Magicke ſpell.
Th'old woman wox half blank, thoſe words to heare;
And yet was loth to let her purpoſe plaine appeare.

18

And to him ſaid, If any leaches skill,
Or other learned meanes could haue redreſt
This my deare daughters deepe engraffed ill,
Certes I ſhould be loth thee to moleſt:
But this ſad euill, which doth her infeſt,
Doth courſe of naturall cauſe farre exceed,
And houſed is within her hollow breſt,
That either ſeemes ſome curſed witches deed,
Or euill ſpright, that in her doth ſuch torment breed.

19

The wiſard could no longer beare her bord,
But bruſting forth in laughter, to her ſayd;
Glaucé, what needs this colourable word,
To cloke the cauſe, that hath it ſelfe bewrayd?
Ne ye faire *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,
More hidden are, then Sunne in cloudy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, hauing fate obayd,
Hath hither brought, for ſuccour to appeale:
The which the powres to thee are pleaſed to reueale.

20

The doubtfull Mayd, ſeeing her ſelfe deſcryde,
Was all abaſht, and her pure yuory
Into a cleare Carnation ſuddaine dyde;
As faire *Aurora*, riſing haſtily,
Doth by her bluſhing tell, that ſhe did ly
All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
Whereof ſhe ſeemes aſhamed inwardly.
But her olde Nurſe was nought diſhartened,
But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

And

20

And ſayd, Sith then thou knoweſt all our griefe,
(For what doſt not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our plaint, and yeeld vs meet reliefe.
With that, the Prophet ſtill awhile did ſtay,
And then his ſpirite thus gan forth diſplay;
Moſt noble Virgine, that by fatall lore
Haſt learn'd to love, let no whit thee diſmay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with ſharpe fits thy tender heart oppreſſeth ſore.

21

For, ſo muſt all things excellent begin,
And eke entrooted deepe muſt be that Tree,
Whoſe big embodied branches ſhall not lin,
Till they to heauens hight forth ſtretched bee.
For, from thy wombe a famous Progenie
Shall ſpring, out of the ancient *Troian* blood,
Which ſhall reuiue the ſleeping memory
Of thoſe ſame antique Peers, the heauens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Aſian* riuers ſtayned which their blood.

23

Renowmed kings, and ſacred Emperours,
Thy fruitfull Offspring, ſhall from thee deſcend;
Braue Captaines, and moſt mighty Warriours,
That ſhall their conqueſts through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdomes ſhall amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long warre,
They ſhall vpreare, and mightily defend
Againſt their forrein foe, that comes from farre,
Till vniuerſall peace compound all ciuill iarre.

24

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glauncing vnwares in charmed looking glaſs,
But the ſtraight courſe of heauenly deſtiny,
Led with Eternall prouidence, that has
Guided thy glaunce, to bring his will to paſs:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To loue the proweſt knight, that euer was.
Therefore ſubmit thy waies vnto his will,
And do by all dew meanes thy deſtiny fulfill.

25

But read (ſaid *Glauce*) thou Magician
What meanes ſhall ſhe out-ſeek, or what waies take?
How ſhall ſhe knowe, how ſhall ſhe find the man?
Or what needs her to toyle, ſith fates can make
Way for themſelues, their purpoſe to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus: Indeed the fates are firme,
And may not ſhrink, though all the world do ſhake:
Yet ought mens good endeuours them confirme,
And guide the heauenly cauſes to their conſtant terme.

26

The man, whom heauens haue ordayn'd to bee
The ſpouſe of *Britomart*, is *Arthegall*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne ſib at all
To Elfes, but ſprong of ſeed terreſtriall,
And whilome by falſe *Faries* ſtolne away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himſelfe is knowne this day,
But that he by an Elfe was gotten of a *Fay*.

27

But ſooth he is the ſonne of *Gorlois*,
And brother vnto *Cador* Corniſh king,
And for his warlike feates renowmed is,
From where the Day out of the ſea doth ſpring,
Vntill the cloſure of the Euening.
From thence, him firmely bound with faithfull band,
To this his natiue ſoyle thou backe ſhalt bring,
Strongly to ayde his countrey, to withſtand
The powre of forrein Paynims, which inuade thy land.

28

Great ayd thereto his mighty puiſſance,
And dreaded name, ſhall giue in that ſad day:
Where alſo proofe of thy prow valiaunce
Thou then ſhalt make, t'increaſe thy louers pray:
Long time ye both in armes ſhall beare great ſway,
Till thy wombes burden thee from them do call,
And his laſt fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practice criminall
Of ſecret foes, that him ſhall make in miſchiefe fall.

29

Where thee yet ſhall he leaue, for memorie
Of his late puiſſance, his Image dead,
That liuing him in all actiuitie
To thee ſhall repreſent. He from the head
Of his cooſin *Conſtantius* without dread
Shall take the crowne, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crowne himſelfe in th'others ſtead:
Then ſhall he iſſew forth with dreadfull might,
Againſt his Saxon foes in bloudy field to fight.

30

Like as a Lyon, that in drowſie caue
Hath long time ſlept, himſelfe ſo ſhall he ſhake;
And comming forth, ſhall ſpred his banner braue
Ouer the troubled South, that it ſhall make
The warlike *Mertians* for feare to quake:
Thrice ſhall he fight with them, and twice ſhall win,
But the third time ſhall faire accordance make:
And if he then with victorie can lin,
He ſhall his dayes with peace bring to his earthly In.

31

His ſonne, hight *Vortipore*, ſhall him ſucceede
In kingdome, but not in felicitie:
Yet ſhall he long time warre with happy ſpeed,
And with great honour many battels try:
But at the laſt to th'importunity
Of froward fortune ſhall be forc't to yeeld.
But his ſonne *Malgo* ſhall full mightily
Auenge his fathers loſſe, with ſpeare and ſhield,
And his proud foes diſcomfit in victorious field.

32

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didſt ſee;
How like a Giant in each manly part
Beares he himſelfe with portly maieſtee,
That one of th'old *Heroes* ſeemes to bee:
He the ſix Iſlands comprouinciall
In ancient times vnto great Britannee,
Shall to the ſame reduce, and to him call
Their ſundry kings to do their homage ſeuerall.

33
All which his ſonne *Careticus* awhile
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* powre ſuppreſſe,
Vntill a ſtranger king from vnknowne ſoyle
Arriuing, him with multitude oppreſſe;
Great *Gormond*, hauing with huge mightineſſe
Ireland ſubdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a ſwift Otter, fell through emptineſſe,
Shall ouerſwim the Sea with many one
Of his Norueyſes, to aſſiſt the Britons fone.

33 34
He in his fury all ſhall ouerrunne,
And holy Church with faithleſs hands deface,
That thy ſad people vtterly fordonne,
Shall to the vtmoſt mountaines fly apace:
Was neuer ſo great waſte in any place,
Nor ſo foul outrage doen by liuing men;
For, all thy Cities they ſhall ſacke and raſe,
And the green graſſe, that groweth, they ſhall bren,
That euen the wild beaſt ſhall die in ſtarued den.

34 35
Whiles thus the Britons do in languour pine,
Proud *Etheldred* ſhall from the North ariſe,
Seruing th'ambitious will of *Auguſtine*;
And paſſing *Dee* with hardy enterpriſe,
Shall backe repulſe the valiant *Brockwell* twiſe,
And *Bangor* with maſſacred Martyrs fill;
But the third time ſhall rew his foolhardiſe:
For, *Cadwan*, pittying his peoples ill,
Shall ſtoutly him defeat, and thouſand *Saxons* kill.

35 36
But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
On his ſonne *Edwin* all thoſe wrongs ſhall wreake;
Ne ſhall auaile the wicked ſorcerie
Of falſe *Pellite*, his purpoſes to breake,
But him ſhall ſlay, and on a gallowes bleake
Shall giue th'enchaunter his vnhappy hire:
Then ſhall the Britons, late diſmayd and weake,
From their long vaſſalage gin to reſpire,
And on their Paynim foes auenge their rankled ire.

36 37
Ne ſhall he yet his wrath ſo mitigate,
Till both the ſonnes of *Edwin* he haue ſlaine,
Offricke and *Ofricke*, twinnes vnfortunate,
Both ſlaine in battell vpon Layburne Plaine,
Togither with the King of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
Both ioynt partakers of the fatall paine:
But *Penda*, fearefull of like deſtiny,
Shall yield himſelfe his liegeman, and ſweare fealty.

38
Him ſhall he make his fatall Inſtrument,
T'afflict the other *Saxons* vnſubdewd;
He marching forth with fury inſolent
Againſt the good king *Oſwald*, who indewd
With heauenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding croſſes in their hands on hie
Shall him defeate withouten bloud imbrewd:
Of which, that field for endleſſe memory,
Shall *Heuenfield* be cald to all poſterity.

39
Whereat *Cadwallin* wroth, ſhall forth iſſew,
And an huge hoſte into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oſwald* ſhall ſubdew,
And crowne with Martyrdome his ſacred head.
Whoſe brother *Oſwin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of ſiluer ſhall his kingdome buy;
And *Penda*, ſeeking him adowne to tread,
Shall tread adowne, and do him fowly die,
But ſhall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39 40
Then ſhall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raigne
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce ſhall die;
Ne ſhall the good *Cadwallader* with paine,
Or powre, be hable it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by deſtiny,
Shal be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.
For, heauen it ſelfe ſhall their ſucceſs enuie,
And them with plagues and murrins peſtilent
Conſume, till all their warlike puiſſance be ſpent.

40 41
Yet after all theſe ſorrowes, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight yeeres ſpace,
Cadwallader not yeelding to his ills,
From *Armoricke*, where long in wretched caſe
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shal be by viſion ſtayd from his intent:
For, th'heavens haue decreed, to diſplace
The *Britons*, for their ſinnes dew puniſhment,
And to the *Saxons* ouer-giue their gouernment.

42
Then woe, and woe, and euerlaſting woe,
Be to the Briton babe that ſhal be borne,
To liue in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late King, now captiue, late Lord, now forlorne,
The worlds reproche, the cruell victours ſcorne,
Baniſht from Princely bowre to waſtfull wood:
O who ſhall help me to lament, and mourne
The royall ſeed, the antique *Troian* blood!
Whoſe Empire longer here then euer any ſtood.

43
The Damzell was full deepempaſſioned,
Both for his griefe, and for her peoples ſake,
Whoſe future woes ſo plaine he faſhioned,
And ſighing ſore, at length him thus beſpake;
Ah! but will heauens fury neuer ſlake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it ſelfe at laſt?
Will not long miſery late mercy make,
But ſhall their name for euer be defac't,
And quite from th'earth their memory be ras't?

43 44
Nay but the tearme (ſayd he) is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* ſhall abide,
And the iuſt reuolution meaſured,
That they as Strangers ſhall be notifide.
For twiſe foure hundreth ſhall be full ſupplide,
Ere they to former ruſe reſtor'd ſhall be,
And their importune fates all ſatisfide:
Yet during this their moſt obſcuritee, (may ſee.
Their beames ſhall oft breake forth, that men them faire

For

45

For *Rhodoricke*, whose surname shalbe Great,
Shall of himselfe a braue ensample shew,
That Saxon kings his friendship shall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* shall goodly well indew
The saluage minds with skill of iust and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* also shall vp-reare
His dreaded head, and th'olde sparkes renew
Of natiue courage, that his foes shall feare, (beare.
Least backe againe the kingdome he from them should

46

Ne shall the Saxons selues all peaceably
Enioy the crowne, which they from Britons wonne
Fast till, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred yeeres be full outrunne,
There shall a Rauen farre from rising Sunne,
With his wide wings vpon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithlesse chickens ouerrunne
The fruitfull Plains, and with fell cruelty,
In their auenge, tread downe the victours surquedry.

46 47

Yet shall a third both these, and thine subdew;
There shall a Lion from the sea-bord wood
Of *Neustria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelpes, his battailous bold brood,
Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniske Tyrants head shall rend
Th'vsurped crowne, as if that he were wood,
And the spoyle of the countrey conquered
Emongst his young ones shall diuide with bountyhed.

48

Tho, when the terme is full accomplished,
There shall a sparke of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his ashes raked vp and hid,
Be freshly kindled in the fruitfull Ile
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
Which shall breake forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the house that beares the stile
Of royall Maiesty and soueraigne name;
So shall the Briton bloud their crowne againe reclame.

48 49

Thenceforth eternall vnion shall be made
Betweene the Nations different afore,
And sacred Peace shall louingly perswade
The warlike minds, to learne her goodly lore,
And ciuile armes to exercise no more:
Then shall a royall virgin raigne, which shall
Stretch her white rod ouer the *Belgicke* shore,
And the great Castle smight so sore withall,
That it shall make him shake, and shortly learne to fall.

49 50

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* stayd,
As ouercommen of the spirits powre,
Or other ghastly spectacle dismayd,
That secretly he saw, yet n'ote discoure:
Which suddein fit, and halfe extatick stoure
When the two fearefull women saw, they grew
Greatly confused in behauioure;
At last the fury past, to former hew
She turnd againe, and chearefull looks as earst did shew.

50

Then, when themselues they well instructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiuing hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts vnto their home retir'd,
Where they in secret counsell close conspir'd
How to effect so hard an enterprize,
And to possesse the purpose they desir'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deuise,
And diuerse plots did frame, to maske in strange deuise.

52

At last the Nourse in her foolhardy wit
Conceiu'd a bold deuise, and thus bespake;
Daughter, I deeme that counsell aye most fit,
That of the time doth dew aduantage take;
Ye see that good king *Vther* now doth make
Strong warre vpon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beside *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britannie* doth burne in armes bright.

53

That therefore nought our passage may impeach,
Let vs in feined armes our selues disguise, (teach
And our weake hands, whom need new strength shall
The dreadfull speare and shield to exercise:
Ne certes daughter that same warlike wise,
I weene, would you misseeme: for ye been tall,
And large of limbe, t'atchieue an hard emprise,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice small
Will bring, and shortly make you a mayd Martiall.

54

And sooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To heare so often, in that royall house,
From whence to none inferiour ye came:
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which haue full many feats aduenturous
Perform'd, in Paragone of proudest men:
The bold *Bunduca*, whose victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, stout *Guendolen*,
Renowmed *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmilen*.

55

And that, which more then all the rest may sway,
Late dayes ensample, which these eyes beheld,
In the last field before *Menevia*
Which *Vther* with those forrein Pagans held,
I saw a *Saxon* virgin, the which feld
Great *Vlfin* thrice vpon the bloudy Plaine,
And had not *Carados* her hand withheld
From rash reuenge, she had him surely slaine,
Yet *Carados* himselfe from her escap't with paine.

56

Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is she hight?
Faire *Angela*, quoth she, men do her call,
No whit lesse faire, then terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more then all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her sake
And loue, themselues of her name *Angles* call.
Therefore faire Infant her ensample make
Vnto thy selfe, and equall courage to thee take.

Her

56 57

Her heartie words ſo deepe into the minde
Of the young Damzell ſunk, that great deſire
Of warlike armes in her forthwith they tyn'd,
And generous ſtout courage did inſpire,
That ſhe reſolv'd, vnweeting to her Sire,
Aduent'rous knighthood on her ſelfe to don,
And counſeld with her Nurſe her mayds attire
To turne into a maſſie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readineſſe anon.

58

Th'old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conueniently puruay:
It fortuned (ſo time their turne did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few dayes before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongſt the which was ſeene
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which longd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queene,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beſeene.

59

The ſame, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* cauſed to be hanged hie
In his chiefe Church, for endleſſe moniments
Of his ſucceſſe and gladfull victory:
Of which her ſelfe auiſing readily,
In th'euening late old *Glauce* thither led
Faire *Britomart*, and that ſame Armory
Downe taking, her therein apparelled,
Well as ſhe might, and with braue bauldrick garniſhed.

60

Beſide thoſe armes there ſtood a mighty ſpeare,
Which *Bladud* made by Magicke art of yore,
And vs'd the ſame in battaile aye to beare;
Sith which it had been here preſerv'd in ſtore,
For his great vertues proued long afore:
For neuer wight ſo faſt in ſell could ſit,
But him perforce vnto the ground it bore:
Both ſpeare ſhe tooke, and ſhield, which hong by it;
Both ſpeare & ſhield of great powre, for her purpoſe fit.

61

Thus when ſhe had the virgin all arrayd,
Another harneſſe, which did hang thereby,
About her ſelfe ſhe dight, that the young Mayd
She might in equall armes accompanie,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho, to their readie Steeds they clombe full light,
And through back wayes, that none might them eſpie,
Couered with ſecret cloud of ſilent night,
Themſelues they forth conuaid, & paſſed forward right.

62

Ne reſted they, till that to Faery lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcroſſe* knight, ſhe fond
Of diuerſe things diſcourſes to dilate,
But moſt of *Arthegall*, and his eſtate.
At laſt their waies ſo fell, that they mote part
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendſhip profeſſed with vnfained heart,
The *Redcroſſe* knight diuerſt; but forth rode *Britomart*.

Canto IIII.

Bold Marinell, of Britomart,
Is throwne on the rich ſtrond:
Faire Florimell of Arthur is
Long followed, but not fond.

1

WHere is the antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appeare?
Where be the braue atchieuemẽts don by ſom?
Where be the battels, where the ſhield & ſpeare,
And all the conqueſts, which them high did reare,
That matter made for famous Poets verſe,
And boaſtfull men ſo oft abaſht to heare?
Bene they all dead, and laid in dolefull herſe?
Or doen they onely ſleepe, and ſhall againe reuerſe?

2

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they ſleepe, ô let them ſoone awake:
For all too long I burne with enuy ſore,
To heare the warlike feates, which *Homere* ſpake
Of bold *Pantheſilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekiſh* bloud ſo oft in *Troian* Plaine;
But when I read, how ſtout *Debora* ſtrake
Proud *Siſera*, and how *Camill'* hath ſlaine
The huge *Orſilochus*, I ſwell with great diſdaine.

Yet

3

Yet theſe, and all that elſe had puiſſance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
As well for glory of great valiance,
As for pure chaſtitie and vertue rare;
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy ſtock, from which the branches ſprong,
That in late yeares ſo faire a bloſſome bare,
As thee, ô Queene, the matter of my ſong,
Whoſe lignage from this Lady I deriue along.

4

Who when through ſpeeches with the *Redcroſſe* knight,
She learned had th'eſtate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her ſelfe inform'd aright,
A friendly league of loue perpetuall
She with him bound, and *Congé* tooke withall.
Then he forth on his iourney did proceede,
To ſeeke aduentures, which mote him befall,
And win him worſhip through his warlike deed,
Which alwaies of his paines he made the chiefeſt meed.

5

But *Britomart* kept on her former courſe,
Ne euer doſt her armes, but all the waie
Grew penſiue through that amorous diſcourſe,
By which the *Redcroſſe* knight did earſt diſplay
Her louers ſhape, and cheualrous array;
A thouſand thoughts ſhe faſhiond in her mind,
And in her feining fancie did purtray
Him ſuch, as fitteſt ſhe for loue could finde,
Wiſe, warlike, perſonable, curteous, and kinde.

6

With ſuch ſelfe-pleaſing thoughts her wound ſhe fed,
And thought ſo to beguile her grieuous ſmart;
But ſo her ſmart was much more grieuous bred,
And the deep wound more deep engor'd her heart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart,
So forth ſhe rode without repoſe or reſt,
Searching all lands and each remoteſt part,
Following the guidance of her blinded gueſt,
Till that to the ſea-coaſt at length ſhe had addreſt.

7

There ſhe alighted from her light-foot Beaſt,
And ſitting downe vpon the rockie ſhore,
Bade her olde Squire vnlace her lofty creaſt;
Tho, hauing viewd awhile the ſurges hore,
That gainſt the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging ſurquedry diſdayn'd,
That the faſt earth affronted them ſo ſore,
And their deuouring couetize reſtrayn'd,
Thereat ſhe ſighed deepe, and after thus complayn'd;

8

Huge ſea of ſorrowe, and tempeſtuous griefe,
Wherein my feeble barke is toſſed long,
Far from the hoped Hauen of reliefe,
Who do thy cruell billowes beat ſo ſtrong,
And thy moyſt mountaines each on others throng,
Threatning to ſwallow vp my fearefull life?
O do thy cruell wrath and ſpightfull wrong
At length allay, and ſtint thy ſtormy ſtrife,
Which in theſe troubled bowels reignes, & rageth rife.

9

For, elſe my feeble veſſell craz'd, and crackt
Through thy ſtrong buffets and outrageous blowes,
Cannot endure, but needs it muſt be wrackt
On the rough rockes, or on the ſandy ſhallowes,
The whiles that loue it ſteres, and fortune rowes;
Loue my lewd Pilot hath a reſtleſs mind
And fortune Boat-ſwaine no aſſurance knowes,
But ſaile withouten ſtarres, gainſt tide and wind:
How can they other do, ſith both are bold and blind?

10

Thou God of winds, that reigneſt in the ſeas,
That reigneſt alſo in the Continent,
At laſt blowe vp ſome gentle gale of eaſe,
The which may bring my Ship, ere it be rent,
Vnto the gladſome port of her intent:
Then when I ſhall my ſelfe in ſafety ſee,
A table for eternall moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great ieopardee,
Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow vnto thee.

11

Then ſighing ſoftly ſore, and inly deepe,
She ſhut vp all her plaint in priuie griefe;
For, her great courage would not let her weepe,
Till that old *Glaucé* gan with ſharpe repriefe
Her to reſtraine, and giue her good reliefe,
Through hope of thoſe, which *Merlin* had her tolde
Should of her name and nation be chiefe,
And fetch their being from the ſacred mould
Of her immortall wombe, to be in heauen enrol'd.

12

Thus as ſhe her recomforted, ſhe ſpyde,
Where farre away one all in armour bright,
With haſty gallop towards her did ride;
Her dolour ſoone ſhe ceaſt, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her Courſer mounting light:
Her former ſorrowe into ſuddein wrath,
Both cooſen paſſions of diſtroubled ſpright,
Conuerting, forth ſhe beates the duſty path;
Loue and deſpight attonce her courage kindled hath.

13

As when a foggy miſt hath ouercaſt
The face of heaven, and the cleare aire engroſt,
The world in darkneſſe dwels, till that at laſt
The watry South-winde from the ſea-bord coſt
Vpblowing, doth diſperſe the vapour loſt,
And poures it ſelfe forth in a ſtormy ſhowr;
So the faire *Britomart* hauing diſclo'ſt
Her clowdy care into a wrathfull ſtowre,
The miſt of griefe diſſolv'd, did into vengeance powre.

14

Eftſoones her goodly ſhield addreſſing faire,
That mortall ſpeare ſhe in her hand did take,
And vnto battell did her ſelfe prepare.
The knight, approching, ſternely her beſpake;
Sir knight, that doeſt thy voyage raſhly make
By this forbidden way in my deſpight,
Ne doeſt by others death enſample take,
I read thee ſoone retire, whiles thou haſt might,
Leaſt afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

Ythrild

13

Ythrild with deepe diſdaine of his proud threat,
She ſhortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
Words feareth babes. I meane not thee entreat
To paſſe; but maugre thee will paſs or die.
Ne lenger ſtayd for th'other to reply,
But with ſharpe ſpeare the reſt made dearely knowne.
Strongly the ſtrange knight ran, and ſturdily
Strooke her full on the breaſt, that made her downe
Decline her head, & touch her crouper with her crowne.

16

But ſhe againe him in the ſhield did ſmite
With ſo fierce fury and great puiſſance,
That through his threefquare ſcuchin pearcing quite,
And through his mayled hauberque, by miſchaunce
The wicked ſteele through his left ſide did glaunce;
Him ſo transfixed ſhe before her bore
Beyond his croupe, the length of all her launce,
Till ſadly ſoucing on the ſandy ſhore,
He tombled on an heape, and wallow'd in his gore.

17

Like as the ſacred Oxe, that careleſs ſtands,
With gilden hornes, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and deare bands,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincenſe arownd,
All ſuddenly with mortall ſtroke aſtown'd,
Doth groueling fall, and with his ſtreaming gore
Diſtaines the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the faire flowres, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* vpon the pretious ſhore.

18

The Martiall Mayd ſtayd not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the ſtrond: which as ſhe ouer-went,
She ſawe beſtrowed all with rich array
Of pearles and pretious ſtones of great aſſay,
And all the grauell mixt with golden owre;
Whereat ſhe wondred much, but would not ſtay
For gold, or pearles, or pretious ſtones an howre,
But them deſpiſed all; for, all was in her powre.

19

Whiles thus he lay in deadly ſtoniſhment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers eare;
His mother was the black-browd *Cymoent*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did beare
This warlike ſonne vnto an earthly peare,
The famous *Dumarin*; who on a day
Finding the Nymph aſleepe in ſecret wheare,
As he by chance did wander that ſame way,
Was taken with her loue, and by her cloſely lay.

20

There he this knight of her begot; whom borne
She of his father *Marinell* did name,
And in a rocky caue as wight forlorne,
Long time ſhe foſtred vp, till he became
A mighty man at armes, and mickle fame
Did get through great aduentures by him donne:
For, neuer man he ſuffred by that ſame
Rich ſtrond to trauell, whereas he did wonne,
But that he muſt do battell with the Sea-nymphes ſonne.

21

An hundred knights of honorable name
He had ſubdew'd, and them his vaſſals made,
That through all Fary lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and feare did all inuade,
That none durſt paſſen through that perilous glade,
And to aduance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god ſyre ſhe dearely did perſwade,
T'endow her ſonne, with threaſure and rich ſtore,
Boue all the ſonnes, that were of earthly wombes ybore.

22

The god did grant his daughters deare demaund,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flowe;
Eftſoones his heaped waues he did commaund,
Out of their hollowe boſome forth to throwe
All the huge threaſure, which the ſea belowe
Had in his greedy gulfe deuoured deepe,
And him enriched through the ouerthrowe
And wreckes of many wretches, which did weepe
And often waile their wealth, which he from them did keep.

23

Shortly vpon that ſhore there heaped was
Exceeding riches and all precious things,
The ſpoyle of all the world, that it did paſs
The wealth of th'Eaſt, and pompe of *Perſian* kings;
Gold, amber, yuorie, pearles, owches, rings,
And all that elſe was pretious and deare,
The ſea vnto him voluntary brings,
That ſhortly he a great Lord did appeare,
As was in all the lond of Faery, or elſewhere.

24

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the ſcathe of many deare,
That none in equall armes him matchen might:
The which his mother ſeeing, gan to feare
Leaſt his too haughty hardineſs might reare
Some hard miſhap, in hazard of his life:
For-thy ſhe oft him counſeld to forbeare
The bloudy battell, and to ſtirre vp ſtrife,
But after all his warre, to reſt his weary knife.

25

And for his more aſſurance, ſhe enquir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty ſpell
(For *Proteus* was with prophecie inſpir'd)
Her deare ſonnes deſtinie to her to tell,
And the ſad end of her ſweet *Marinell*.
Who, through foreſight of his eternall skil,
Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:
For, of a woman he ſhould haue much ill,
A virgin ſtrange and ſtout him ſhould diſmay, or kill.

26

For-thy ſhe gaue him warning euery day,
The loue of women not to entertaine;
A leſſon too too hard for liuing claie,
From loue in courſe of nature to refraine:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retaine,
And euer from faire Ladies loue did flie;
Yet many Ladies faire did oft complaine,
That they for loue of him would algates die:
Dy, whoſo liſt for him, he was loues enemy.

But

27

But ah, who can deceiue his deſtiny,
Or weene by warning to auoyd his fate?
That when he ſleepes in moſt ſecurity,
And ſafeſt ſeemes, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or ſoone or late.
So feeble is the powre of fleſhly arme.
His mother bade him womens loue to hate,
For, ſhe of womans force did feare no harme;
So weening to haue arm'd him, ſhe did quite diſarme.

28

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* prophecied ſhould him diſmay,
The which his mother vainely did expound,
To be hart-wounding loue, which ſhould aſſay
To bring her ſonne vnto his laſt decay.
So tickle be the tearmes of mortall ſtate,
And full of ſubtile ſophiſmes, which doe play
With double ſenſes, and with falſe debate,
T'approue the vnknowne purpoſe of eternall fate.

29

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
Who through late triall, on that wealthy Strond
Inglorious now lies in ſenſeleſſe ſwound,
Through heauy ſtroke of *Britomartis* hond.
Which when his mother deare did vnderſtond,
And heauy tydings heard, where-as ſhe playd
Amongſt her watry ſiſters by a Pond,
Gathering ſweet Daffadillies, to haue made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads faire to ſhade;

30

Eftſoones both flowres and girlonds farre away
She flong, and her faire deawie locks yrent,
To ſorrow huge ſhee turnd her former play,
And gameſome mirth to grieuous dreriment:
Shee threw her ſelfe downe on the Continent,
Ne word did ſpeake, but lay as in a ſwoune,
Whiles all her ſiſters did for her lament,
With yelling out-cries, and with ſhrieking ſowne;
And euery one did teare her girlond from her crowne.

31

Soone as ſhee vp out of her deadly fit
Aroſe, ſhee bade her charet to be brought,
And all her ſiſters, that with her did ſit,
Bade eke attonce their charets to be ſought:
Tho, full of bitter griefe and penſiue thought,
She to her wagon clombe; clombe all the reſt,
And foorth together went, with ſorrow fraught.
The waues, obedient to their beheaſt,
Them yielded ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

32

Great *Neptune* ſtood amazed at their ſight,
Whiles on his broad round backe they ſoftly ſlid,
And eke himſelfe mourn'd at their mournfull plight,
Yet wiſt not what their wayling meant, yet did
For great compaſſion of their ſorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome bee:
Eftſoones the roaring billowes ſtill abid,
And all the grieſly Monſters of the See
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to ſee.

33

A teme of Dolphins ranged in array,
Drew the ſmooth charet of ſad *Cymöent*:
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obay
To the long traines, at her commaundement:
As ſwift as Swallowes on the waues they went,
That their broad flaggy finnes no ſome did reare,
Ne bubbling roundell they behind them ſent;
The reſt, of other fiſhes drawen were,
Which with their finny oars the ſwelling ſea did ſheare.

34

Soone as they beene arriu'd vpon the brim
Of the *Rich ſtrond*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
Along the margent of the fomy ſhore,
Leaſt they their finnes ſhould bruze, and ſurbate ſore
Their tender feet vpon the ſtony ground:
And comming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy bloud enwallowed they found
The luckleſſe *Marinell*, lying in deadly ſwound;

35

His mother ſwouned thrice, and the third time
Could ſcarce recouered be out of her paine;
Had ſhee not been deuoyd of mortall ſlime,
She ſhould not then haue been reliu'd againe:
But ſoone as life recouered had the raine,
She made ſo pittious moane and deare wayment,
That the hard rocks could ſcarce from teares refraine,
And all her ſiſter Nymphes with one conſent
Supplide her ſobbing breaches with ſad complement.

36

Deare image of my ſelfe, ſhe ſaid, that is,
The wretched ſonne of wretched mother borne,
Is this thine high aduauncement? ô is this
Th'immortall name, with which thee yet vnborne
Thy Grandſire *Nereus* promiſt to adorne?
Now lyeſt thou of life and honour reft;
Now lyeſt thou a lumpe of earth forlorne,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy vnrevocable deſtiny be weft.

37

Fond *Proteus*, father of falſe prophecis,
And they more fond that credit to thee giue,
Not this the worke of womans hand ywis, (driue.
That ſo deepe wound through theſe deare members
I feared loue: but they that loue doe liue;
But they that die, doe neither loue nor hate.
Nath'leſſe, to thee thy folly I forgiue,
And to my ſelfe, and to accurſed fate
The guilt I doe aſcribe: deare wiſedome bought too late.

38

O what auailes it of immortall ſeed
To beene ybred and neuer borne to die;
Farre better I it deeme to die with ſpeed,
Then waſte in woe and wailefull miſerie.
Who dyes, the vtmoſt dolour doth abie:
But who that liues, is left to waile his loſſe:
So life is loſſe, and death felicitie.
Sad life worſe then glad death: and greater croſſe
To ſee friends Graue, then dead the Graue ſelfe to engroſs.

39

But if the heauens did his dayes envie,
And my ſhort bliſſe maligne, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my deare *Marinell*
I mote haue cloſed, and him bid farewell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them, farewell my ſweeteſt ſweet;
Farewell my ſweeteſt ſonne, ſith we no more ſhall meet.

40

Thus when they all had ſorrowed their fill,
They ſoftly gan to ſearch his griefly wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him diſarm'd, and ſpredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles frindg'd with ſiluer round,
They ſoftly wip't away the ielly blood
From th'orifice; which hauing well vp-bound,
They pourd-in ſoueraigne balme, and Nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heauenly food.

41

Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
(This *Liagore* whylome had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great *Apolloes* lore,
Sith her whylome vpon high *Pindus* hill,
He loued, and at laſt her wombe did fill
With heauenly ſeed, whereof wiſe *Paon* ſprong)
Did feele his pulſe, ſhee knew there ſtaied ſtill
Some little life his feeble ſprites emong;
Which to his mother told, deſpaire ſhe from her flong.

42

Tho, him vp-taking in their tender hands,
They eaſily vnto her charet beare:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet ſtands,
Whiles they the corſe into her wagon reare,
And ſtrowe with flowres the lamentable beare:
Then all the reſt into their coches clim,
And through the brackiſh waues their paſſage sheare;
Vpon great *Neptunes* necke they ſoftly ſwim,
And to her watry chamber ſwiftly carry him.

43

Deepe in the bottome of the Sea, her bowre
Is built, of hollow billowes heaped hie,
Like to thick clowdes, that threat a ſtormy ſhowre,
And vaulted all within, like to the sky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him layd in eaſie couch well dight;
And ſent in haſte for *Tryphon*, to apply
Salues to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the ſoueraine leach is hight.

44

The whiles, the Nymphes ſit all about him round,
Lamenting his miſhap and heauy plight;
And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,
Curſed the hand that did ſo deadly ſmight
Her deareſt ſonne, her deareſt harts delight.
But none of all thoſe curſes overtooke
The warlike Mayd, th'enſample of that might,
But Fairely well ſhe thriu'd, and well did brooke
Her noble deedes, ne her right courſe for ought forſooke.

45

Yet did falſe *Archimage* her ſtill purſew,
To bring to paſſe his miſchieuous intent,
Now that he had her ſingled from the crew
Of curteous knights, the Prince, and Faery gent,
Whom late in chace of beautie excellent
She left, purſewing that ſame foſter ſtrong;
Of whoſe foule outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeale, him followed long,
To reskew her from ſhame, and to reuenge her wrong.

46

Through thicke and thin, through mountaines & through plains,
Thoſe two great champions did attonce purſew
The fearefull Damzell, with inceſſant paines:
Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
Of hunters ſwift, and ſent of houndes trew.
At laſt, they came vnto a double way,
Where, doubtfull which to take, her to reskew,
Themſelues they did diſpart, each to aſſay,
Whether more happy were, to win ſo goodly pray.

47

But *Timias*, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies loue vnto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant ire,
After that wicked foſter fiercely went.
So beene they three three ſundry waies ybent.
But faireſt fortune to the Prince befell,
Whoſe chaunce it was, that ſoone he did repent
To take that way, in which that Damozell
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

48

At laſt, of her farre of hee gained view:
Then gan he freſhly pricke his formy ſteed,
And euer as he nigher to her drew,
So euermore he did increaſe his ſpeed,
And of each turning ſtill kept wary heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To doe away vaine doubt, and needleſſe dreed:
Full milde to her he ſpake, and oft let fall
Many meeke words, to ſtay and comfort her withall.

49

But nothing might relent her haſtie flight;
So deepe the deadly feare of that foule ſwaine
Was earſt impreſſed in her gentle ſpright:
Like as a fearfull Doue, which through the raine,
Of the wide ayre her way does cut amaine,
Hauing farre off eſpyde a Taſſell gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtraine,
Doubleth her haſte for feare to be fore-hent,
And with her pineons cleaues the liquid firmament.

50

With no leſſe haſte, and eke with no leſſe dreed,
That fearefull Lady fled from him, that ment
To her no euill thought, nor euill deed;
Yet former feare of being foully ſhent,
Carried her forward with her firſt intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well ſhe view'd,
Her ſelfe freed from that foſter inſolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her ſewd,
Yet ſhe no leſſe the knight feard, then that villaine rude.

His

51

His vncouth ſhield and ſtrange armes her diſmayd,
Whoſe like in Faery lond were ſildome ſeene,
That faſt ſhe from him fled, no leſſe affrayd
Then of wilde beaſts if ſhee had chaſed beene:
Yet he her follow'd ſtill with courage keene,
So long, that now the golden *Heſperus*
Was mounted high in top of heauen ſheene,
And warnd his other brethren ioyeous,
To light their bleſſed lamps in *Ioues* eternall hous.

52

All ſuddenly dim woxe the dampiſh ayre,
And grieſly ſhadowes couered heauen bright,
That now with thouſand ſtarres was decked faire;
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothfull ſight)
And that perforce, for want of lenger light,
He mote ſurceaſe his ſuit, and loſe the hope
Of his long labour, he gan ſoully wite
His wicked fortune, that had turnd aſlope,
And curſed night, that reft from him ſo goodly ſcope.

53

Tho, when her waies he could no more deſcry,
But to and fro at diſaventure ſtrayd;
Like as a ſhip, whoſe Load-ſtar ſuddainly
Couered with clowdes, her Pilot hath diſmayd;
His wearifome purſuit perforce he ſtayd,
And from his loftie ſteed diſmounting lowe,
Did let him forage. Downe himſelfe he layd
Vpon the graſſie ground, to ſleepe a throwe;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard ſteele his pillowe.

54

But gentle Sleepe envide him any reſt;
In ſtead thereof ſad ſorrow, and diſdaine
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breſt,
And thouſand fancies bet his idle braine
With their light wings, the ſights of ſemblants vaine:
Oft did he wiſh, that Lady faire mote bee
His Faery Queene, for whom he did complaine:
Or that his Faery Queene were ſuch as ſhee:
And euer haſtie Night he blamed bitterly.

55

Night, thou foule Mother of annoyance ſad,
Siſter of heauy Death, and nurſe of Woe,
Which waſt begot in Heauen, but for thy bad
And brutiſh ſhape, thruſt downe to Hell belowe,
Where, by the grim floud of *Cocytus* ſlowe
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black houſe
(Blacke *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou vngratious,
Halfe of thy daies dooſt lead in horrour hideous.

56

What had th'eternall Maker need of thee,
The world in his continuall courſe to keepe,
That dooſt all things deface, ne letteſt ſee
The beautie of his worke? Indeed in ſleepe,
The ſlothfull body, that doth loue to ſteepe
His luſtleſſe limbes, and drowne his baſer mind,
Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deepe
Calls thee, his goddeſſe in his errour blind,
And great Dame Natures hand-maid, chearing euery kind.

57

But well I wote, that to an heauy hart
Thou art the root and nurſe of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts:
In ſtead of reſt thou lendeſt rayling teares,
In ſtead of ſleepe thou ſendeſt troublous feares,
And dreadfull viſions, in the which aliue
The drearie image of ſad death appeares:
So from the wearie ſpirit thou dooſt driue
Deſired reſt, and men of happineſſe depriue.

58

Vnder thy mantle blacke there hidden lye,
Light-ſhunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudſhed, and vile felony,
Shamefull deceipt, and dire inminent;
Foule horror, and eke hellish dreriment:
All theſe (I wote) in thy protection bee,
And light doe ſhunne, for feare of being ſhent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdneſſe loue, doe hate the light to ſee.

59

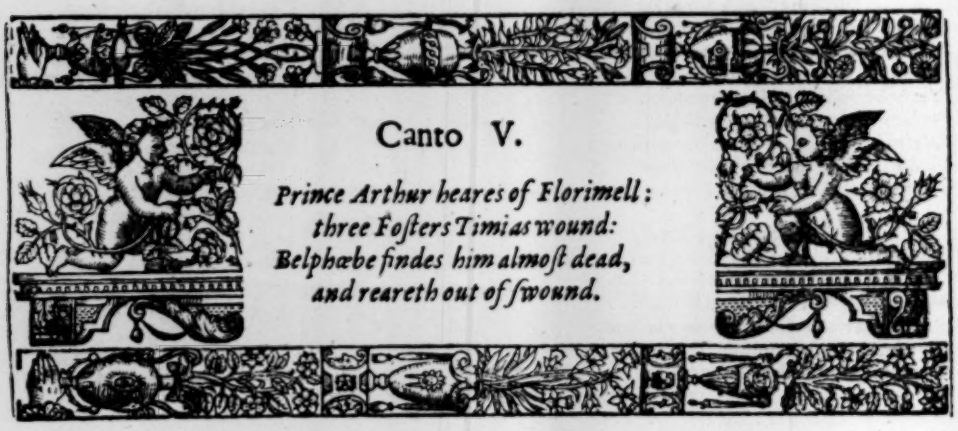
For, day diſcouers all diſhoneſt wayes,
And ſheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The prayſes of high God he faire diſplayes,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed.
Dayes deareſt children be the bleſſed ſeed,
Which darkneſſe ſhall ſubdew, and heauen win:
Truth is his daughter; he her firſt did breed,
Moſt ſacred virgin, without ſpot of ſin.
Our life is day: but death with darkneſſe doth begin.

60

O when will day then turne to mee againe,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, haſte to reare thy ioyous waine:
Speed thee to ſpread abroad thy beamez bright,
And chaſe away this too long lingring night;
Chaſe her away, from whence ſhe came, to hell.
She, ſhee it is, that hath mee done deſpight:
There let her with the damned ſpirits dwell,
And yield her roome to day, that can it gouerne well.

61

Thus did the Prince that wearie night out-weare,
In reſtleſſe anguiſh and vnquiet paine:
And early, ere the morrow did vpreare
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* maine,
He vp aroſe, as halfe in great diſdaine,
And clombe vnto his ſteed. So forth he went,
With heauy looke and lumpiſh paſe, that plaine
In him bewrayd great grudge and maltalent:
His ſteed eke ſeem'd t'apply his ſteps to his intent.



Canto V.

Prince Arthur heares of Florimell:
three Foſters Timias wound:
Belphœbe findes him almoſt dead,
and reareth out of ſwound.

1

WOnder it is to ſee in diuerſe minds,
How diuerſly Loue doth his pageants play,
And ſhewes his powre in variable kinds:
The baſer wit, whoſe idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleaue vnto the lowely clay,
It ſtirreth vp to ſenſuall deſire,
And in lewd ſloth to waſte his careleſſe day:
But in braue ſprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high deſert and honour doth aſpire.

2

Ne ſuffereth it vncomely idleneſſe,
In his free thought to build her ſluggiſh neſt:
Ne ſuffereth it thought of vngentleneſſe,
Euer to creepe into his noble breſt;
But to the higheſt and the worthieſt
Lifteth it vp, that elſe would lowely fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to reſt:
It lets not ſcarce this Prince to breathe at all,
But to his firſt purſuit him forward ſtill doth call:

3

Who long time wandred through the foreſt wide,
To find ſome iſſue thence, till at the laſt
He met a Dwarfe, that ſeemed terrifide
With ſome late peril, which he hardly paſt,
Or other accident, which him agaſt;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he trauelled ſo faſt.
For, ſore he ſwat, and running through that ſame
Thicke foreſt, was beſcratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

4

Panting for breath, and almoſt out of hart,
The Dwarfe him anſwerd, Sir, ill mote I ſtay
To tell the ſame. I lately did depart
From Faery-court, where I haue many a day
Serued a gentle Lady of great ſway,
And high account through-out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the ſame, and tooke this way:
Her now I ſeeke, and if ye vnderſtand
Which way ſhee fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

5

What miſter wight, ſaid he, and how arrayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As meeteſt may beſeeme a noble mayd;
Her fayre locks in rich circlet be enrold,
And fairer wight did neuer ſunne behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white then ſnowe,
Yet ſhe her ſelfe is whiter manifold:
The ſureſt ſigne whereby ye may her knowe,
Is, that ſhe is the faireſt wight aliue, I trowe.

6

Now certes ſwaine, ſaide he, ſuch one I weene,
Faſt flying through this foreſt from her foe,
A foule ill fauoured foſter, I haue ſeene;
Her ſelfe (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,
But could not ſtay; ſo faſt ſhe did fore-goe,
Carried away with wings of ſpeedy feare.
Ah deareſt God, quoth he, that is great woe,
And wondrous ruth to all that ſhall it heare.
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

7

Perdy, me leuer were to weeten that
Said he, then ranſome of the richeſt knight,
Or all the good that euer yet I gat:
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such happineſſe did (maulgre) to me ſpight,
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But Dwarfe aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this foreſt wandreth thus alone?
For, of her errour ſtrange I haue great ruth and mone.

8

That Lady is, quoth he, where-ſo ſhe bee,
The bountieſt virgin, and moſt debonaire,
That euer liuing eye I weene did ſee;
Liues none this day, that may with her compare
In ſtedfaſt chaſtitie and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped *Florimell* the faire,
Faire *Florimell*, belov'd of many a knight;
Yet ſhe loues none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

A

9

A Sea-nymphes ſonne, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my deare Dame is loued dearely well;
In other none, but him, ſhe ſets delight:
All her delight is ſet on *Marinell*;
But he ſets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For, Ladies loue, his mother long ygoe
Did him (they ſay) forwarne through ſacred ſpell.
But fame now flyes, that of a forraine foe
Hee is yſlaine, which is the ground of all our woe.

10

Fiue dayes there be, ſince hee (they ſay) was ſlaine,
And foure ſince *Florimell* the Court for-went,
And vowed neuer to returne againe,
Till him aliue or dead ſhee did invent.
Therefore, faire Sir, for loue of knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good counſell, or bold hardiment,
Or ſuccour her, or me direct the way;
Doe one, or other good, I you moſt humbly pray.

11

So may you gaine to you full great renowme,
Of all good Ladies through the world ſo wide,
And haply in her hart find higheſt roome
Of whom yee ſeeke to be moſt magnifide:
At leaſt, eternall meede ſhall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarfe, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou tydings learne what her betide,
I heere avow thee neuer to forſake.
Ill weares he armes, that nill them vſe for Ladies ſake.

12

So with the Dwarfe hee back return'd againe,
To ſeeke his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly gan complaine
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous penſiue grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;
For, him he loued aboue all man-kind,
Hauing him true and faithfull euer tride,
And bold, as euer Squire that waited by knights ſide.

13

VVho, all this while, full hardly was aſſayd
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
For, whiles his Lord purſewd that noble Mayd,
After that Foſter foule he fiercely rid,
To beene avenged of the ſhame he did
To that faire Damzell: Him he chaced long
Through the thick woods, wherein he would haue hid
His ſhamefull head from his avengement ſtrong:
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

14

Nath'leſſe, the villaine ſped himſelfe ſo well,
Whether through ſwiftneſſe of his ſpeedy beaſt,
Or knowledge of thoſe woods, where he did dwell,
That ſhortly he from danger was releaſt,
And out of ſight eſcaped at the leaſt:
Yet not eſcaped from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily hee increaſt,
Ne ceaſed not, till him oppreſſed hard
The heauy plague, that for ſuch leachours is prepar'd.

15

For, ſoone as hee was vaniſht out of ſight,
His coward courage gan emboldned bee,
And caſt t'avenge him of that foule deſpight,
Which he had borne of his bold enemee.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Vngratious children of one graceleſſe Sire,
And vnto them complained, how that hee
Had vſed beene of that foole-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he ſtird to bloudy ire.

16

Forth-with, themſelues with their ſad inſtruments
Of ſpoyle and murder they gan arme byliue,
And with him forth into the foreſt went,
To wreake the wrath, which he did earſt reviue
In their ſterne breaſts, on him which late did driue
Their brother to reproche and ſhamefull flight:
For, they had vow'd, that neuer he aliue
Out of that foreſt ſhould eſcape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fild with ſuch deſpight.

17

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Fore-by a narrowe foord (to them well knowne)
Through which it was vneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflowne:
By that ſame way, they knew that Squire vnknowne
Mote algates paſſe: for-thy themſelues they ſet
There in await, with thicke woods over-growne,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruell threats, his paſſage through the ford to let.

18

It fortuned, as they deuiſed had,
The gentle Squire came riding that ſame way,
Vnweeting of their wile and treaſon bad,
And through the ford to paſſen did aſſay;
But that fierce Foſter which late fled away,
Stoutly forth ſtepping on the further ſhore,
Him boldly bade his paſſage there to ſtay,
Till he had made amends, and full reſtore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19

With that, at him a quiu'ring dart he threw,
With ſo fell force and villainous deſpight,
That through his haberieon the forkehead flew,
And through the linked mayles empearced quite,
But had no powre in his ſoft fleſh to bite:
That ſtroake the hardy Squire did ſore diſpleaſe,
But more, that him he could not come to ſmite;
For, by no meanes the high banke he could ſeaſe,
But labour'd long in that deepe ford with vaine diſeaſe.

20

And ſtill the Foſter with his long bore-ſpeare
Him kept from landing at his wiſhed will;
Anone one ſent out of the thicket neare
A cruell ſhaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an vnlucky quill;
The wicked ſteele ſtayd not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding griefe that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21

At laſt (through wrath and vengeance making way)
Hee on the banke arriu'd with mickle paine,
Where the third brother him did ſore aſſay,
And droue at him with all his might and maine
A forreſt-bill, which both his hands did ſtraine;
But warily he did avoyd the blowe,
And with his ſpeare requited him againe,
That both his ſides were thrilled with the throwe,
And a large ſtreame of bloud out of the wound did flowe.

22

Hee, tumbling downe, with gnaſhing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the balefull houſe of endleſſe night,
Where wicked ghoſts doe waile their former ſin.
Tho, gan the battell freſhly to begin;
For, nathemore for that ſpectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruell vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both ſides him beſtad,
And load vpon him layd, his life for to haue had.

23

Tho, when that villaine he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the faireſt *Florimell*,
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him ſo rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twaine:
Downe on the ground his carcaſſe groueling fell;
His ſinfull ſoule, with deſperate diſdaine,
Out of her fleſhly ferme fled to the place of paine.

24

That ſeeing now the onely laſt of three,
Who with that wicked ſhaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-ſee
The fearefull end of his avengement ſad,
Through which he follow ſhould his brethren bad,
His bootleſſe boaw in feeble hand vpcaught,
And there-with ſhot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, ſcarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25

VVith that, he would haue fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
Right as hee entring was into the flood,
And ſtrooke at him with force ſo violent,
That headleſſe him into the ford he ſent:
The carcaſſe with the ſtreame was carried downe,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
So miſchiefe fell vpon the meaners crowne; (nowne:
They three be dead with ſhame, the Squire liues with re-

26

Hee liues, but takes ſmall ioy of his renowne;
For, of that cruell wound he bled ſo ſore,
That from his ſteed he fell in deadly ſwowne;
Yet ſtill the bloud forth guſht in ſo great ſtore,
That he lay wallow'd all in his owne gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentleſt Squire aliue:
Elſe ſhall thy louing Lord thee ſee no more;
But both of comfort him thou ſhalt depriue,
And eke thy ſelfe of honour, which thou didſt atchieue.

27

Prouidence heauenly paſſeth liuing thought,
And doth for wretched mens reliefe make way;
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortleſſe now lay.
In thoſe ſame woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntereſſe did wonne,
Shee, that baſe *Braggadocchio* did affray,
And made him faſt out of the foreſt runne;
Belphœbe was her name, as faire as *Phœbus* ſunne.

28

Shee, on a day, as ſhee purſewd the chace
Of ſome wild beaſt, which with her arrowes keene
She wounded had, the ſame along did trace
By tract of bloud, which ſhe had freſhly ſeene,
To haue beſprinkled all the graſſie Greene;
By the great perfue which ſhe there perceau'd,
Well hoped ſhe the beaſt engor'd had beene,
And made more haſte, the life to haue bereau'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceau'd.

29

Shortly ſhe came, whereas that wofull Squire
With bloud deformed lay in deadly ſwound:
In whoſe faire eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The cryſtall humour ſtood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaues fallen to ground,
Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,
And his ſweet lips, on which before that ſtound
The bud of youth to bloſſome faire began,
Spoyld of their roſie red, were woxen pale and wan.

30

Saw neuer liuing eye more heauy ſight,
That could haue made a rock of ſtone to rew,
Or riue in twaine: which when that Lady bright
(Beſides all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All ſuddainly abaſht, ſhe changed hew,
And with ſterne horrour backward gan to ſtart:
But, when ſhe better him beheld, ſhe grew
Full of ſoft paſſion and vnwonted ſmart:
The poynt of pitty pearced through her tender hart.

31

Meekely ſhe bowed downe, to weet if life
Yet in his frozen members did remaine;
And feeling by his pulſes beating rife,
That the weake ſoule her ſeat did yet retaine,
She caſt to comfort him with buſie paine:
His double-folded neck ſhee rear'd vpright,
And rubd his temples, and each trembling vaine;
His mayled haberjeon ſhe did vndight,
And from his head his heauy burganet did light.

32

Into the woods thence-forth in haſte ſhe went,
To ſeeke for hearbes, that mote him remedy;
For, ſhe of hearbes had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
Her nurſed had in true Nobility:
There, whether it divine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachæa*, or *Polygony*,
Shee found, and brought it to her Patient deare,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud neare.

The

33

The ſoueraigne weede betwixt two marbles plaine
She pownded ſmall, and did in peeces bruze,
And then atweene her hilly handez twaine,
Into his wound the iuyce thereof did ſcruze,
And round about (as ſhe could well it vze)
The fleſh there-with ſhee ſuppled and did ſteepe,
T'abate all ſpaſme, and ſoke the ſwelling bruze;
And after, hauing ſearcht the intuſe deepe,
She with her ſcarfe did bind the wound frō cold to keepe.

34

By this, he had ſweet life recur'd againe;
And groning mly deepe, at laſt his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizling like deawy raine,
He vp gan lift toward the azure skyes,
From whence deſcend all hopeleſſe remedies:
There-with he ſigh't, and turning him aſide,
The goodly Maid (full of diuinities,
And gifts of heauenly grace) he by him ſpide,
Her bouw and gilden quiuer lying him beſide.

35

Mercy deare Lord, ſaid hee, what grace is this,
That thou haſt ſhewed to mee ſinfull wight,
To ſend thine Angell from her bowre of bliſs,
To comfort me in my diſtreſſed plight?
Angell, or Goddeſſe doe I call thee right?
What ſeruice may I doe vnto thee meet,
That haſt from darkneſſe mee return'd to light;
And with thy heauenly ſalues and med'cines ſweet,
Haſt dreſt my ſinfull wounds? I kiſſe thy bleſſed feet.

36

Thereat ſhe bluſhing ſaid, Ah gentle Squire,
Nor Goddeſſe I, nor Angell, but the Mayd,
And daughter of a wooddy Nymph, deſire
No ſeruice, but thy ſafety and ayde;
Which if thou gaine, I ſhall be well apayd.
Wee mortall wights, whoſe liues and fortunes bee
To common accidents ſtill open layd,
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,
To ſuccour wretched wights, whom we captiued ſee.

37

By this, her Damſels, which the former chace
Had vndertaken, after her arriu'd,
As did *Belphœbe*, in the bloudy place,
And thereby deem'd the beaſt had been depriu'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riv'd:
For-thy, the bloudie tract they follow faſt,
And euery one to runne the ſwifteſt ſtriv'd:
But two of them the reſt far overpaſt,
And where their Lady was, arriued at the laſt.

38

Where, when they ſaw that goodly boy, with blood
Defouled, and their Lady dreſſe his wound,
They wondred much, and ſhortly vnderſtood,
How him in deadly caſe their Lady found,
And reskewed out of the heauie ſtound.
Eftſoones his warlike courſer, which was ſtrayd
Farre in the woods, whiles that he lay in ſwound,
Shee made thoſe Damſels ſearch, which beeing ſtayd,
They did him ſet thereon, and forth with them conuayd.

39

Into that foreſt farre they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleaſant glade,
With mountaines round about environed,
And mightie woods, which did the valley ſhade,
And like a ſtately Theatre it made,
Spreading it ſelfe into a ſpatious Plaine.
And in the midſt a little riuer plaid
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, which ſeem'd to plaine
With gentle murmure, that his courſe they did reſtraine.

40

Beſide the ſame, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels greene,
In which the birds ſung many a louely lay
Of Gods high praiſe, and of their loues ſweet teene,
As it an earthly Paradiſe had beene:
In whoſe incloſed ſhadow there was pight
A faire Pauilion, ſcarcely to be ſeene,
The which was all within moſt richly dight,
That greateſt Princes liuing it mote well delight.

41

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and layd
In eaſie couch his feeble limbes to reſt.
Hee reſted him awhile, and then the Mayd
His ready wound with better ſalues new dreſt;
Daily ſhe dreſſed him, and did the beſt
His grieuous hurt to gariſh, that ſhe might,
That ſhortly ſhe his dolour hath redreſt,
And his foule ſore reduced to faire plight:
It ſhe reduced, but himſelfe deſtroyed quight.

42

O fooliſh Phyſick, and vnfruitfull paine,
That heales vp one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd againe,
But hurt his hart, the which before was ſound,
Through an vnwary dart, which did rebound
From her faire eyes and gracious countenaunce.
What bootes it him from death to be vnbound,
To be captiued in endleſſe durance
Of ſorrow and deſpaire without aleggeance?

43

Still as his wound did gather and growe whole,
So ſtill his hart woxe ſore, and health decayd:
Madneſſe to ſaue a part, and loſe the whole.
Still when as hee beheld the heauenly Mayd,
Whiles daily plaiſters to his wound ſhe layd,
So ſtill his malady the more increaſt,
The whiles her matchleſſe beauty him diſmayd.
Ah God! what other could he doe at leaſt,
But loue ſo faire a Lady, that his life releaſt?

44

Long while he ſtroue in his courageous breſt,
With reaſon dew the paſſion to ſubdew,
And loue for to diſlodge out of his neſt:
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her ſoueraigne bounty, and celeſtiall hew,
The ſame to loue he ſtrongly was conſtraind:
But when his meane eſtate he did renew,
He from ſuch hardy boldneſſe was reſtraind,
And of his luckleſſe lot, and cruell loue thus plaind;

45

Vnthankfull wretch, ſaid he, is this the meed,
With which her ſoueraigne mercy thou dooſt quight?
Thy life ſhe ſaued by her gracious deed,
But thou dooſt weene with villainous deſpight
To blot her honour, and her heauenly light.
Dye rather, dye, then ſo diſloyally
Deeme of her high deſert, or ſeeme ſo light:
Faire death it is to ſhunne more ſhame, to die:
Die rather, die, then euer loue diſloyally.

46

But if to loue diſloyaltie it bee,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah! farre be ſuch reproche fro mee.
What can I leſſe do, then her loue therefore,
Sith I her due reward cannot reſtore:
Dye rather, die, and dying doe her ſerue,
Dying her ſerue, and liuing her adore;
Thy life ſhe gaue, thy life ſhe doth deſerue:
Dye rather, die, then euer from her ſeruice ſwerue.

47

But fooliſh boy, what bootes thy ſeruice baſe
To her, to whom the heauens doe ſerue and ſew?
Thou a meane Squire, of meeke and lowely place,
She heauenly borne, and of celeſtiall hew.
How then? of all, loue taketh equall view:
And doth not higheſt God vouchſafe to take
The loue and ſervice of the baſeſt crew?
If ſhee will not, dye meekly for her ſake;
Dye rather, dye, then euer ſo faire loue forſake.

48

Thus warreid hee long time againſt his will,
Till that (through weakenеſſe) he was forc't at laſt
To yield himſelfe vnto the mighty ill:
Which, as a Victor proud, gan ranſack faſt
His inward parts, and all his entrailes waſte,
That neither bloud in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry vp, and blaſt;
As pearcing levin, which the inner part
Of euery thing conſumes, and calcineth by art.

49

Which ſeeing, faire *Belphœbe* gan to feare,
Leaſt that his wound were inly well not healed,
Or that the wicked ſteele empoyſned were:
Little ſhee weend, that loue he cloſe concealed;
Yet ſtill he waſted, as the ſnowe congealed,
When the bright ſunne his beames thereon doth beat;
Yet neuer he his hart to her revealed,
But rather choſe to die for ſorrow great,
Then with diſhonourable tearmes her to intreat.

50

Shee (gracious Lady) yet no paines did ſpare
To doe him eaſe, or doe him remedie:
Many Reſtoratiues of vertues rare,
And coſtly Cordialles ſhee did apply,
To mitigate his ſtubborne malady:
But that ſweet Cordiall, which can reſtore
A loue-ſick hart, ſhee did to him envy;
To him and all th'vnworthy world forlore
She did envy that ſoueraigne ſalue, in ſecret ſtore.

51

That dainty Roſe, the daughter of her Morne,
More deare then life ſhee tendered, whoſe flowre
The girlond of her honour did adorne:
Ne ſuffred ſhe the Middayes ſcorching powre,
Ne the ſharp Northerne wind thereon to ſhowre,
But lapped vp her ſilken leaues moſt chaire,
When-ſo the froward ſky began to lowre:
But ſoone as calmed was the Cryſtall ayre,
She did it faire diſſpred, and let to floriſh faire.

52

Eternall God, in his almighty powre,
To make enſample of his heauenly grace,
In Paradiſe whylome did plant this flowre;
Whence he it fetcht out of her natiue place,
And did in ſtock of earthly fleſh enrace,
That mortall men her glory ſhould admire:
In gentle Ladies breſt, and bountious race
Of woman-kind it faireſt flowre doth ſpire,
And beareth fruite of honour and all chaſte deſire.

53

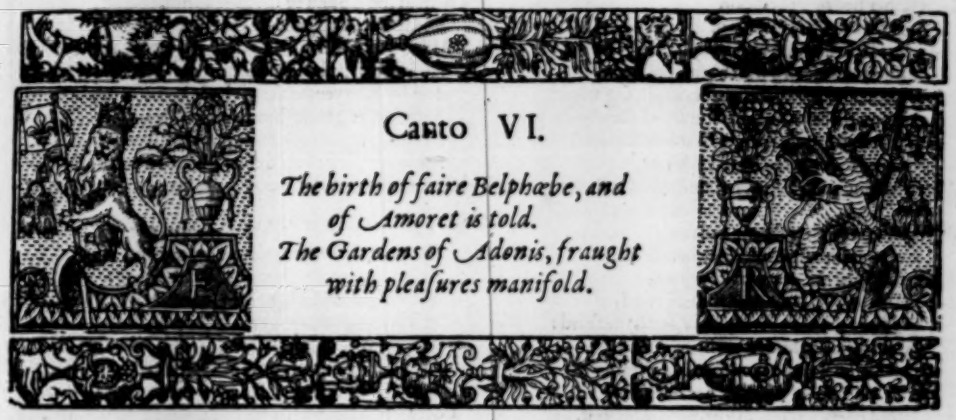
Faire impes of beauty, whoſe bright ſhining beames
Adorne the world with like to heauenly light,
And to your willes both royalties and Realmes
Subdew, through conqueſt of your wondrous might,
With this faire flowre your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chaſtitie and vertue virginall,
That ſhall embelliſh more your beautie bright,
And crowne your heads with heauenly coronall,
Such as the Angels weare before Gods tribunall.

54

To your faire ſelues a faire enſample frame,
Of this faire Virgin, this *Belphœbe* faire;
To whom, in perfect loue and ſpotleſſe fame
Of chaſtitie, none liuing may compaire:
Ne poyſnous Envy iuſtly can empaire
The prayſe of her freſh flowring Maidenhead;
For-thy ſhe ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtaire
Of th'honourable ſtage of woman-head,
That Ladies all may followe her enſample dead.

55

In ſo great prayſe of ſtedfaſt chaſtitie,
Nath'leſſe, ſhe was ſo curteous and kind,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modeſty,
That ſeemed thoſe two vertues ſtroue to find
The higher place in her Heroïck mind:
So ſtriuing each did other more augment,
And both encreaſt the prayſe of woman-kind,
And both encreaſt her beauty excellent:
So all did make in her a perfect complement.



Canto VI.

The birth of faire Belphœbe, and of Amoret is told.
The Gardens of Adonis, fraught with pleasures manifold.

1

WEll may I weene, faire Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozell
So great perfections did in her compile;
Sith that in saluage forests she did dwell,
So farre from Court and royall Citadell,
The great schoolemistresse of all curtesy:
Seemeth that such wild woods should far expell
All ciuill vsage and gentility,
And gentle sprite deforme with rude rusticity.

2

But to this fayre *Belphœbe* in her berth
The heauens so fauourable were and free;
Looking with mild aspect vpon the earth,
In th'*Horoscope* of her natiuitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chastitee
On her they poured forth of plentious horne:
Ioue laught on *Venus* from his soueraigne see,
And *Phœbus* with faire beames did her adorne;
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle beeing borne.

3

Her birth was of the wombe of Morning dewe,
And her conception of the ioyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her shewe
Pure and vnspotted from all loathly crime,
That is ingenerate in fleshly slime.
So was this Virgin borne, so was she bred,
So was shee trained vp from time to time,
In all chaste vertue, and true bounti-hed,
Till to her due perfection shee was ripened.

4

Her mother was the faire *Chrysogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphisa*, who by race
A Faerie was, yborne of high degree:
She bore *Belphœbe*, she bore in like case
Faire *Amoretta* in the second place:
These two were twinnes, and twixt them two did share
The heritage of all celestiall grace;
That all the rest it seem'd they robbed bare
Of bountie, and of beautie, and all vertues rare.

5

It were a goodly storie, to declare,
By what strange accident faire *Chrysogone*
Conceiu'd these Infants, and how them she bare,
In this wilde forest wandring all alone,
After she had nine moneths fulfild and gone:
For, not as other wemens common brood,
They were enwombed in the sacred throne
Of her chaste body; nor with common food,
As other wemens babes, they sucked vitall blood:

6

But wondrously they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heauens fruitfull ray,
As it in antique bookes is mentioned.
It was vpon a Sommers shiny day
(When *Titan* fayre his hot beames did display)
In a fresh fountaine, farre from all mens view,
She bath'd her brest, the boyling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roses red, and violets blew,
And all the sweetest flowres, that in the forest grew;

7

Till faint through irkesom wearinesse, adown
Vpon the grassie ground her selfe she layd
To sleep, the whiles a gentle slumbring swoun
Vpon her fell all naked bare displayd;
The sunne-beames bright vpon her body playd,
Being through former bathing mollifide,
And pearc't into her wombe, where they embayd
With so sweet sense and secret power vnspide,
That in her pregnant flesh they shortly fructifide.

8

Miraculous may seeme to him, that reades
So strange ensample of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull seades
Of all things liuing, through impression
Of the sun-beames in moyst complexion,
Doe life conceiue, and quickned are by kind:
So, after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sunne hath shin'd.

Great

9

Great father hee of generation
Is rightly cald, th' authour of life and light;
And his faire ſiſter for creation
Miniſtreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heat and humour, breedes the liuing wight.
So ſprong theſe twinnes in wombe of *Chryſogone*,
Yet wiſt ſhe nought thereof, but ſore affright,
Wondred to ſee her belly ſo vp-blone,
Which ſtill increaſt, till ſhe her terme had full out-gone.

10

Whereof conceiuing ſhame and foule diſgrace,
Albe her guiltleſſe conſcience her cleard,
She fled into the wilderneſſe a ſpace,
Till that vnweeldy burden ſhe had reard,
And ſtrund diſhonour, which as death ſhe feard:
Where wearie of long trauell, downe to reſt
Her ſelfe ſhe ſet, and comfortably cheard;
There a ſad clowd of ſleepe her ouerkeſt,
And ſeized euery ſenſe with ſorrow ſore oppreſt.

11

It fortuned, faire *Venus* hauing loſt
Her little ſonne, the winged god of loue,
Who for ſome light diſpleaſure, which him croſt,
Was from her fled, as flit as aery Doue,
And left her blisfull bowre of ioy aboue,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When ſhe for ought him ſharply did reproue,
And wandred in the world in ſtrange array, (wray.)
Diſguiz'd in thouſand ſhapes, that none might him be-

12

Him for to ſeeke, ſhe left her heauenly hous
(The houſe of goodly formes and faire aſpects,
Whence all the world deriues the glorious
Features of beauties, and all ſhapes ſelect,
With which high God his workmanſhip hath deckt)
And ſearched euery way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract ſhe mote detect:
She promiſt kiſſes ſweet, and ſweeter things
Vnto the man, that of him tydings to her brings.

13

Firſt, ſhee him ſought in Court, where moſt he vſed
Whylome to haunt, but there ſhe found him not;
But many there ſhe found, which ſore accuſed
His falſehood, and with foule infamous blot
His cruell deedes and wicked wiles did ſpot:
Ladies and Lordes ſhee euery where mote heare
Complayning, how with his empoyſned ſhot
Their wofull harts he wounded had whyleare,
And ſo had left them languiſhing twixt hope and feare.

14

She then the Cities ſought, from gate to gate,
And euery one did aske, did he him ſee;
And euery one her anſwerd, that too late
Hee had him ſeene, and felt the crueltie
Of his ſharp darts, and hot artillerie;
And euery one threw forth reproches rife
Of his miſchieuous deedes, and ſaid, That hee
Was the diſturber of all ciuill life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all ſtrife.

15

Then, in the Countrey ſhe abroad him ſought,
And in the rurall cottages enquired;
Where alſo, many plaints to her were brought,
How hee their heedleſſe harts with loue had fired,
And his falſe venim through their veines inſpired;
And eke the gentle ſhepheard ſwaines, which ſat
Keeping their fleecie flocks, as they were hired,
She ſweetly heard complaine, both how and what
Her ſonne had to them doen; yet ſhee did ſmile thereat.

16

But when in none of all theſe ſhee him got,
Shee gan aviſe where elſe he mote him hide:
At laſt, ſhe her be-thought, that ſhee had not
Yet ſought the ſalvage woods and foreſts wide,
In which full many louely Nymphes abide,
Mongſt whom might be, that he did cloſely lye,
Or that the loue of ſome of them him tyde:
For-thy ſhe thither caſt her courſe t'apply,
To ſearch the ſecret haunts of *Dianes* company.

17

Shortly, vnto the waſtefull woods ſhee came,
Where-as ſhee found the Goddeſſe with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beſide a fountaine in a rewe,
Some of them waſhing with the liquid dewe
From off their daintie limbes the duſty ſweat,
And ſoyle, which did deforme their liuely hewe;
Other lay ſhaded from the ſcorching heat;
The reſt, vpon her perſon, gaue attendance great.

18

Shee, hauing hong vpon a bough on high
Her boaw and painted quiuer, had vnlac't
Her ſiluer buſkins from her nimble thigh,
And her lanke loynes vngirt, and breaſts vnbrac't,
After her heat the breathing cold to taſte;
Her golden locks, that late in treſſes bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haſte,
Now looſe about her ſhoulders hong vndight,
And were with ſweet *Ambroſia* all beſprinkled light.

19

Soone as ſhe *Venus* ſaw behind her back,
Shee was aſham'd to be ſo looſe ſurpriſed;
And woxe halfe wroth againſt her damſels ſlack,
That had not her thereof before aviſed,
But ſuffred her ſo careleſſly diſguiſed
Be overtaken. Soone her garments looſe
Vpgath'ring, in her boſome ſhe compriſed,
Well as ſhee might, and to the Goddeſſe roſe,
Whilſt all her Nymphes did like a girlond her encloſe.

20

Goodly ſhee gan fayre *Cytherea* greet,
And ſhortly asked her what cauſe her brought
Into that wilderneſſe (for her vnmeet)
From her ſweet bowres, & beds with pleaſures fraught:
That ſuddaine change ſhe ſtrange adventure thought.
To whom (halfe weeping) ſhee thus anſwered,
That ſhee her deareſt ſonne *Cupido* ſought,
Who in his frowardneſſe from her was fled;
That ſhe repented ſore, to haue him angered.

Thereat

21

Thereat *Diana* gan to ſmile, in ſcorne
Of her vaine plaint, and to her ſcoffing ſaid;
Great pitty ſure, that ye be ſo forlorne
Of your gay ſonne, that giues ye ſo good ayd
To your diſports: ill mote yee been apayd.
But ſhee was more engrieued, and replide;
Faire ſiſter, ill beſeemes it to vpbrayd
A dolefull hart with ſo diſdainefull pride;
The like that mine, may be your paine another tide.

22

As you in woods and wanton wilderneſſe
Your glory ſet, to chace the ſaluage beaſts;
So my delight is all in ioyfulneſſe,
In beds, in bowres, in banketts, and in feaſts:
And ill becomes you with your loftie creaſts,
To ſcorne the ioy that *Ioue* is glad to ſeeke;
We both are bound to follow heauens beheaſts,
And tend our charges with obeiſance meeke:
Spare (gentle ſiſter) with reproche my paine to eeke;

23

And tell me, if that yee my ſonne haue heard,
To lurke emongſt your Nymphes in ſecret wize;
Or keepe their cabins: much I am afteard,
Leaſt he like one of them himſelfe diſguize,
And turne his arrowes to their exercize:
So may hee long himſelfe full eaſie hide:
For, he is faire and freſh in face and guize,
As any Nymph (let not it be envide.)
So ſaying, euery Nymph full narrowly ſhe eyde.

24

But *Phœbe* there-with ſore was angered,
And ſharply ſaid; Goe Dame, goe ſeeke your boy,
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
He comes not here, we ſcorne his fooliſh ioy,
Ne lend we leiſure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By *Stygian* lake I vow, whoſe fad annoy
The Gods doe dread, he dearely ſhall aby:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more ſhall fly.

25

Whom when as *Venus* ſaw ſo ſore diſpleaſed,
She inly ſory was, and gan relent
What ſhee had ſaid: ſo her ſhee ſoone appeaſed,
With ſugred words and gentle blandiſhment,
Which as a fountaine from her ſweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in ſhort ſpace
Shee was well pleaſd, and forth her damzels ſent,
Through all the woods, to ſearch from place to place,
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

26

To ſearch the God of Loue, her Nymphes ſhe ſent
Throughout the wandring foreſt euery where:
And after them her ſelfe eke with her went
To ſeeke the fugitiue, both farre and nere.
So long they ſought, till they arrived were
In that ſame ſhadie covert, where-as lay
Faire *Chryſogone* in ſlumbry traunce whilere:
Who in her ſleepe (a wondrous thing to ſay)
Vnwares had borne two babes, as faire as ſpringing day.

27

Vnwares ſhe them conceiu'd, vnwares ſhe bore:
She bore withouten paine, that ſhee conceiued
Withouten pleaſure: ne her need implore
Lucinaes ayde: which when they both perceiued,
They were through wonder nigh of ſenſe bereaued,
And gazing each on other, nought beſpake:
At laſt, they both agreed, her (ſeeming grieued)
Out of her heauy ſwoune not to awake,
But from her louing ſide the tender babes to take.

28

Vp they them tooke; each one a babe vp-tooke,
And with them carried, to be foſtered.
Dame *Phœbe* to a Nymph her babe betooke,
To be brought vp in perfect Maydenhed,
And of her ſelfe, her name *Belphœbe* red:
But *Venus* hers hence farre away convayd,
To be vp-brought in goodlie womanhed,
And in her little Loues ſtead, which was ſtraid,
Her *Amoretta* cald, to comfort her diſmaid.

29

Shee brought her to her ioyous Paradiſe, (dwell.
Where moſt ſhe wonnes, when ſhee on earth does
So faire a place, as Nature can deuiſe:
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by tryall, that this ſame
All other pleaſant places doth excell,
And called is by her loſt Louers name,
The Garden of *Adonis*, farre renowm'd by fame.

30

In that ſame Garden, all the goodly flowres
Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramoures,
Are fetcht: there is the firſt ſeminarie
Of all things, that are borne to liue and die,
According to their kinds. Long worke it were,
Heere to account the endleſſe progenie
Of all the weedes, that bud and bloſſome there;
But ſo much as doth need, muſt needs be counted here.

31

It ſited was in fruitfull ſoyle of old,
And girt-in with two walles on either ſide;
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough breake, nor over-ſtride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten paſs;
Th'one faire and freſh, the other old and dride:
Old *Genius* the Porter of them was,
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world deſire:
A thouſand thouſand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which doe require,
That hee with fleſhly weedes would them attire:
Such as him liſt, ſuch as eternall fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with ſinfull mire,
And ſendeth forth to liue in mortall ſtate,
Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

After

33
After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Garden planted be againe;
And growe afresh, as they had neuer seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the changefull world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

34
Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sowe,
To plant, or prune: for, of their owne accord,
All things as they created were, doe growe,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almighty Lord,
That bade them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clowdes, to moysten their rootes dry;
For, in themselues, eternall moysture they imply.

35
Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And vncouth formes, which none yet euer knew,
And euery sort is in a sundry bed
Set by it selfe, and rankt in comely rew:
Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse ranks along enranged were,
That seem'd the *Ocean* could not containe them there.

36
Daily they growe, and daily forth are sent
Into the world, it to repleniſh more;
Yet is the stocke not lessened, nor spent,
But still remaines in euerlasting store,
As it at first created was of yore.
For, in the wide wombe of the world, there lyes
In hatefull darkenesse, and in deepe horrore,
An huge eternall *Chaos*, which supplies
The substances of Natures fruitfull progenies.

37
All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made;
Which, when as forme and feature it does ketch,
Becomes a bodie, and doth then inuade
The state of life, out of the griesly shade.
That substance is eterne, and bideth so;
Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
But changed is, and often altred to and fro.

38
The substance is not chang'd, nor altered,
But th'onely forme and outward fashion;
For, euery substance is conditioned
To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion;
For, formes are variable, and decay
By course of kinde, and by occasion;
And that faire flowre of beauty fades away,
As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

39
Great enemy to it, and to all the rest
That in the Garden of *Adonis* springs,
Is wicked *Time*; who, with his scythe addrest,
Does mowe the flowring herbes and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
Where they doe wither, and are foully mard:
Hee flyes about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beates downe both leaues and buds without regard,
Ne euer pitty may relent his malice hard.

40
Yet pitty often did the gods relent,
To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight;
Her hart was peare't with pitty at the sight,
When walking through the Garden, them she spyde,
Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.
For, all that liues is subiect to that law:
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

41
But, were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightfull Garden growes,
Should happy be, and haue immortall bliss:
For, heere all plenty, and all pleasure flowes,
And sweet loue gentle fits emongst them throwes,
Without fell rancour, or fond iealousie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knowes,
Each bird his mate, ne any does enuie
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.

42
There is continuall spring, and harueſt there
Continuall, both meeting at one time:
For, both the boughes doe laughing blossoms beare,
And with fresh colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke attonce the heauy trees they clime,
Which seeme to labour vnder their fruites lode:
The whiles the ioyous birds make their pastime
Emongst the shady leaues, their sweet abode,
And their true loues without suspicion tell abrode.

43
Right in the middest of that Paradise,
There stood a stately Mount, on whose round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did rise,
Whose shadie boughes sharpe steele did neuer lop,
Nor wicked beasts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compassed the hight,
And from their fruitfull sides sweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious deaw bedight,
Threw forth most dainty odours, & most sweet delight.

44
And, in the thickest couert of that shade,
There was a pleasant Arbour, not by art,
But of the trees owne inclination made,
Which knitting their ranke branches part to part,
With wanton Ivie-twine entrayld athwart,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Fashiond aboue within their inmost part,
That neither *Phœbus* beames could through the throng,
Nor *Aeolus* sharp blast could worke them any wrong.

And

45

And all about grewe euery ſort of flowre,
To which ſad louers were transform'd of yore;
Freſh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* paramoure
And deareſt loue,
Fooliſh *Narciſſe*, that likes the watry ſhore,
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowre but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whoſe purple gore
Me ſeemes I ſee *Amintas* wretched fate,
To whom ſweet Poets verſe hath giuen endleſſe date.

46

There wont faire *Venus* often to enioy
Her deare *Adonis* ioyous companie,
And reape ſweet pleaſure of the wanton boy;
There yet ſome ſay in ſecret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and precious ſpycery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of *Stygian* gods, which do her loue enuie;
But ſhe her ſelfe, when euer that ſhe will,
Poſſeſſeth him, and of his ſweetneſſe takes her fill.

47

And ſooth, it ſeemes, they ſay: for, he may not
For euer die, and euer buried bee
In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
All be he ſubiect to mortalitie,
Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
And by ſucceſſion made perpetuall,
Transformed oft, and changed diuerſly:
For, him the Father of all formes they call;
Therefore needs mote he liue, that liuing giues to all.

48

There now he liueth in eternall bliſs,
Ioying his goddeſſe, and of her enioyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd;
For, that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmely hath empriſoned for aye
(That her ſweet loue his malice mote auoyd)
In a ſtrong rockie Caue, which is they ſay, (may.
Hewen vnderneath that Mount, that none him looſen

49

There now he liues in euerlaſting ioy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy
Sporting himſelfe in ſafe felicitie:
Who, when he hath with ſpoiles and crueltie
Ranſackt the world, and in the wofull hearts
Of many wretches ſet his triumphes hie,
Thither reſorts, and laying his ſad darts
Aſide, with faire *Adonis* playes his wanton parts.

50

And his true loue faire *Pſyche* with him playes,
Faire *Pſyche* to him lately reconcyl'd,
After long troubles and vnmeet vpbrayes,
With which his mother *Venus* her reuyl'd,
And eke himſelfe her cruelly exyl'd:
But now in ſtedfaſt loue and happy ſtate
She with him liues, and hath him borne a child,
Pleaſure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
Pleaſure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Pſyche* late.

51

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant faire,
The younger daughter of *Chryſogonee*,
And vnto *Pſyche* with great truſt and care
Committed her, yfoſtered to bee,
And trained vp in true feminitee:
Who no leſſe carefully her tendered,
Then her owne daughter *Pleaſure*, to whom ſhee
Made her companion, and her leſſoned
In all the lore of loue, and goodly womanhead.

52

In which when ſhe to perfect ripeneſſe grew,
Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes view,
To be th'enſample of true loue alone,
And Load-ſtarre of all chaſte affectione,
To all faire Ladies, that doe liue on ground.
To Faery court ſhe came, where many one
Admyr'd her goodly hueour, and found
His feeble heart wide launced with loues cruell wound.

53

But ſhe to none of them her loue did caſt,
Saue to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her louing heart ſhe linked faſt
In faithfu l loue, t'abide for euermore,
And for his deareſt ſake endured ſore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced haue to haue forlore
Her former loue and ſtedfaſt loialtie,
As ye may elſewhere reade that ruefull hiſtory.

54

But well I weene, ye firſt deſire to learne,
What end vnto that fearefull Damozell,
Which fled ſo faſt from that ſame foſter ſtearne,
Whom with his brethren *Timias* ſlew, befell:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
Who wandring for to ſeek her louer deare,
Her louer deare, her deareſt *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did heare,
And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle feare.

O Canto

Canto VII.

The Witches sonne loues Florimell:
she flyes, he faines to die.
Satyrane saues the Squire of Dames
from Giants tyranny.

1

Like as an Hynd forth singled from the heard,
That hath escaped from a raueneus beast,
Yet flies away of her owne feet affeard,
And euery leafe, that shaketh with the least
Murmure of winde, her terror hath increast:
So fled faire *Florimell* from her vaine feare,
Long after she from perill was releast:
Each shade she sawe, and each noise she did heare,
Did seeme to be the same, which she escap't whyleare.

2

All that same euening she in flying spent,
And all that night her course continued:
Ne did she let dull sleepe once to relent,
Nor wearinesse to slacke her haste, but fled
Euer alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behinde, her ready to arrest:
And her white Palfrey hauing conquered
The maistring raines out of her weary wrest,
Perforce her carried, where-euer he thought best.

3

So long as breath, and hable puissaunce
Did natiue courage vnto him supply,
His pase he freshly forward did aduaunce,
And carried her beyond all icopardy:
But nought that wanteth rest, can long aby.
He, hauing through incessant trauell spent
His force, at last perforce adown did ly,
Ne foot could further moue: The Lady gent
Thereat was suddein strook with great astonishment;

4

And forc't t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traueller vnwonted to such waie:
Need teacheth her this lesson hard and rare,
That fortune all in equall launce doth sway,
And mortall miseries doth make her play.
So long she traueld, till at length she came
To an hilles side, which did to her bewray
A little valley, subiect to the same,
All couerd with thick woods, that quite it ouercame.

5

Through th'tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, vprolled to the sky:
Which chearefull signe did send vnto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some liuing wight.
Eftsoones her steps she thereunto applide,
And came at last in weary wretched plight
Vnto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To finde some refuge there, and rest her weary side.

6

There, in a gloomy hollowe glen she found
A little cottage, built of stickes and reedes
In homely wize, and wall'd with sods around,
In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weedes,
And wilfull want, all careleſſe of her needes;
So choosing solitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diuelish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide.
And hurt far off vnknowne, whom-euer she enuide.

7

The Damzell there arriuing entred in;
Where sitting on the floore the Hag she found,
Busie (as seem'd) about some wicked gin;
Who, soone as she beheld that suddein stound,
Lightly vpstarted from the dusty ground,
And with fell looke and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one astound,
Ne had one word to speake, for great amaze; (daze.
But shew'd by outward signes, that dread her sense did

8

At last, turning her feare to foolish wrath,
She askt, what diuell had her thither brought,
And who she was, and what vnwonted path
Had guided her, vnwelcomed, vnsought?
To which the Damzell full of doubtfull thought,
Her mildly answer'd: Beldame, be not wroth
With silly Virgin by aduenture brought
Vnto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That craue but roome to rest, while tempest ouerblo'th.

With

8

With that, adowne out of her Cryſtall eyne,
Few trickling teares ſhe ſoftly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearles, did purely ſhine
Vpon her ſnowie cheek; and therewithall
She ſighed ſoft, that none ſo beſtiall,
Nor ſaluage heart, but ruth of her ſad plight
Would make to melt, or pitiouſly appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In miſchiefe, was much moued at ſo pitious ſight;

9

And gan recomfort her in her rude wiſe,
With womaniſh compaſſion of her plaint,
Wiping the teares from her ſuffuſed eyes;
And bidding her ſit downe, to reſt her faint
And wearie limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor s'deignfull of ſo homely faſhion,
Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard conſtraint,
Sate downe vpon the duſty ground anon,
As glad of that ſmall reſt, as Bird of tempeſt gon.

10

Tho, gan ſhe gather vp her garments rent,
And her looſe lockes to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;
Whom ſuch when as the wicked Hag did view,
She was aſtomiſht at her heauenly hew,
And doubted her to deeme an earthly wight,
But or ſome goddeſſe, or of *Dianes* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble ſpright;
T'adore thing ſo diuine as beauty, were but right.

11

This wicked woman had a wicked ſonne,
The comfort of her age and weary dayes,
A laeſie loord, for nothing good to donne,
But ſtretched forth in idleneſſe alwaies,
Ne euer caſt his mind to couet praiſe,
Or ply himſelfe to any honeſt trade;
But all the day before the ſunny rayes
He vs'd to ſlug, or ſleepe in ſlothfull ſhade:
Such laeſineſſe both lewd and poore attonce him made.

12

He, comming home at vndertime, there found
The faireſt creature that he euer ſaw,
Sitting beſide his mother on the ground;
The ſight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his baſe thought with terror and with awe
So inly ſmote, that as one which had gazed
On the bright Sunne vnwares, doth ſoone withdrawe
His feeble eyne, with too much brightneſſe dazed;
So ſtared he on her, and ſtood long while amazed.

13

Softly at laſt he gan his mother aske,
What miſter wight that was, and whence deriued,
That in ſo ſtrange diſguizement there did maske,
And by what accident ſhe there arriued:
But ſhe, as one nigh of her wits depriued,
With nought but ghaſtly lookes him anſwered,
Like to a ghoſt, that lately is reuiued
From *Stygian* ſhores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

14

But the faire Virgin was ſo meeke and milde,
That ſhe to them vouchſafed to embaſe
Her goodly port, and to their ſenſes vild
Her gentle ſpeach applide, that in ſhort ſpace
She grew familiar in that deſert place.
During which time, the Chorle through her ſo kinde
And curteiſe vſe conceiu'd affection baſe,
And caſt to loue her in his brutiſh mind;
No loue, but brutiſh luſt, that was ſo beaſtly tin'd.

15

Cloſely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And ſhortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As vnto her to vtter his deſire;
His caitiue thought durſt not ſo high aſpire:
But with ſoft ſighes, and louely ſemblances,
He weend that his affection entire
She ſhould aread; many reſemblances
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16

Oft from the forreſt wildings he did bring,
Whoſe ſides empurpled were with ſmiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to ſing
His miſtreſſe prayſes ſweetly caroled,
Girlonds of flowres ſometimes for her faire head
He fine would dight; ſometimes the ſquirell wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow ſeruant vild;
All which ſhe of him took with countenance meek & mild.

17

But paſt awhile, when ſhe fit ſeaſon ſawe,
To leaue that deſert manſion, ſhe caſt
In ſecret wiſe her ſelfe thence to withdrawe,
For feare of miſchiefe, which ſhe did forecaſt
Might be the witch or that her ſonne compaſt:
Her weary Palfrey, cloſely as ſhe might,
Now well recouered after long repaſt,
In his proud furnitures ſhe freſhly dight,
His late miſwandred waies now to remeaſure right.

18

And early ere the dawning day appeard,
She forth iſſewed, and on her iourney went;
She went in perill, of each noiſe affeard,
And of each ſhade, that did it ſelfe preſent;
For, ſtill ſhe feared to be ouer-hent,
Of that vile Hag, or that vnciuile ſonne:
Who, when too late awaking well they kent
That their faire gueſt was gone, they both begonne
To make exceeding mone, as they had been vndonne.

19

But that lewd louer did the moſt lament
For her depart, that euer man did heare;
He knockt his breſt with deſperate intent,
And ſcratcht his face, and with his teeth did teare
His rugged fleſh, and rent his ragged heare:
That his ſad mother ſeeing his ſore plight,
Was greatly woe-begonne, and gan to feare
Leaſt his fraile ſenſes were emperiſht quight,
And loue to frenzy turnd, ſith loue is frantick hight.

20

All wayes she sought, him to restore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counsell, and with teares:
But teares, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counsell might
Asswage the fury, which his entrailes teares:
So strong is passion, that no reason heares.
Tho, when all other helpes she sawe to faile,
She turnd her selfe backe to her wicked leares,
And by her diuelish arts thought to preuaile
To bring her backe againe, or worke her finall bale.

21

Eftsoones out of her hidden caue she cald
An hideous beast, of horrible aspect,
That could the stoutest courage haue appald:
Monstrous misshap't, and all his back was spect
With thousand spots of colours queint elect,
Thereto so swift, that it all beasts did pass:
Like neuer yet did liuing eye detect;
But likest it to an *Hyæna* was,
That feeds on womens flesh, as others feed on grass.

22

It forth she cald, and gaue it streight in charge,
Through thick and thin her to pursew apace,
Ne once to stay to rest, or breath at large,
Till her he had attaind, and brought in place,
Or quite deuour'd her beauties scornefull grace.
The Monster, swift as word that from her went,
Went forth in haste, and did her footing trace
So sure and swiftly, through his perfect sent,
And passing speed, that shortly he her ouer-hent.

23

Whom when the fearefull Damzell nigh espide,
No need to bid her fast away to flie;
That vgly shape so sore her terrifide,
That if she shund no lesse, then dread to die:
And her fit Palfrey did so well apply
His nimble feet to her conceiued feare,
That whil'st his breath did strength to him supply,
From perill free he her away did beare:
But when his force gan faile, his pace gan wex areare.

24

Which when as she perceiu'd, she was dismayd
At that same last extremitie full sore,
And of her safety greatly grew afraid:
And now she gan approache to the sea shore,
As it befell, that she could fly no more,
But yield her selfe to spoile of greedinesse.
Lightly she leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horse, in desperate distresse,
And to her feet betooke her doubtfull sickernesse.

25

Not halfe so fast the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her reuenging fathers hond:
Nor halfe so fast to saue her maidenhed,
Fled fearefull *Daphne* on th'*Aegean* strond,
As *Florimell* fled from the Monster yond,
To reach the sea, ere she of him were raught:
For, in the sea to drowne her selfe she fond,
Rather then of the tyrant to be caught:
Therto feare gaue her wings, & need her courage taught.

26

It fortuned (high God did so ordaine)
As she arriued on the roring shore,
In minde to leape into the mighty Maine,
A little boate lay houing her before,
In which there slept a Fisher old and poore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the sand:
Into the same she leapt, and with the ore,
Did thrust the shallop from the floting strand:
So safety found at sea, which she found not at land.

27

The Monster, ready on the prey to sease,
Was of his forward hope deceiued quight;
Ne durst assay to wade the perlous seas,
But greedily long gaping at the sight,
At last in vaine was forc't to turne his flight,
And tell the idle tydings to his Dame:
Yet to auenge his diuelish despight,
He set vpon her Palfrey tired lame,
And slew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28

And after hauing him embowelled,
To fill his hellish gorge, it chaunc't a knight
To passe that way, as forth he trauelled;
It was a goodly Swaine, and of great might,
As euer man that bloudy field did fight;
But in vaine shewes, that wont young knights bewitch,
And courtly seruices took no delight,
But rather ioyd to be, then seemen sich:
For, both to be and seeme to him was labour lich.

29

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That raung'd abroad, to seeke aduentures wilde,
As was his wont in forrest, and in Plaine;
He was all arm'd in rugged steele vnfilde,
As in the smoky forge it was compilde,
And in his scutchin bore a Satyres hed:
He comming present, where the monster vilde
Vpon that milke-white Palfreyes carkas fed,
Vnto his reskew ran, and greedily him sped.

30

There well perceiu'd he, that it was the horse,
Whereon faire *Florimell* was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorse:
Much feared he, least ought did ill betide
To that faire Mayd, the flowre of womens pride;
For, her he dearely loued, and in all
His famous conquests highly magnifide:
Besides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him sore appall.

31

Full of sad feare, and doubtfull agony,
Fiercely he flew vpon that wicked feend;
And with huge strokes, and cruell battery
Him forc't to leaue his prey, for to attend
Himselfe from deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted flesh
He did engraue, and muchell bloud did spend,
Yet might not doe him die; but aye more fresh
And fierce he still appear'd, the more he did him thresh.

Hee

32

He wist not, how him to despoile of life,
Ne how to win the wished victory,
Sith him he saw still stronger growe through strife,
And him selfe weaker through infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiously
Hurling his sword away, he lightly lept
Vpon the Beast, that with great crueltie
Rored, and raged to be vnder-kept:
Yet he perforce him held, and strokes vpon him hept.

33

As he that striues to stop a suddein flood,
And in strong bankes his violence enclose,
Forceth it swell aboue his wonted mood,
And largely ouerflowe the fruitfull Plaine,
That all the countrey seemes to be a Maine,
And the rich furrowes flote, all quite fordonne;
The wofull husbandman doth lowd complaine,
To see his whole yeeres labour lost so soone,
For which to God he made so many an idle boone:

34

So him he held, and did through might amate.
So long he held him, and him bet so long,
That at the last his fiercenesse gan abate,
And meekely stoup vnto the victour strong:
Who, to auenge the implacable wrong,
Which he supposed donne to *Florimell*,
Sought by all meanes his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of steele his carcas could not quell;
His maker with her charmes had framed him so well.

35

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her slender waste, he tooke in hand,
And with it bound the Beast that loud did rore
For great despight of that vnwonted band,
Yet dared not his victour to withstand,
But trembled like a lambe, fled from the pray,
And all the way him follow'd on the strand,
As he had long been learned to obay;
Yet neuer learned he such seruice, till that day.

36

Thus as he led the Beast along the waie,
He spide far off a mighty Giantesse,
Fast flying on a Courser dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardinesse
Her hard pursewd, and sought for to suppresse:
She bore before her lap a dolefull Squire,
Lying athwart her horse in great distresse,
Fast bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
Whom she did meane to make the thrall of her desire.

37

Which when as *Satyrane* beheld, in haste
He left his captiue Beast at libertie,
And crost the neareſt way, by which he cast
Her to encounter, ere she passed by:
But she the way shund nathemore for thy,
But forward gallopt fast; which when he spide,
His mighty speare he couched warily,
And at her ranne: she, hauing him descride,
Her selfe to fight addrest, and threw her lode aside.

38

Like as a Goshauke, that in foot doth beare
A trembling Culuer, hauing spide on hight
An Ægle, that with plumy wings doth sheare
The subtile ayre, stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throwes to ground with fell despight,
And to the battell doth her selfe prepare:
So ran the Giantesse vnto the fight;
Her firy eyes with furious sparkes did stare,
And with blasphemous bannes high God in peeces tare.

39

She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriued;
But ere the stroke could seize his aymed place,
His speare amids her sun-broad shield arriued;
Yet nathemore the steele asunder riued,
All were the beame in bignesse like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driued,
But glauncing on the tempred metall, brast
In thousand shiuers, and so forth beside her past.

40

Her Steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;
But she no more was moued with that might,
Then it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
Vpon the top of Mount *Olympus* hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay,
With burning charet wheeles it nigh to smite:
But who that smites it, marres his ioyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

41

Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with sterne regard
Her dreadfull weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
That made him lowe incline his lofty creſt,
And bow'd his battred visour to his breſt:
Wherewith he was so stund, that he n'ote ride,
But reeled to and fro from East to West:
Which when his cruell enemy espide,
She lightly vnto him adioyned side to side;

42

And on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wauering seate him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, vnable to withstand,
Or help himselfe; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carion corse,
She bore him fast away. Which when the knight,
That her pursewed, saw, with great remorse
He neere was touched in his noble spright,
And gan increase his speed, as she increast her flight.

43

Whom when as nigh approching she espide,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For, she list not the battell to abide,
But made her selfe more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursew'd so nie,
That almost in the backe he oft her strake:
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turn'd, and semblance of faire fight did make;
But when he stayd, to flight againe she did her take.

44

By this, good Sir *Satyrane* gan awake
Out of his dream, that did him long entraunce;
And seeing none in place, he gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruell chaunce,
Which reft him from so faire a cheuisance:
At length he spide, whereas that wofull Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captiuance
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the mire,
Vnable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

45

To whom approching, well he mote perceiue
In that foule plight a comely personage,
And louely face (made fit for to deceive
Fraile Ladies heart with loues consuming rage)
Now in the blossome of his freshest age:
He reard him vp, and loos'd his iron bands,
And after gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Giants hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

46

Then trembling yet through feare, the Squire bespake;
That Giantesse *Argante* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
War reagainst heauen, and heaped hils on hight,
To scale the skies, and put *Ioue* from his right:
Her sire *Typhæus* was, who (mad through mirth,
And drunk with bloud of men, slaine by his might)
Through incest, her of his owne mother Earth
Whilome begot, being but halfe twin of that berth.

47

For, at that birth another babe she bore,
To weet, the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreake to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foule confusion brought.
These twinnes, men say, (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers wombe enclos'd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appeare.

48

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
Gainst Natures law, and good behauiour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so fowly to deuoure
Her native flesh, and straine her brothers bowre;
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
And suffred beasts her body to deflowre:
So hot she burned in that lustfull fire;
Yet all that might not slake her sensuall desire.

49

But euer all the countrey she did range,
To seeke young men, to quench her flaming thurst,
And feed her fancy with delightfull change:
Whom-so she fittest finds to serue her lust,
Through her maine strength, in which she most doth trust,
She with her brings into a secret Ile,
Where in eternall bondage dye he must,
Or be the vassall of her pleasures vile,
And in all shamefull sort him selfe with her defile.

50

Me seely wretch she so at vantage caught,
After she long in waite for me did lie,
And meant vnto her prison to haue brought,
Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfie;
That thousand deaths me leuer were to die,
Then breake the vowe, that to faire *Columbell*
I plighted haue, and yet keepe stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the *Squyre of Dames*: that me beseemeth well.

51

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing sawe
That Giantesse, is not such, as she seemed,
But a faire virgin, that in Martiall lawe,
And deeds of armes aboue all Dames is deemed,
And aboue many knights is eke esteemed,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeemed.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

52

Her well beseemes that Quest, quoth *Satyrane*:
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou vpon thy self hast lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be ye pleas'd to pardon all amiss.
That gentle Lady, whom I loue and serue,
After long suite and weary seruicis,
Did aske me, how I could her loue deserue,
And how she might be sure, that I would neuer swerue.

53

I, glad by any meanes her grace to gaine,
Bade her commaund my life to saue, or spill:
Eftsoones she bade me, with incessant paine
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And euery where, where with my power or skill
I might do seruice vnto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfully fulfill, (names
And at the twelue months end should bring their
And pledges; as the spoiles of my victorious games.

54

So well I to faire Ladies seruice did,
And found such fauour in their louing hearts,
That ere the yeare his course had compassed,
Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she sawe, more bent to eke my smarts,
Then to reward my trusty true intent,
She gan for me deuise a grieuous punishment;

55

To weet, that I my trauell should resume,
And with like labour walke the world around,
Ne euer to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found.
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
But did abide for euer chaste and sound.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at one word,
How many foundst thou such to put in thy record?

In-

56

Indeed Sir knight, sayd he, one word may tell
All, that I euer found so wisely stayd;
For, onely three they were dispos'd so well:
And yet three yeeres I now abroad haue strayd,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing sayd
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy proffred curtesie denay'd?
Or ill they seemed sure auiz'd to bee,
Or brutishly brought vp, that nev'r did fashions see.

57

The first which then refused me, sayd hee,
Certes was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refus'd to haue a-do with mee,
Because I could not giue her many a lane.
(Thereat full heartily laught *Satyrane*)
The second was an holy Nunne to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsell, if she should her trust in me repose.

58

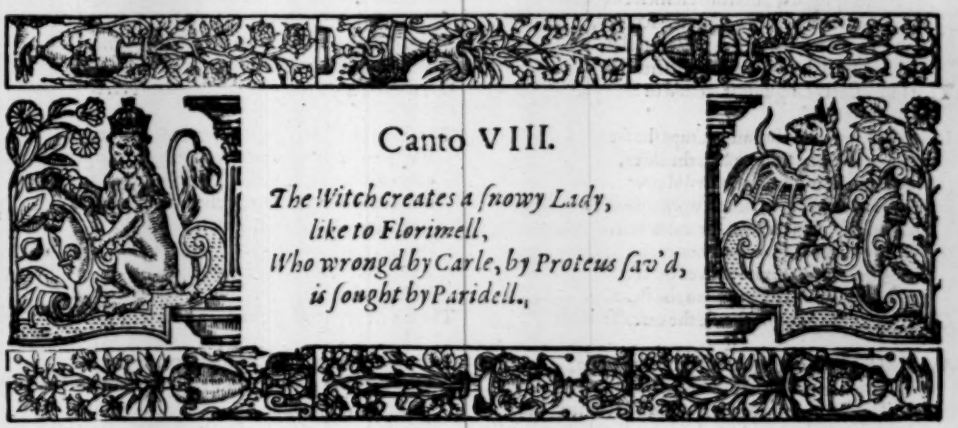
The third a Damzell was of lowe degree,
Whom I in countrey cottage found by chance;
Full little weened I, that chastitee
Had lodging in so meane a maintenance:
Yet was she faire, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemely fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with dew obseruance,
In hope vnto my pleasure to haue wonne;
But was as farre at last, as when I first begonne.

59

Safe her, I neuer any woman found,
That chastity did for it selfe embrace,
But were for other causes firme and sound;
Either for want of handsome time and place,
Or else for feare of shame and fowle disgrace.
Thus am I hopelesse euer to attaine
My Ladies loue in such a desperate case,
But all my daies am like to waste in vaine, (traine.
Seeking to match the chaste with th'vnchaste Ladyes

60

Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thankes, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Alcides* labours stand.
Thence backe returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he ouercame,
He found him not; for, he had broke his band,
And was return'd againe vnto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of faire *Florimell* became.



Canto VIII.

The Witch creates a snowy Lady,
like to Florimell,
Who wronged by Carle, by Proteus sav'd,
is sought by Paridell.

1

Oft as I this history record,
My heart doth melt with meere compassion,
To thinke, how causeles of her owne accord
This gentle Damzell whom I write vpon,
Should plonged be in such affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or reliefe,
That sure I weene, the hardest heart of stone,
Would hardly find to aggrauate her griefe;
For misery craues rather mercy, then repriefe.

2

But that accursed Hag, her hostesse late,
Had so entrankled her malitious heart,
That the desir'd th'abbridgement of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painefull smart.
Now when the Beast, which by her wicked art
Late forth she sent, she backe returning spide,
Tyde with her broken girdle to a part
Of her rich spoyles, whom he had erst destroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladnesse to her heart applyde.

3

And with it running hastily to her sonne,
Thought with that sight him much to haue relieued;
Who thereby deeming sure the thing was donne,
His former griefe with furie fresh renewed,
Much more then erst, and would haue algates riued
The hart out of his brest: for, sith her dead
He surely dempt, himselfe he thought depriued
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His foolish malady, and long time had misled.

4

With thought whereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would haue slaine,
Had she not fled into a secret mew,
Where she was wont her Sprights to entertaine
The masters of her art: there was she faine
To call them all in order to her ayde,
And them coniure vpon eternall paine,
To counsell her so carefully dismayd, (cayd.
How she might heale her sonne, whose senses were de-

5

By their aduise, and her owne wicked wit,
She there deuiz'd a wondrous worke to frame,
Whose like on earth was neuer framed yit,
That euen Nature selfe enuide the same,
And grudg'd to see the counterfet should shame
The thing it selfe. In hand she boldly tooke
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in shape and looke
So liuely and so like, that many it mistooke.

6

The substance, whereof she the body made,
Was purest snowe in massie mould congeal'd,
Which she had gathered in a shady glade
Of the *Riphæan* hils, to her reueald
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceald:
The same she tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wax, that neuer yet was seal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a liuely sanguine it seem'd to the eye.

7

In stead of eyes, two burning lamps she set
In siluer sockets, shining like the skies,
And a quicke moouing Spirit did arret
To stir and roll them, like a womans eyes:
In stead of yellow lockes she did deuise,
With golden wire to weaue her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not so yellow thrice
As *Florimells* faire haire: and in the stead
Of life, she put a Spright to rule the carcasse dead;

8

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And faire reflemblance aboue all the rest,
Which with the Prince of darkneſſe fell somewhile,
From heauens bliss and euerlasting rest;
Him needed not instruct, which way were best
Himselfe to fashion likest *Florimell*,
Ne how to speake, ne how to vse his gest:
For, he in counterfeisance did excell;
And all the wyles of womens wits knew passing well.

9

Him shaped thus she deckt in garments gay,
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
That whoso then her sawe, would surely say,
It was her selfe whom it did imitate,
Or fairer then her selfe, if ought algate
Might fairer be. And then she forth her brought
Vnto her sonne, that lay in feeble state;
Who seeing her gan straight vpstart, and thought
She was the Lady selfe, whom he so long had sought.

10

Tho, fast her clipping twixt his armes twaine,
Extreamely ioyed in so happy sight,
And soone forgot his former sickly paine;
But she, the more to seeme such as she hight,
Coily rebutted his embracement light;
Yet still with gentle countenance retained,
Enough to hold a foole in vaine delight:
Him long she so with shadowes entertained,
As her Creatresse had in charge to her ordained;

11

Till on a day, as he disposed was
To walke the woods with that his Idole faire,
Her to disport, and idle time to pass,
In th'open freshnesse of the gentle aire,
A knight that way there chanced to repaire;
Yet knight he was not, but a boastfull Swaine,
That deeds of armes had euer in despaire,
Proud *Braggadocchio*, that in vaunting vaine
His glory did repose, and credit did maintaine.

12

He seeing with that Chorle so faire a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merueiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a foule disparagement:
His bloudy speare eftsoones he boldly bent
Against the silly clowne, who dead through feare,
Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.
Villein, said he, this Lady is my deare;
Dy, if thou it gainesay: I will away her beare.

13

The fearefull Chorle durst not gainesay, nor doo,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding little leasure her to wooe,
On *Tromparts* steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himselfe then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoile, which seemed
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

14

But when he sawe himselfe free from pursute,
He gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With tearms of loue and lewdnesse dissolute;
For, he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vaine vses, that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard;
As seeming sory, that she euer came
Into his powre, that vsed her so hard,
To reaue her honour, which she more then life prefard.

15

Thus as they two of kindnesse treated long,
There them by chance encountred on the way
An armed knight, vpon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feete vpon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
And fayn'd to cheare his Lady in dismay;
Who seem'd for feare to quake in euery lim,
And her to saue from outrage, meekely prayed him.

Fiercely

16

Fiercely that ſtranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that ſame boaſter, as he mote, on high
To leaue to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battell without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory ſeeme,
And fild his ſenſes with abaſhment great;
Yet ſeeing nigh him ieopardy extreame,
He it diſſembled well, and light ſeem'd to eſteeme:

17

Saying, Thou fooliſh knight, that ween'ſt with words
To ſteale away that I with blowes haue wonne,
And brought through points of many perilous ſwords:
But if thee liſt to ſee thy Courſer ronne,
Or proue thy ſelfe, this ſad encounter ſhonne,
And ſeek elſe without hazard of thy hed.
At thoſe proud words that other knight begonne
To wex exceeding wroth, and him ared
To turne his ſteed about, or ſure he ſhould be dead.

18

Sith then, ſaid *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt
Thy daies abbridge, through proofe of puiſſance,
Turne we our ſteedes, that both in equall tilt
May meet againe, and each take happy chance.
This ſaid, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retyr'd their ſteeds, to ronne in euen race:
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudy lance
Once hauing turnd, no more returnd his face,
But left his loue to loſs, and fled himſelfe apace.

19

The knight, him ſeeing fly, had no regard
Him to purſew, but to the Lady rode;
And hauing her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Vpon his courſer ſet the louely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that faireſt *Florimell*
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And ſo her ſelfe did alwaies to him tell:
So made him think himſelfe in heauen, that was in hell.

20

But *Florimell* her ſelfe was farre away,
Driuen to great diſtreſſe by fortune ſtraunge,
And taught the carefull Mariner to play,
Sith late miſchaunce had her compeld to chaunge
The land for ſea, at randon there to raunge:
Yet there that cruell Queene auengereſſe,
Not ſatisfide ſo farre her to eſtrange
From courtly bliſs and wonted happineſſe,
Did heape on her new waues of weary wretchedneſſe.

21

For, being fled into the Fiſhers boat,
For refuge from the Monſters cruelty,
Long ſo ſhe on the mighty Maine did flote,
And with the tide droue forward carelesly;
For, th'aire was milde, and cleared was the sky,
And all his windes *Dan Aeölus* did keep
From ſtirring vp their ſtormy enmity,
As pitying to ſee her waile and weepe;
But all the while the Fiſher did ſecurely ſleepe.

22

At laſt, when drunk with drowſineſſe, he woke,
And ſawe his drouer driue along the ſtreame,
He was diſmayd, and thrice his breſt he ſtroke,
For maruell of that accident extreame;
But when he ſaw that blazing beauties beame,
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
He marueild more, and thought he yet did dreame
Not well awak't, or that ſome extaſie
Aſſotted had his ſenſe, or dazed was his eye.

23

But when her well auizing, he perceiued
To be no viſion, nor fantaſticke ſight,
Great comfort of her preſence he conceiued,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To gin awake, and ſtir his frozen ſpright:
Tho, rudely askt her, how ſhe thither came.
Ah, ſayd ſhe, father, I n'ote read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the ſame;
Yet am I glad that here I now in ſafetie am.

24

But thou good man, ſith farre in ſea we be,
And the great waters gin apace to ſwell,
That now no more we can the maine-land ſee,
Haue care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,
Leaſt worſe on ſea then vs on land befell.
Thereat th'old man did nought but fondly grin,
And ſaid, his boat the way could wiſely tell:
But his deceitfull eyes did neuer lin
To looke on her faire face, and marke her ſnowy skin.

25

The ſight whereof, in his congealed fleſh,
Inſixt ſuch ſecret ſting of greedy luſt,
That the dry withered ſtock it gan refreſh,
And kindled heat, that ſoone in flame forth bruſt:
The drieſt wood is ſooneſt burnt to duſt.
Rudely to her he lept, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, raſhly would haue thruſt:
But ſhe with angry ſcorne him did withſtond,
And ſhamefully reproaued for his rudeneſſe fond.

26

But, he that neuer good nor manners knew,
Her ſharpe rebuke full little did eſteem;
Hard is to teach an olde horſe amble trew.
The inward ſmoke, that did before but ſteeme,
Broke into open fire and rage extreame,
And now he ſtrength gan adde vnto his will,
Forcing to doe that did him fowle miſſeeme:
Beaſtly he threw her downe, ne car'd to ſpill
Her garments gay with ſcales of fiſh, that all did fill.

27

The ſilly virgin ſtroue him to withſtand,
All that ſhe might, and him in vaine reuil'd:
She ſtruggled ſtrongly both with foot and hand,
To ſaue her honor from that villaine vild,
And cride to heauen, from humane help exil'd.
O ye braue knights, that boaſt this Ladies loue,
Where be ye now, when ſhe is nigh defil'd
Of filthy wretch? well may ſhe you reproue
Of falſhood, or of ſlouth, when moſt it may behoue.

But

28

But if that thou, Sir *Satyran*, didst weete,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her sory state,
How soone would ye assemble many a fleete
To fetch from sea, that ye at land lost late?
Towres, Cityes, Kingdomes ye would ruinate,
In your auengement and dispiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir *Calidore* could it presage,
No liuing creature could his cruelty assuage.

29

But sith that none of all her knights is nie,
See how the heauens of voluntary grace,
And soueraigne fauour towards chastity,
Do succour send to her distressed case:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whilest thus she stifly stroue,
And the wide sea importuned long space
With shrilling shrieks, *Proteus* abroad did roue,
Along the fomy waues driuing his finny droue.

30

Proteus is Shepheard of the Seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard;
An aged sire with head all frory hore,
And sprinkled frost vpon his dewy beard:
Who when those pittifull outcries he heard
Through all the seas so ruefully resound,
His Charet swift in haste he thither steard;
Which, with a teeme of scaly *Phocas* bound,
Was drawne vpon the waues, that fomed him around.

31

And comming to that Fishers wandring bote,
That went at will, withouten carde or sayle,
He therein sawe that yrkesome sight, which smote
Deepe indignation and compassion fraile
Into his heart attonce: streight did he haile
The greedy villein from his hoped prey,
Of which he now did very little faile,
And with his staffe that driues his heard astray,
Him bet so sore, that life and sense did much dismay.

32

The whiles the pitious Lady vp did rise,
Ruffled and fowly rayd with filthy soile,
And blubbred face with teares of her faire eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyle
To saue her selfe from that outrageous spoile:
But when she looked vp, to weet what wight
Had her from so infamous fact assoild,
For shame, but more for feare of his grim sight,
Downe in her lap she hid her face, and loudly shright.

33

Her selfe not saued yet from danger dred
She thought, but chang'd from one to other feare;
Like as a fearefull Partridge, that is fled
From the sharpe Hauke, which her attached neare,
And fals to ground, to seeke for succour there,
Whereas the hungry Spaniels she does spy,
With greedy iawes her readie for to teare;
In such distresse and sad perplexity
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* she did see thereby.

34

But he endeuoured with speeches milde,
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her feare no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himselfe; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all preuaild;
For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumbd so inly, that her wits nigh faild,
And all her senses with abashment quite were quaild.

35

Her vp betwixt his rugged hands he reard,
And with his frory lips full softly kist,
Whiles the cold ysicles from his rough beard
Dropped adowne vpon her yuory brest:
Yet he himselfe so busily addrest,
That her out of astonishment he wrought,
And out of that same fishers filthy nest
Remouing her, into his charet brought,
And there with many gentle tearms her faire besought.

36

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beautie durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
Then tooke he him yet trembling sith of late,
And tyde behind his charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abus'd so sore:
So dragd him through the waves in scornefull state,
And after cast him vp vpon the shore;
But *Florimell* with him vnto his bowre he bore.

37

His bowre is in the bottome of the Maine,
Vnder a mighty rock, gainst which do raue
The roring billowes in their proud disdaine;
That with the angry working of the waue,
Therein is eaten out an hollow caue,
That seemes rough Masons hand with engines keene
Had long while laboured it to engraue:
There was his wonne, ne liuing wight was seene,
Saue one olde Nymph, hight *Panopé*, to keepe it cleane.

38

Thither he brought the sory *Florimell*,
And entertained her the best he might;
And *Panopé* her entertaind eke well,
As an immortall mote a mortall wight,
To winne her liking vnto his delight:
With flattring words he sweetly wooed her,
And offered faire giftes t'allure her sight:
But she both offers and the offerer
Despisde, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And neuer suffred her to be at rest:
But euermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindnesse did detest;
So firmely she had fealed vp her brest.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:
But she a mortall creature loued best:
Then he would make himselfe a mortall wight;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Faerie knight.

Then

40

Then like a Faery knight himſelfe he dreſt:
For, euery ſhape on him he could endew:
Then like a king he was to her expreſt,
And offred kingdomes vnto her in view,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing ſawe preuaile,
With harder meanes he caſt her to ſubdew,
And with ſharpe threats her often did aſſayle,
So thinking for to make her ſtubborne courage quaile.

41

To dreadfull ſhapes he did himſelfe transforme,
Now like a Giant, now like to a fiend,
Then like a Centaure, then like to a ſtorme,
Raging within the waues: thereby he weend
Her will to win vnto his wiſhed end.
But when with feare, nor fauour, nor with all
He elſe could doe, he ſawe himſelfe eſteem'd,
Downe in a dongeon deepe he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternall thrall.

42

Eternall thraldome was to her more liefe,
Then loſſe of chaſtitee, or change of loue:
Die had ſhe rather in tormenting griefe,
Then any ſhould of falſeneſſe her reproue,
Or looſeneſſe, that ſhe lightly did remooue.
Moſt vertuous virgin, glory be thy meed,
And crowne of heauenly praiſe with Saints aboue,
Where moſt ſweet hymnes of this thy famous deed
Are ſtill emongſt them ſung, that far my rimes exceed.

43

Fit ſong, of Angels caroled to bee:
But vnto whom ſo my feeble Muſe can frame,
Shall be t'adiunce thy goodly chaſtitee,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th'heart of euery honorable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endleſſe fame.
It yrkes me leaue thee in this wofull ſtate,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

44

Who hauing ended with that *Squire of Dames*
A long diſcourſe of his aduentures vaine,
The which himſelfe, then Ladies more defames,
And finding not th'*Hyena* to be ſlaine,
With that ſame *Squire*, returned backe againe
To his firſt way. And as they forward went,
They ſpide a knight faire pricking on the Plaine,
As if he were on ſome aduenture bent,
And in his port appeared manly hardiment.

45

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did addreſſe,
To weet what wight he was, and what his queſt:
And comming nigh, eftſoones he gan to gheſſe
Both by the burning heart, which on his breſt
He bare, and by the colours in his creſt,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him ſaluting, as beſeemed beſt,
Gan firſt inquire of tydings farre abroad;
And afterwards on what aduenture now he rode.

46

Who thereto anſwering, ſayd; The tydings bad,
Which now in Faery court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning ſad,
Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
And ſuddein parture of faire *Florimell*,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the braue knights, that doen in armes excell,
To ſauegard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongſt the reſt, my lot (vnworthy) is to be one.

47

Ah gentle knight, ſaid then Sir *Satyrane*,
Thy labour all is loſt, I greatly dread,
That haſt a thankleſſe ſeruice on thee ta'ne,
And offreſt ſacrifice vnto the dead:
For dead, I ſurely doubt, thou maiſt aread
Henceforth for euer *Florimell* to bee,
That all the noble knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may ſore repent with me,
And all faire Ladies may for euer ſory be.

48

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
Gan greatly change, and ſeem'd diſmaid to bee;
Then ſaid, Faire Sir, how may I weene it trew
That ye do tell in ſuch vncertaintee?
Or ſpeake ye of report, or did ye ſee
Iuſt cauſe of dread, that makes ye doubt ſo ſore?
For, perdy elſe how mote it euer bee,
That euer hand ſhould dare for to engore
Her noble bloud? the heauens ſuch cruelty abhore.

49

Theſe eyes did ſee, that they will euer rew
T'haue ſeene, quoth he, when as a monſtrous beaſt
The Palfrey, whereon ſhe did trauell, ſlew,
And of his bowels made a bloudy feaſt:
Which ſpeaking token ſheweth at the leaſt
Her certaine loſſe, if nother ſure decay:
Beſides, that more ſuſpicion encreaſt,
I found her golden girdle caſt aſtray,
Diſtayn'd with durt and bloud, as relique of the prey.

50

Aye me, ſayd *Paridell*, the ſignes be ſad,
And but God turne the ſame to good ſoothſay,
That Ladies ſafety is ſore to be drad:
Yet will I not forſake my forward way,
Till triall doe more certaine truth bewray.
Faire Sir, quoth he, well may it you ſucceed,
Ne long ſhall *Satyrane* behind you ſtay,
But to the reſt, which in this Queſt proceed
My labour adde, and be partaker of their ſpeed.

51

Ye noble knights, ſayd then the *Squire of Dames*,
Well may ye ſpeed in ſo praiſe-worthy paine:
But ſith the Sunne now ginnes to ſlake his beames,
In dewy vapours of the weſterne Maine,
And loſe the teme out of his weary waine,
Mote not miſlike you alſo to abate
Your zealous haſte, till morrowe next againe
Both light of heauen, and ſtrength of men relate:
Which if ye pleaſe, to yonder Caſtle turne your gate.

That

52

That counſell pleaſed well: ſo all yfere
Forth marched to a Caſtle them before,
Where ſoone arriuing, they reſtrained were
Of ready entrance, which ought euermore
To errant knights be common: wondrous ſore
Thereat diſpleas'd they were, till that young Squire
Gan them informe the cauſe, why that ſame dore
Was ſhut to all, which lodging did deſire:
The which to let you weet, will further time require.

Canto IX.

Malbecco will no ſtrange knights hoſt,
For peeuiſh iealouſie:
Paridell giuſts with Britomart;
Both ſhew their aunceſtrie.

1

REdoubted knights, and honorable Dames,
To whom I leuell all my labours end,
Right ſore I feare, leaſt with vnworthy blames
This odious argument my rimes ſhould ſhend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
Which with her looſe incontinence doth blend
The ſhining glory of your ſoueraigne light,
And knighthood foule defaced by a faithleſſe knight.

2

But neuer let th'enſample of the bad
Offend the good: for, good by paragone
Of euill, may more notably be rad,
As white ſeemes fairer, matcht with blacke attone;
Ne, all are ſhamed by the fault of one:
For lo, in heauen, whereas all goodneſſe is,
Emongſt the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy bliſs;
What wonder then, if one of women all did miſs?

3

Then liſten Lordlings, if ye liſt to weet
The cauſe, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
Mote not be entertain'd, as ſeemed meet,
Into that Caſtle, (as that Squire does tell.)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carle does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor courteſie,
Ne cares, what men ſay of him, ill or well;
For, all his daies he drownes in priuity,
Yet has full large to liue, and ſpend at libertie.

4

But all his minde is ſet on mucky pelfe,
To hoord vp heapes of euill gotten maſſe,
For which he others wrongs, and wreckes himſelfe;
Yet is he linked to a louely Laſſe,
Whoſe beauty doth his bounty farre ſurpaſſe,
The which to him both far vnequall yeares,
And alſo far vnlike conditions has;
For, ſhe does ioy to play emongſt her peares,
And to be free from hard reſtraint and iealous feares.

5

But he is old, and withered like hay,
Vnfit faire Ladies ſeruice to ſupply;
The priuy guilt whereof makes him alway
Suſpect her truth, and keepe continuall ſpy
Vpon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne ſuffreth he reſort of liuing wight
Approche to her, ne keep her companie,
But in cloſe bowre her mewes from all mens ſight,
Depriv'd of kindly ioy and naturall delight.

6

Malbecco he, and *Hellenore* ſhe hight,
Vnfitly yok't together in one teeme:
That is the cauſe, why neuer any knight
It ſuffred here to enter, but he ſeeme
Such, as no doubt of him he needs misdeeme.
Thereat Sir *Satyrane* gan ſmile and ſay;
Extreamely mad the man I ſurely deeme,
That weenes with watch and hard reſtraint to ſtay
A womans will which is diſpos'd to goe aſtray.

7

In vaine he feares that which he cannot ſhonne:
For, who wotes not, that womans ſubtilties
Can guilen *Argus*, when ſhe liſt misdonne?
It is not iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakefull ſpyes,
That can withhold her wilfull wandring feet;
But faſt good will with gentle courteſies,
And timely ſeruice to her pleaſures meet
May her perhaps containe, that elſe would algates fleet.

Then

8

Then, is he not more mad, ſaid *Paridell*,
That hath himſelfe vnto ſuch ſeruice ſold,
In dolefull thraldome all his dayes to dwell?
For, ſure a foole I doe him firmely hold,
That loues his fetters, though they were of gold.
But why doe we deuiſe of others ill,
Whiles thus we ſuffer this ſame dotard old
To keepe vs out, in ſcorne of his owne will,
And rather doe not ranſack all, and himſelfe kill?

9

Nay, let vs firſt, ſaid *Satyrane*, intreat
The man by gentle meanes, to let vs in,
And afterwards affray with cruell threat,
Ere that we to efforce it doe begin:
Then, if all faile, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his meſpriſe,
As may be worthy of his haynous ſin.
That counſell pleaſd: Then *Paridell* did riſe,
And to the Caſtle gate approch't in quiet wiſe.

10

Whereat ſoft knocking, entrance he deſir'd.
The good-man ſelfe (which then the Porter plaid)
Him anſwered, that all were now retir'd
Vnto their reſt; and all the keyes conuaid
Vnto their Maiſter, who in bed was laid,
That none him durſt awake out of his dreame;
And therefore them of patience gently praid.
Then *Paridell* began to change his theame,
And threatned him with force, and puniſhment extreame.

11

But all in vaine; for nought mote him relent.
And now ſo long before the wicket faſt
They waited, that the night was forward ſpent,
And the faire welkin (foully ouer-caſt)
Gan blowen vp a bitter ſtormy blaſt,
With ſhowre and haile ſo horrible and dred,
That this faire many were compeld at laſt
To fly for ſuccour to a little ſhed,
The which beſide the gate for ſwine was ordered.

12

It fortuned, ſoone after they were gone,
Another knight, whom tempeſt thither brought,
Came to that Caſtle; and with earneſt mone,
Like as the reſt, late entrance deare beſought:
But, like ſo as the reſt, he prayd for nought;
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely thereat he was diſpleas'd, and thought
How to auenge himſelfe ſo ſore abus'd,
And euermore the Carle of curteſie accus'd.

13

But, to auoyd th'intolerable ſtowre,
Hee was compeld to ſeeke ſome refuge neare,
And to that ſhed (to ſhrowd him from the ſhowre)
Hee came, which full of gueſts he found whyleare,
So as he was not let to enter there;
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And ſwore that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them diſlodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And them defied each, and ſo deſide them both.

14

Both were full loth to leaue that needfull tent,
And both full loth in darkneſſe to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to haue lent,
And both full liefe his boaſting to abate;
But chiefely *Paridell* his hart did grate,
To heare him threaten ſo deſpightfully,
As if he did a dogge to kennell rate,
That durſt not barke; and rather had he dy,
Then when he was deſide, in coward corner ly.

15

Tho, haſtily remounting to his ſteed,
Hee forth iſſew'd; like as a boiſtrous wind,
Which in th'earths hollow caues hath long bin hid,
And ſhut vp faſt within her priſons blind,
Makes the huge element againſt her kind
To moue, and tremble as it were agaſt,
Vntill that it an iſſue forth may find;
Then forth it breakes, and with his furious blaſt
Confounds both land and ſeas, and skyes doth ouer-caſt.

16

Their ſteele-head ſpeares they ſtrongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force;
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
They rudely droue to ground both man and horſe,
That each (awhile) lay like a ſenſeleſſe corſe:
But *Paridell*, ſore bruſed with the blowe,
Could not ariſe, the counterchange to ſcorce,
Till that young Squire him reared from belowe;
Then drew he his bright ſword, & gan about him throwe.

17

But *Satyrane*, forth ſtepping, did them ſtay,
And with faire treatie paciſide their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Againſt that Caſtles Lord they gan conſpire,
To heape on him due vengeance for his hire.
They been agreed, and to the gates they goe
To burne the ſame with vnquenchable fire,
And that vncurteous Carle (their common foe)
To doe foule death to die, or wrap in grieuous woe.

18

Malbecco, ſeeing them reſolu'd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earneſt, ranne with fearefull ſpeed;
And to them calling from the Caſtle wall,
Beſought them humbly, him to beare withall,
As ignorant of ſeruaunts bad abuſe,
And ſlack attendance vnto ſtrangers call.
The knights were willing all things to excuſe,
Though nought beliew'd, & entrance late did not refuſe.

19

They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
And ſeru'd of all things that mote needfull bee;
Yet ſecretly their hoſt did on them lowre,
And welcomd more for feare then charitee;
But they diſſembled what they did not ſee,
And welcomed themſelues. Each gan vndight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themſelues by *Vulcanes* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

20

And eke that ſtranger knight, emongſt the reſt,
Was for like need enforc't to diſarray:
Tho, when as vailed was her lofty creſt,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Vp-bounden, did themſelues adowne diſplay,
And raught vnto her heeles; like ſunny beames,
That in a clowd their light did long time ſtay,
Their vapour vaded, ſhew their golden gleames,
And through the perſent ayre ſhoot forth their azure (ſtreames.

21

She alſo doft her heauy haberjeon,
VVhich the faire feature of her limbes did hide;
And her well plighted frock, which ſhe did won
To tuck about her ſhort when ſhe did ride,
Shee lowe let fall, that flow'd from her lank ſide
Downe to her foot, with careleſſe modeſtee.
Then of them all ſhee plainely was eſpide
To be a woman-wight (vnwiſt to bee)
The faireſt woman-wight that euer eye did ſee.

22

Like as *Minerua*, being late returnd
From ſlaughter of the Giants conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whoſe wide noſethrils burnd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with the ſpeare, downe tumbled ded
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie;
Hath looſd her helmet from her lofty hed,
And her *Gorgonian* ſhield gins to vntie
From her left arme, to reſt in glorious victory.

23

Which when as they beheld, they ſmitten were
With great amazement of ſo wondrous ſight;
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if ſuddaine great affright
Had them ſurpris'd. At laſt, aviſing right,
Her goodly perſonage and glorious hew,
Which they ſo much miſtooke, they tooke delight
In their firſt errour, and yet ſtill anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

24

Yet n'ote their hungry view be ſatisfied;
But ſeeing, ſtill the more deſir'd to ſee,
And euer firmely fixed did abide
In contemplation of diuinitie:
But moſt they meruaild at her cheualree
And noble proweſſe, which they had approued,
That much they faind to knowe who ſhee mote bee;
Yet none of all them her thereof amoued,
Yet euery one her lik't, and euery one her loued.

25

And *Paridell*, though partly diſcontent
VVith his late fall, and foule indignity,
Yet was ſoone wonne his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her faire eye,
And knightly worth, which hee too late did try,
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they *Malbecco* prayd of curteſie,
That of his Lady they might haue the ſight,
And company at meat, to doe them more delight.

26

But he, to ſhift their curious requeſt,
Gan cauſen why ſhee could not come in place;
Her craſed health, her late recourſe to reſt,
And humid euening, ill for ſicke folkes caſe:
But none of thoſe excuſes could take place;
Ne would they eate, till ſhee in preſence came.
Shee came in preſence with right comely grace,
And fairely them ſaluted, as became,
And ſhew'd her ſelfe in all a gentle curteous Dame.

27

They ſate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chaunce
Was her before, and *Paridell* beſide;
But he himſelfe ſate looking ſtill aſcaunce,
Gainſt *Britomart*, and euer cloſely eyde
Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:
But his blind eye, that ſided *Paridell*,
All his demeanure from his ſight did hide:
On her faire face ſo did hee feede his fill,
And ſent cloſe meſſages of loue to her at will.

28

And euer and anone, when none was ware,
With ſpeaking lookes, that cloſe embaſſage bore,
Hee rov'd at her, and told his ſecret care:
For, all that art he learned had of yore.
Ne was ſhee ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wiſely red,
And with the like him anſwerd euermore:
She ſent at him one firie dart, whoſe hed
Empoiſned was with priuy luſt, and iealous dred.

29

Hee, from that deadly throwe made no defence,
But to the wound his weake hart opened wide;
The wicked engine through falſe influence
Paſt through his eyes, and ſecretly did glyde
Into his hart, which it did ſorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that ſame paine,
Ne paine at all; for he ſo oft had tryde
The power thereof, and lov'd ſo oft in vaine,
That thing of courſe he counted, loue to entertaine.

30

Thence-forth to her hee ſought to intimate
His inward griefe, by meanes to him well knowne;
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the ſiluer plate
He on the table daſht, as overthrowne,
Or of the fruitfull liquor overflowne,
And by the dauncing bubbles did diuine,
Or therein write to let his loue be ſhowne;
VVhich well ſhe red out of the learned line;
(A ſacrament profane in myſterie of wine.)

31

And when-ſo of his hand the pledge ſhe raught,
The guilty cup ſhe fained to miſtake,
And in her lap did ſhed her idle draught,
Shewing deſire her inward flame to ſlake:
By ſuch cloſe ſignes they ſecret way did make
Vnto their wils, and one eyes watch eſcape;
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
VVho Louers will deceiue. Thus was the ape,
By their faire handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

Now

32

Now when of meates and drinks they had their fill,
Purpose was mooued by that gentle Dame,
Vnto those Knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of armes, which vnto them became,
And euery one his kindred, and his name.
Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious speech, and skill his words to frame
Abounded) beeing glad of so fit tide
Him to commend to her, thus spake, of all well eyde:

33

Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine ashes buried lowe doost lye,
Though whylome far much greater then thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruell sky
Vpon thee heapt a direfull destinie;
What boots it boast thy glorious descent,
And fetch from heauen thy great Genealogie,
Sith all thy worthy prayses beeing blent,
Their of-spring hath embas't, and later glory shent?

34

Most famous VVorthy of the world, by whom
That warre was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
And stately towres of *Ilion* whilome
Brought vnto balefull ruine, was by name
Sir *Paris*, far renowm'd through noble fame:
Who, through great proweſſe and bold hardineſſe,
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the faireſt Dame
That euer *Greece* did boast, or knight possesse,
Whom *Venus* to him gaue for meed of worthinesse;

35

Faire *Helene*, flowre of beauty excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerours,
That madest many Ladies deare lament
The heauy losse of their braue Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Troian* towres,
And saw the fieldes of faire *Scamander* strowne
With carcasses of noble warriours,
Whose fruitlesse liues were vnder furrow sowne,
And *Xanthus* sandy bankes with bloud all overflowne.

36

From him, my linage I deriue aright,
Who long before the ten yeares siege of *Troy*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a shepheard hight,
On faire *Oenone* got a louely boy:
Whom, for remembrance of her passed ioy,
She of his Father, *Parius* did name;
VVho, after *Greekes* did *Priams* realme destroy,
Gath'red the *Troiane* reliques sau'd from flame,
And with them sayling thence, to th'Isle of *Paros* came.

37

That was by him cald *Paros*, which before
Hight *Nausa*: there he many yeares did raigne,
And built *Nausicle* by the *Ponticke* shore;
The which he dying, left next in remaine
To *Paridas* his sonne.
From whom I *Paridell* by kin descend;
But for faire Ladies loue, and glories gaine,
My natiue soile haue left, my dayes to spend
In sewing deeds of armes, my liues and labours end.

38

When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell
Of *Troiane* warres, and *Priams* Citie sackt
(The ruefull story of Sir *Paridell*)
She was empassiond at that pittious act,
VVith zealous envy of Greekes cruell fact,
Against that Nation, from whose race of old
She heard that shee was lineally extract:
For, noble *Britons* sprong from *Troians* bold,
And *Troynouant* was built of old *Troyes* ashes cold.

39

Then sighing soft awhile, at last, she thus:
O lamentable fall of famous towne!
Which raign'd so many yeares victorious,
And of all *Asia* bore the soueraigne crowne,
In one sad night consum'd, and throwen downe:
What stony hart, that heares thy hapleſſe fate,
Is not empeare't with deepe compassiowne,
And makes ensample of mans wretched state,
That flowres so fresh at morne, and fades at euening late?

40

Behold, Sir, how your pittifull complaint
Hath found another partner of your paine:
For, nothing may impresse so deare constraint,
As Countries cause, and common foes disdaine.
But, if it should not grieue you backe againe
To turne your course, I would to heare desire
What to *Aeneas* fell; sith that men sayne
Hee was not in the Cities wofull fire
Consum'd, but did himselfe to safetie retire.

41

Anchyses sonne, begot of *Venus* faire,
Said hee, out of the flames for safegard fled,
And with a remnant did to sea repaire,
Where hee through fatall errour long was led
Full many yeares, and weetlesse wandered
From shore to shore, emongst the *Lybick* sands,
Ere rest he found. Much there he suffered,
And many perils past in forraine lands,
To saue his people sad from Victors vengefull hands.

42

At last, in *Latium* hee did arriue,
Where hee with cruell warre was entertaind
Of th'inland folke, which sought him backe to driue,
Till hee with old *Latinus* was constraind
To contract wedlock: (so the Fates ordaind.)
VVedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accomplished, that many deare complaind:
The riuall slaine, the Victor (through the flood
Escaped hardly) hardly praysd his wedlock good.

43

Yet after all, hee Victor did survive,
And with *Latinus* did the kingdome part.
But after, when both nations gan to striue,
Into their names the title to conuart,
His sonne *Iulus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Troians* bloud,
And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,
VVhere faire it florished, and long time stoud,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remou'd.

44

There, there, ſaid *Britomart*, afreſh appear'd
The glory of the later world to ſpring,
And *Troy* againe out of her duſt was rear'd,
To ſit in ſecond ſeate of ſoueraigne king
Of all the world vnder her gouerning.
But a third kingdome yet is to ariſe,
Out of the *Troians* ſcattered of-ſpring,
That in all glorie and great enterpriſe,
Both firſt and ſecond *Troy* ſhall dare to equaliſe.

45

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waues
Of wealthy *Thamis* waſhed is along,
Vpon whoſe ſtubborne neck (where-at he raues
With roring rage, and ſore himſelfe does throng,
That all men feare to tempt his billowes ſtrong)
She faſtned hath her foot, which ſtands ſo hie,
That it a wonder of the world is ſong
In forraine Lands: and all which paſſen by,
Beholding it from far, doe thinke it threats the ſky.

46

The *Troiane Brute* did firſt that Citie found,
And *Hygate* made the meare thereof by Weſt,
And *Ouert-gate* by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two riuers bound the reſt.
So huge a ſcope at firſt him ſeemed beſt,
To be the compaſſe of his kingdomes ſeat:
So huge a mind could not in leſſer reſt,
Ne in ſmall meares containe his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered firſt by warlike feat.

47

Ah! fayreſt Lady-knight, ſaid *Paridell*,
Pardon (I pray) my heedleſſe over-ſight,
Who had forgot, that whylome I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits been light.
Indeed, he ſaid, if I remember right,
That of the antique *Troiane* ſtock, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the vtmoſt Angle of the world he knew.

48

For, that ſame *Brute* (whom much he did aduaunce
In all his ſpeech) was *Sylvius* his ſonne,
Whom hauing ſlaine, through luckleſs arrowes glaunce,
Hee fled for feare of that he had miſdonne,
Or elſe for ſhame, ſo foule reproche to ſhonne;
And with him led to ſea a youthly traine,
Where wearie wandring they long time did wonne,
And many fortunes prov'd in th'*Ocean* maine,
And great adventures found, that now were long to ſaine.

49

At laſt, by fatall courſe they driuen were
Into an Iſland ſpacious and brode,
The furtheſt North, that did to them appeare:
And (after reſt they ſeeking farre abrode)
Found it the fitteſt ſoyle for their abode;
Fruitfull of all things fit for liuing foode,
But wholly waſte, and voyd of peoples trode,
Saue an huge nation of the Giants brood,
That fed on liuing fleſh, & drunke mens vitall blood.

50

Whom he, through wearie warres and labours long,
Subdewd with loſſe of many *Britons* bold:
In which, the great *Gormyot* of ſtrong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were overthrowne, and layd on th'earth full cold,
VVhich quaked vnder their ſo hideous maſs:
A famous hiſtory to be enrold
In euerlaſting moniments of braſs,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did paſs.

51

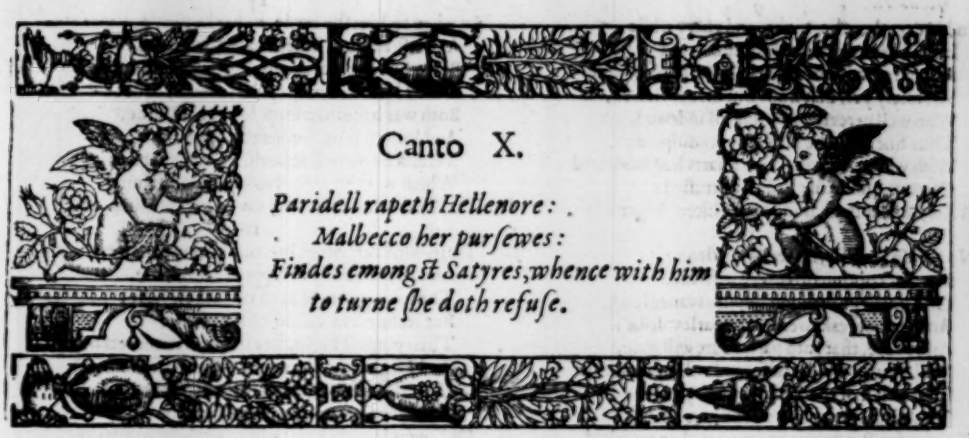
His worke, great *Troynouant*, his worke is eke
Faire *Lincolne*, both renowmed far away,
That who from Eaſt to Weſt will end-long ſeeke,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: ſo heard I ſay
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your countrey kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the ſtrife, which late befell
Betwixt vs both vnknowne. So ended *Paridell*.

52

But all the while that he theſe ſpeeches ſpent,
Vpon his lips hong faire Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and due attent,
Faſhioning worlds of fancies euermore
In her fraile wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles, vnwares away her wondring eye,
And greedy eares, her weake hart from her bore:
Which he perceiuing, euer priuily
In ſpeaking, many falſe belgardes at her let fly.

53

So long theſe knights diſcourſed diuerſly,
Of ſtrange affaires, and noble hardiment,
Which they had paſt with mickle ieopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth ſpent,
And heauenly lampes were halfendeale ybrent:
Which th'old man ſeeing well (who too long thought
Euery diſcourſe, and euery argument,
Which by the houres he meaſured) beſought
Them go to reſt. So all vnto their bowres were brought.



Canto X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her purſewes:
Findes emongſt Satyres, whence with him
to turne ſhe doth refuſe.

1

THe morrow next, ſo ſoone as *Phœbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with earely light,
And freſh *Aurora* had the ſhady damp
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,
Faire *Britomart* and that ſame *Faerie* knight
Vproſe, forth on their iourney for to wend:
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, ſo ſore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

2

So forth they far'd; but he behind them ſtaid,
Maulgre his hoſt, who grudged grieuouſly
To houſe a gueſt, that would be needs obayd,
And of his owne him left not liberty:
(Might, wanting meaſure, mooueth ſurquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans vnruly maiſtery;
His money, which he lov'd as liuing breath;
And his faire wife, whom honeſt long he kept vneath.

3

But patience perforce: he muſt abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the feare that findes no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth euery way,
By which he feareth euill happen may:
So th'euill thinks by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he ſuffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his ſight her ſelfe once to abſent.
So doth he puniſh her, and eke himſelfe torment.

4

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,
A fit occaſion for his turne to find:
Falſe loue, why doe men ſay, thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancie feine thee blind,
That with thy charmes the ſharpeſt ſight dooſt bind,
And to thy will abuſe? Thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt euery ſecret of the mind;
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

5

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbeccoes* halfen eye did wile,
His halfen eye he wiſt wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the while
That he there ſoiourned his wounds to heale;
That *Cupid* ſelfe it ſeeing, cloſe did ſmile,
To weet how he her loue away did ſteale,
And bade, that none their ioyous treaſon ſhould reueale.

6

The learned Louer loſt no time nor tide,
That leaſt avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore ſo faire a ſaile, that none eſpide
His ſecret drift, till he her layd aboord.
When-ſo in open place, and common bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with common ſpeech
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,
That his vngentle hoſte n'ote him appeach
Of vile vngentleneſſe, or hoſpitages breach.

7

But, when apart (if euer her apart)
He found, then his falſe engins faſt he plide,
And all the ſleights vnboſomd in his hart;
He ſigh't, he ſobd, he ſwownd, he perdy dide,
And caſt himſelfe on ground her faſt beſide:
Tho, when againe he him bethought to liue,
He wept, and waild, and falſe laments belide,
Saying, but if ſhee Mercie would him giue,
That he mote algates die, yet did his death forgiue.

8

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,
And pleaſing toyes he would her entertaine,
Now ſinging ſweetly, to ſurpriſe her ſprights,
Now making layes of loue and Louers paine,
Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verſes vaine;
Oft purpoſes, oft riddles he deuis'd,
And thouſands like, which flowed in his braine,
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old deſpis'd.

9

And euery where he might, and euery while
He did her ſeruice dutifull, and ſewed
At hand with humble pride, and pleaſing guile,
So cloſely yet, that none but ſhee it viewed,
Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.
Thus finely did he his falſe nets diſſpred,
With which he many weakeharts had ſubdewed
Of yore, and many had ylike miſled:
What wonder then, if ſhee were likewiſe carried?

10

No fort ſo fenſible, no walles ſo ſtrong,
But that continuall battery will riue,
Or daily ſiege through diſpuruayance long,
And lack of reskewes will to parley driue;
And Peece, that vnto parley eare will giue,
Will ſhortly yield it ſelfe, and will be made
The vaſſall of the Victors will byliue:
That ſtratageme had oftentimes aſſaid
This crafty Paramour, and now it plaine diſplaid.

11

For, through his traines he her intrapped hath,
That ſhe her loue and hart hath wholly ſold
To him, without regard of gaine, or ſcath,
Or care of credite, or of husband old,
Whom ſhe hath vow'd to dub a faire Cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which ſhortly ſhee
Deuized hath, and to her Louer told.
It pleaſed well. So well they both agree;
So ready ripe to ill, ill wemens counſels bee.

12

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers ſtealth,
When chaunc't *Malbecco* buſie be elſe-where,
She to his cloſet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof ſhee countleſſe ſummes did reare,
The which ſhe meant away with her to beare;
The reſt, ſhee fir'd for ſport, or for deſpight;
As *Hellene*, when ſhe ſaw aloft appeare
The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight,
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull ſight.

13

This ſecond *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her husband ranne with ſory haſte
To quench the flames which ſhe had tyn'd before,
Laught at his fooliſh labour ſpent in waſte;
And ranne into her Lovers armes right faſt;
Where ſtraight embraced, ſhee to him did cry,
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were paſt;
For, lo, that Gueſt would beare her forcibly,
And meant to raviſh her, that rather had to die.

14

The wretched man, hearing her call for ayde,
And ready ſeeing him with her to flye,
In his diſquiet mind was much diſmaide:
But, when againe he backward caſt his eye,
And ſaw the wicked fire ſo furiouſly
Conſume his hart, and ſcorch his Idoles face,
Hee was there-with diſtreſſed diuerſly,
Ne wiſt he how to turne, nor to what place;
Was neuer wretched man in ſuch a wofull caſe.

15

Ay when to him ſhe cryde, to her he turn'd,
And left the fire; loue, money overcame:
But, when hee marked how his money burn'd,
He left his wife; money did loue diſclame:
Both was he loth to looſe his loued Dame,
And loth to leaue his liefeſt pelfe behind,
Yet ſith he n'ote ſaue both, he ſau'd that ſame
Which was the deareſt to his dunghill mind,
The God of his deſire, the ioy of miſers blind.

16

Thus, whilſt all things in troublous vprore were,
And all men buſie to ſuppreſſe the flame,
The louing couple need no reskew feare,
But leaſure had, and libertie to frame
Their purpoſt flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night (the patroneſſe of loue-ſtealth faire)
Gaue them ſafe conduct, till to end they came:
So beene they gone yfeare (a wanton paire
Of Lovers looſely knit) where liſt them to repaire.

17

Soone as the cruell flames yſlaked were,
Malbecco, ſeeing how his loſſe did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
Into huge waues of griefe and iealouſie
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nie,
Twixt inward doole and felonous deſpight;
Hee rav'd, he wept, he ſtampt, he loud did cry,
And all the paſſions that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppreſſe, and vex his caytiue ſpright.

18

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward griefe,
And did conſume his gall with anguiſh ſore:
Still when he muſed on his late miſchiefe,
Then ſtill the ſmart thereof increaſed more,
And ſeem'd more grieuous, then it was before:
At laſt, when ſorrow he ſaw booted nought,
Ne griefe might not his loue to him reſtore,
He gan deuiſe, how her he reskew mought,
Ten thouſand waies he caſt in his confuſed thought.

19

At laſt, reſoluing like a pilgrim pore
To ſearch her forth, where ſo ſhe might be fond,
And bearing with him threaſure in cloſe ſtore,
The reſt he leaues in ground: So takes in hond
To ſeeke her endlong, both by ſea and lond.
Long he her ſought, he ſought her farre and nere,
And euery where that he mote vnderſtond,
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquere.

20

But all in vaine, his woman was too wiſe,
Euer to come into his clouch againe,
And he too ſimple euer to ſurpriſe
The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.
One day, as he forepaſſed by the Plaine
With weary paſe, he farre away eſpide
A couple (ſeeming well to be his twaine)
Which houed cloſe vnder a foreſt ſide,
As if they lay in wait, or elſe themſelues did hide.

Well

21

Well weened he, that thoſe the ſame mote bee:
And as he better did their ſhape avize,
Him ſeemed more their manner did agree;
For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;
And th'other, all yclad in garments light,
Diſcolour'd like to womanish diſguiſe,
He did reſemble to his Lady bright;
And euer his faint hart much yearned at the ſight.

22

And euer faine hee towards them would goe,
But yet durſt not for dread approchen nie,
But ſtood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe;
Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,
That is the father of foule Iealouſie,
He cloſely neerer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he eaſily
Might ſcerne, that it was not his ſweeteſt ſweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his ſheet.

23

But it was ſcornefull *Braggadocchio*,
That with his ſeruaunt *Trompart* houerd there,
Since late he fled from his too earneſt foe:
Whom ſuch when as *Malbecco* ſpyed clere,
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;
Till *Trompart* running haſtily, him did ſtay,
And bade before his ſoueraine Lord appere:
That was him loath, yet durſt he not gaine-ſay,
And comming him before, lowe louted on the lay.

24

The Boaſter, at him ſternely bent his brow,
As if hee could haue kild him with his looke,
That to the ground him meekely made to bow,
And awfull terror deepe into him ſtrooke,
That euery member of his body quooke.
Said he, thou man of nought, what dooſt thou here,
Vnfitly furniſht with thy bag and booke,
Where I expected one with ſhield and ſpere,
To proue ſome deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

25

The wretched man, at his imperious ſpeach,
Was all abaſht, and lowe proſtrating, ſaid;
Good Sir, let not my rudedeſſe be no breach
Vnto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For, I vnwares this way by fortune ſtraid,
A ſilly Pilgrim driuen to diſtreſſe,
That ſeeke a Lady. There he ſuddaine ſtaid,
And did the reſt with grieuous ſighes ſuppreſſe,
While teares ſtood in his eyes (few drops of bitterneſſe.)

26

What Lady, man? ſaid *Trompart*, take good hart,
And tell thy griefe, if any hidden lye;
Was neuer better time to ſhew thy ſmart
Then now, that noble ſuccour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,
And with vaine hope his ſpirits faint ſupply,
That bold he ſaid; O moſt redoubted Pere,
Vouchſafe with mild regard a wretches caſe to heare.

27

Then ſighing ſore, It is not long, ſaid hee,
Since I enioyde the gentleſt Dame aliue;
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,
But ſhame of all that doe for honour ſtriue,
By treacherous deceit did me depriue;
Through open out-rage he her bore away,
And with foule force vnto his will did driue,
Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,
Are bound for to reuenge, and puniſh if they may.

28

And you (moſt noble Lord) that can and dare
Redreſſe the wrong of miſerable wight,
Cannot employ your moſt victorious ſpeare
In better quarrell, then defence of right,
And for a Lady, gainſt a faithleſſe knight;
So ſhall your glory be advaunced much,
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my ſelfe (albe I ſimple ſuch)
Your worthy paine ſhall well reward with guerdon rich.

29

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great ſtore of threaſure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it lookt ſcornefully askew,
As much diſdeigning to be ſo miſdempt,
Or a war-monger to be baſelie nempt;
And ſaid; Thy offers baſe I greatly loth,
And eke thy words vncourteous and vnkempt;
I tread in duſt thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for ſhame; So turned from him wroth.

30

But *Trompart*, that his maiſters humour knew,
In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,
VVas inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his eare him rounded cloſe behind:
Yet ſtoupt he not, but lay ſtill in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to ſeaſe;
Till *Trompart* lowelie to the ground inclin'd,
Beſought him his great courage to appeaſe,
And pardon ſimple man, that raſh did him diſpleaſe.

31

Bigge looking, like a doughtie Douzepere,
At laſt, he thus; Thou clod of vileſt clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudeneſſe beare;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that elſe the vaine world vaunten may,
I loath as dung, ne deeme my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,
And moov'd amiſſe with maſſie mucks vnmeet regard.

32

And more, I graunt to thy great miſerie
Gratious reſpect, thy wife ſhall backe be ſent:
And that vile knight, who euer that he be,
Which hath thy Lady reft, and knighthood ſhent,
By *Sanglamort* my ſword, whoſe deadly dent
The bloud hath of ſo many thouſands ſhed,
I ſweare, ere long ſhall dearelie it repent;
Ne hee twixt heauen and earth ſhall hide his head,
But ſoone he ſhall be found, and ſhortlie doen be dead.

33
The fooliſh man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word ſo ſpoken, were halfe donne,
And humbly thanked him a thouſand ſith,
That had from death to life him newly wonne.
Tho, forth the Boaſter marching, braue begonne
His ſtolen ſteed to thunder furiouſly,
As if he heauen and hell would over-ronne,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much *Malbecco* ioyed in his iollitie.

34
Thus, long they three together trauailed,
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,
To ſeeke his wife, that was farre wandered:
But thoſe two ſought nought but the preſent pray,
To weet, the threaſure, which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and harts were wholly ſet,
With purpoſe how they might it beſt betray;
For, ſith the houre that firſt he did them let (whet.
The ſame behold, there-with their keene deſires were

35
It fortuned as they together far'd,
They ſpide where *Paridell* came pricking faſt
Vpon the Plaine, the which himſelfe prepar'd
To giuſt with that braue ſtranger knight a caſt,
As on adventure by the way he paſt:
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For, hauing filcht her bels, her vp he caſt
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
He n'ould be clogd. So had he ſerued many one.

36
The gentle Lady, looſe at randon left,
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide
At wilde adventure, like a forlorne weft,
Till on a day the *Satyres* her eſpide
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,
With them as houſewife euer to abide,
To milke their goates, and make them cheeſe & bred,
And euery one as common good her handeled;

37
That ſhortly ſhee *Malbecco* has forgot,
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he deare;
Who from her went to ſeeke another lot,
And now (by fortune) was arriued heere,
Where thoſe two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
Soone as the old man ſaw Sir *Paridell*,
Hee fainted, and was almoſt dead with feare,
Ne word he had to ſpeake, his griefe to tell,
But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well;

38
And after, asked him for *Hellenore*.
I take no keepe of her, ſaid *Paridell*:
She wonneth in the foreſt there before.
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
The whiles, the Boaſter from his lofty ſell
Faynd to alight, ſomething amiſſe to mend;
But the freſh Swaine would not his leaſure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he paſſed kend,
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

39
Perdy nay, ſaid *Malbecco*, ſhall ye not:
But let him paſſe as lightly as he came:
For, little good of him is to be got,
And mickle perill to be put to ſhame.
But, let vs goe to ſeeke my deareſt Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder foreſt wild:
For, of her ſafety in great doubt I am,
Leaſt ſalvage beaſts her perſon haue deſpoyld:
Then all the world is loſt, and we in vaine haue toyld.

40
They all agree, and forward them addreſt:
Ah! but ſaid crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,
That yonder in that waſtefull wilderneſſe
Huge Monſters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,
And many wilde wood-men, which rob and rend
All trauellers; therefore aviſe ye well,
Before yee enterpriſe that way to wend:
One may his iourney bring too ſoone to euill end.

41
Malbecco ſtopt in great aſtoniſhment,
And with pale eyes faſt fixed on the reſt,
Their counſell crav'd, in danger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, You that are the moſt oppreſt
With burden of great threaſure, I thinke beſt
Heere for to ſtay in ſafety behind;
My Lord and I will ſearch the wide forreſt.
That counſell pleaſed not *Malbeccoes* mind;
For, he was much affraid, himſelfe alone to find.

42
Then is it beſt, ſaid he, that yee doe leaue
Your treaſure here in ſome ſecuritie,
Either faſt cloſed in ſome hollow greaue,
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,
Till we returne againe in ſafetie:
As for vs two, leaſt doubt of vs ye haue,
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,
Ne priuie be vnto your threaſures Graue.
It pleaſed: ſo he did; Then they march forward braue.

43
Now, when amid the thickeſt woods they were,
They heard a noyſe of many bagbipes ſhrill,
And ſhrieking Hububs them approching nere,
Which all the foreſt did with horror fill:
That dreadfull ſound the boaſters hart did thrill,
With ſuch amazement, that in haſte he fled,
Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,
And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* ſped;
The old man could not flie, but fell to ground halfe dead.

44
Yet afterwards, cloſe creeping as he might,
Hee in a buſh did hide his fearefull hed:
The iolly *Satyres*, full of freſh delight,
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led
Faire *Hellenore*, with girlonds all beſpred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their louely fellowſhip full glade,
Daunc't liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell ſhade.

The

45
The ſilly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly ſport, and grieued ſore,
Yet durſt he not againſt it doe or ſay,
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,
To ſee th'vnkindneſſe of his *Hellenore*.
All day they daunced with great luſtihed,
And with their horned feet the greene graſſe wore,
The whiles their Goates vpon the brouzes fed,
Till drouping *Phœbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

46
Tho, vp they gan their merry pipes to truſſe,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But euery *Satyre* firſt did giue a buſſe
To *Hellenore*: ſo buſſes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour ſhed the ground
With pearly deaw, and the Earthes gloomy ſhade
Did dim the brightneſſe of the welkin round,
That euery bird and beaſt awarned made
To ſhrowd theſelues, whiles ſleep their ſenſes did inuade.

47
Which when *Malbecco* ſaw, out of the buſh
Vpon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a Goate emongſt the Goates did ruſh,
That through the help of his faire hornes on hight,
And miſtie dampe of miſconceiuing night,
And eke through likeneſſe of his goatiſh beard,
Hee did the better counterfeite aright:
So home he marcht emongſt the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyres* him eſpyde or heard.

48
At night, when all they went to ſleepe, he viewd,
Where-as his louely wife emongſt them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyre* rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his ioyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his hart with iealouſie did ſwell;
But yet that nights enſample did bewray,
That not for nought his wife them loued ſo well,
When one ſo ought a night did ring his matins bell.

49
So cloſely as he could, he to them crept,
When wearie of their ſport to ſleepe they fell;
And to his wife, that now full ſoundly ſlept,
He whiſpered in her eare, and did her tell,
That it was hee, which by her ſide did dwell,
And therefore prayd her wake, to heare him plaine.
As one out of a dreame not waked well,
Shee turn'd her, and returned back againe:
Yet her for to awake he did the more conſtraine.

50
At laſt, with irkſome trouble ſhee abraid;
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbraid,
With looſeneſſe of her loue, and loathly deed,
Shee was aſtoniſht with exceeding dreed,
And would haue wak't the *Satyre* by her ſide;
But hee her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To ſaue his life, ne let him be deſcride,
But harken to his lore, and all his counſell hide.

51
Tho, gan he her perſwade, to leaue that lewd
And loathſome life, of God and man abhord,
And home returne, where all ſhould be renewd
With perfect peace, and bands of freſh accord,
And ſhee receiu'd againe to bed and bord,
As if no treſpaſſe euer had beene donne:
But ſhee it all refuſed at one word,
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,
But choſe emongſt the iolly *Satyres* ſtill to wonne.

52
Hee wooed her, till day ſpring hee eſpide;
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,
Who butted him with hornes on euery ſide,
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard
Was foully dight, and he of death affeard.
Early before the heauens faireſt light
Out of the ruddy Eaſt was fully reard,
The heards out of their folds were looſed quight,
And he emongſt the reſt crept forth in ſory plight.

53
So ſoone as hee the Priſon doore did paſs,
Hee ranne as faſt as both his feete could beare,
And neuer looked who behind him was,
Ne ſcarcely who before: like as a Beare
That creeping cloſe, emongſt the hiues to reare
An hony-combe, the wakefull dogs eſpy,
And him aſſayling, ſore his carcaſſe teare,
That hardly he away with life does flie,
Ne ſtayes, till ſafe himſelfe he ſee from ieopardy.

54
Ne ſtaid he, till he came vnto the place
Where late his threaſure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* baſe
Had it purloyned for his maiſter bad:)
With extreame fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himſelfe away:
That who ſo ſtrangely had him ſeene beſtad,
With vpſtart haire, and ſtaring eyes diſmay,
From *Limbo* lake him late eſcaped ſure would ſay.

55
High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had borne,
Ne bank nor buſh could ſtay him, when he ſped
His nimble feet, as treading ſtill on thorne:
Griefe, and deſpight, and iealouſie, and ſcorne
Did all the way him followe hard behind:
And he himſelfe, himſelfe loath'd ſo forlorne,
So ſhamefully forlorne of woman-kind;
That, as a Snake, ſtill lurked in his wounded mind.

56
Still fled he forward, looking backward ſtill,
Ne ſtaid his flight, nor fearefull agony,
Till that he came vnto a rocky hill,
Ouer the ſea ſuſpended dreadfully,
That liuing creature it would terrifie
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:
From thence he threw himſelfe deſpiteouſly,
All deſperate of his fore-damned ſpright,
That ſeem'd no help for him was left in liuing ſight.

But

57

But through long anguiſh, and ſelfe-murdring thought,
Hee was ſo waſted and fore-pined quight,
That all his ſubſtance was conſum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an airie Spright,
That on the rocks he fell ſo flit and light,
That he thereby receiu'd no hurt at all,
But chaunced on a craggy cliffe to light;
VVhence he with crooked clawes ſo long did crall,
That at the laſt he found a Caue with entrance ſmall.

58

Into the ſame hee creepes, and thence-forth there
Reſolu'd to build his balefull manſion,
In drery darkneſſe, and continuall feare
Of that rocks fall; which euer and anon
Threats with huge ruine him to fall vpon,
That he dare neuer ſleepe, but that one eye
Still ope he keepes for that occaſion;
Ne euer reſts he in tranquillity,
The roring billowes beate his bowre ſo boiſtrouſly.

59

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,
But toades and frogs (his paſture poyſonous)
VVhich in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread ſuſpicious,
That doth with cureleſſe care conſume the hart,
Corrupts the ſtomacke with gall vitious,
Croſs-cuts the liuer with internall ſmart,
And doth transfixe the ſoule with deathes eternall dart.

60

Yet can he neuer die, but dying liues,
And doth himſelfe with ſorrow new ſuſtaine,
That death and life attonce vnto him giues,
And painefull pleaſure turnes to pleaſing paine.
There dwels he euer, miſerable ſwaine,
Hateſull both to himſelfe, and euery wight;
Where he through priuy griefe, and horrour vaine,
Is woxen ſo deform'd that he has quight
Forgot hee was a man, and *Iealouſie* is hight.

Canto XI.

Britomart chaceth Ollyphant,
findes Scudamour diſtreſt:
Aſſayes the houſe of Buſyrane,
where Loues ſpoyles are expreſt.

1

HAtefull helliſh Snake, what fury furſt
Brought thee frō baleful houſe of *Proſerpine*,
Where in her boſom ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſtred vp with bitter milke of tine,
Foule Iealouſie, that turneſt loue divine
To ioyleſſe dread, and mak'ſt the louing hart
VVith hatefull thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed it ſelfe with ſelfe-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art.

2

O! let him farre be baniſhed away,
And in his ſtead let Loue for euer dwell;
Sweet Loue, that doth his golden wings embay
In bleſſed Nectar, and pure Pleaſures Well,
Vntroubled of vile feare, or bitter fell.
And yee faire Ladies, that your kingdoms make
In th'harts of men, them gouerne wiſely well,
And of faire *Britomart* enſample take,
That was as true in loue, as Turtle to her make.

3

VVho with Sir *Satyrane* (as earſt yee red)
Forth riding from *Malbecoes* hoſtleſſe hous,
Far off eſpide a young man, the which fled
From an huge Giant, that with hideous
And hatefull out-rage long him chaced thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the brother deare
Of that *Argantè* vile and vitious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
This all as bad as ſhe, and worſe, if worſe ought were.

4

For, as the ſiſter did in feminine
And filthy luſt exceed all woman-kind,
So hee ſurpaſſed his ſex maſculine,
In beaſtly vſe that I did euer find:
Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
The fearefull boy ſo greedily purſew,
Shee was emmoued in her noble mind,
T'imploy her puiſſaunce to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where ſhe him did view.

Ne

5

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
But with like fiercenesse did ensew the chace:
Whom, when the Grant saw, he soone resigned
His former suit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
And each did striue the other to out-goe:
But he them both out-ran a wondrous space,
For, he was long, and swift as any Roe,
And now made better speed, t'escape his feared foe.

6

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did feare,
But *Britomart*, the flowre of chastity:
For, he the powre of chaste hands might not beare,
But alwaies did their drad encounter fly:
And now so fast his feet he did apply,
That he has gotten to a forest neare,
VVhere hee is shrowded in security:
The wood they enter, and search euery where,
They searched diuersly; so both diuided were.

7

Faire *Britomart* so long him followed,
That she at last came to a fountaine sheare,
By which there lay a knight all wallowed
Vpon the grassy ground, and by him neare
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his speare;
A little off, his shield was rudely throwne,
On which the winged boy in colours cleare
Depainted was, full easie to be knowne,
And he thereby, where-euer it in field was showne.

8

His face vpon the ground did groueling lye,
As if he had been slumbring in the shade,
That the braue Maid would not for courtesie,
Out of his quiet slumber him abrade,
Nor seeme too suddainly him to inuade:
Still as shee stood, she heard with grieuous throb
Him grone, as if his hart were peeces made,
And with most painefull pangs to sigh and sob,
That pitty did the Virgins hart of patience rob.

9

At last, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
He said: O soueraigne Lord that sitst on hie,
And raign'st in blis emongst thy blessed Saints,
How suffrest thou such shamefull cruelty,
So long vnwreaked of thine enemy?
Or hast thou, Lord, of good mens cause no heed?
Or doth thy iustice sleepe, and silent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodnesse find no grace, nor righteousnesse no meed?

10

If good find grace, and righteousnesse reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caytiue band,
Sith that more bountious creature neuer far'd
On foot, vpon the face of liuing land?
Or if that heauenly iustice may withstand
The wrongfull out-rage of vnrighteous men,
Why then is *Busirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, these seauen moneths day, in secret den
My Lady and my loue so cruelly to pen?

11

My Lady and my Loue, is cruelly pend
In dolefull darknesse from the view of day,
Whil'st deadly torments do her chaste breast rend,
And the sharp steele doth riue her hart in tway,
All for she *Scudamore* will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art sound,
Ne canst her ayde, ne canst her foe dismay;
Vnworthy wretch to tread vpon the ground,
For whom so faire a Lady feeles so sore a wound.

12

There an huge heape of singults did oppresse
His strugling soule, and swelling throbs empeach
His soltring tongue with pangs of drerinesse,
Choking the remnant of his plaintife speach,
As if his daies were come to their last reach.
Which when shee heard, and saw the gastly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour she was smit,
Fearing least from her cage the weary soule would flit.

13

Tho, stooping downe, shee him amoued light;
Who there-with some-what starting, vp gan looke,
And seeing him behind a stranger knight,
Where-as no liuing creature he mistooke,
With great indignance hee that sight forsooke,
And downe againe himselfe disdainefully
Abiecting, th'earth with his faire forhead strooke:
Which the bold Virgin seeing, gan apply
Fit medcine to his griefe, and spake thus curtesly:

14

Ah! gentle knight, whose deepe conceiued griefe
Well seemes t'exceed the powre of patience,
Yet if that heauenly grace some good reliefe
You send, submit you to high prouidence;
And euer in your noble hart prepense,
That all the sorrow in the world, is lesse
Then vertues might, and values confidence:
For, who nill bide the burden of distresse,
Must not heere thinke to liue, for, life is wretchednesse.

15

Therefore (faire Sir) doe comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon so
Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to ease your woe,
And wreake your sorrow on your cruell foe,
At least, it faire endeuour will apply.
Those feeling words so neere the quick did goe,
That vp his head he reared easily;
And leaning on his elbow, these few words let fly:

16

What boots it plaine, that cannot be redrest,
And sowe vaine sorrow in a fruitlesse eare,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned brest,
Ne worldly price cannot redeeme my deare,
Out of her thraldome and continuall feare?
For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
By strong enchauntments, and black Magick leare,
Hath in a dungeon deep her close embard,
And many dreadfull fiends hath pointed to her gard.

There

17

There he tormenteth her moſt terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortall paine,
Becauſe to yield him loue ſhe doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold againe:
But yet by torture he would her conſtraine
Loue to conceiue in her diſdainefull breſt;
Till ſo ſhe doe, ſhee muſt in doole remaine,
Ne may by liuing meanes be thence releſt:
What boots it then to plaine, that cannot be redreſt?

18

With this ſad herſall of his heauy ſtreſſe,
The warlike Damzell was empaſſiond ſore,
And ſaid; Sir Knight, your cauſe is nothing leſſe
Then is your ſorrow, certes if not more;
For, nothing ſo much pitty doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpleſſe miſery.
But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
I will (with proofe of laſt extreamity)
Deliuer her fro thence, or with her for you die.

19

Ah! gentleſt Knight aliue, ſaid *Scudamore*;
VVhat huge heroick magnanimitie
Dwels in thy bountious breſt? what could'ſt thou (more,
If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I?
O ſpare thy happy dayes, and them apply
To better boot, but let me die that ought;
More is more loſſe: one is enough to die.
Life is not loſt, ſaid ſhe, for which is bought
Endleſſe renowme, that more then death is to be ſought.

20

Thus, ſhee at length perſwaded him to riſe,
And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſſe
Mote him befall vpon new enterpriſe.
His armes, which he had vow'd to diſprofeſſe,
She gathered vp, and did about him dreſſe,
And his forwandred ſteed vnto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progreſſe,
And march not paſt the mount'naunce of a ſhot,
Till they arriu'd, where-as their purpoſe they did plot.

21

There they diſmounting, drew their weapons bold,
And ſtoutly came vnto the Caſtle gate;
Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,
Nor ward to wait at morne and euening late;
But in the Porch (that did them ſore amate)
A flaming fire, ymixt with ſmouldry ſmoke,
And ſtinking Sulphure, that with grieſly hate
And dreadfull horrour did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to reuoke.

22

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* diſmaid,
Ne in that ſtownd wiſt, how her ſelfe to beare;
For, danger vaine it were, to haue aſſaid
That cruell element, which all things feare,
Ne none can ſuffer to approchen neare:
And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus ſayd;
What monſtrous enmity prouoke we here,
Foole-hardy, as th'Earthes children, the which made
Battell againſt the Gods? ſo we a God invade.

23

Danger without diſcretion to attempt,
Inglorious and beaſt-like is: therefore, Sir knight,
Aread what courſe of you is ſafeſt dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is, quoth he, the dolorous deſpight,
Which earſt to you I plaind: for, neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any meanes remou'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments, which the ſame do ſtay.

24

What is there elſe, but ceaſe theſe fruitleſſe paines,
And leaue me to my former languiſhing?
Faire *Amoret* muſt dwell in wicked chaines,
And *Scudamore* here die with ſorrowing.
Perdy not ſo, ſaid ſhe; for, ſhamefull thing
It were t'abandon noble cheuiſaunce,
For ſhew of peril, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterpriſed praiſe for dread to diſauaunce.

25

There-with, reſolv'd to proue her vtmoſt might,
Her ample ſhield ſhe threw before her face,
And (her ſwords point directing forward right)
Aſſaild the flame, the which eftſoones gaue place,
And did it ſelfe diuide with equall ſpace,
That through ſhe paſſed; as a thunder-bolt
Pearceth the yielding ayre, and doth diſplace
The ſoring clowds into ſad ſhowres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26

Whom, when as *Scudamore* ſaw paſt the fire,
Safe and vntoucht, he likewiſe gan aſſay,
With greedie will, and enuious deſire,
And bade the ſtubborne flames to yield him way:
But cruell *Mulciber* would not obay
His threatfull pride; but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and his imperious ſway
Him forc't (maulgre) his fierceneſſe to relent,
And back retire, all ſcorcht and pittifully brent.

27

With huge impatience he inly ſwelt,
More for great ſorrow that he could not paſs,
Then for the burning torment which he felt,
That with fell woodneſſe he effiersed was,
And wilfully him throwing on the graſs,
Did beat and bounſe his head and breaſt full ſore:
The whiles, the Championeſſe now entred has
The vtmoſt roome, and paſt the formoſt dore,
The vtmoſt roome abounding with all precious ſtore.

28

For, round about, the walls yclothed were
With goodly Arras of great maieſty,
Wouen with gold and ſilke ſo cloſe and nere,
That the rich metall lurked priuily,
As faining to be hid from enuious eye:
Yet here, and there, and euery where vnwares
It ſhewed it ſelfe, and ſhone vnwillingly;
Like a diſcolour'd Snake, whoſe hidden ſnares (clares.
Throgh the greene graſs, his long bright burniſht back de-

And

29
And in thoſe Tapets weren faſhioned
Many faire pourtraicts, and many a faire feate:
And all of loue, and all of luſty-hed,
As ſeemed by their ſemblaunt, did entreat;
And eke all *Cupids* warres they did repeate,
And cruell battels, which he whilome fought
Gainſt all the gods, to make his empire great;
Beſides the huge maſſacres, which he wrought
On mighty Kings and Keſars, into thraldome brought.

30
Therein was writ, how often thundring *Ioue*
Had felt the point of his heart-pearcing dart,
And leauing heauens kingdome, here did roue
In ſtrange diſguiſe, to ſlake his ſcalding ſmart;
Now like a Ram, faire *Helle* to peruart,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdrawe:
Ah, how the feareſull Ladies tender heart
Did liuely ſeeme to tremble, when ſhe ſawe
The huge ſeas vnder her t'obay her ſeruants lawe!

31
Soone after that into a golden ſhowre
Him-ſelfe he chang'd faire *Danaë* to vew,
And through the roofe of her ſtrong braſen towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her fooliſh guarde, that little knew
Of ſuch deceipt, kept th'yron dore faſt bard,
And watcht, that none ſhould enter nor iſſew;
Vaine was the watch, and bootleſſe all the ward,
When as the god to golden hew him ſelfe transfard.

32
Then was he turnd into a ſnowy Swan,
To win faire *Leda* to his louely trade:
O wondrous ſkill, and ſweet wit of the man,
That her in daffadillies ſleeping made,
From ſcorching heat her dainty limbs to ſhade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,
And bruſhing his faire breaſt, did her inuade;
She ſlept, yet twixt her eye-lids cloſely ſpide,
How towards her he ruſht, and ſmyled at his pride.

33
Then ſhew'd it, how the *Theban Semelee*,
Deceiu'd of iealous *Iuno* did require
To ſee him in his ſoueraine maieſtee,
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearely ſhe with death bought her deſire.
But faire *Alcmena* better match did make,
Ioying his loue in likeneſs more entire;
Three nights in one, they ſay, that for her ſake
He then did put, his pleaſures lenger to partake.

34
Twice was he ſeene in ſoaring Eagles ſhape,
And with wide wings to beate the buxome ayre:
Once when he with *Aſterié* did ſcape;
Againe, when as the *Troiane* boy ſo faire
He ſnatcht from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude Shepheards after him did ſtare,
Trembling through feare leaſt down he fallen ſhould,
And often to him calling, to take ſurer holde.

35
In *Satyres* ſhape, *Antiopa* he ſnatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Aegin'* aſſayd:
A ſhepheard, when *Mnemoſyné* he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* mayd.
Whiles thus on earth great *Ioue* theſe pageants playd,
The winged boy did thruſt into his throne,
And ſcoffing thus vnto his mother ſayd,
Lo, now the heauens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Ioue*, whiles *Ioue* to earth is gone.

36
And thou, faire *Phœbus*, in thy colours bright
Waſt there enwouen, and the ſad diſtreſſe
In which that boy thee plonged, for deſpight
That thou bewraidſt his mothers wantonneſſe,
When ſhe with *Mars* was meynt in ioyfulneſſe:
For-thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To loue faire *Daphné*, which thee loued leſſe:
Leſſe ſhe thee lov'd, then was thy iuſt deſart;
Yet was thy loue her death, & her death was thy ſmart.

37
So louedſt thou the luſty *Hyacinct*,
So louedſt thou the faire *Coronis* deare:
Yet both are of thy hapleſs hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do liue, and loue thee beare,
The one a Paunce, the other a ſweet breare;
For griefe whereof, ye mote haue liuely ſeene
The god himſelfe rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his girlond euer greene,
With other ſignes of ſorrow and impatient teene.

38
Both for thoſe two, and for his owne deare ſonne,
The ſonne of *Clymené* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the charet of the Sunne,
Himſelfe in thouſand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flaſhing fire brent,
So like, that all the walles did ſeeme to flame.
Yet cruell *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forc't him eftſoones to follow other game,
And loue a Shepheards daughter for his deareſt Dame.

39
He loued *Iſſe* for his deareſt Dame,
And for her ſake her cattell fed awhile,
And for her ſake a cow-heard vile became,
The ſeruant of *Admetus* cow-heard vile,
Whiles that from heauen he ſuffered exile.
Long were to tell each other louely fit,
Now like a Lion, hunting after ſpoile,
Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon flit:
All which in that faire arras was moſt liuely writ.

40
Next vnto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his diuine reſemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brackiſh deaw; his three-forkt Pyke
He ſtearnly ſhooke, and therewith fierce did ſtrike
The raging billowes, that on euery ſide
They trembling ſtood, and made a long broad dyke,
That his ſwift charet might haue paſſage wyde,
Which foure great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wiſe tide.

41

His ſea-horſes did ſeeme to ſnort amaine,
And from their noſethrilles blowe the briny ſtreame,
That made the ſparkling waues to ſmoake againe,
And flame with gold: but the white foamy creame
Did ſhine with ſiluer, and ſhoot forth his beame.
The god himſelfe did penſiue ſeem and ſad,
And hong adowne his head, as he did dreame:
For, priuy loue his breaſt empearced had;
Ne ought, but deare *Biſaltis*, ay could make him glad.

42

He loued eke *Iphimedia* deare,
And *Aeolus* faire daughter *Arné* hight;
For whom he turnd himſelfe into a Steare,
And fed on fodder, to beguile her ſight.
Alſo to win *Deucalions* daughter bright,
Her turnd him ſelfe into a Dolphin faire;
And like a winged horſe he tooke his flight,
To ſnaky-lock *Meduſa* to repaire,
On whom he got faire *Pegaſus*, that flitteth in the ayre.

43

Next *Saturne* was, (but who would euer weene,
That ſullein *Saturne* euer weend to loue?
Yet loue is ſullein, and *Saturn*-like ſeene,
As he did for *Erigoné* it proue.)
That to a *Centaure* did him ſelfe tranſmoue.
So proov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
When for to compaſſe *Philliras* hard loue,
He turnd him ſelfe into a fruitfull vine,
And into her faire boſome made his grapes decline.

44

Long were to tell the amorous aſſayes,
And gentle pangs, with which he maked meeke
The mighty *Mars*, to learne his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eeke
For many other Nymphes he ſore did ſhreek;
With womaniſh teares, and with vnwarlike ſmarts,
Priuily moiſtening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

45

Ne did he ſpare (ſo cruell was the Elfe)
His owne deare mother, (ah why ſhould he ſo!)
Ne did he ſpare ſometime to prick himſelfe,
That he might taſte the ſweet conſuming woe,
Which he had wrought, to many others moe.
But, to declare the mournfull Tragedies,
And ſpoiles, wherewith he all the ground did ſtrowe,
More eath to number, with how many eyes
High heauen beholds ſad louers nightly theeueries.

46

Kings, Queenes, Lords, Ladies, Knights & Damzels gent,
Were heap't together with the vulgar ſort,
And mingled with the raſcall rablement,
Without reſpect of perſon or of port,
To ſhew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about, a border was entrayld
Of broken boawes and arrowes ſhiuered ſnort,
And a long bloudy riuer through them rayld,
So liuely and ſo like, that liuing ſenſe it fayld.

47

And at the vpper end of that faire rowme,
There was an Altar built of precious ſtone,
Of paſſing valew, and of great renowme,
On which there ſtood an Image all alone,
Of maſſie gold, which with his owne light ſhone;
And wings it had with ſundry colours dight,
More ſundry colours, then the proud *Pauone*
Beares in his boaſted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright.
When her diſcolourd boaw ſhe ſpreds through heauen

48

Blindfold he was, and in his cruell fiſt
A mortall boaw and arrowes keene did hold,
With which he ſhot at random, when him liſt,
Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;
(Ah man beware, how thou thoſe darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon vnder him did lie,
Whoſe hideous taile his left foot did enfold,
And with a ſhaft was ſhot through eyther eye,
That no man forth might drawe, ne no man remedy.

49

And vnderneath his feet was written thus,
Vnto the Victor of the gods this bee:
And all the people in that ample houſe
Did to that image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed fowle Idolatree.
That wondrous ſight faire *Britomart* amazed,
Ne ſeeing could her wonder ſatisfie,
But euer more and more vpon it gazed,
The whiles the paſſing brightneſſe her fraile ſenſes dazed.

50

Tho, as ſhe backward caſt her buſie eye,
To ſearch each ſecret of that goodly ſted,
Ouer the dore thus written ſhe did ſpye
Be bold: ſhe oft and oft it ouer-read,
Yet could not finde what ſenſe it figured:
But what-ſo were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby diſcouraged
From proſecuting of her firſt intent,
But forward with bolde ſteps into the next roome went.

51

Much fairer, then the former, was that roome,
And richlyer by many parts arrayd:
For, not with arras made in painfull loome,
But with pure gold it al was ouer-layd,
Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies playd,
In the rich metall, as they liuing were:
A thouſand monſtrous formes therein were made,
Such as falſe loue doth oft vpon him weare.
For, loue in thouſand monſtrous formes doth oft appeare.

52

And all about, the gliſtring walles were hong
With warlike ſpoiles, and with victorious prayes
Of mighty Conquerors and Captaines ſtrong,
Which were whilome captiued in their dayes
To cruell loue, and wrought their owne decayes:
Their ſwords & ſpeares were broke, & hauberques rent;
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bayes
Troden in duſt with fury inſolent,
To ſhew the Victors might and mercileſſe intent.

The

53

The warlike Mayd, beholding earneſtly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could ſatisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing a long ſpace:
But more ſhe meruaild, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but waſtefull emptineſſe,
And ſolemne ſilence ouer all that place:
Strange thing it ſeem'd, that none was to poſſeſſe
So rich purueyance, ne them keep with carefulneſſe.

54

And as ſhe lookt about, ſhe did behold,
How ouer that ſame dore was likewiſe writ
Be bold, Be bold, and euery where *Be bold*;
That much ſhe muz'd, yet could not conſtrue it
By any riddling skill, or common wit.
At laſt ſhe eſpide, at that roomes vpper end,
Another iron dore, on which was writ
Be not too bold; whereto though ſhe did bend
Her earneſt mind, yet wiſt not what it might intend.

55

Thus there ſhe waited vntill euentide,
Yet liuing creature none ſhe ſawe appeare:
And now ſad ſhadowes gan the world to hide,
From mortall view, and wrap in darkneſſe dreare;
Yet n'ould ſhe d'off her weary armes, for feare
Of ſecret danger, ne let ſleepe oppreſſe
Her heauy eyes with Natures burden deare,
But drew her ſelfe aſide in ſickerneſſe,
And her wel-pointed weapons did about her dreſſe.

Canto XII.

The Mask of Cupid, and th'enchanted Chamber are diſplaid;
Whence Britomart redeemes faire Amoret, through charms decayd.

1

THo, when as cheareleſſe Night ycouered had
Faire heauen with an vniuerſall cloud,
That euery wight, diſmayd with darkneſſe ſad,
In ſilence and in ſleepe themſelues did ſhroud,
She heard a ſhrilling Trompet ſound aloud,
Signe of nigh battell, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather ſtird to cruell enmity,
Expecting euer, when ſome foe ſhe might deſcry.

2

With that, an hideous ſtorme of winde aroſe,
With dreadfull thunder and lightning atwixt,
And an earth-quake, as if it ſtreight would loſe
The worlds foundations from his centre fixt;
A direfull ſtench of ſmoke and ſulphure mixt
Enſewd, whoſe noyance filld the fearefull ſted,
From the fourth houre of night vntill the fixt;
Yet the bold *Britoneſſe* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but ſtedfaſt ſtill perſeuered:

3

All ſuddenly a ſtormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the houſe, that clapped euery dore:
With which, that iron wicket open flew,
As it with mighty leuers had been tore:
And forth iſſewd, as on the ready flore
Of ſome Theatre, a graue perſonage,
That in his hand a branch of laurel bore,
With comely haueour and count'nance ſage,
Yclad in coſtly garments, fit for tragicke Stage.

4

Proceeding to the midſt, he ſtill did ſtand,
As if in mind he ſomewhat had to ſay;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In ſigne of ſilence, as to heare a Play,
By liuely actions he gan bewray
Some argument of matter paſſioned:
Which doen, he backe retyred ſoft away:
And paſſing by, his name diſcouered,
Eaſe, on his robe in golden letters cyphered.

5

The noble mayd, ſtill ſtanding, all this viewd,
And merueild at his ſtrange intendiment;
With that, a ioyous fellowſhip iſſewd
Of Minſtrals, making goodly meriment,
With wanton Bardes, and Rymers impudent;
All which together ſung full chearefully
A lay of loues delight, with ſweet concent:
After whom, marcht a iolly company,
In manner of a maske, enranged orderly.

6

The whiles a moſt delicious harmony,
In full ſtrange notes was ſweetly heard to ſound,
That the rare ſweetneſſe of the melody
The feeble ſenſes wholly did confound,
And the fraile ſoule in deepe delight nigh drownd:
And when it ceaſt, ſhrill trompets loud did bray,
That their report did farre away rebound,
And when they ceaſt, it gan againe to play,
The whiles the maskers marched forth in trim array.

7

The firſt was *Fancy*, like a lowely boy,
Of rare aſpect, and beauty without peare;
Matchable eyther to that impe of *Troy*,
Whom *Ioue* did loue, and choſe his cup to beare,
Or that ſame dainty lad, which was ſo deare
To great *Alcides*, that when as he dide,
He wailed womanlike with many a teare,
And euery wood and euery valley wide
He fild with *Hylas* name; the Nymphes eke *Hylas* cride.

8

His garment neither was of ſilke nor ſay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the ſun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeem'd he vaine and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appeare;
For, ſtill he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did beare,
That in the idle aire he mov'd ſtill here and there.

9

And him beſide marcht amorous *Deſire*,
Who ſeem'd of riper yeares, then th'other Swaine;
Yet was that other ſwaine this elders ſyre,
And gaue him being, common to them twaine:
His garment was diſguiſed very vaine,
And his embrodered Bonet ſat awry;
Twixt both his hands few ſparks he cloſe did ſtraine,
Which ſtill he blew, and kindled buſily,
That ſoone they liſe conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a diſcolour'd cote, of ſtrange diſguiſe,
That at his backe a brode Capuccio had,
And ſleeues dependant *Albaneſe*-wiſe:
He lookt askew with his miſtruſtfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thornes lay in his way,
Or that the flore to ſhrinke he did auyſe,
And on a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunke, when hard thereon he lay.

11

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Beares ſkin, that him more dreadfull made:
Yet his owne face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his grieſly ſhade;
A net in th'one hand, and a ruſty blade
In th'other was: this Miſchiefe, that Miſhap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to inuade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For, whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap:

12

Next him was *Feare*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelfe not ſafe enough thereby,
But feard each ſhadow mouing to and fro:
And his owne armes when glittering he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As aſhes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;
And euermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainſt whom he alwaies bent a brazen ſhield,
Which his right hand vnarmed fearefully did wield.

13

With him went *Hope* in ranke, a handſome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lowely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light arrayd,
And her faire lockes were wouen vp in gold;
She alway ſmyl'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deawe,
With which ſhe ſprinkled fauours manifold,
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſhewe;
Great liking vnto many, but true loue to fewe.

14

And after them *Diſſemblance* and *Suſpect*
Marcht in one ranke, yet an vnequall paire:
For, ſhe was gentle, and of milde aſpect,
Courteous to all, and ſeeming debonaire,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding faire:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd, (haire,
And her bright browes were deckt with borrowed
Her deeds were forged, and her words falſe coynd,
And alwaies in her hand two clewes of ſilke ſhe twynd.

15

But he was foule, ill-fauoured, and grim,
Vnder his eye-brows looking ſtill aſcaunce;
And euer as *Diſſemblance* laught on him,
He lowrd on her with dangerous eye-glance;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did neuer reſt in place,
But walkt each where, for feare of hid miſchaunce,
Holding a lattice ſtill before his face,
Through which he ſtill did peepe, as forward he did paſe.

16

Next him went *Griefe*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Griefe, all in ſable ſorrowfully clad,
Downe-hanging his dull head, with heauy chere,
Yet inly being more, then ſeeming ſad:
A paire of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the heart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilfull languour and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17

But *Fury* was full ill appareiled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appeare,
With ghaſtfull lookes and dreadfull drerihed;
For, from her backe her garments ſhe did teare,
And from her head oft rent her ſnarled heare:
In her right hand a fire-brand ſhe did toſſe
About her head, ſtill roming here and there;
As a diſmayed Deere in chace emboſt,
Forgetfull of his ſafety, hath his right way loſt.

After

18

After them, went *Displeasure* and *Pleasance*;
He looking lompish and full sullein sad,
And hanging downe his heavy countenance;
She cheareful fresh and full of ioyance glad,
As if no sorrow she ne felt, ne drad;
That euill matched paire they seem'd to bee:
An angry Waspe th'one in a viall had:
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched these sixe couples forth in faire degree.

19

After all these, there marcht a most faire Dame,
Led of two gryslie villeins, th'one *Despight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
She dolefull Lady, like a dreary Spright,
Cald by strong charmes out of eternall night,
Had Deaths owne image figur'd in her face,
Full of sad signes, fearefull to liuing sight;
Yet in that horror shew'd a seemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did moue a comely pace.

20

Her breast all naked, as net iuory,
Without adorne of gold or siluer bright,
Wherewith the Craftes-man wonts it beautifie,
Of her dew honour was despoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O ruefull sight!)
Entrenched deepe with knife accursed keene,
Yet freshly bleeding forth her fainting spright
(The worke of cruell hand) was to be seene,
That dyde in sanguine red her skin all snowy cleane.

21

At that wide orifice, her trembling heart
Was drawne forth, and in siluer basin layd,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet steeming fresh embayd:
And those two villeins, which her steps vpstayd,
When her weake feete could scarcely her sustaine,
And fading vitall powers gan to fade,
Her forward still with torture did constraine,
And euermore encreased her consuming paine.

22

Next after her, the winged God himselfe
Came riding on a Lion rauenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elfe,
That man and beast with powre imperious
Subdeweth to his kingdome tyrannous:
His blindfold eyes he bade a while vnbind,
That his proud spoyle of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which seene, he much reioyced in his cruell mind.

23

Of which full proud, himselfe vp rearing hye,
He looked round about with sterne disdaine;
And did suruay his goodly company:
And marshalling the euill ordered traine,
With that the darts which his right hand did straine,
Full dreadfully he shooke that all did quake,
And clapt on hie his coloured winges twaine,
That all his many it affraide did make:
Tho, blinding him againe, his way he forth did take.

24

Behinde him was *Reproache*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproache the first, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, sorrowfull and lame:
Reproache despightfull, carelesse, and vnkinde;
Shame most ill fauourd, bestiall, and blind:
Shame lowrd, *Repentance* sigh't, *Reproache* did scould;
Reproache sharpe stings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold;
All three to each vnlike, yet all made in one mould.

25

And after them, a rude confused rout
Of persons flockt, whose names is hard to read:
Emongst them was sterne *Strife*, and *Anger* stout,
Vnquiet *Care*, and fond *Vnthriftihead*,
Lewd *Losse of Time*, and *Sorrow* seeming dead,
Inconstant *Change*, and false *Disloyaltie*,
Consuming *Riotise*, and guilty *Dread*
Of heauenly vengeance, faint *Infirmitie*,
Vile *Powertie*, and lastly *Death* with infamie.

26

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whose names and natures I n'ote readen well;
So many moe, as there be phantasies
In wauering womens wit, that none can tell,
Or paines in loue, or punishments in hell;
And which disguised marcht in masking wise,
About the chamber with that Damozell,
And then returned (hauing marched thrice)
Into the inner roome, from whence they first did rise.

27

So soone as they were in, the dore streight way
Fast locked, driuen with that stormy blast,
Which first it opened; and bore all away.
Then the braue Maid, which all this while was plac't,
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issewed forth, and went vnto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
It vaine she thought with rigorous vprore
For to efforce, when charmes had closed it afore.

28

Where force might not auaile, there sleights and art
She last to vse, both fit for hard emprize;
For-thy, from that same roome not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her selfe auize,
When that same Maske againe should forth arize.
The morrowe next appear'd with ioyous cheare,
Calling men to their daily exercise,
Then she, as morrowe fresh, her selfe did reare
Out of her secret stand, that day for to out-weare.

29

All that day she out-wore in wandering,
And gazing on that chambers ornament,
Till that againe the second euening
Her couered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the worlds faire beauty she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brasen dore flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shewes, nor of false charmes aghast.

30

So ſoone as ſhe was entred, round about
She caſt her eyes, to ſee what was become
Of all thoſe perſons, which ſhe ſawe without:
But lo, they ſtraight were vaniſht all and ſome,
Ne liuing wight ſhe ſawe in all that roome,
Saue that ſame woefull Lady: both whoſe hands
Were bounden faſt, that did her ill become,
And her ſmall waſte girt round with iron bands,
Vnto a brazen pillour, by the which ſhe ſtands.

31

And her before the vile Enchaunter ſate,
Figuring ſtrange characters of his art:
With liuing bloud he thoſe characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying heart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruell dart;
And all perforce to make her him to loue.
Ah! who can loue the worker of her ſmart?
A thouſand charmes he formerly did proue;
Yet thouſand charmes could not her ſtedfaſt heart remoue.

32

Soone as that virgin knight he ſawe in place,
His wicked bookes in haſte he ouerthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fiercely running to that Lady trew,
A murdrous knife out of his pocket drew;
The which he thought, for villeinous deſpight,
In her tormented body to embrew:
But the ſtout Damzell to him leaping light,
His curſed hand withheld, and maiſtered his might.

33

From her, to whom his fury firſt he ment,
The wicked weapon raſhly he did wreſt;
And turning to her ſelfe his fell intent,
Vnwares it ſtrooke into her ſnowy cheſt,
That little drops empurpled her faire breaſt.
Exceeding wroth therewith the virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep impreſt,
And fiercely forth her mortall blade ſhe drew,
To giue him the reward for ſuch vile outrage dew.

34

So mightily ſhe ſmote him, that to ground
He fell halfe dead; next ſtroke him ſhould haue ſlaine,
Had not the Lady which by him ſtood bound,
Dernely vnto her called to abſtaine,
From doing him to dy. For, elſe her paine
Should be remedileſſe, ſith none but hee,
Which wrought it, could the ſame recure againe.
Therewith ſhe ſtaid her hand, loth ſtaid to bee;
For, life ſhe him enuide, and longd reuenge to ſee:

35

And to him ſayd, Thou wicked man, whoſe meed
For ſo huge miſchiefe, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be ſure, that nought may ſaue thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame doe preſently
Reſtore vnto her health, and former ſtate;
This doe and liue, elſe die vndoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himſelfe right willing to prolong his date.

36

And riſing vp, gan ſtreight to ouerlooke
Thoſe curſed leaues, his charmes backe to reuerſe;
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He read, and meaſur'd many a ſad verſe,
That horror gan the virgins heart to perſe,
And her faire lockes vp ſtared ſtiffe on end,
Hearing him thoſe ſame bloudy lines rehearſe;
And all the while he read, ſhe did extend
Her ſword high ouer him, if ought he did offend.

37

Anon ſhe gan perceiue the houſe to quake,
And all the dores to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her diſmaied make,
Nor ſlacke her threatfull hand for dangers dout;
But ſtill with ſtedfaſt eye and courage ſtout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At laſt, that mighty chaine, which round about
Her tender waiſte was wound, adowne gan fall,
And that great brazen pillour broke in peeces ſmall.

38

The cruell ſteele which thrild her dying heart,
Fell ſoftly forth, as of his owne accord:
And the wide wound, which lately did diſpart
Her bleeding breaſt, and riuen bowels gor'd,
Was cloſed vp, as it had not been bor'd;
And euery part to ſafety full ſound,
As ſhe were neuer hurt, was ſoone reſtor'd.
Tho, when ſhe felt her ſelfe to be vnbound,
And perfect whole, proſtrate ſhe fell vnto the ground:

39

Before faire *Britomart*, ſhe fell proſtrate,
Saying; Ah noble knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from wofull ſtate,
Yield you in liew of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue ſelfe her owne reward ſhall breed,
Euen immortall praiſe, and glory wide,
Which I your vaſſall, by your proweſſe freed,
Shall through the world make to be notifide,
And goodly well aduance, that goodly well was tride.

40

But *Britomart*, vprearing her from ground,
Sayd, Gentle Dame, reward enough I weene
For many labours more, then I haue found,
This, that in ſafety now I haue you ſeene,
And meane of your deliuerance haue beene:
Henceforth faire Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teene:
In ſtead therof knowe, that your louing Make
Hath no leſſe griefe endured for your gentle ſake.

41

She much was cheard to heare him mentiond,
Whom of all liuing wights ſhe loued beſt.
Then laid the noble Championeſſe ſtrong hond
Vpon th'enchaunter, which had her diſtreſt
So ſore, and with foule outrages oppreſt:
With that great chaine, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitious Lady priſoner, now releaſt,
Himſelfe ſhe bound, more worthy to be ſo,
And captiue with her led to wretchedneſſe and woe.

Retur-

42

Returning backe, thoſe goodly roomes, which erſt
She ſaw ſo rich and royally arrayd,
Now vaniſht vtterly, and cleane ſubuerſt
She found, and all their glory quite decayd,
That ſight of ſuch a change her much diſmayd.
Thence, forth deſcending to that perlous Porch,
Thoſe dreadfull flames ſhe alſo found delayd,
And quenched quite, like a conſumed torch,
That erſt all entrers wont ſo cruelly to ſcorch.

43

More eaſie iſſew now, then entrance late
She found: for, now that fained dreadfull flame,
Which chok't the porch of that enchaunted gate,
And paſſage bard to all, that thither came,
Was vaniſht quite, as it were not the ſame,
And gaue her leaue at pleaſure forth to paſs.
Th'Enchaunter ſelfe, which all that fraud did frame,
To haue eſſorc't the loue of that faire laſs,
Seeing his work now waſted, deepe engrieued was.

44

But when the Victoreſſe arriued there,
Where late ſhe left the penſiue *Scudamore*
With her owne truſty Squire, both full of feare,
Neither of them ſhe found where ſhe them lore:
Thereat her noble heart was ſtoniſht ſore;
But moſt, faire *Amoret*, whoſe gentle ſpright
Now gan to feede on hope, which ſhe before
Conceiued had, to ſee her owne deare knight,
Being therof beguyl'd was fild with new affright.

45

But he ſad man, when he had long in dreed
Awayted there for *Britomarts* returne,
Yet ſawe her not nor ſigne of her good ſpeed,
His expectation to deſpaire did turne,
Miſdeeming ſure that her thoſe flames did burne:
And therefore gan aduize with her old Squire,
Who her deare nourſlings loſſe no leſſe did mourne,
Thence to depart for further aide t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whileſt here I doe reſpire.

The end of the third Booke.

A Viſion vpon this conceipt of the Faerie Queene.

ME thought I ſawe the Graue, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the veſtall flame
Was wont to burne; and paſſing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of liuing fame,
Whoſe tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſawe the Faery Queene:
At whoſe approache the ſoule of *Petrarke* wept,
And from thenceforth thoſe Graces were not ſeene.
For, they this Queene attended, in whoſe ſteed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghoſts the heauens did perſe;
Where *Homers* ſpright did tremble all for griefe,
And curſt th'acceſſe of that celeſtiall thiefe.

Another of the ſame.

THe praiſe of meaner wits this worke like profite brings,
As doth the Cuckoes ſong delight when *Philumena* ſings.
If thou haſt formed right true Vertues face herein:
Vertue her ſelfe can beſt diſcerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou haſt Beauty prayſd, let her ſole lookes diuine
Iudge if ought therein be amiſs, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chaſtitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely minde aright, and wright thy Queene anew.
Meane while ſhe ſhall perceiue, how farre her vertues ſore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or ſuch as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuſe and fauour thy good will:
Whoſe vertue cannot be expreſt, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeak our Engliſh tongue, but thoſe of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COllin, I ſee by thy new taken taske,
ſome ſacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
That leades thy Muſe in haughty verſe to maske,
and loath the layes that longs to lowly ſwaynes,
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto kings,
So like the liuely Larke that mounting ſings.

Thy louely Roſolinde ſeemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight.
Thy changed heart now holdes thy pypes in ſcorne,
thoſe prety pypes that did thy mates delight,
Thoſe truſty mates, that loued thee ſo well,
Whom thou gau'ſt mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earſt with thy ſweet roundelayes,
didſt ſtirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So mought ſt thou now in theſe refyned layes,
delight the dainty eares of higher powers.
And ſo mought they in their deepe ſcanning skill
Allow and grace our Collins flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene *of thine,*
in whoſe faire eyes loue links with vertue ſits:
Enfuſing, by thoſe beauties fiers diuine,
ſuch high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raiſed hath poore paſtors oaten reedes,
From ruſticke tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Redcroſſe knight *with happy hand*
victorious be in that faire Ilands right,
Which thou doeſt vaile in type of Faery land,
Elyza's *bleſſed field, that* Albion *highe:*
That ſhields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet ſtill with people, peace, and plenty flowes.

But (iolly Shepheard) though, with pleaſing ſtile,
thou feaſt the humour of the courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy ſettled ſenſe beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or diſdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe, and all the world takes light.

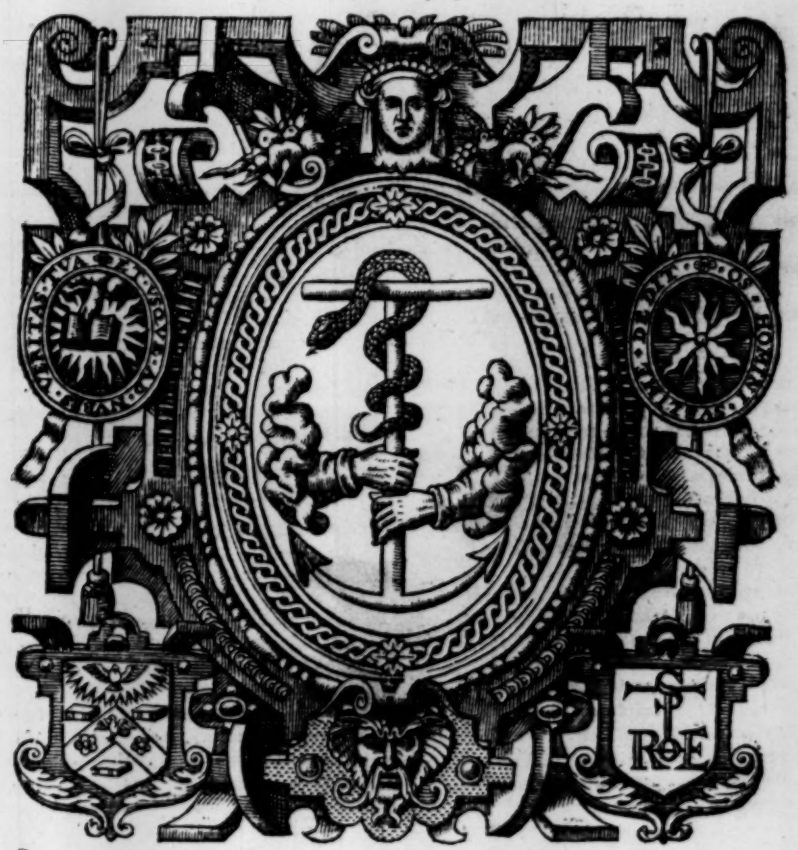
Hobynoll.

THE SECOND PART OF THE *FAERIE QVEENE*

Containing

THE { FOVRTH, FIFT, & SIXT BOOKE.

By Ed. Spenser.



Imprinted at London for *Mathew Lownes.*
1609.

THE SECOND PART OF THE

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of CAMBEL and TELAMOND,

OR

Of Friendſhip.

1

THe rugged forhead, that with graue foreſight
Wields kingdoms cauſes, & affaires of State,
My looſer rimes, I wote, doth ſharply wite,
For prayſing loue as I haue done of late,
And magnifying louers deare debate;
By which, fraile youth is oft to folly led,
Through falſe allurement of that pleaſing baite,
That better were in vertues diſcipled,
Then with vaine poëms weeds to haue their fancies fed.

2

Such one's ill iudge of loue, that cannot loue,
Ne in their froſen hearts feele kindly flame:
For-thy they ought not thing vnknowne reproue,
Ne naturall affection faultleſſe blame,
For fault of few that haue abus'd the ſame.
For, it of honour and all vertue is
The roor, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crowne true Louers with immortall bliſs,
The meed of them that loue, and do not liue amiſs,

3

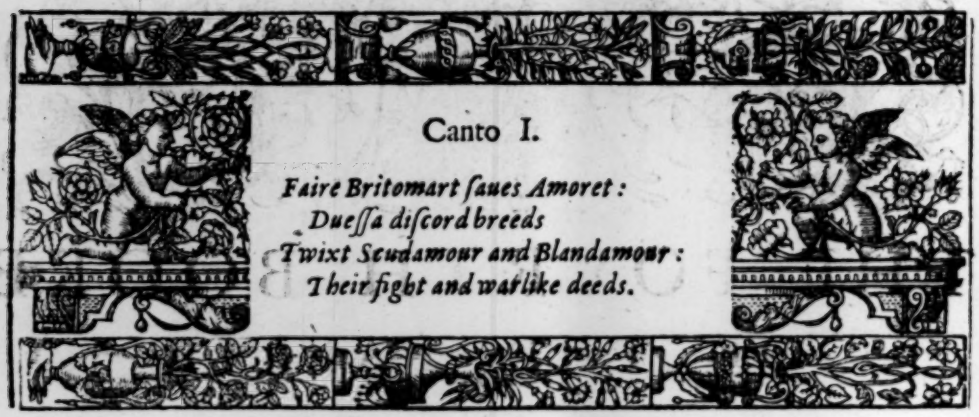
Which whoſo liſt look back to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were donne,
Shall find, that all the workes of thoſe wiſe ſages,
And braue exploits which great Heroës wonne,
In loue were either ended or begunne:
Witnes the father of Philoſophie,
Which to his *Critias*, ſhaded oft from ſunne,
Of loue full many leſſons did apply,
The which theſe Stoick Cenſours cannot well deny.

4

To ſuch therefore I doe not ſing at all;
But to that ſacred Saint my Soueraigne Queene,
In whoſe chaſte breaſt all bounty naturall,
And treaſures of true loue enlocked beene,
Boue all her ſex that euer yet was ſeene;
To her I ſing of loue, that loueth beſt,
And beſt is lov'd of all aliue I weene:
To her, this ſong moſt fitly is addreſt,
The Queen of loue, & Prince of peace from heauen bleſt.

5

Which that ſhe may the better deigne to heare,
Do thou dread infant, *Venus* dearling doue,
From her high ſpirit chaſe imperious feare,
And vſe of awefull Maieſtie remoue:
In ſtead whereof with drops of melting loue,
Deawd with ambroſiall kiſſes, by thee gotten
From thy ſweet ſmyling mother from aboue,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage ſoften,
That ſhe may harke to loue, and read this leſſon often.



Canto I.

Faire Britomart ſaues Amoret:
Dueſſa diſcord breeds
Twixt Scudamour and Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deeds.

1

OF Louers ſad calamities of old,
Full many pitious ſtories do remaine:
But none more pitious euer was ytold,
Then that of *Amorets* hart-binding chaine,
And this of *Florimels* vnworthy paine:
The deere compaſſion of whoſe bitter fit
My ſoftened heart ſo ſorely doth conſtraine,
That I with teares full oft doe pitie it,
And oftentimes doe wiſh it neuer had been writ.

2

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, ſhe neuer ioyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twenty knights that did him all aſſay:
Yet fairely well he did them all diſmay:
And with great glory both the ſhield of loue,
And eke the Lady ſelfe he brought away;
Whom hauing wedded as did him behoue,
A new vnknowen miſchiefe did from him remoue.

3

For, that ſame vile Enchaunter *Buſyran*,
The very ſelfe ſame day that ſhe was wedded,
Amidſt the bridale feaſt, whil'ſt euery man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedleſſe and ill headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Maske of loue which late was ſhowen:
And there the Lady ill of friends beſtedded,
By way of ſport, as oft in Maskes is knowen,
Conueyed quite away to liuing wight vnknowen.

4

Seauen months he ſo her kept in bitter ſmart,
Becauſe his ſinfull luſt ſhe would not ſerue,
Vntill ſuch time as noble *Britomart*
Releaſed her, that elſe was like to ſterue,
Through cruell knife that her deare heart did kerue.
And now ſhee is with her vpon the way,
Marching in louely wiſe, that could deſerue
No ſpot of blame, though ſpite did oft aſſay
To blot her with diſhonour of ſo faire a pray.

5

Yet ſhould it be a pleaſant tale to tell
The diuerſe vſage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell.
For, *Amoret* right fearefull was and faint,
Leſt ſhe with blame her honour ſhould attaint,
That every word did tremble as ſhe ſpake,
And every looke was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And every limbe that touched her did quake:
Yet could ſhe not but courteous coũtenance to her make.

6

For, well ſhe wiſt, as true it was indeed,
That her lyues Lord, and Patrone of her health,
Right well deſerued as his due full meed,
Her loue, her ſeruice, and her vtmoſt wealth.
All is his iuſtly, that all freely dealth:
Nathleſſe her honour, dearer then her life,
She ſought to ſaue, as thing reſeru'd from ſtealth;
Die had ſhe leuer with Enchanters knife,
Then to be falſe in loue, profeſt a virgine wife.

7

Thereto her feare was made ſo much the greater
Through fine abuſion of that Briton mayd:
Who, for to hide her fained ſex the better,
And maske her wounded minde, both did and ſaid
Full many things ſo doubtfull to be wayd,
That well ſhe wiſt not what by them to gheſſe:
For, otherwhiles to her ſhe purpoſe made
Of loue, and otherwhiles of luſtfulneſſe,
That much ſhe fear'd his mind wold grow to ſom exceſs.

8

His will ſhe fear'd; for him ſhe ſurely thought
To be a man, ſuch as indeed he ſeemed;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeemed,
For which no ſeruice ſhe too much eſteemed;
Yet dread of ſhame, and doubt of foule diſhonor,
Made her not yeeld ſo much, as due ſhe deemed.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a knight, and did to her all honor.

It

9

It ſo befell one euening, that they came
Vnto a Caſtell, lodged there to bee,
Where many a Knight, and many a louely Dame
Was then aſſembled, deeds of armes to ſee:
Amongſt all which was none more faire then ſhee,
That many of them mov'd to eye her ſore.
The cuſtome of that place was ſuch, that hee
Which had no Loue nor Lemman there in ſtore,
Should either winne him one, or lye without the dore.

10

Amongſt the reſt there was a iolly Knight,
Who beeing asked for his Loue, avow'd
That faireſt *Amoret* was his by right,
And offred that to iuſtifie alowd.
The war-like Virgine, ſeeing his ſo prowd
And boaſtfull chalenge, wexed inly wroth,
But for the preſent did her anger ſhrowd;
And ſaid, her Loue to loſe ſhe was full loth,
But either he ſhould neither of them haue, or both.

11

So forth they went, and both together giuſted;
But that ſame younker ſoone was over-throwne,
And made repent, that he had raſhly luſted
For thing vnlawfull, that was not his owne:
Yet ſith he ſeemed valiant, though vnknowne,
She that no leſſe was courteous and ſtout,
Caſt how to ſalue, that both the cuſtome ſhowne
Were kept, and yet that knight not locked out;
That ſeem'd full hard t'accord two things ſo far in dout.

12

The Seneſchall was call'd to deeme the right:
Whome ſhe requir'd, that firſt faire *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a knight,
That did her win, and free from challenge ſet:
Which ſtraight to her was yeelded without let.
Then ſith that ſtrange Knights Loue from him was
She claim'd that to her ſelfe, as Ladies det, (quitted,
He as a Knight might iuſtly be admitted:
So none ſhould be out-ſhut, ſith all of Loues were fitted.

13

With that, her gliſtring helmet ſhe vnlaced;
Which doft, her golden locks, that were vp-bound
Still in a knot, vnto her heeles downe traced,
And like a ſilken veile in compaſſe round
About her back and all her body wound:
Like as the ſhining ſky in Summers night,
What time the dayes with ſcorching heat abound,
Is creaſted all with lines of firie light,
That it prodigious ſeems in common peoples ſight.

14

Such when thoſe Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement ſmit,
And euery one gan growe in ſecret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit.
Some thought, that ſome enchauntment fained it;
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wiſe
To them appear'd, with ſhield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maske of ſtrange diſguiſe:
So diuerſly each one did ſundry doubts deuiſe.

15

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowſhip reſtor'd,
Ten thouſand thanks did yield her for her meed,
And doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former ſtrife accord;
And eke faire *Amoret*, now freed from feare,
More franke affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which ſhe was wont forbeare,
Now freely drew, and found right ſafe aſſurance theare.

16

VVhere, all that night they of their Loues did treat,
And hard aduentures twixt themſelues alone,
That each the other gan with paſſion great,
And griefe-full pitty priuately be-mone.
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as *Titan* ſhone,
They both vp-roſe, and to their waies them dight:
Long wandred they, yet neuer met with one
That to their willes could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their harts delight.

17

Lo, thus they rode, till at the laſt they ſpide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did paſe,
And each of them had riding by his ſide
A Lady, ſeeming in ſo farre a ſpace:
But Ladies none they were, albee in face
And outward ſhew faire ſemblance they did beare;
For, vnder maske of beauty and good grace,
Vile treaſon and foule falſhood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wary wiſe appeare.

18

The one of them, the falſe *Dueſſa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For ſhe could d'on ſo many ſhapes in ſight,
As euer could Chameleon colours new;
So could ſhe forge all colours, ſaue the trew.
The other, no whit better was then ſhee,
But that ſuch as ſhe was, ſhe plaine did ſhew;
Yet otherwiſe much worſe, if worſe might bee,
And daily more offenſiue vnto each degree.

19

Her name was *Até*, mother of debate,
And all diſſenſion, which doth daily growe
Amongſt fraile men, that many a publique ſtate
And many a priuate oft doth over-throwe.
Her, falſe *Dueſſa*, who full well did knowe
To be moſt fit to trouble noble knights
VVhich hunt for honour, raiſed from belowe
Out of the dwellings of the damned ſprights,
Where ſhe in darknes waſtes her curſed dates and nights.

20

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,
There where-as all the plagues and harmes abound,
VVhich puniſh wicked men, that walke amiſs:
It is a darkſome delue farre vnder ground,
VVith thornes and barren brakes enuirond round,
That none the ſame may eaſily out-win;
Yet many waies to enter may be found,
But none to iſſue forth when one is in:
For, diſcord harder is to end then to begin.

21

And all within, the riuen walles were hung,
With ragged monuments of times fore-paſt;
All which, the ſad effects of diſcord ſung:
There were rent roabes, and broken ſceptors plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Diſheuered ſpeares, and ſhields ytorne in twaine,
Great Cities ranſackt, and ſtrong Caſtles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies ſlaine:
Of all which ruines there ſome reliques did remaine.

22

There was the ſigne of antique Babylon,
Of fatall Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of ſacred Salem, and ſad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden Apple (cauſe of all their wrong)
For which the three faire Goddeſſes did ſtriue:
There alſo was the name of *Nimrod* ſtrong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes fiue,
Which ſhar'd to them the ſpoyles that he had got aliue.

23

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongſt the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloudy feaſt, which ſent away
So many *Centaures* drunken ſoules to hell,
That vnder great *Alcides* turne fell:
And of the dreadfull diſcord, which did driue
The noble *Argonauts* to outrage fell,
That each of life ſought others to depriue,
All mindleſs of the Golden-fleece, which made the ſtriue.

24

And eke of priuate perſons many moe,
That were too long a worke to count them all;
Some of ſworne friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of borne brethren, prov'd vnnaturall;
Some of deare Louers, foes perpetuall:
Witnes there broken bands there to be ſeene,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres deſpoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding beene,
As plaine as at the firſt, when they were freſh and greene.

25

Such was her houſe within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weedes,
Which ſhee her ſelfe had ſowen all about,
Now growen great, at firſt of little ſeedes,
The ſeedes of euill words, and factious deedes;
VVhich when to ripeneſſe due they growen arre,
Bring forth an infinite increaſe, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble, and contentious iarre,
The which moſt often end in bloud-ſhed and in warre.

26

And thoſe ſame curſed ſeedes doe alſo ſerue
To her for bread, and yeeld her liuing food:
For, like as is to her, when others ſterue
Through miſchieuous debate, and deadly feood,
That ſhe may ſuck their life, and drink their blood,
VVith which ſhe from her childhood had been fed.
For, ſhee at firſt was borne of helliſh brood,
And by infernall Furies nouriſhed,
That by her monſtrous ſhape might eaſily be red.

27

Her face moſt foule and filthy was to ſee,
With ſquinted eyes contrary waies intended,
And loathly mouth, vnmeet a mouth to bee,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words, that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts diuided,
And both the parts did ſpeake, and both contended;
And as her tongue, ſo was her hart diſceided,
That neuer thoght one thing, but doubly ſtil was guided.

28

Als as ſhe double ſpake, ſo heard ſhe double,
With matcheleſſe eares deformed and diſtort,
Fild with falſe rumors and ſeditious trouble,
Bred in aſſemblies of the vulgar ſort,
That ſtill are led with euery light report.
And as her eares, ſo eke her feet were odde,
And much vnlike; th'one long, the other ſhort,
And both miſplac't; that when th'one forward yode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29

Likewiſe vnequall were her handes twaine:
That one did reach, the other puſht away;
That one did make, the other mard againe,
And ſought to bring all things vnto decay;
VVhereby great riches, gathered many a day,
Shee in ſhort ſpace did often bring to nought,
And their poſſeſſors often did diſmay.
For, all her ſtudy was, and all her thought, (wrought.
How ſhee might overthrowe the thinges that Concord

30

So much her malice did her might ſurpaſs,
That euen th'Almighty ſelfe ſhe did maligne,
Becauſe to man ſo merciful he was,
And vnto all his creatures ſo benigne,
Sith ſhe her ſelfe was of his grace indigne:
For, all this worlds faire workmanſhip ſhe tride,
Vnto his laſt confuſion to bring,
And that great golden chaine quite to diuide,
With which it bleſſed Concord hath together tide.

31

Such was that hag, which with *Dueſſa* rode;
And ſeruing her in her malicious vſe,
To hurt good knights, was as it were her baude,
To ſell her borrowed beauty to abuſe.
For, though like withered tree, that wanteth iuyce,
Shee old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As freſh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce
Shee was become, by change of her eſtate,
And made full goodly ioyance to her new found mate.

32

Her mate hee was a iolly youthfull Knight,
That bore great ſway in armes and chiualrie,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did deſcry
His fickle mind full of inconſtancie.
And now himſelfe he fitted had right well,
VVith two companions of like qualitie,
Faithleſs *Dueſſa*, and falſe *Paridell*,
That whether were more falſe, full hard it is to tell.

Now

33

Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,
From farre eſpide the famous *Britomart*,
Like knight adventurous in outward view,
With his faire Paragon (his conqueſt part)
Approching nigh, eftſoones his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and ieſting ſaid;
Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your deſart,
Good luck preſents you with yond louely mayd,
For pitty that ye want a fellow for your ayd.

34

By that, the louely paire drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridell* more plaine beheld,
Albe in hart he like affection fond,
Yet mindfull how he late by one was feld,
That did thoſe armes and that ſame ſcutchion weld,
He had ſmall luſt to buy his Loue ſo deare:
But anſwerd, Sir, him wiſe I neuer held,
That hauing once eſcaped perill neere,
VVould afterwards afreſh the ſleeping euill reare.

35

This knight too late his manhood and his might
I did aſſay, that me right dearly coſt;
Ne liſt I for reuenge prouoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies loue, that ſoone is loſt.
The hot-ſpurre youth ſo ſcorning to be croſt,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth hee,
And I without your perill or your coſt,
Will chalenge yond ſame other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him ſcarce could ſee.

36

The warlike *Britonneſſe* her ſoone addreſt,
And with ſuch vncouth welcome did receaue
Her fayned Paramour, her forced gueſt,
That beeing forc't his ſaddle ſoone to leaue,
Himſelfe he did of his new Loue deceaue:
And made himſelfe th'enſample of his folly.
Which done, ſhe paſſed forth not taking leaue,
And left him now as ſad, as whilome iolly,
VVell warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

37

VVhich when his other company beheld,
They to his ſuccour ran with ready ayd:
And finding him vnable once to weld,
They reared him on horſe-back, and vp-ſtayd,
Till on his way they had him forth conuayd:
And all the way with wondrous griefe of mind
And ſhame, he ſhew'd himſelfe to be diſmayd,
More for the Loue which he had left behind,
Then that which he had to Sir *Paridell* reſign'd.

38

Nath'leſſe, he forth did march well as he might,
And made good ſemblance to his company,
Diſſembling his diſeaſe and euill plight;
Till that ere long they chanced to eſpy
Two other knights, that towards them did ply
With ſpeedy courſe, as bent to charge them new.
Whom, when as *Blandamour*, approching nie,
Perceiu'd to be ſuch as they ſeem'd in view,
He was full wo, and gan his former griefe renew.

39

For, th'one of them he perfectly deſcride
To be Sir *Scudamore*, by that he bore
That God of Loue, with wings diſplayed wide;
VVhom mortally he hated euermore,
Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
And eke becauſe his Loue he wonne by right:
VVhich when he thought, it grieued him full ſore,
That through the bruzes of his former fight,
He now vnable was to wreake his old deſpight.

40

For-thy, he thus to *Paridell* beſpake,
Faire Sir, of friendſhip let me now you pray,
That as I late aduentured for your ſake,
The hurts whereof me now from battell ſtay,
Ye will me now with like good turne repay,
And iuſtifie my cauſe on yonder Knight.
Ah Sir! ſaid *Paridell*, doe not diſmay
Your ſelfe for this; my ſelfe will for you fight,
As yee haue done for mee: the left hand rubs the right.

41

With that, he put his ſpurres vnto his ſteed,
VVith ſpeare in reſt, and toward him did fare,
Like ſhaft out of a boaw preuenting ſpeed.
But *Scudamore* was ſhortly well aware
Of his approche, and gan himſelfe prepare
Him to receiue with entertainment meet.
So furiouſly they met, that either bare
The other downe vnder their horſes feete,
That what of them became, themſelues did ſcarcely weet.

42

As when two billowes in the Iriſh ſowndes,
Forcibly driven with contrary tydes,
Doe meet together, each aback rebowndes
With roring rage; and daſhing on all ſides,
That filleth all the Sea with ſome, diuides
The doubtfull current into diuers waies:
So fell thoſe two in ſpight of both their prides;
But *Scudamour* himſelfe did ſoone vp-raiſe,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long vpbraies.

43

VVho, rolled on an heape, lay ſtill in ſwound,
All careleſſe of his taunt and bitter raile:
Till that the reſt him ſeeing lye on ground,
Ran haſtily, to weet what did him ayle.
Where, finding that the breath gan him to faile,
VVith buſie care they ſtroue him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and vndid his maile:
So much they did, that at the laſt they brake
His ſlumber, yet ſo mazed, that he nothing ſpake.

44

Which when-as *Blandamour* beheld, he ſaid,
Falſe faitour *Scudamour*, that haſt by ſlight
And foule aduantage this good knight diſmaid,
A knight much better then thy ſelfe behight;
VVell falles it thee that I am not in plight,
This day, to wreake the damage by thee donne:
Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou dooſt him ouer-ronne;
So haſt thou to thy ſelfe falſe honour often wonne.

Hee

45

Hee little anſwer'd, but in manly hart
His mighty indignation did forbeare;
VVhich was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frowning face appeare:
Like as a gloomy clowd, the which doth beare
An hideous ſtorme, is by the Northen blaſt
Quite over-blowne, yet doth not paſſe ſo cleare,
But that it all the ſky doth over-caſt
With darknes drad, and threatens all the world to waſt.

46

Ah! gentle knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* ſaid,
Why doe ye ſtriue for Ladies loue ſo ſore,
Whoſe chiefe deſire is loue and friendly ayd
Mongſt gentle Knights to nouriſh euermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,
That ſhe your Loue liſt loue another knight,
Ne doe your ſelfe diſlike a whit the more;
For, loue is free, and led with ſelfe delight,
Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might.

47

So falſe *Dueſſa*: but vile *Até* thus;
Both fooliſh Knights, I can but laugh at both,
That ſtriue and ſtorme with ſtirre out-rageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loth,
And loues another, with whom now ſhe go'th
In lonely wiſe, and ſleepes, and ſports, and playes;
Whil'ſt both you heere with many a curſed oth,
Sweare ſhe is yours, and ſtirre vp bloudy frayes,
To win a Willow-bough, whil'ſt other weares the Bayes.

48

Vile hag, ſaid *Scudamore*, why dooſt thou lye?
And falſly ſeek'ſt a vertuous wight to ſhame?
Fond Knight, ſaid ſhee, the thing that with this eye
I ſaw, why ſhould I doubt to tell the ſame?
Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and feare no blame,
Tell what thou ſaw'ſt, maulgre who-ſo it heares.
I ſaw, quoth ſhee, a ſtranger Knight, whoſe name
I wote not well, but in his ſhield he beares
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken ſpeares.

49

I ſaw him haue your *Amoret* at will,
I ſaw him kiſſe, I ſaw him her embrace,
I ſaw him ſleepe with her all night his fill,
All many nights, and many by in place,
That preſent were to teſtifie the caſe.
VVhich when as *Scudamore* did heare, his hart
VVas thrild with inward griefe, as when in chace
The Parthian ſtrikes a Stag with ſhiuering dart,
The beaſt aſtoniſht ſtands in middeſt of his ſmart.

50

So ſtood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
Ne word he had to ſpeake for great diſmay,
But lookt on *Glaucé* grim, who wox affeard
Of out-rage for the words which ſhe heard ſay,
Albe vntrue ſhe wiſt them by aſſay.
But *Blandamour*, when-as he did eſpy
His change of cheere, that anguiſh did bewray,
He wox full blithe, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victorie.

51

Lo, recreant, ſaid he, the fruitleſſe end
Of thy vaine boaſt, and ſpoyle of loue miſgotten,
Whereby the name of knight-hood thou dooſt ſhend,
And all true Louers with diſhonour blotten:
All things not rooted well, will ſoone be rotten.
Fie, fie, falſe knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* cryde,
Vnworthy life that loue with guile haſt gotten;
Be thou, where-euer thou doe goe or ride,
Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights deſide.

52

But *Scudamore* (for paſſing great deſpight)
Staid not to anſwer, ſcarcely did refraine,
But that in all thoſe knights and Ladies ſight,
He for reuenge had guiltleſſe *Glaucé* ſlaine:
But beeing paſt, he thus began amaine;
Falſe traytour Squire, falſe Squire of falſeſt Knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine auenge abſtaine,
Whoſe Lord hath done my Loue this foule deſpight?
Why doe I not it wreake, on thee, now in my might?

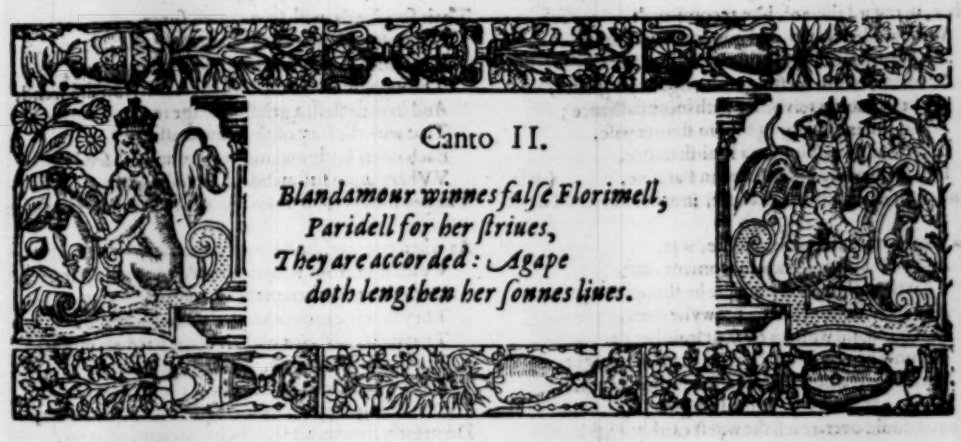
53

Diſcourteous, diſloyall *Britomart*,
Vntrue to God, and vnto man vniuſt,
VVhat vengeance due can equall thy deſart,
That haſt with ſhamefull ſpot of ſinfull luſt
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy truſt?
Let vgly ſhame, and endleſſe infamy
Colour thy name with foule reproaches ruſt.
Yet thou falſe Squire his fault ſhalt deare aby,
And with thy puniſhment his penance ſhalt ſupply.

54

The aged Dame him ſeeing ſo enraged,
Was dead with feare; nath'leſſe as need required,
His flaming furie ſought to haue aſſwaged
VVith ſober words, that ſufferance deſired,
Till time the tryall of her truth expired:
And euermore ſought *Britomart* to cleare.
But he, the more with furious rage was fired,
And thrice his hand to kill her did vpreare,
And thrice he drew it backe: ſo did at laſt forbeare.

Canto



Canto II.

Blandamour winnes falſe Florimell,
Paridell for her ſtriues,
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her ſonnes liues.

1

Firebrand of Hell, firſt tind in *Phlegeton*,
By thouſand Furies, & frō thence out-thrown
Into this world, to worke confuſion,
And ſet it all on fire (by force vnknown)
Is wicked Diſcord; whoſe ſmall ſparks, once blowne,
None but a God, or god-like man can ſlake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when ſtrife was grown
Amongſt thoſe famous impes of *Greece*, did take
His ſiluer Harpe in hand, and ſhortly friends them make.

2

Or ſuch as that celeſtiall Pſalmiſt was,
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,
With heauenly notes that did all other paſs,
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.
Such muſick is wiſe words with time concented,
To moderate ſtiffe mindes, diſpos'd to ſtriue:
Such as that prudent Romane well inuented,
What time his people into parts did riue,
Them reconcil'd againe, and to their homes did driue.

3

Such vs'd wiſe *Glauce* to that wrathfull Knight,
To calme the tempeſt of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearmes of foule deſpight,
And *Paridell* her ſcornd, and ſet at nought,
As old and crooked, and not good for ought.
Both they vnwiſe, and wareleſſe of the euill,
That by themſelues, vnto themſelues is wrought,
Through that falſe VVitch and that foule aged dreuill,
The one a fiend, the other, an incarnate deuill.

4

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a luſtie Knight,
That had a goodly Lady by his ſide,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilome reft
The ſnowy *Florimell*, whoſe beauty bright
Made him ſeeme happy for ſo glorious theft;
Yet was it in due triall but a wandring weft.

5

Which, when as *Blandamour* (whoſe fancie light
Was alwaies flitting, as the wauering winde,
After each beauty that appear'd in ſight)
Beheld, eſtſoones it prickt his wanton mind
With ſting of luſt that reaſons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* theſe words he ſent;
Sir knight, why ride ye dumpiſh thus behind,
Sith ſo good fortune doth to you preſent
So faire a ſpoyle, to make you ioyous meriment?

6

But *Paridell*, that had too late a triall
Of the bad iſſue of his counſell vaine,
Liſt not to harke, but made this faire deniall;
Laſt turne was mine, well proued to my paine:
This now be yours, God ſend you better gaine.
Whoſe ſcoffed words he taking halfe in ſcorne,
Fiercely forth prickt his ſteed, as in diſdaine
Againſt that Knight, ere he him well could torne;
By means wherof, he hath him lightly over-borne.

7

Who, with the ſuddaine ſtroke aſtoniſht ſore,
Vpon the ground awhile in ſlumber lay;
The whiles, his Loue away the other bore,
And ſhewing her, did *Paridell* vpbray;
Lo, ſluggiſh Knight, the Victors happy pray:
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*
Seeing ſo faire indeed (as he did ſay)
His hart with ſecret envy gan to ſwell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had ſped ſo well.

8

Nath'leſſe, proud man himſelfe the other deemed,
Hauing ſo peereleſſe paragon ygot:
For, ſure the faireſt *Florimell* him ſeemed,
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
VVhoſe like aliue on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did ſerue, did wooe,
With humbleſt ſuit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deuiſe, and all things doo,
That might her loue prepare, and liking win thereto.

She

9

Shee, in regard thereof, him recompenc't
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And ſuch fond fauours ſparingly diſpenc't:
Sometimes him bleſſing with a light eye-glance,
And coy lookes tempring with looſe dalliance;
Some-times eſtranging him in ſterner wiſe,
That hauing caſt him in a fooliſh trance,
Hee ſeemed brought to bed in Paradiſe, (wiſe.
And prou'd himſelfe moſt foole, in what he ſeem'd moſt

10

So great a miſtreſſe of her art ſhee was,
And perfectly practiz'd in womans craft,
That though therein himſelfe he thought to paſs,
And by his falſe allurements wylie draft,
Had thouſand women of their loue beraft,
Yet now he was ſurpriz'd: for, that falſe ſpright,
Which that ſame Witch had in his forme engraft,
Was ſo expert in euery ſubtile ſlight,
That it could over-reach the wiſeſt earthly wight.

11

Yet hee to her did daily ſervice more,
And daily more deceiued was thereby;
Yet *Paridell* him envied therefore,
As ſeeming plac't in ſole felicitie:
So blind is luſt, falſe colours to deſcry.
But *Até* ſoone diſcouering his deſire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To ſtir vp ſtrife, twixt loue, and ſpight, and ire,
Did priuily put coales vnto his ſecret fire.

12

By ſundry meanes there-to ſhe prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of thoſe ſpightfull ſpeaches,
Now with opinion of his owne more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendſhip, as that Hag him teaches:
And euer when his paſſion is allayd,
She it reviues, and new occaſion reaches:
That on a time, as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly ſaid:

13

Too boaſtfull *Blandamour*, too long I beare
The open wrongs thou dooſt mee day by day;
Well know'ſt thou, when we friendſhip firſt did ſweare,
The couenant was, that euery ſpoyle or pray
Should equally be ſhar'd betwixt vs tway:
Where is my part then of this Lady bright,
VVhom to thy ſelfe thou takeſt quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or anſwer for thy wrong, as ſhall fall out in fight.

14

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamour*,
And gan this bitter anſwere to him make;
Too fooliſh *Paridell*, that fayreſt flowre
Would'ſt gather faine, and yet no pains would'ſt take:
But not ſo eaſie will I her forſake;
This hand her wonne, this hand ſhall her defend.
With that, they gan their ſhiuering ſpeares to ſhake,
And deadly points at either's breaſt to bend,
Forgetfull each to haue been euer others friend.

15

Their firy ſteeds, with ſo vntamed force,
Did beare them both to fell auenges end,
That both their ſpeares with pittileſſe remorſe,
Through ſhield and maile, and haberjeon did wend,
And in their fleſh a grieſly paſſage rend,
That with the fury of their owne affret,
Each other horſe and man to ground did ſend;
VVhere lying ſtill awhile, both did forget
The perilous preſent ſtound, in which their liues were ſet:

16

As when two warlike Brigandines at ſea,
VVith murdrous weapons arm'd to cruell fight,
Doe meet together on the watry lea,
They ſtemme each other with ſo fell deſpight,
That with the ſhock of their owne heedleſs might,
Their woodden ribs are ſhaken nigh aſunder;
They which from ſhore behold the dreadfull ſight
Of flaſhing fire, and heare the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch vnwonted wonder.

17

At length, they both vpſtarted in amaze;
As men awaked raſhly out of dreme,
And round about themſelues awhile did gaze,
Till ſeeing her that *Florimell* did ſeeme,
In doubt to whom ſhe victory ſhould deeme,
There-with their dulled ſprights they edg'd anew,
And drawing both their ſwords with rage extreeme,
Like two mad maſtiffes, each on other flew, (hew.
And ſhields did ſhare, and mailes did raſh, and helmes did

18

So furiouſly each other did aſſaile,
As if their ſoules they would attonce haue rent
Out of their breaſts, that ſtreames of blood did raile
Adowne, as if their ſprings of life were ſpent;
That all the ground with purple bloud was ſprent,
And all their armours ſtaind with bloudy gore:
Yet ſcarcely once to breathe would they relent;
So mortall was their malice and ſo ſore,
Become of fained friendſhip which they vow'd afore:

19

And that which is for Ladies moſt beſitting,
To ſtint all ſtrife, and foſter friendly peace,
VVas from thoſe Dames ſo far and ſo vnfitting,
As that in ſtead of praying them ſurceaſe,
They did much more their cruelty encreaſe;
Bidding them fight for honor of their loue,
And rather die then Ladies cauſe releaſe.
With which vaine terms ſo much they did them moue,
That both reſolv'd the laſt extremities to proue.

20

There they (I weene) would fight vntill this day,
Had not a Squire (euen he the Squire of Dames)
By great adventure trauelled that way;
VVho ſeeing both bent to ſo bloudy games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weet the cauſe of their debate:
And firſt, layd on thoſe Ladies thouſand blames,
That did not ſeeke t'appeaſe their deadly hate,
But gazed on their harmes, not pittying their eſtate.

And

21

And then, thoſe Knights he humbly did beſeech
To ſtay their hands, till he awhile had ſpoken:
Who lookt a little vp at that his ſpeech,
Yet would not let their battell ſo be broken,
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them ſo earneſtly did call,
And them coniur'd by ſome well known token,
That they at laſt, their wrathfull hands let fall,
Content to heare him ſpeake, and glad to reſt withall.

22

Firſt, he deſir'd their cauſe of ſtrife to ſee:
They ſaid, it was for loue of *Florimell*.
Ah! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that bee?
And ſhe ſo farre aſtray, as none can tell.
Fond Squire, full angry then ſaid *Paridell*,
Seeſt not the Lady there before thy face?
Hee looked backe, and her aviſing well,
Weend as he ſaid, by that her outward grace,
That faireſt *Florimell* was preſent there in place.

23

Glad man was he to ſee that ioyous ſight
(For none aliue but ioy'd in *Florimell*)
And lowely to her louting, thus behight;
Faireſt of faire, that faireneſſe dooſt excell,
This happy day I haue to greet you well,
In which you ſafe I ſee, whom thouſand late
Miſdoubted loſt through miſchiefe that befell;
Long may you liue in health and happy ſtate.
Shee little anſwer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

24

Then turning to thoſe Knights, he gan anew;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
That for this Lady preſent in your view,
Haue rays'd this cruell warre and out-rage fell,
Certes (mee ſeemes) been not adviſed well:
But rather ought in friendſhip for her ſake
To ioyne your force, their forces to repell
That ſeeke perforce her from you both to take;
And of your gotten ſpoyle, their owne triumph to make.

25

There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance ſterne,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him beſpake;
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learne,
That dare fro mee thinke *Florimell* to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many doe partake
Heerein, as thus: It lately ſo befell,
That *Satyrane's* girdle did vp-take,
Well knowne to appertaine to *Florimell*;
Which for her ſake he wore, as him beſeemed well.

26

But, when as ſhee herſelfe was loſt and gone,
Full many Knights, that loued her like deare,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That loſt fayre Ladies ornament ſhould weare,
And gan therefore cloſe ſpight to him to beare:
Which he to ſhun, and ſtop vile Envies ſting,
Hath lately cauſ'd to be proclaim'd each where
A ſolemne feaſt, with publique turneying,
To which all knights with them their Ladies are to bring.

27

And of them all, ſhe that is faireſt found,
Shall haue that golden girdle for reward;
And of thoſe Knights who is moſt ſtout on ground,
Shall to that faireſt Lady be prefard.
Sith therefore ſhe herſelfe is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertaines,
Againſt all thoſe that challenge it to gard,
And ſaue her honour with your ventrous paines;
That ſhall you win more glory, then ye here find gaines.

28

When they the reaſon of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loues regard,
The furious flames of malice to aſſwage.
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithfull friends thence-forth to ioyne in one
With all their force, and battell ſtrong to wage
Gainſt all thoſe knights, as their proteſted tone,
That chaleng'd ought in *Florimell*, ſaue they alone.

29

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly ſort, that laſted but awhile;
And of all old diſlikes they made faire weather:
Yet all was forg'd, and ſpred with golden foyle,
That vnder it hid hate and hollow guile.
Ne certes can that friendſhip long endure,
How-euer gay and goodly be the ſtile,
That doth ill cauſe or euill end enure:
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth harts moſt ſure.

30

Thus, as they marched all in cloſe diſguiſe
Of fained loue, they chaunc't to over-take
Two knights, that linked rode in lonely wiſe,
As if they ſecret counſels did partake;
And each not farre behind him had his Make,
To weet, two Ladies of moſt goodly hew,
That twixt themſelues did gentle purpoſe make,
Vnmindfull both of that diſcordfull crew,
The which with ſpeedy paſe did after them purſew.

31

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appeare,
They ſent that Squire afore, to vnderſtand
What mote they be: who viewing them more neare
Returned ready newes, that thoſe ſame were
Two of the proweſt Knights in Faery lond,
And thoſe two Ladies their two Lovers deare,
Couragious *Cambell*, and ſtout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in lonely bond.

32

Whylome, as antique ſtories tellen vs,
Thoſe two were foes, the felloneſt on ground,
And battell made, the draddeſt dangerous
That euer ſhrilling trumpet did reſound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compiled,
With warlike numbers, and Heroick ſound,
Dan *Chaucer* (Well of Engliſh vndefiled)
On Fames eternall beadroll worthy to be filed.

But

33

But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waſte,
And workes of nobleſt wits to nought out-weare,
That famous moniment hath quite defac't,
And robd the world of threaſure endleſſe deare,
The which mote haue enriched all vs here.
O curſed Eld! the canker-worme of writs;
How may theſe rimes (ſo rude as doth appeare)
Hope to endure, ſith workes of heauenly wits
Are quite deuour'd, & brought to nought by little bits?

34

Then pardon, ô moſt ſacred happy ſpirit,
That I thy labours loſt may thus reuiue,
And ſtale from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durſt euer whil'ſt thou waſt aliue,
And beeing dead, in vaine yet many ſtriue:
Ne dare I like, but through infuſion ſweet
Of thine owne ſpirit (which doth in me ſurviue)
I follow heere the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning ſo I may the rather meet.

35

Cambelloes ſiſter was faire *Canacee*,
That was the learneſt Lady in her dayes,
Well ſeene in euery Science that mote bee
And euery ſecret worke of Natures wayes,
In witty riddles, and in wiſe ſoothſayes,
In power of herbes, and tunes of beaſts and burds:
And (that augmented all her other praiſe)
Shee modeſt was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chaſte of life, yet lov'd of Knights & lords.

36

Full many Lords, and many Knights her loued,
Yet ſhe to none of them her liking lent,
Ne euer was with fond affection moued,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly gouernment,
For dread of blame, and honours blemiſhment:
And eke vnto her lookes a law ſhe made,
That none of them once out of order went;
But like to warie Centonels well ſtayd,
Still watcht on euery ſide, of ſecret foes affraid.

37

So much the more as ſhe refuſ'd to loue,
So much the more ſhe loved was and ſought,
That oftentimes vnquiet ſtrife did moue
Amongſt her Lovers, and great quarrels wrought:
That oft for her in bloody armes they fought.
Which, when as *Cambell* (that was ſtout and wiſe)
Perceiv'd would breed great miſchiefe, he bethought
How to preuent the perill that mote riſe,
And turne both him and her to honour in this wiſe.

38

One day, when all that troupe of war-like wooers
Aſſembled were, to weet whoſe ſhe ſhould bee;
All mighty men, and dreadfull derring dooers
(The harder le to make them wellagree)
Amongſt them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which loue to her did make,
They by conſent ſhould chuſe the ſtoureſt three,
That with himſelfe ſhould combat for her ſake,
And of them all, the Victor ſhould his ſiſter take.

39

Bold was the chalenge, as himſelfe was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which hee atchieu'd to his great ornament:
But yet his ſiſters skill vnto him lent
Moſt confidence and hope of happy ſpeed,
Conceiued by a ring, which ſhee him ſent;
That mongſt the many vertues (which wee reed)
Had power to ſtaunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40

Well was that rings great vertue knowen to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout ſo much appall,
That none of them durſt vndertake the fight:
More wiſe they weend to make of loue delight,
Then life to hazard for faire Ladies looke;
And yet vncertaine by ſuch outward ſight
(Though for her ſake they all that perill tooke)
Whether ſhe would them loue, or in her liking brooke.

41

Amongſt thoſe Knights, there were three brethren bold
(Three bolder brethren neuer were yborne)
Borne of one mother in one happy mold,
Borne at one burden in one happy morne;
Thrice happy mother, and thrice happy morne,
That bore three ſuch, three ſuch not to be fond:
Her name was *Agapé*, whoſe children werne
All three as one: the firſt hight *Priamond*,
The ſecond, *Diamond*, the youngeſt, *Triamond*.

42

Stout *Priamond*, but not ſo ſtrong to ſtrike;
Strong *Diamond*, but not ſo ſtout a knight;
But *Triamond* was ſtout and ſtrong alike:
On horſe-back vſed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
But horſe and foote knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtax vſed *Diamond* to ſmite,
And *Triamond* to handle ſpeare and ſhield,
But ſpeare and curtax both vs'd *Priamond* in field.

43

Theſe three did loue each other dearly well,
And with ſo firme affection were allide,
As if but one ſoule in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divide;
Like three faire branches budding far and wide,
That from one root deriv'd their vitall ſap:
And like that root that doth her life divide,
Their mother was, and had full bleſſed hap,
Theſe three ſo noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44

Their mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of ſecret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which ſhee by art could vſe vnto her will,
And to her ſervice bind each living creature,
Through ſecret vnderſtanding of their feature.
There-to ſhe was right faire, when-ſo her face
Shee liſt diſcouer, and of goodly ſtature;
But ſhe (as Fayes are wont) in priuy place
Did ſpend her dayes, and lov'd in foreſts wilde to ſpace.

There

45

There, on a day, a noble youthly knight,
Seeking adventures in the ſalvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the ſight,
As ſhee ſate careleſſe by a cryſtall flood,
Combing her golden locks, as ſeem'd her good:
And vnawares vpon her laying hold,
That ſtroue in vaine him long to haue withſtood,
Oppreſſed her, and there (as hath been told) (bold.
Got theſe three louely babes, that prov'd three champions

46

VVhich ſhee, with her, long foſtred in that wood,
Till that to ripeneſſe of mans ſtate they grew:
Then ſhewing forth ſignes of their fathers blood,
They loued armes, and knight-hood did enſew,
Seeking adventures where they any knew.
VVhich when their mother ſaw, ſhe gan to doubt
Their ſafetie; leaſt by ſearching dangers new,
And raſh prouoking perils all about, (ſtout.
Their daies mote be abbridged throgh their courage

47

Therefore, deſirous th'end of all their dayes
To knowe, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous ſkill, and many hidden wayes,
To the three fatall Siſters houſe ſhe went.
Farre vnder ground from tract of liuing went,
Downe in the bottom of the deepe *Abyſſ*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darkneſſe pent,
Farre from the view of Gods and heauens bliſſ,
The hideous *Chaos* keepes, their dreadfull dwelling is.

48

There ſhee them found, all ſitting round about
The direfull diſtaffe ſtanding in the mid;
And with vnwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from liuing knowledge hid.
Sad *Clotho* held the rocke, the whiles the thrid
By grieſly *Lachęſis* was ſpun with paine,
That cruell *Atropos* eftſoones vndid,
VVith curſed knife cutting the twiſt in twaine:
Moſt wretched men, whoſe daies depend on thrids ſo vain!

49

Shee them ſaluting, there by them ſate ſtill,
Beholding how the thrids of life they ſpan:
And when at laſt ſhe had beheld her fill,
Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cauſe of comming ſhee to tell began.
To whom, fierce *Atropos*; Bold Fay, that durſt
Come ſee the ſecret of the life of Man,
VVell worthy thou to be of *Ioue* accurſt,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be aſunder burſt.

50

Where-at ſhe ſore affrayd, yet her beſought
To graunt her boone, and rigour to abate,
That ſhe might ſee her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the meaſure of their vtmoſt date,
To them ordained by eternall Fate.
Which *Clotho* graunting, ſhewed her the ſame:
That when ſhe ſaw, it did her much amate,
To ſee their thrids ſo thin, as ſpyders frame,
And eke ſo ſhort, that ſeem'd their ends out ſhortly came.

51

She then began them humbly to intreat
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That ſo their liues might be prolonged late.
But *Lachęſis* thereat gan to repine,
And ſaid, Fond Dame, that deem'ſt of things diuine
As of humane, that they may alter bee,
And chang'd at pleaſure for thoſe Impes of thine.
Not ſo; for, what the Fates doe once decree,
Not all the Gods can change, nor *Ioue* himſelfe can free.

52

Then ſith, quoth ſhe, the tearme of each mans life
For nought may leſſened nor enlarged bee,
Grant this, that when ye ſhred with fatall knife
His line, which is the eldeſt of the three,
VVhich is of them the ſhorteſt, as I ſee,
Eftſoones his life may paſſe into the next:
And when the next ſhall likewiſe ended bee,
That both their liues may likewiſe be annext
Vnto the third, that his may ſo be trebly wext.

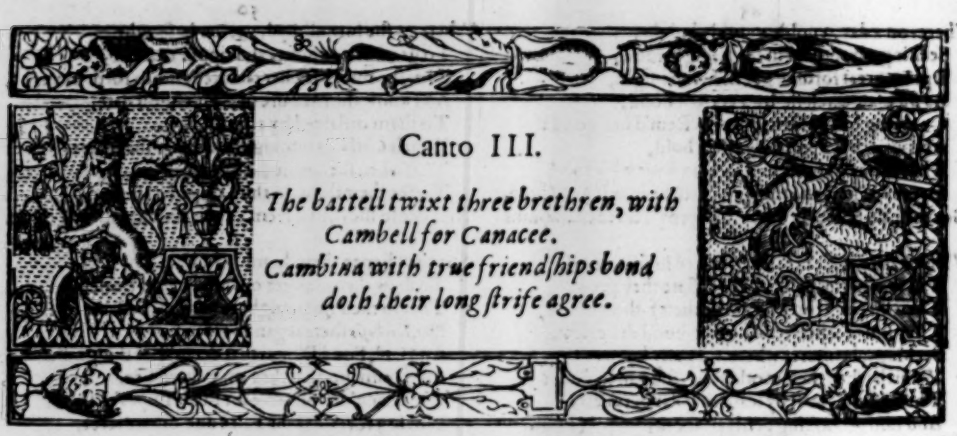
53

They granted it; and then that carefull Fay
Departed thence with full contented mind;
And comming home, in warlike freſh array
Them found all three according to their kind:
But vnto them what deſtiny was aſſign'd,
Or how their liues were eekt, ſhee did not tell;
But euermore, when ſhe fit time could find,
Shee warned them to tend their ſafeties well,
And loue each other deare, what-euer them befell.

54

So did they surely during all their dayes,
And neuer diſcord did amongſt them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praiſe.
And now, t'increaſe affection naturall,
In loue of *Canacee* they ioyned all:
Vpon which ground thus ſame great battell grew
(Great matter growing of beginning ſmall;)
The which for length I will not here purſew;
But rather will reſerue it for a Canto new.

S. *Canto*



Canto III.

The battell twixt three brethren, with Cambell for Canacee.
Cambina with true friendſhips bond doth their long ſtrife agree.

1

O Why doe wretched men ſo much deſire
To draw their dayes vnto the vttmoſt date,
And doe not rather wiſh them ſoone expire,
Knowing the miſery of their eſtate,
And thouſand perils which them ſtil awate,
Toſſing them like a boate amid the Maine,
That euery howre they knocke at Deathes gate?
And hee that happy ſeemes, and leaſt in paine,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that moſt doth plaine.

2

Therefore this Fay I hold but fond and vaine,
The which in ſeeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their paine:
Yet whil'ſt they liued, none did euer ſee
More happy creatures then they ſeem'd to bee,
Nor more ennobled for their curteſie:
That made them dearely lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowmed for their cheualrie:
That made them dreaded much of all men farre and nie.

3

Theſe three that hardy challenge tooke in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was ſet, that all might vnderſtand,
And pledges pawnd the ſame to keepe aright.
That day (the dreddeſt day that liuing wight
Did euer ſee vpon this world to ſhine)
So ſoone as heauens window ſhewed light,
Theſe was like Champions, all in armour ſhine,
Aſſembled were in field, the challenge to define.

4

The field with liſtes was all about enclos'd,
To barre the preaſe of people farre away;
And at th'one ſide ſix Iudges were diſpos'd,
To view and deeme the deeds of armes that day:
And on the other ſide, in freſh array,
Faire *Canacee* vpon a ſtately ſtage
VVas ſet, to ſee the ſemblant of that fray,
And to be ſeene, as his moſt worthy wage,
That could her purchaſe with his liues aduenture'd gage.

5

Then entred *Cambell* firſt into the liſt,
VVith ſtately ſteps, and fearleſſe countenance,
As if the conqueſt his he ſurely wiſt.
Soone after, did the brethren three aduance,
In braue array, and goodly amenance,
With ſcutchins gilt, and banners broad diſplayd;
And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
Thrice louted lowely to the noble Mayd,
The whiles ſhrill trumpets & loud clarions ſweetly playd.

6

VVhich doen, the doughty Chalenger came forth,
All arm'd to poynt, his chalenge to abet;
Gainſt whom, Sir *Priamond* with equall worth,
And equall armes himſelfe did forward ſet.
A trumpet blew; they both together met,
VVith dreadfull force, and furious intent,
Careleſſe of perill in their fierce affret,
As if that life to loſſe they had forelent,
And cared not to ſpare, that ſhould be ſhortly ſpent.

7

Right practicke was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And throughly ſkild in vſe of ſhield and ſpeare;
Ne leſſe approued was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne leſſe his ſkill in weapons did appeare,
That hard it was to weene which harder were.
Full many mighty ſtrokes on either ſide
VVere ſent, that ſeemed death in them to beare;
But they were both ſo watchfull and well eyde,
That they avoyded were, and vainly by did ſlide.

8

Yet one of many was ſo ſtrongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with vnlucky glaunce,
Through *Cambels* ſhoulder it vnwarely went,
That forced him his ſhield to diſadvaunce:
Much was he grieued with that graceleſſe chaunce;
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous paine, that did the more enhaunce
His haughty courage to avengement fell: (ſwell.
Smart daunts not mightie harts, but makes them more to

VVith

9

With that, his poynant ſpeare he fierce adventured,
VVith double force cloſe vnderneath his ſhield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arreſting ready way did yield,
For bloud to guſh forth on the graſſie field;
That he for paine himſelfe n'ote right vp-reare,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oake, whoſe pith and ſap is ſeare,
At puffe of euery ſtorme doth ſtagger heere and there.

10

Whom ſo diſmaid when *Cambell* had eſpide,
Againe he droue at him with double might,
That nought mote ſtay the ſteele, till in his ſide
The mortall poynt moſt cruelly empight:
Where faſt infixed, whil'ſt he ſought by ſlight
It forth to wreſt, the ſtaffe aſunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which deſpight
He all enrag'd, his ſhiuering ſpeare did ſhake,
And charging him afreſh, thus felly him beſpake;

11

Lo faitour, there thy meed vnto thee take,
The meed of thy miſchalenge and abet:
Not for thine owne, but for thy ſiſters ſake,
Haue I thus long thy life vnto thee let:
But, to forbeare, doth not forgiue the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathfull vow;
And paſſing forth with furious affret,
Pearc't through his beuer quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12

There-with a ſunder in the midſt it braſt,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left;
The other halfe behind yet ſticking faſt,
Out of his head-peece *Cambell* fiercely reft:
And with ſuch fury back at him it heft,
That making way vnto his deareſt life,
His weaſand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence ſtreames of purple bloud, iſſuing rife,
Let forth his weary ghoſt, and made an end of ſtrife.

13

His weary ghoſt, aſſoyld from fleſhly band,
Did not (as others wont) directly flie
Vnto her reſt in *Plutoes* grieſly land;
Ne into ayre did vaniſh preſently,
Ne changed was vnto a ſtarre in ſky:
But through traduction was eftſoones deriued,
Like as his mother prayd the Deſtinie,
Into his other brethren, that ſurviued;
In whom he liu'd anew, of former life depriued.

14

Whom, when on ground his brother next beheld,
Though ſad and ſory for ſo heauy ſight,
Yet leaue vnto his ſorrow did not yield:
But rather ſtird to vengeance and deſpight,
Through ſecret feeling of his generous ſpright,
Ruſht fiercely forth, the battell to renew,
As in reuerſion of his brothers right;
And chalenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was ſoone addreſt: the trumpets freſhly blew.

15

VVith that, they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to deuoure;
And with their axes both ſo ſorely bet,
That neither plate nor maile, where-as their powre
They felt, could once ſuſtaine the hideous ſtowre,
But riued were, like rotten wood aſunder,
Whil'ſt throgh their rifts the ruddy bloud did ſhowre,
And fire did flaſh, like lightning after thunder,
That fild the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

16

As when two Tigers prickt with hungry rage
Haue by good fortune found ſome beaſts freſh ſpoyle,
On which they weene their famine to aſſwage,
And gaine a feaſtfull guerdon of their toyle,
Both falling out, doe ſtirre vp ſtrife-full broyle,
And cruell battell twixt themſelues doe make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the ſoyle,
But either ſdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly theſe Knights ſtroue for that Ladies ſake.

17

Full many ſtroakes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two:
Yet they were all with ſo good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That ſtill the life ſtood feareleſs of her foe:
Till *Diamond*, diſdeigning long delay
Of doubtfull fortune wauering to and fro,
Reſolv'd to end it one or other way;
And heau'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty ſway.

18

The dreadfull ſtroake, in caſe it had arriued,
VVhere it was meant (ſo deadly was it ment)
The ſoule had ſure out of the body riued,
And ſtinted all the ſtrife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did preuent:
For, ſeeing it at hand, he ſwaru'd aſide,
And ſo gaue way vnto his fell intent:
Who miſſing of the marke which he had eyde, (ſlide.
Was with the force nigh feld, whilſt his right food did

19

As when a Vulture greedy of his pray,
Through hunger long, that hart to him doth lend,
Strikes at at Heron with all his bodies ſway,
That from his force ſeemes nought may it defend;
The wary fowle, that ſpies him toward bend,
His dreadfull ſouſe avoydes, it ſhunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vaine to ſpend;
That with the weight of his owne weeldleſſe might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and ſcarce recouereth flight.

20

Which faire adventure when *Oumbello* ſpide,
Full lightly, ere himſelfe he could recouer
From dangers dread to ward his naked ſide,
He can let driue at him with all his power,
And with his axe him ſmote in euill howre,
That from his ſhoulders quite his head he reft:
The headleſſe trunk, as heedleſſe of that ſtowre,
Stood ſtill awhile, and his faſt footing kept,
Till feeling life to faile, it fell, and deadly ſlept.

21

They, which that pittious ſpectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the head-leſſe trunke to ſee
Stand vp ſo long, and weapon vaine to weld,
Vnweeting of the Fates diuine decree,
For lifes ſucceſſion in thoſe brethren three.
For, notwithſtanding that one ſoule was reft,
Yet had the body not diſmembred bee,
It would haue liued, and reuiued eft;
But, finding no fit ſeate, the life-leſſe corſe it left.

22

It left; but that ſame ſoule which therein dwelt,
Straight entring into *Triamond*, him fild
With double life, and grieſe; which when he felt,
As one whoſe inner parts had been ythrild
With poynt of ſteele, that cloſe his hart-bloud ſpild,
He hiphly leapt out of his place of reſt,
And ruſhing forth into the empty field,
Againſt *Cambello* fiercely him addreſt;
Who, him affronting, ſoone to fight was ready preſt.

23

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight
After he had ſo often wounded beene,
Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth aduauncing ſeene,
Some new-borne wight ye would him ſurely weene:
So freſh he ſeemed, and ſo fierce in ſight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teene
Hath worne to nought, now feeling Sommers might,
Caſts off his ragged skin, and freſhly doth him dight.

24

All was through vertue of the ring he wore,
The which not onely did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did reſtore
His weakned powers, and dulled ſpirits whet,
Through working of the ſtone therein yſet.
Elſe how could one of equall might with moſt,
Againſt ſo many no leſſe mighty met,
Once thinke to match three ſuch on equall coſt?
Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſant hoſt.

25

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
Ne deſperate of glorious victory,
But ſharply him aſſayld, and ſore beſted,
VVith heapes of ſtroakes, which he at him let flie,
As thicke as hayle forth poured from the ſky:
Hee ſtroke, he ſouſt, he foynd, he hew'd, he laſht,
And did his iron brond ſo faſt apply,
That from the ſame the fiery ſparkles flaſht,
As faſt as water-ſprinkles gainſt a rock are daſht.

26

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blowes:
So thick they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
That he was forc't (from danger of the throwes)
Backe to retire, and ſome-what to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce fury he had ſpent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afreſh, with new encouragement,
Did him aſſaile, and mightily amate,
As faſt as forward earſt, now backward to retrate:

27

Like as the tyde that comes fro th'Ocean maine,
Flowes vp the Shenan with contrary force,
And ouer-ruling him in his owne raine,
Drines backe the current of his kindly courſe,
And makes it ſeeme to haue ſome other ſourſe:
But when the floud is ſpent, then back againe
His borrowed waters forc't to redisbourſe,
He ſends the ſea his owne with double gaine,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soueraigne.

28

Thus did the battell vary to and fro,
With diuerſe fortune doubtfull to be deemed:
Now this the better had, now had his foe;
Then he halfe vanquiſht, then the other ſeemed;
Yet Victors both themſelues alwaies eſteemed.
And all the while, the diſentrayled bloud,
Adowne their ſides like little riuers ſtremed;
That with the waſting of his vitall flood,
Sir *Triamond* at laſt, full faint and feeble ſtood.

29

But *Cambell* ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
Ne felt his bloud to waſte, ne powres emperiſht,
Through that rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cheriſht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruſes guariſht:
Like as a withered tree through husbands toyle
Is often ſeene full freſhly to haue floriſht,
And fruitfull apples to haue borne awhile,
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the ſoyle.

30

Through which aduantage, in his ſtrength he roſe,
And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous might,
That through the ſeame, which did his hauberk cloſe,
Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
That downe he fell, as dead in all mens ſight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did die,
As all men doe, that loſe the liuing ſpright:
So did one ſoule out of his body fly
Vnto her natiue home, from mortall miſery.

31

But natheleſſe, whilſt all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All vnawares he ſtarted vp anon,
As one that had out of a dreame been rear'd,
And freſh aſſayld his foe; who halfe affeard
Of th'vncouth ſight, as he ſome ghoſt had ſeene,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard;
Till hauing often by him ſtriken beene,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſaue himſelfe from teene.

32

Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,
As one in feare the *Stygian* gods t'offend,
Ne follow'd on ſo faſt, but rather ſought
Himſelfe to ſaue, and danger to defend,
Then life and labour both in vaine to ſpend.
Which *Triamond* perceiuing, weened ſure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he ſhould not long on foote endure;
A ſigne which did to him the victory aſſure.

Whereof

33

Whereof full blithe, eftſoones his mighty hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that ſame blowe
To make an end of all that did withſtand:
VVhich *Cambell* ſeeing come, was nothing ſlowe
Himſelfe to ſaue from that ſo deadly throwe;
And at that inſtant reaching forth his ſword,
Cloſe vnderneath his ſhield, that ſcarce did ſhowe,
Strooke him, as he his hand to ſtrike vp-reard,
In th'arm-pit ful, that throgh both ſides the woūd appeard.

34

Yet ſtill that direfull ſtroke kept on his way,
And falling heauy on *Cambelles* creſt,
Strooke him ſo hugely, that in ſwoune he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impreſt:
And ſure, had it not happily found reſt
Vpon the brim of his broad plated ſhield,
It would haue cleft his braine downe to his breſt.
So both at once fell dead vpon the field,
And each to other ſeem'd the victory to yield.

35

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened ſure the war was at an end,
And Iudges roſe, and Marſhals of the field
Broke vp the liſtes, their armes away to rend,
And *Canacee* gan waile her deareſt friend.
All ſuddenly they both vpſtarted light,
The one out of the ſwound, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another ſpright,
And fiercely each aſſayling, gan afreſh to fight.

36

Long while they then continued in that wiſe,
As it but then the battell had begonne:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did deſpiſe,
Ne either car'd to ward, or perill ſhonne,
Deſirous both to haue the battell donne;
Ne either cared life to ſaue or ſpill,
Ne which of them did winne, ne which were wonne.
So weary, both of fighting had their fill,
That life it ſelfe ſeem'd loathſome, and long ſafety ill.

37

Whil'ſt thus the caſe in doubtfull balance hong,
Vnſure to whether ſide it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with ruefull tine,
And ſecret feare to ſee their fatall fine;
All ſuddenly they heard a troublous noyſe,
That ſeem'd ſome perilous tumult to deſine,
Confus'd with womens cries, and ſhouts of boyes;
Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoyes.

38

Thereat the Champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
To weeten what that ſudden clamour ment;
Lo, where they ſpide with ſpeedy whirling paſe,
One in a charet of ſtrange furniment,
Towards them driuing like a ſtorme out ſent.
The Charet decked was in wondrous wiſe,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Perſian Monarks antique guiſe
Such as the maker ſelfe could beſt by art deuiſe.

39

And drawne it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lions, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruell mood,
T'obey their riders heſt, as ſeemed good.
And therein ſate a Lady paſſing faire
And bright, that ſeemed borne of Angels brood,
And with her beauty, bounty did compare,
Whether of them in her ſhould haue the greater ſhare.

40

Thereto ſhe learned was in Magicke leare,
And all the artes, that ſubtill wits diſcouer,
Hauing therein been trained many a yeare,
And well inſtructed by the Fay her mother,
That in the ſame ſhe farre exceld all other.
Who vnderſtanding by her mighty art,
Of th'euill plight, in which her deareſt broother
Now ſtood, came forth in haſte to take his part,
And pacifie the ſtrife, which cauſd ſo deadly ſmart.

41

And as ſhe paſſed through th'vnruly preace
Of people, thronging thick her to behold,
Her angry teame breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heapes of them, like ſheepe in narrow fold,
For haſte did ouer-runne, in duſt enrould;
That throrough rude confuſion of the rout,
Some fearing ſhrieckt, ſome being harmed hould,
Some laught for ſport, ſome did for wonder ſhout,
And ſom that wold ſeem wiſe, their wonder turnd to dout.

42

In her right hand a rod of peace ſhe bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in louely lore,
And by the tayles together firmely bound,
And both were with one oliue garland crownd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* ſonne doth wield,
Wherewith the helliſh fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup ſhe hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim vp-fild.

43

Nepenthe is a drinke of ſoueraigne grace,
Deuiſed by the gods, for to aſſwage
Hearts griefe, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which ſtirs vp anguiſh and contentious rage:
In ſtead thereof, ſweet peace and quiet age
It doth eſtabliſh in the troubled mind.
Fewe men, but ſuch as ſober are and ſage,
Are by the gods to drinke thereof aſſyn'd;
But ſuch as drink, eternall happineſſe do finde.

44

Such famous men, ſuch Worthies of the earth,
As *Ioue* will haue aduaunced to the skie,
And there made gods, though borne of mortal berth,
For their high merits and great dignity,
Are went, before they may to heauen flie,
To drink hereof; whereby all cares forepaſt
Are waſht away quite from their memory.
So did thoſe olde Heroës hereof taſte,
Before that they in bliſs amongſt the gods were plac't.

45
Much more of price and of more gracious powre
Is this, then that ſame water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunke in happy houre,
Deſcribed by that famous Tuſcane penne:
For, that had might to change the harts of men
Fro loue to hate, a change of euill choiſe:
But this doth hatred make in loue to brenne,
And heauy heart with comfort doth reioyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yeeld his voice?

46
At laſt, arriuing by the liſtes ſide,
She with her rod did ſoftly ſmite the raile;
Which ſtreight flew ope, and gaue her way to ride.
Eftſoones out of her Coach ſhe gan availe,
And paſſing fairely forth did bid All haile,
Firſt to her brother, whom ſhe loued deare,
That ſo to ſee him made her hart to quaile:
And next to *Cambell*, whoſe ſad ruefull cheare
Made her to change her hew, and hidden loue t'appeare.

47
They lightly her requit (for, ſmall delight
They had as then her long to entertaine.)
And eft them turned both againe to fight.
Which when ſhe ſawe, downe on the bloudy Plaine
Her ſelfe ſhe threw, and teares gan ſhed amaine;
Amongſt her teares immixing prayers meeke,
And (with her prayers, reaſons to reſtraine
From bloudy ſtrife, and bleſſed peace to ſeeke)
By all that vnto them was deare, did them beſeeke.

48
But when as all might nought with them prevaile,
She ſmote them lightly with her powrefull wand.
Then ſuddenly, as if their harts did faile,
Their wrathfull blades downe fell out of their hand,
And they like men aſtoniſht ſtill did ſtand.
Thus whil'ſt their minds were doubtfully diſtraught,
And mighty ſpirits bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drinke ſhe raught,
Whereof full glad for thirſt, each drunk an hasty draught.

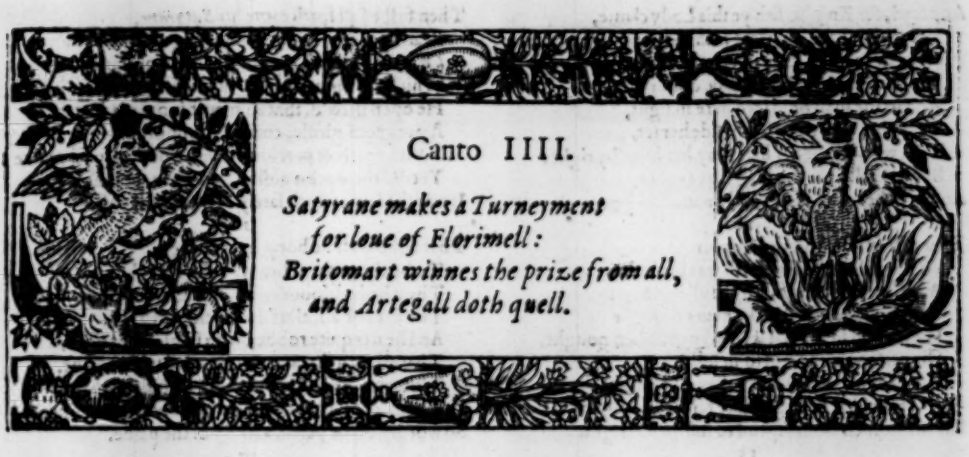
49
Of which ſo ſoone as they once taſted had
(Wonder it is that ſudden change to ſee.)
In ſtead of ſtrokes, each other kiſſed glad,
And louely haulſt from feare of treaſon free,
And plighted hands for euer friends to be.
When all men ſaw this ſudden change of things,
So mortall foes ſo friendly to agree,
For paſſing ioy, which ſo great maruaile brings,
They all gan ſhout aloud, that all the heauen rings.

50
All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
In haſte ſhe from her lofty chaire deſcended,
To weet what ſudden tidings was befeld:
Where when ſhe ſaw that cruell war ſo ended,
And deadly foes ſo faithfully affrended,
In louely wiſe ſhe gan that Lady greet,
VVhich had ſo great diſmay ſo well amended;
And entertaining her with curt'ſies meet,
Profeſt to her true friendſhip and affection ſweet.

51
Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The trumpets ſounded, and they all aroſe,
Thence to depart with glee and gladſome cheere.
Thoſe warlike Champions both together choſe,
Homeward to march, themſelues there to repoſe:
And wiſe *Cambina*, taking by her ſide
Faire *Canacee* as freſh as morning roſe,
Vnto her Coach remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

52
Where making ioyous feaſts, their dayes they ſpent
In perfect loue, deuoid of hatefull ſtrife,
Allide with bands of mutuall couplement;
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And *Cambell* tooke *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other liefe,
So all alike did loue, and loued were,
That ſince their daies ſuch louers were not foūd elſwhere.

Canto



Canto IIII.

Satyrane makes a Turneyment
for loue of Florimell:
Britomart winnes the prize from all,
and Artegall doth quell.

1

IT often fals (as here it earſt befell)
That mortall foes, do turne to faithful friends;
That friends profeſt, are chang'd to foe-mē fel:
The cauſe of both, of both their liues depē ds;
And th'end of both, likewiſe of both their ends.
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with th'occaſion ends;
And friendſhip, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded ſeeds.

2

That well (me ſeemes) appeares, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird vp twixt *Scudamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by courſe befalls me here to tell:
Who, hauing thoſe two other knights eſpide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to haue them both deſcride,
And eke thoſe masked Ladies riding them beſide.

3

Who, back returning, tolde as he had ſeene,
That they were doughty knights of dreaded name;
And thoſe two Ladies, their two loues vnſeene;
And therefore wiſht them without blot or blame,
To let them paſs at will, for dread of ſhame.
But *Blandamour* full of vainglorious ſpright,
And rather ſtird by his diſcordfull Dame,
Vpon them gladly would haue prov'd his might,
But that he yet was ſore of his late luckleſſe fight.

4

Yet nigh approching, he them foule beſpake,
Diſgracing them, himſelfe thereby to grace,
As was his wont; ſo weening way to make
To Ladies loue, where-ſo he came in place,
And with ſewd tearmes their louers to deface.
Whoſe ſharp prouokement them incenſt ſo ſore,
That both were bent t'auenge his vſage baſe,
And gan their ſhields addreſſe themſelues afore:
For, euill deeds may better then bad words be bore.

5

But faire *Cambina*, with perſwaſions mild,
Did mitigate the fierceneſſe of their mode,
That for the preſent they were reconcyl'd,
And gan to treat of deeds of armes abroad,
And ſtrange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongſt the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great Turney, which was blazed broad,
For that rich girdle of faire *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beauty moſt excell.

6

To which folke-mote they all with one conſent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whoſe beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to trauell, and their fortunes try.
So as they paſſed forth, they did eſpy
One in bright armes with ready ſpeare in reſt,
That toward them his courſe ſeem'd to apply,
Gainſt whom Sir *Paridell* himſelfe addreſt,
Him weening, ere he nigh approacht, to haue repreſt.

7

Which th'other ſeeing, gan his courſe relent,
And vaunted ſpeare eftſoones to diſaduance,
As if he nought but peace and pleaſure ment,
Now faine into their fellowſhip by chance;
Whereat they ſhewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His rouing eye did on the Lady glaunce,
VVhich *Blandamour* had riding by his ſide:
Whom ſure he weend, that he ſomwhere tofore had eyde.

8

It was to weet, that ſnowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Eraggadocchio* wonne:
VVhom he now ſeeing, her remembred well,
How hauing reft her from the Witches ſonne,
He ſoone her loſt: wherefore he now begonne
To challenge her anew, as his owne prize,
VVhom formerly he had in battell wonne,
And proffer made by force her to repriſe:
Which ſcornfull offer *Blandamour* gan ſoone deſpiſe.

And

9

And sayd, Sir Knight, sith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to lose so light,
(For, so to lose a Lady, were great shame)
Yee shall her winne, as I haue done in fight:
And lo she shall be placed here in sight,
Together with this Hag beside her set,
That who-so winnes her, may her haue by right:
But he shall haue the Hag that is ybet,
And with her alwaies ride, till he another get.

10

That offer pleased all the company.
So *Florimell* with *Até* forth was brought;
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadocchio* said, he neuer thought
For such an Hag, that seemed worse then nought,
His person to imperill so in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had sought
Another like, that were like faire and bright,
His life he then would spend to iustifie his right.

11

At which his vaine excuse they all gan smile,
As scorning his vnmanly cowardize:
And *Florimell* him foully gan reuile,
That for her sake refus'd to enterprise
The battell, offred in so knightly wise.
And *Até* eke prouok't him priuily,
With loue of her, and shame of such mesprise.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For, in base mind nor friendship dwels nor enmity.

12

But *Cambell* thus did shut vp all in iest,
Braue Knights and Ladies, certes ye doe wrong
To stirre vp strife, when most vs needeth rest,
That we may vs reserue both fresh and strong,
Against the Turneiment which is not long:
When who-so list to fight, may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges yee may prolong;
And then it shall be tried if ye will,
Whether shall haue the Hag, or hold the Lady still.

13

They all agreed: so turning all to game,
And pleasant bord, they past forth on their way.
And all that while, where-so they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their sport and play.
Till that at length vpon th'appointed day,
Vnto the place of Turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in fresh array
Many a braue knight, and many a dainty dame
Assembled, for to get the honour of that game.

14

There this faire crew arriuing, did diuide
Themselues asunder: *Blandamour* with those
Of his, on th'one; the rest on th'other side.
But boastfull *Braggadocchio* rather chose,
For glory vaine their fellowship to lose,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The rest themselues in troupes did else dispose,
Like as it seemed best to euery one;
The knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

15

Then first of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relique in an arke
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:
Which drawing softly forth out of the darke,
He open shew'd, that all men it mote marke;
A gorgeous girdle, curiously embost
With pearle & precious stone, worth many a marke;
Yet did the workmanship farre passe the cost:
It was the same which lately *Florimell* had lost.

16

That same aloft he hong in open view,
To be the prize of beauty and of might;
The which eftsoones, discouered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with close delight,
And hearts quite robbed with so glorious sight,
That all men threw out vowes and wishes vaine.
Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy knight,
Them seem'd, that could so goodly riches gaine,
So worthy of the perill, worthy of the paine.

17

Then tooke the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great speare, such as he wont to wield,
And vauncing forth from all the other band
Of knights, addrest his maiden-headed shield,
Shewing himselfe all ready for the field.
Gainst whom, there singled from the other side
A Painim knight, that well in armes was skild,
And had in many a battell oft been tride,
Hight *Brunchenall* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

18

So furiously they both together met,
That neither could the others force sustaine.
As two fierce Buls, that striue the rule to get
Of all the heard, meet with so hideous maine,
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plaine:
So these two Champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remaine,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

19

Which when the noble *Ferramont* espide,
He pricked forth in ayde of *Satyran*;
And him against, Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the strength and stifnesse that he can.
But the more strong and stifly that he ran,
So much more sorely to the ground he fell,
That on a heape were tumbled horse and man.
Vnto whose reskew forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewise with that same speare he eke did quell.

20

Which *Braggadocchio* seeing, had no will
To hasten greatly to his parties ayd,
Albee his turne were next; but stood there still,
As one that seemed doubtfull or dismayd.
But *Triamond*, halfe wroth to see him staid,
Sternly stept forth, and raught away his speare,
With which so sore he *Ferramont* assaid,
That horse and man to ground he quite did beare,
That neither could in haste themselues again vpreare.

Which

21

Which to auenge, Sir *Deuon* him did dight,
But with no better fortune then the reſt:
For, him likewiſe he quickly downe did ſmight,
And after him, Sir *Douglas* him addreſt,
And after him, Sir *Palmord* forth preſt:
But none of them againſt his ſtrokes could ſtand;
But all the more, the more his praiſe increaſt,
For, either they were left vpon the land,
Or went away ſore wounded of his haplеs hand.

22

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the ſwoune, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one diſmayd,
VVhen as he ſawe the mercileſſe affray,
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
Vnto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almoſt rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himſelfe he wiſht haue been, that in ſo bad a ſtead.

23

Eſtſoones he gan to gather vp around
His weapons, which lay ſcattered all abroad;
And as it fell, his ſteed he ready found,
Or whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like ſparke of fire, that from the anvile glode,
There where he ſawe the valiant *Triamond*
Chaſing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withſtond,
So dreadfull were his ſtrokes, ſo deadly was his hond.

24

VVith that, at him his beam-like ſpeare he aymed,
And thereto all his powre and might applyde:
The wicked ſteele for miſchiefe firſt ordained,
And hauing now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arriued in his ſide,
And therein made a very grieſly wound,
That ſtreames of bloud his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direfull ſtound,
That ſcarſe he him vpheld from falling in a ſwound.

25

Yet as he might, himſelfe he ſoft with-drew
Out of the field, that none perceiu'd it plaine.
Then gan the part of Chalengers anew
To range the field, and Victor-like to raine,
That none againſt them battell durſt mainetaine.
By that the gloomy euening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refraine,
And trumpets ſound to ceaſe did them compell.
So *Satyrane* that day was iudg'd to beare the bell.

26

The morrow next the Turney gan anew,
And with the firſt, the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th'other ſide, full many a warlike ſwaine
Aſſembled were, that glorious prize to gaine.
But mongſt them all, was not Sir *Triamond*,
Vnable he new battell to darraine,
Through grieuance of his late receiued wound,
That doubly did him grieue, when-ſo himſelfe he found.

27

Which *Cambell* ſeeing, though he could not ſalue,
Ne done vndoe, yet for to ſalue his name,
And purchaſe honour in his friends behalue,
This goodly counterfeſance he did frame.
The ſhield and armes well knowne to be the ſame,
Which *Triamond* had worne, vnwares to wight,
And to his friend vnwitt, for doubt of blame,
If he miſdid; he on himſelfe did dight,
That none could him diſcerne, and ſo went forth to fight.

28

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found,
Triumphing in great ioy and iolity;
Gainſt whom none able was to ſtand on ground;
That much he gan his glory to envy.
And caſt t'auenge his friends indignitie.
A mighty ſpeare eſtſoones at him he bent;
Who ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly,
Met him mid-way with equall hardiment,
That forcibly to ground, they both together went.

29

They vp againe themſelues can lightly reare,
And to their tryed ſwords themſelues betake;
With which they wrought ſuch wondrous maruels (there
That all the reſt it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their perill to partake;
Now cuffing cloſe, now chaſing to and fro,
Now hurtling round, aduantage for to take:
As two wild Boares together grapling goe,
Chauſing, and foming choler, each againſt his foe.

30

So as they courſt, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunſt Sir *Satyrane* his ſteed at laſt,
Whether through foundring or through ſodain feare,
To ſtumble, that his rider nigh he caſt;
VVhich vantage *Cambell* did purſue ſo faſt,
That ere himſelfe he had recouered well,
So ſore he ſowſt him on the compaſt creaſt,
That forced him to leaue his lofty ſell,
And rudely tumbling downe vnder his horſe feet fell.

31

Lightly *Cambello* leapt downe from his ſteed,
For to haue rent his ſhield and armes away,
That whylome wont to be the Victors meed;
VVhen all vnwares he felt an hideous ſway
Of many ſwords that load on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclоſed round,
To reſcue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge ſtrokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him priſoner, where he ſtood on ground.

32

He with their multitude was nought diſmayd,
But with ſtout courage turnd vpon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him layd;
Of which he dealt large almes, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall,
Into the hunters toyſe, doth rage and rore,
In royall hart diſdaining to be thrall;
But all in vaine: for what might one doe more?
They haue him taken captiue, though it grieue him ſore.

Where-

33
Whereof when newes to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he ſoone forgot;
And ſtarting vp, ſtraight for his armour ſought:
In vaine he ſought; for, there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambelloes armes therefore he on him threw,
And lightly iſſewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troupe found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full ſory to his vew.

34
Into the thickeſt of that knightly preace
He thruſt, and ſmote downe all that was betweene,
Caried with fervent zeale; ne did he ceaſſe,
Till that he came where he had *Cambell* ſeene,
Like captiue thrall two other Knights atweene,
There he amongſt them cruell hauock makes;
That they which lead him, ſoone enforced beene
To let him looſe to ſaue their proper ſtakes:
Who, beeing freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

35
With that he driues at them with dreadfull might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harme,
And in revengement of his owne deſpight;
So both together giue a new allarme,
As if but now the battell waxed warme.
As when two greedy Wolues do breake by force
Into an heard, farre from the husband farme,
They ſpoyle and rauine without all remorſe;
So did theſe two through all the field, their foes enforce.

36
Fircely they follow'd on their bold emprize,
Till trumpets ſound did warne them all to reſt;
Then all with one conſent did yield the prize
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the beſt.
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releaſt.
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transferd;
Each labouring to advance the others geſt,
And makes his praiſe before his owne preferd:
So that the doome was to another day differd.

37
The laſt day came, when all thoſe knights againe
Aſſembled were, their deeds of armes to ſhew.
Full many deeds that day were ſhewed plaine:
But *Satyrane* boue all the other crewe,
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view,
For, from the firſt he to the laſt endured:
And though ſome while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recured,
And with vnwearied powre his party ſtill aſſured.

38
Ne was there Knight that euer thought of armes,
But that his vtmoſt proweſſe there made knowen,
That by their many wounds, and careleſſe harmes,
By ſhiuered ſpeare, and ſwords all vnder ſtrowen,
By ſcattered ſhields was eaſie to be ſhowen.
There might ye ſee looſe ſteeds at random ronne,
Whoſe luckleſſe riders late were overthrowen;
And Squires make haſte to help their Lords fordonne:
But ſtill the Knights of Maidenhead the better wonne;

39
Till that there entred on the other ſide,
A ſtranger knight, from whence no man could reed,
In queynt diſguiſe, full hard to be deſcride.
For, all his armour was like ſaluage weed,
VVith woody moſſe bedight, and all his ſteed
With oaken leaues attrapt, that ſeemed fit
For ſaluage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word which on his ragged ſhield was writ,
Saluageſſe ſans fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret wit.

40
Hee at his firſt in-comming, charg'd his ſpeare
At him, that firſt appeared in his ſight:
That was to weet, the ſtout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was knowen to be a valiant Knight,
Approued oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the firſt encounter downe he ſmote,
And ouer-bore beyond his crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, ſo ſore, that none him life behote.

41
Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seuen Knights, one after other as they came:
And when his ſpeare was burſt, his ſword he drew,
The inſtrument of wrath, and with the ſame
Far'd like a lion in his bloudy game,
Hewing, and ſlaſhing ſhields, and helmets bright,
And beating downe what euer nigh him came;
That euery one gan ſhun his dreadfull ſight,
No leſſe then death it ſelfe in dangerous affright.

42
Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,
That did amongſt the troupes ſo tyrannize;
And each of other gan enquire his name.
But when they could not learne it by no wiſe,
Moſt anſwerable to his wild diſguiſe
It ſeemed, him to tearm the ſaluage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwiſe,
Thogh known to few, that *Arthegal* he hight, (might.
The doughtieſt knight that liv'd that day, and moſt of

43
Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band,
By his ſole manhood and atchieuement ſtout
Diſmayd, that none of them in field durſt ſtand,
But beaten were, and chaſed all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till euening, that the Sunne gan downward bend.
Then ruſhed forth out of the thickeſt rout
A ſtranger knight, that did his glory ſhend;
So, nought may be eſteemed happy till the end.

44
He at his entrance charg'd his powrefull ſpeare
At *Arthegall*, in middeſt of his pride;
And therewith ſmote him on his Vmbriere
So ſore, that tombling backe, he downe did ſlide
Ouer his horſes taile aboue a ſtride;
Whence little luſt he had to riſe againe.
Which *Cambell* ſeeing, much the ſame enuide,
And ran at him with all his might and maine;
But ſhortly was likewiſe ſeene lying on the Plaine.

Where-

45
Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And cast t'avenge the shame doen to his friend:
But by his friend, himselfe eke soone he fond
In no lesse need of helpe, then him he weend.
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith displeased sore,
And thought in mind it shortly to amend:
His speare he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, then the rest afore.

46
Full many others at him likewise ran:
But all of them likewise dismounted were.
Ne certes wonder, for, no powre of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted speare,
The which this famous *Britomart* did beare;
With which she wondrous deeds of arms atchieued,
And overthrew what euer came her neare,
That all those stranger knights full sore agrieued,
And that late weaker band of challengers relieued.

47
Like as in sommers day, when raging heat
Doth burne the earth, and boyled riuers dry,
That all brute beasts forc't to refraine fro meat,
Doe hunt for shade, where shrowded they may lie,
And missing it, faine from themselues to flie;
All trauellers tormented are with paine:
A watry clowd doth ouercast the skie,
And poureth forth a sudden shoure of raine,
That all the wretched world recomforteth againe:

48
So did the warlike *Britomart* restore
The prize, to knights of Maydenhead that day
(Which else was like to haue been lost) and bore
The prayse of prowesse from them all away.
Then shrilling trompets loudly gan to bray,
And bade them leaue their labours and long toyle,
To ioyous feast and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize should win that precious spoyle:
Where I with sound of trumpe will also rest awhile.

Canto V.

The Ladies for the girdle strive of famous Florimell. Scudamour, comming to Cares house, doth sleepe from him expell.

1
SIth hath beene through all ages euer seene,
That with the prayse of armes and chevalry,
The prize of beauty still hath ioyned been;
And that for reasons speciall priuity:
For, either doth on other much rely.
For, he mee seemes most fit the faire to serue,
That can her best defend from villeny;
And she most fit his seruice doth deserue,
That fairest is, and from her faith will neuer swerue.

2
So fitly now here commeth next in place,
After the proofe of prowesse ended well,
The controuerse of beauties soueraigne grace;
In which to her that doth the most excell,
Shall fall the girdle of faire *Florimell*:
That many wisht to win for glory vaine,
And not for vertuous vse, which some do tell
That glorious belt did in it selfe containe,
Which Ladyes ought to loue, and seeke for to obtaine.

3
That girdle gaue the vertue of chaste loue,
And wifehood true, to all that did it beare:
But whosoeuer contrarie doth proue,
Might not the same about her middle weare,
But it would loose, or else asunder teare.
Whilome it was (as Faeries wont report)
Dame *Venus* girdle, by her steemed deare,
What time she vs'd to liue in wively sort;
But layd aside, when so she vs'd her looser sport.

4
Her husband *Vulcan* whylome for her sake,
When first he loued her with heart entire,
This precious ornament they say did make,
And wrought in *Lemnos* with vnquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loues first hire,
Giue it to her for euer to remaine,
Therewith to bind lasciuious desire,
And loose affections streightly to restraine;
Which vertue it for euer after did retaine.

The

5

The ſame one day, when ſhe her ſelfe diſpos'd
To viſite her beloued Paramoure,
The god of Warre, ſhe from her middle loos'd,
And left behind her in her ſecret bowre,
On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howre,
She with the pleaſant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimell* in her firſt ages flowre
Was noſtred by thoſe *Graces*, (as they ſay)
And brought with her frō thence that goodly belt away.

6

That goodly belt was *Ceſtus* hight by name,
And as her life by her eſteemed deare.
No wonder then, if that to winne the ſame
So many Ladies ſought, as ſhall appeare;
For, peereleſſe ſhe was thought, that did it beare.
And now by this, their feaſt all being ended,
The Iudges which thereto ſelected were,
Into the Martian field adowne deſcended,
To deeme this doutfull caſe, for which they all cōtended.

7

But firſt was queſtion made, which of thoſe Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wonne:
There was it iudged by thoſe worthy wights,
That *Satyrane* the firſt day beſt had donne:
For, he laſt ended, hauing firſt begonne.
The ſecond was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he ſau'd the Victour from fordonne:
For, *Cambell* Victour was in all mens ſight,
Till by miſhap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

8

The third dayes prize vnto the ſtranger Knight,
Whom all men tearm'd Knight of the Hebene ſpeare,
To *Britomart* was giuen by good right;
For that with puiſſant ſtroke ſhe downe did beare
The *Saluage* Knight, that Victour was whileare,
And all the reſt, which had the beſt afore,
And to the laſt vnconquer'd did appeare;
For, laſt is deemed beſt. To her therefore
The fayreſt Lady was adiudg'd for Paramore.

9

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repyn'd, that both of Victors meede,
And eke of honour ſhe did him foreſtall.
Yet mote he not withſtand what was decreed;
But inly thought of that deſpightfull deed
Fit time t'awaite avenged for to bee.
This beeing ended thus, and all agreed,
The next enſew'd the Paragon to ſee
Of beauties praiſe, and yeeld the faireſt her due fee.

10

Then firſt *Canbello* brought vnto their view
His faire *Canacee*, couered with a veale;
Which being once with-drawn, moſt perfect hew
And paſſing beauty did eſtſoones reveale,
That able was weake hearts away to ſteale.
Next, did Sir *Triamond* vnto their ſight
The face of his deare *Cameree* vnheale;
Whoſe beauties beame eſtſoones did ſhine ſo bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11

And after her did *Paridell* produce
His falſe *Dueſſa*, that ſhe might be ſeene;
Who with her forged beauty did ſeduce
The harts of ſome, that faireſt her did weene;
As diuerſe wits affected diuerſe beene.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* vnto them ſhew
His *Lucida*, that was full faire and sheene,
And after theſe an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-goe.

12

All which who-ſo dare thinke for to enchace,
Him needeth ſure a golden pen I weene,
To tell the ſeature of each goodly face.
For, ſince the day that they created beene,
So many heauenly faces were not ſeene
Aſſembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folke to pourtraict bewties Queene,
By view of all the faireſt to him brought,
So many faire did ſee, as here he might haue ſought.

13

At laſt, the moſt redoubted *Britomeſſe*,
Her louely *Amoret* did open ſhewe:
Whoſe face diſcouered, plainely did expreſſe
The heauenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That ſhe ſhould ſurely beare the bell away,
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her diſplay:
The ſight of whom once ſeene, did all the reſt diſmay.

14

For, all afore that ſeemed faire and bright,
Now baſe and contemptible did appeare,
Compar'd to her, that ſhone as *Phoebe* light,
Amongſt the leſſer ſtarres in euening cleare.
All that her ſawe, with wonder tauſht were,
And weend no mortall creature ſhe ſhould be,
But ſome celeſtiall ſhape, that fleſh did beare:
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to ſee;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not ſo faire as ſhee.

15

As guilefull Goldſmith that by ſecret skill,
With golden foyle doth finely over-ſpred
Some baſer metall, which commend he will
Vnto the vulgar for good gold inſted,
He much more goodly gloſſe thereon doth ſhed,
To hide his falſhood, then if it were trew:
So hard, this Idole was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe in all mens view
She ſeem'd to paſſe: ſo forged things do faireſt ſhew.

16

Then was the golden belt by doome of all
Graunted to her, as to the faireſt Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle ſmall
They thought to gird, as beſt it her became;
But by no meanes they could it thereto frame.
For, euer as they faſtned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling ſecret blame.
Full oft about her waſte ſhe it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her waſte diſclos'd.

The

17

That all men wondred at the vncouth sight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
But shee her selfe did thinke it done for spight,
And touched was with secret wrath and shame
Therewith, as thing deuiz'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewise tride,
About their tender loynes to knit the same;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it fast, eftsoones it was vntide.

18

Which when that scornefull *Squire of Dames* did view,
He loudly gan to laugh and thus to iest;
Alas for pitie that so faire a crew,
As like cannot be seene from East to West,
Cannot find one this girdle to inuest.
Fie on the man, that did it first invent,
To shame vs all with this, *Virgirt vnblest*.
Let neuer Lady to his loue assent,
That hath this day so many so vnmanly shent.

19

Thereat all Knights gan laugh, and Ladies lowre;
Till that at last the gentle *Amoret*
Likewise assayd, to proue that girdles powre;
And hauing it about her middle set,
Did find it fit, without en breach or let.
Whereat the rest gan greatly to envie:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And snatching from her hand halfe angrily
The belt againe, about her body gan it tie.

20

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet natheleſſe to her, as her dew right,
It yeelded was by them, that iudged it:
And she herselfe adiudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene speare, as wonne in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto assent,
Ne her owne *Amoret* forgoe so light
For that strange Dame, whose beauties wonderment
She lesse esteem'd, then th'others vertuous gouernment.

21

VVhom when the rest did see her to refuse,
They were full glad, in hope themselues to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muse.
But after that, the Iudges did arret her
Vnto the second best, that lov'd her better;
That was the *Saluage* Knight: but he was gone
In great displeasure that he could not get her.
Then was she iudged *Triamond* his one:
But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

22

Tho, vnto *Satyran* she was adiudged,
Who was right glad to gaine so goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
And little prais'd his labours euill speed,
That for to winne the saddle, lost the steed.
Ne lesse thereat did *Paridell* complaine,
And thought t'appeale from that which was decreed,
To single combate with Sir *Satyrane*.
Thereto him *Até* stird, new discord to maintaine.

23

And eke with these, full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incense,
Her to demaund, and chalenge as their rights,
Deserued for their perils recompense.
Amongst the rest, with boastfull vaine pretense
Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claym'd, by him in battell wonne long since:
Whereto her selfe he did to witnesse call;
Who beeing askt accordingly confessed all.

24

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyrane*;
And wroth with *Satyran* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Ersian*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did loure.
So all together stird vp strifefull stoure,
And ready were new battell to darraine.
Each one profest to be her Paramour,
And vow'd with speare and shield it to maintaine;
Ne Iudges powre, ne reasons rule mote them restraine.

25

Which troublous stirre when *Satyrane* auiz'd,
He gan to cast how to appease the same;
And to accord them all, this meanes deuiz'd:
First in the midst to set that faireſt Dame,
To whom each one his chalenge should disclame;
And he himselfe his right would eke release:
Then looke to whom she voluntary came,
He should without disturbance her possesse:
Sweet is the loue that comes alone with willingnesse.

26

They all agreed: and then that snowy Mayd
Was in the middest plac't among them all;
All on her gazing wisht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queene of beauty close did call,
That she vnto their portion might befall.
Then when she long had looke vpon each one,
As though she wished to have pleasd them all,
At last, to *Braggadocchio* selfe alone
She came of her accord, in spight of all his fone.

27

VVhich when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,
And wext nigh mad for very hearts despight,
That from reuenge their willes they scarce asswag'd:
Some thought from him her to haue reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could say:
For, he their words as wind esteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to stay,
But secretly from thence that night her bore away.

28

They which remaind, so soone as they perceiu'd,
That she was gone, departed thence with speed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to haue reau'd
From wight vnworthy of so noble meed.
In which pursuit how each one did succeed,
Shall elſe be told in order, as it fell;
But now of *Britomart* it here doth need
The hard aduentures and strange haps to tell;
Since with the rest she went not after *Florimell*.

29

For, ſoone as ſhee them ſawe to diſcord ſet,
Her liſt no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her louely *Amoret*,
Vpon her firſt aduenture forth did ride,
To ſeek her lov'd, making blind Loue her guide.
Vnlucky Mayd to ſeeke her enemy!
Vnlucky Mayd to ſeeke him farre and wide,
Whom, when he was vnto her ſelfe moſt nie,
She through his late diſguizement could him not deſcrie.

30

So much the more her griefe, the more her toyle:
Yet neither toyle nor griefe, ſhe once did ſpare,
In ſeeking him, that ſhould her paine aſſoile;
Where to great comfort in her ſad miſfare
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
Who likewiſe ſought her louer long miſ-went,
The gentle *Scudamour*, whoſe heart whileare
That ſtrifefull hag with iealous diſcontent
Had fild, that he to fell reuenge was fully bent;

31

Bent to reuenge on blamelels *Britomart*
The crime, which curſed *Até* kindled earſt,
The which like thornes did prick his iealous heart,
And through his ſoule like poyſoned arrow peare't,
That by no reaſon it might be reverſt,
For ought that *Glauce* could or doe or ſay.
For, aye the more that ſhee the ſame rehearſt,
The more it gauld, and grieu'd him night and day,
That nought but dire reuenge his anger mote defray.

32

So as they trauelled, the drouping night
Couered with cloudy ſtorme and bitter ſhowre,
That dreadfull ſeem'd to every liuing wight,
Vpon them fell, before her timely howre;
That forced them to ſeeke ſome couert bowre,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet reſt,
And ſhrowd their perſons from that ſtormy ſtowre.
Not farre away, not meet for any gueſt
They eſpide a little cottage, like ſome poore mans neſt.

33

Vnder a ſteepe hilles ſide it placed was;
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the banke;
And faſt beſide a little brooke did paſs
Of muddy water, that like puddle ſtanke;
By which, fewe crooked ſallowes grew in ranke:
Whereto approching nigh, they heard the ſound
Of many yron hammers beating ranke,
And anſwering their weary turnes around,
That ſeemed ſom black-ſmith dwelt in that deſert groũd.

34

There entring in, they found the goodman ſelfe,
Full buſily vnto his worke ybent;
Who was to weet, a wretched weariſh elfe,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forſpent,
As if he had in priſon long beene pent:
Full black and grieſly did his face appeare,
Beſmeard with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary ſhagged heare,
The which he neuer wont to combe, or comely ſheare.

35

Rude was his garment, and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better cared:
With bliſtred hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nayles prepared,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he fared.
His name was *Care*; a blacke-ſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working ſpared,
But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made;
Thoſe be vnquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

36

In which his worke he had ſixe ſeruants preſt,
About the Anvile ſtanding euermore,
With huge great hammers, that did neuer reſt
From heaping ſtroakes, which thereon ſouſed ſore:
All ſixe, ſtrong groomes, but one then other more;
For, by degrees they all were diſagreed;
So likewiſe did the hammers which they bore,
Like belles in greatneſſe orderly ſucceed,
That he which was the laſt, the firſt did farre exceed.

37

He like a monſtrous Giant ſeem'd in ſight,
Farre paſſing *Brontes*, or *Pyracmon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunder-bolts for *Ioues* auengefull threat.
So dreadfully he did the Anvile beat,
That ſeem'd to duſt he ſhortly would it driue:
So huge his hammer, and ſo fierce his heat,
That ſeem'd a rock of Diamond it could riue,
And rend aſunder quite, if he thereto liſt ſtriue.

38

Sir *Scudamour* there entring, much admired
The manner of their worke and weary paine;
And hauing long beheld, at laſt enquired
The cauſe and end thereof: but all in vaine;
For, they for nought would from their work refraine,
Ne let his ſpeeches come vnto their eare.
And eke the breathfull bellowes blew amaine,
Like to the Northren wind, that none could heare:
Thoſe *Penſiuenes* did moue; & *Sighes* the bellowes were.

39

VVhich when that Warriour ſaw, he ſaid no more,
But in his armour layd him downe to reſt:
To reſt, he layd him downe vpon the flore,
(Whilome for ventrous knights the bedding beſt)
And thought his weary limbs to haue redreſt.
And that old aged Dame, his faithfull Squire,
Her feeble ioynts layd eke adowne to reſt,
That needed much her weake age to deſire,
After ſo long a trauell, which them both did tire.

40

There lay Sir *Scudamour* long while expecting,
VVhen gentle ſleepe his heauy eyes would cloſe;
Oft changing ſides, and oft new place electing,
VVhere better ſeem'd he mote himſelfe repoſe,
And oft in wrath he thence againe vprоſe;
And oft in wrath he layd him downe againe.
But whereſoere he did himſelfe diſpoſe,
He by no meanes could wiſhed eaſe obtaine:
So euery place ſeem'd painefull, and each changing vaine.

And

42

And euermore, when he to sleepe did thinke,
The hammers sound his senses did molest;
And euermore, when he began to winke,
The bellowes noyse disturb'd his quiet rest,
Ne suffred sleepe to settle in his brest.
And all the night the dogs did barke and houle
About the house, at sent of stranger guest:
And now the crowing Cocke, and now the Owle
Lowde shrieking him afflicted to the very soule.

42

And if by fortune any little nap,
Vpon his heauy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,
Eftsoones one of those villeins him did rap
Vpon his head-peece with his iron mall;
That he was soone awaked therewithall,
And lightly starting vp as one affrayd;
Or as if one him suddenly did call.
So, oftentimes he out of sleepe abrayd,
And then lay muzing long, on that him ill apayd.

43

So long he muzed, and so long he lay,
That at the last his weary spirit oppreſt
VVith sleepie weakenes, which no creature may
Long time resist, gaue place to kindly rest,
That all his senses did full soone arrest:
Yet in his soundest sleepe, his daily feare
His ydle braine gan busily molest,
And made him dreame those two disloyall were:
The things that day most minds, at night do most appeare.

44

VVith that, the wicked carle, the master Smith,
A paire of red-hot iron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
Vnder his side him nipt; that forc't to wake
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,
And starting vp avenged for to bee
On him, the which his quiet slumber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could see;
Yet did the smart remaine, though he himselfe did flee.

45

In such disquiet and heart-fretting paine,
He all that night, that too long night did passe.
And now the day out of the Ocean maine
Began to peepe aboue this earthly masse,
VVith pearly dewe sprinkling the morning grasse,
Then vp he rose like heauy lumpe of lead;
That in his face, as in a looking glasse,
The signes of anguish one mote plainely read,
And ghesse the man to be dismayd with iealous dread.

46

Vnto his lofty steede he clombe anone,
And forth vpon his former voyage fared,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
VVho, whatsoeuer perill was prepared,
Both equall paines, and equall perill shared:
The end whereof and dangerous euent
Shall for another canticle be spared.
But heere my weary teeme nigh over-spent
Shall breath it selfe awhile, after so long a went.

Canto VI.

Both Scudamour and Arthegall
Doe fight with Britomart:
He sees her face; doth fall in loue,
And soone from her depart.

1

WHat equall torment to the griefe of mind,
And pyning anguish hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds it selfe with thoughts vnkinde,
And nourisheth her owne consuming smart?
VVhat medicine can any Leaches art
Yeeld such a sore, that doth her grieuance hide,
And will to none her maladie impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
For which, *Dan Phœbus* selfe cannot a salue prouide.

2

VVho, hauing left that restlesse house of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholy and sad misfare,
Through misconceit; all vnawares espide
An armed knight vnder a forrest side,
Sitting in shade beside his grazing steed;
Who, soone as them approaching he descride,
Gan towards them to pricke with eager speed,
That seem'd he was full bent to some mischieuous deed.

3

Which, *Scudamour* perceiuing, forth iſſewed
To haue r'encountred him in equall race;
But, ſoone as th'other, nigh approching, viewed
The armes he bore, his ſpeare he gan abaſe.
And voyd his courſe: at which ſo ſuddein caſe
He wondred much. But th' other thus can ſay;
Ah! gentle *Scudamour*, vnto your grace
I me ſubmit, and you of pardon pray,
That almoſt had againſt you treſpaſſed this day.

4

Whereto thus *Scudamour*; Small harme it were
For any knight, vpon a ventrous knight
VVithout diſpleaſance for to proue his ſpeare.
But read you Sir, ſith ye my name haue hight,
What is your owne? that I mote you requite.
Certes, ſaid he, ye mote as now excuſe
Me from diſcouering you my name aright:
For time yet ſerues that I the ſame refuſe,
But call ye me the *Saluage Knight*, as others vſe.

5

Then this, Sir *Saluage Knight*, quoth hee, areed;
Or, doe you here within this forreſt wonne?
(That ſeemeth well to anſwere to your weed)
Or, haue ye it for ſome occaſion donne?
That rather ſeemes, ſith knowen armes ye ſhonne.
This other day, ſaid he, a ſtranger knight
Shame and diſhonour hath vnto me donne;
On whom I wait to wreak that foule deſpight,
When-euer he this way ſhall paſſe by day or night.

6

Shame be his meed, quoth he, that meaneth ſhame.
But what is he, by whom ye ſhamed were?
A ſtranger knight, ſaid he, vnknowne by name,
But known by fame, and by an Hebene ſpeare,
With which, he all that met him, downe did beare.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did reare;
And hauing me, all weary earſt, downe feld,
The fayreſt Lady reft, and euer ſince with-held.

7

VVhen *Scudamour* heard mention of that ſpeare,
He wiſt right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his faireſt Loue did beare.
Tho, gan he ſwell in euery inner part,
For fell deſpight, and gnaw his iealous heart,
That thus he ſharply ſaid; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the firſt vnknightly part,
Which that ſame knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath doen to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

8

For, lately he my Loue hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foule villany
The ſacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In ſhame of knighthood and fidelity;
The which ere long full deare he ſhall abie.
And if to that auenge by you decreed
This hand may help, or ſuccour ought ſupply,
It ſhall not faile, when-ſo ye ſhall it need.
So both to wreake their wrathes on *Britomart* agreed.

9

VVhiles thus they commouned, loiſarre away
A knight ſoft riding towards them they ſpide,
Attyr'd in ſtrraine armes and ſtrange array:
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plaine deſcride
To be the ſame, for whom they did abide.
Said then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Saluage* knight
Let me this craue, ſith firſt I was deſide
That firſt I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to faile, you ſhall recure my right.

10

Which beeing yeelded, he his threatfull ſpeare,
Gan fewter, and againſt her fiercely ran.
Who, ſoone as ſhe him ſaw approaching neare
VVith ſo fell rage, herſelfe ſhe lightly gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as ſhe can;
But entertaind him in ſo rude a wiſe,
That to the ground ſhe ſmote both horſe and man;
VVhence neither greatly haſted to ariſe,
But on their common harmes together did deuize.

11

But *Artegall*, beholding his miſchance,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft aventring his ſteele-headed launce,
Againſt her rode, full of diſpiteous ire,
That nought but ſpoyle and vengeance did require.
But to himſelfe his felonous intent
Returning, diſappointed his deſire,
VVhiles vnawares his ſaddle he forwent,
And found himſelfe on ground in great amazement.

12

Lightly he ſtarted vp out of that ſtound;
And ſnatching forth his direfull deadly blade,
Did leape to her, as doth an eger hound
Thruſt to an Hynd within ſome couert glade,
VVhom without perill he cannot inuade.
VVith ſuch fell greedineſs he her aſſayled,
That though ſhe mounted were, yet he her made
To giue him ground (ſo much his force preuayled)
And ſhun his mighty ſtrokes, gainſt which no arms auai-
(led.

13

So as they courſed here and there, it chaunc't
That in her wheeling round, behind her creſt
So ſorely he her ſtrooke, that thence it glaunc't
Adowne her backe, the which it fairely bleſt
From foule miſchaunce; ne did it euer reſt,
Till on her horſes hinder parts it fell;
VVhere biting deepe, ſo deadly it impreſt,
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the ſell,
And to alight on foote her algates did compell:

14

Like as the lightning brond from riuen skie,
Throwne out by angry *Ioue* in his vengeance,
VVith dreadfull force falles on ſome ſteeple hie;
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glaunce,
And teares it all with terrible miſchaunce.
Yet ſhe no whit diſmayd, her ſteed forſook,
And caſting from her that enchanted launce,
Vnto her ſword and ſhield her ſoone betooke:
And therewithall at him right furiouſly ſhe ſtrooke.

So

15

So furiously shee strooke in her first heat,
VVhiles with long fight on foot he breathlesse was,
That she him forced backward to retreat,
And yielde vnto her weapon way to pass:
VVhose raging rigour neither steele nor brass
Could stay, but to the tender flesh it went,
And pour'd the purple bloud forth on the grass;
That all his maile yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his body bare vnto the cruell dent.

16

At length, when as he saw her hastie heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to faile,
He through long sufferance growing now more great,
Rose in his strength, and gan her fresh assaile,
Heaping huge stroakes, as thicke as showre of haile,
And lashing dreadfully at euery part,
As if he thought her soule to disentraile.
Ah! cruell hand, and thrice more cruell hart,
That work'st such wreck on her, to whō thou dearest art.

17

VVhat iron courage euer could endure,
To worke such outrage on so faire a creature?
And in his madnesse thinke with hands impure
To spoyle so goodly workmanship of Nature,
The Maker selfe resembling in her feature?
Certes, some hellish furie, or some fiend
This mischiefe fram'd, for their first loues defeature,
To bathe their hands in bloud of dearest friend,
There-by to make their loues beginning, their hues end.

18

Thus long they trac't, and trauerst to and fro,
Sometimes pursewing, and sometimes pursewed,
Still as aduantage they espide thereto:
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegall* renewed
His strength still more, but she still more decrewed.
At last, his luckleſſe hand he beau'd on hie,
Hauing his forces all in one accrewed;
And there-with strooke at her so hideously,
That seemed nought but death mote be her destinie.

19

The wicked stroke vpon her helmet chaunc't,
And with the force, which in it selfe it bore,
Her ventaile shar'd away, and thence forth glaunc't
Adowne in vaine, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her Angels face (vnseene afore)
Like to the ruddy morne appear'd in sight,
Deawed with siluer drops, through sweating sore;
But somwhat redder then beseem'd aright,
Through toilesome heat, & labour of her weary fight.

20

And round about the same, her yellow haire
Hauing through flurring loos'd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appeare,
Framed in Goldsmithes forge with cunning hand:
Yet Goldsmiths cunning could not vnderstand
To frame such subtile wire so shinie cleare.
For, it did glister like the golden sand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters shere,
Throwes forth vp on the riuage round about him nere.

21

And as his hand he vp againe did reare,
Thinking to worke on her his vtmost wrack,
His powreleſs arme benumbd with secret feare,
From his reuengefull purpose shrunke aback;
And cruell sword out of his fingers slack
Fell downe to ground, as it the steele had sense,
And felt some ruth, or sence his hand did lacke:
Or both of them did thinke, obedience
To doe to so diuine a beauties excellence.

22

And he himselfe, long gazing there-vpon,
At last, fell humbly downe vpon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening some heauenly goddesse he did see,
Or else vnweeting what it else might bee;
And pardon her besought his errour fraile,
That had done out-rage in so high degree:
Whil'st trembling horrour did his sense assaile,
And made each member quake, & manly hart to quaile.

23

Nath'lesse, she full of wrath for that late stroke,
All that long while vp-held her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to beene ywroke,
And looking sterne, still ouer him did stand,
Threatning to strike, vnlesse he would withstand:
And bade him rise, or surely he should die.
But die or liue, for nought he would vp-stand,
But her of pardon prayd more earnestly,
Or wreake on him her will for so great iniury.

24

VVhich when as *Scudamour*, who now abrayd,
Beheld, where-as he stood not farre aside,
He was there-with right wondrously dismayd:
And drawing nigh, when as he plaine descride
That peereleſse patterne of Dame Natures pride,
And heauenly image of perfection,
He blest himselfe, as one sore terrified;
And turning feare to faint deuotion,
Did worship her as some celestiall vision.

25

But *Glaucé*, seeing all that chaunced there,
VVell weening how their errour to assoyle,
Full glad of so good end, to them drew nere,
And her salewd with seemely bel-accoyle,
Ioyous to see her safe after long toyle.
Then her besought, as she to her was deere,
To graunt vnto those warriours truce awhile;
VVhich yeelded, they their beuers vp did reare,
And shew'd themselues to her, such as indeed they were.

26

VVhen *Britomart* with sharpe auizefull eye
Beheld the louely face of *Arthegall*,
Tempred with sternenesse and stout maiestie,
Shee gan eftsoones it to her mind to call,
To be the same which in her fathers hall
Long since in that enchaunted glass she saw.
There-with her wrathfull courage gan appall,
And haughty spirits meekely to adaw,
That her enhaunced hand she downe can soft with-draw.

27

Yet ſhee is forc't to haue againe vp-held,
As fanning choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But euer when his viſage ſhe beheld,
Her hand fell downe, and would no longer hold
The wrathfull weapon gainſt his countnance bold:
But when in vaine to fight ſhe oft aſſay'd,
Shee arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to ſcold;
Nath'leſſe, her tongue not to her will obayd, (ſaid.
But brought forth ſpeeches mild, whē ſhe wold haue miſ-

28

But *Scudamour*, now woxen inly glad,
That all his iealous feare, he falſe had found,
And how that Hag his loue abuſed had,
With breach of fayth, and loyaltie vnſound,
The which long time his grieued hart did wound,
He thus beſpake; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,
I ioy to ſee you lout ſo lowe on ground,
And now become to liue a Ladies thrall,
That whylome in your minde wont to deſpiſe them all.

29

Soone as ſhee heard the name of *Arthegall*,
Her hart did leap, and all her hart-ſtrings tremble,
For ſuddaine ioy, and ſecret feare withall,
And all her vitall powres with motion nimble,
To ſuccour it, themſelues gan there aſſemble;
That by the ſwift recourſe of fluſhing blood
Right plaine appear'd, though ſhe it would diſſemble,
And fayned ſtill her former angry mood,
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

30

When *Glauce* thus gan wiſely all vp-knit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be ſpectators of this vncouth fit,
Which ſecret fate hath in this Lady wrought,
Againſt the courſe of kind: ne mervaile nought,
Ne henceforth feare the thing that hither-too,
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
Fearing leaſt ſhe your Loues away ſhould woo;
Feared in vaine, ſith meanes yee ſee there wants theretoo.

31

And you Sir *Arthegall*, the ſalvage knight,
Hence-forth may not diſdaine, that womans hand
Hath conquered you anew in ſecond fight:
For, whylome they haue conquerd ſea and land,
And heauen it ſelfe, that nought may them withſtand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious vnto loue,
That is the crowne of knighthood, and the band
Of noble mindes deriued from aboue:
Which, being knit with vertue, neuer will remoue.

32

And you faire Lady knight, my deareſt Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathfull will,
Whoſe fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Graunt him your grace; but ſo that he fulfill
The penaunce, which ye ſhall to him emport:
For, Louers heauen muſt paſſe by ſorrowes hell.
There-at full inly bluſhed *Britomart:*
But *Arthegall*, cloſe ſmyling, ioy'd in ſecret hart.

33

Yet durſt hee not make loue ſo ſuddenly,
Ne thinke th'affection of her hart to draw,
From one to other ſo quite contrary:
Beſides, her modeſt countenance he ſaw
So goodly graue, and full of Princely aw,
That it his raging fancie did refraine,
And looſer thoughts to lawfull bounds with-draw;
Whereby the paſſion grew more fierce and faine,
Like to a ſtubborne ſteed whom ſtrong hand would re- (ſtraine.

34

But *Scudamour*, whoſe hart twixt doubtfull feare
And feeble hope hung all this while ſuſpence,
Deſiring of his *Amoret* to heare
Some gladfull newes and ſure intelligence,
Her thus beſpake; But ſir, without offence
Mote I requeſt you tydings of my Loue,
My *Amoret*, ſith you her freed from thence,
Where ſhe captiued long, great woes did proue;
That where ye left, I may her ſeeke, as doth behoue.

35

To whom, thus *Britomart*: Certes, Sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whither reft,
I cannot vnto you aread aright.
For, from that time I from Enchaunters theft
Her freed, in which yee her all hopeleſſe left,
I her preſeru'd from perill and from feare,
And euermore from villanie her kept:
Ne euer was there wight to me more deare
Then ſhe, ne vnto whom I more true loue did beare,

36

Till on a day, as through a deſert wilde
We trauelled, both weary of the way,
We did alight, and ſate in ſhadow mild:
Where feareleſſe I to ſleepe me downe did lay.
But when as I did out of ſleepe abray,
I found her not, where I her left whyleare,
But thought ſhe wandred was, or gone aſtray.
I call'd her loud, I ſought her far and neare;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her heare.

37

VVhen *Scudamour* thoſe heauy tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly feare;
Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,
But ſenſeleſſe ſtood, like to amazed Steare,
That yet of mortall ſtroke the ſtound doth beare:
Till *Glauce* thus; Faire Sir, be nought diſmaid
With needleſſe dread, till certaintie ye heare:
For, yet ſhe may be ſafe, though ſome-what ſtraid;
It's beſt to hope the beſt, though of the worſt affraid.

38

Nath'leſſe, he hardly of her cheerefull ſpeech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled ſight
Shew'd change of better cheere: ſo ſore a breach
That ſudden newes had made into his ſpright;
But *Britomart* him fairely thus behight;
Great cauſe of ſorrow, certes Sir ye haue:
But comfort take: for, by this heauens light
I vow, you dead or liuing not to leaue,
Till I her find, and wreake on him that her did reaue.

There-

39

Therewith he reſted, and well pleaſed was.
So peace beeing confirm'd amongſt them all,
They tooke their ſteeds, and forward thence did paſs,
Vnto ſome reſting place which mote befall;
All being guided by Sir *Arthegall*.
Where goodly ſolace was vnto them made,
And daily feaſting both in bowre and hall,
Vntill that they their wounds well healed had,
And weary limbes recur'd, after late viage bad.

40

In all which time, Sir *Arthegall* made way
Vnto the loue of noble *Britomart*:
And with meeke ſervice and much ſuit did lay
Continuall ſiege vnto her gentle hart;
Which, beeing whylome launc't with louely dart,
More eath was new impreſſion to receiue,
How-euer ſhe her paind with womaniſh art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceiue:
Vaine is the art that ſeekes it ſelfe for to deceiue.

41

So well hee woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
VVith faire entreaty and ſweet blandiſhment,
That at the length, vnto a bay he brought her,
So as ſhe to his ſpeeches was content
To lend an eare, and ſoftly to relent.
At laſt, through many vowes which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, ſhee yielded her conſent
To be his Loue, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finiſh that accord.

42

Tho, when they had long time there taken reſt,
Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound
Vpon a hard adventure yet in queſt)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And vnto her his congee came to take.
But her there-with full ſore diſpleas'd he found,
And loth to leaue her late betrothed Make;
Her deareſt Loue full loth ſo ſhortly to forſake.

43

Yet hee with ſtrong perſwaſions her aſſwaged,
And wonne her will to ſuffer him depart;
For which, his faith with her he faſt engaged,
And thouſand vowes from bottom of his hart,
That all ſo ſoone as he by wit or art
Could that atchieue, where-to he did aſpire,
He vnto her would ſpeedily revert:
No longer ſpace there-to he did deſire,
But till the horned Moone three courſes did expire.

44

VVith which, ſhe for the preſent was appeaſed,
And yielded leaue, how euer malcontent
Shee inly were, and in her mind diſpleaſed.
So, early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylome was the cuſtome ancient
Mongſt Knights, when on adventures they did ride;
Saue that ſhe algates him awhile accompanide.

45

And by the way, ſhee ſundry purpoſe found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils where-to he was bound,
The feare whereof ſeem'd much her to affray:
But all ſhe did was but to weare out day.
Full often-times ſhe leaue of him did take;
And eft againe deviz'd ſome-what to ſay,
Which ſhe forgot, whereby excuſe to make;
So loth ſhee was his company for to forſake.

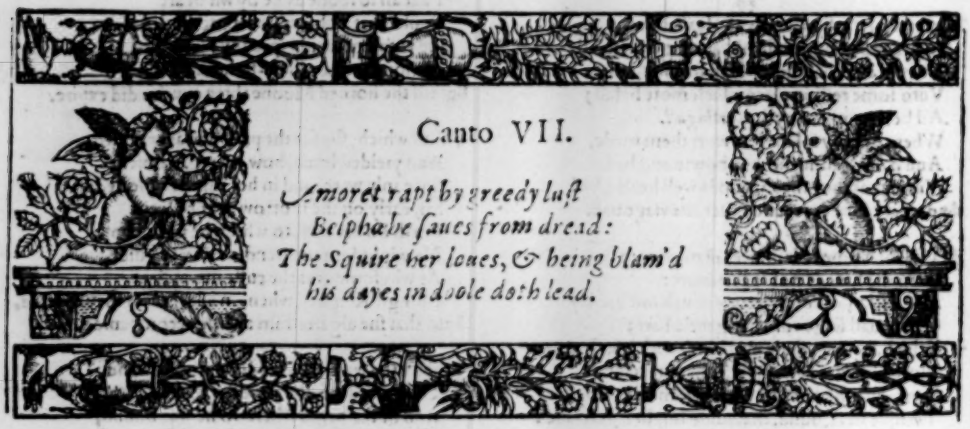
46

At laſt, when all her ſpeeches ſhe had ſpent,
And new occaſion fayl'd her more to finde,
She left him to his fortunes gouernment,
And back returned with right heauy mind,
To *Scudamour*, whom ſhee had left behind:
With whom ſhe went to ſeeke faire *Amoret*,
Her ſecond care, though in another kind;
For vertues onely take (which doth beget
True loue and faithfull friendſhip) ſhe by her did ſet.

47

Backe to that deſert foreſt they retired,
VVhereſory *Britomart* had loſt her late;
There they her ſought, and euery where inquired,
Where they might tydings get of her eſtate;
Yet found they none. But by what hapleſſe fate,
Or hard misfortune ſhe was thence conuayd,
And ſtolne away from her beloued Mate,
VVere long to tell; therefore I heere will ſtay
Vntill another tide, that I it finiſh may.

Canto



Canto VII.

Amoret rapt by greedy luſt
Belphœbe ſaues from dread:
The Squire her loues, & being blam'd
his dayes in doole doth lead.

1

GReat God of Loue, that with thy cruell darts
Doſt conquer greateſt cõquerors on ground,
And ſett'ſt thy kingdome in the captiue harts
Of Kings and Keaſars, to thy ſeruice bound,
What glory, or what guerdon haſt thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning ſo ſore;
And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound,
With which their liues thou launcedſt long afore,
By heaping ſtormes of trouble on them daily more?

2

So whylome didſt thou to faire *Florimell*,
And ſo and ſo to noble *Britomart*:
So dooſt thou now to her of whom I tell,
The louely *Amoret*; whoſe gentle hart
Thou martyreſt with ſorrow and with ſmart,
In ſalvage foreſts, and in deſert wide,
VVith Beares and Tigers taking heauy part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;
That pitty is to heare the perils which ſhe tride.

3

So ſoone as ſhe, with that braue *Britonneſſe*,
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize,
They trauel'd long; that now for wearineſſe,
Both of the way, and warlike exerciſe,
Both through a foreſt riding, did deuiſe
T'alight, and reſt their weary limbes awhile.
There, heauy ſleepe the eye-lids did ſurpriſe
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toyle,
That did her paſſed paines in quiet reſt aſſoyle.

4

The whiles, faire *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
Walkt through the wood, for pleaſure, or for need;
VVhen ſuddenly behind her backe ſhe heard
One ruſhing forth out of the thickeſt weed:
That, ere ſhe back could turne to taken heed,
Had vnawares her ſnatcht vp from the ground.
Feebly ſhe ſhrieckt; but ſo feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the ſhrilling ſound,
There where throgh weary trauell ſhe lay ſleeping ſound.

5

It was to weet, a wilde and ſalvage man;
Yet was no man, but onely like in ſhape,
And eke in ſtature higher by a ſpan,
All over-growne with haire, that could awhape
An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tuſked Bore:
For, he liu'd all on rauin and on rape
Of men and beaſts; and fed on fleſhly gore,
The ſigne whereof yet ſtain'd his bloudy lips afore.

6

His neather lip was not like man nor beaſt,
But like a wide deepe poke, downe hanging lowe,
In which he wont the reliques of his feaſt
And cruell ſpoyle, which he had ſpar'd, to ſtowe:
And ouer it, his huge great noſe did growe,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with bloud;
And downe both ſides, two wide long eares did glowe,
And raught downe to his waſte, when vp he ſtood,
More great then th'eares of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

7

His waſte was with a wreath of Ivie greene
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For, all his haire was like a garment ſeene;
And in his hand a tall young oake he bore,
Whoſe knotty ſnags were ſharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for ſteele to be in ſted.
But whence he was, or of what wombe ybore,
Of beaſts, or of the earth, I haue not red:
But certes was with milke of Wolues and Tigers fed.

8

This vgly creature, in his armes her ſnatcht,
And through the foreſt bore her quite away,
VVith bryers and buſhes all to rent and ſcratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pitty of the pray,
Which many a knight had fought ſo many a day.
He ſtaved not; but in his armes her bearing,
Ran till he came to th'end of all his way,
Vnto his Caue, farre from all peoples hearing,
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fearing.

For

9

For, ſhe (deare Lady) all the way was dead,
Whil'ſt he in armes her bore; but when ſhe felt
Her ſelfe downe ſouſt, ſhe waked out of dread
Straight into griefe, that her deare hart nigh ſwelt,
And eft gan into tender teares to melt.
Then, when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found
But darkneſſe and dread horrour where ſhe dwelt,
She almoſt fell againe into a ſwound:
Ne wiſt whether aboue ſhe were, or vnder ground.

10

With that, ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
Sighing and ſobbing ſore, as if the paine
Her tender hart in peeces would diuide:
VVhich ſhe long liſtning, ſoftly askt againe
VVhat miſter wight it was that ſo did plaine?
To whom, thus anſwer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,
That ſeekes to knowe anothers griefe in vaine,
Vnweeting of thine owne like hapleſſe plight:
Selfe to forget to mind another, is ore-ſigbe.

11

Ay me! ſaid ſhee, where am I, or with whom?
Emong the liuing, or emong the dead?
What ſhall of me vnhappy mayd become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought elſe worſe, aread.
Vnhappy maid, then anſwerd ſhe, whoſe dread
Vntride, is leſſe then when thou ſhalt it try:
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gaine; but he in hell doth lie,
That liues a loathed life, and wiſhing cannot die.

12

This diſmall day, hath thee a caytiue made,
And vaſſall to the vileſt wretch aliue;
Whoſe curſed vſage and vngodly trade
The heavens abhorre, and into darknes driue:
For on the ſpoyle of women he doth liue,
Whoſe bodies chaſte, when euer in his powre
He may them catch, vnable to gaine-ſtriue,
He with his ſhamefull luſt doth firſt deflowre,
And afterwards themſelues doth cruelly deuoure.

13

Now twenty dayes (by which the ſonnes of men
Diuide their works) haue paſt through heauen ſheene,
Since I was brought into this doolefull den;
During which ſpace, theſe ſory eyes haue ſeene
Seauen women by him ſlaine, and eaten cleene.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman heere remaining beene,
Till thou cam'ſt hither to augment our mone;
And of vs three, to morrow he will ſure eate one.

14

Ah! dreadfull tydings which thou dooſt declare,
Quoth ſhee, of all that euer hath been knowne:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breſt endured hath, but none
Equall to this, where euer I haue gone.
But what are you, whom like vnlucky lot
Hath linkt with me in the ſame chaine attone?
To tell, quoth ſhe, that which ye ſee, needs not;
A wofull wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

15

But what I was, it irkes mee to reherſe;
Daughter vnto a Lord of high degree:
That ioyd in happy peace, till Fates peruerſe
VVith guileſull loue did ſecretly agree,
To ouer-throwe my ſtate and dignitie.
It was my lot to loue a gentle Swaine,
Yet was he but a Squire of lowe degree:
Yet was hee meet, vnleſſe mine eye did faine,
By any Ladies ſide for Lemman to haue laine.

16

But for his meaneneſſe and diſparagement,
My Sire (who meetoo dearely well did loue)
Vnto my choiſe by no meanes would aſſent,
But often did my folly foule reproue:
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remoue,
But whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I me reſolv'd the vtmoſt end to proue:
And rather then my Loue abandon ſo,
Both, Sire, and friends, and all for euer to forgo.

17

Thence-forth, I ſought by ſecret meanes to worke
Time to my will; and from his wrathfull ſight
To hide th'intent, which in my hart did lurke,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, vnweeting vnto wight,
I with that Squire agreed away to flie,
And in a priuy plaee, betwixt vs hight,
Within a Groue appointed him to meet:
To which I boldly came vpon my feeble feete.

18

But ah! vnhappy howre me thither brought:
For, in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found contrary to my thought,
Of this accurſed Carle of helliſh kind;
The ſhame of men, and plague of woman-kind:
Who truſſing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hither brought with him, as ſwift as wind,
Where yet vntouched till this preſent day,
I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad *Aemylia*.

19

Ah! ſad *Aemylia*, then ſaid *Amoret*,
Thy ruefull plight I pitty as mine owne.
But read to me, by what deuiſe or wit,
Haſt thou in all this time, from him vnknowne,
Thine honour ſau'd, though into thraldome throwne?
Through help, quoth ſhee, of this old woman here
I haue ſo done, as ſhe to mee hath ſhowne:
For, euer when he burnt in luſtfull fire,
Shee in my ſtead ſupplide his beſtiall deſire.

20

Thus, of their euils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did other much bewaile and mone;
Loe, where the villaine ſelfe, their ſorowes ſourſe,
Came to the Caue; and rolling thence the ſtone,
VVhich wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none
Might iſſue forth, came rudely ruſhing in;
And ſpredding over all the flore alone,
Gan dight himſelfe vnto his wonted ſinne;
Which ended, then his bloudy banket ſhould beginne.

Which

21

Which, when-as fearefull *Amoret* perceiued,
She ſtaid not th'vtmoſt end thereof to try,
But like a gaſtly Geſt, whoſe wits are reaued,
Ran forth in haſte with hideous out-cry,
For horrour of his ſhamefull villany.
But after her full lightly he vp-roſe,
And her purſewd as faſt as ſhee did fly:
Full faſt ſhe flies, and farre afore him goes,
Ne feeles the thornes & thickets prick her tender toes.

22

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale ſhe ſtaies,
But over-leaps them all, like a roebuck light,
And through the thickeſt makes her neigheſt wayes;
And euer-more when with regardfull ſight
Shee looking back, eſpies that griſly wight
Approching nigh, ſhe gins to mend her pace,
And makes her feare a ſpurre to haſte her flight:
More ſwift then *Myrrh*' or *Daphne* in her race,
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphes in ſauage chaſe.

23

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long;
Ne liuing aydefor her on earth appeares,
But if the heauens help to redreſſe her wrong,
Moued with pitty of her plenteous teares.
It fortuned *Belphœbé* with her Peeres
The wooddy Nymphes, and with that louely boy,
VVas hunting then the Libbards and the Beares
In theſe wilde woods, as was her wonted ioy,
To baniſh ſloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

24

It ſo befell (as oft it fals in chace)
That each of them from other ſundred were,
And that ſame gentle Squire a-riu'd in place,
Where this ſame curſed caytiue did appeare,
Purſuing that faire Lady full of feare;
And now he her quite ouer-taken had:
And now he her away with him did beare
Vnder his armе, as ſeeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote farre off be rad.

25

Which dreary ſight the gentle Squire eſpying,
Doth haſte to croſſe him by the neareſt way,
Led with that wofull Ladies pittious crying,
And him aſſayles with all the might he may:
Yet will not he the louely ſpoyle downe lay,
But with his craggie club in his right hand,
Defends himſelfe, and ſaues his gotten pray.
Yet had it beene right hard him to withſtand,
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26

There-to the villaine vſed craft in fight;
For, euer when the Squire his Lueiin ſhooke,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puiſſance of his intended ſtroke.
And if it chaunc't (as needes it muſt in fight)
Whil'ſt he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blowe on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27

Which ſubtile ſleight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would ſtrike, forbeare;
For, hardly could he come the carle to touch,
But that he her muſt hurt, or hazard neare:
Yet he his hand ſo carefully did beare,
That at the laſt he did himſelfe areed,
And thereon left the pike-head of his ſpeare.
A ſtreame of cole-blacke blood thence guſht amaine,
That all her ſilken garments did with blood beſtaine.

28

With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands vpon his glaiue,
With dreadfull ſtrokes let driue at him ſo ſore,
That forc't him flie aback, himſelfe to ſaue:
Yet her-here-with ſo felly ſtill did raue,
That ſcarce the Squire his hand could once vp-reare,
But (for aduantage) ground vnto him gaue,
Tracing and trauerſing, now here, now there;
For, booteleſſe thing it was to think ſuch blowes to beare.

29

Whil'ſt thus in battell they embuſhed were,
Belphœbé (raunging in that foreſt wide)
The hideous noyſe of their huge ſtrokes did heare,
And drew thereto, making her eare her guide.
Whom, when that theefe approching nigh eſpide,
With boaw in hand, and arrowes ready bent,
He by his former combat would not bide,
But fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths ſole inſtrument.

30

Whom, ſeeing flie, ſhee ſpeedily purſewed
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
And euer in her boaw ſhee ready ſtewed
The arrow, to his deadly marke deſign'd:
As when *Latonaes* daughter, cruell kind,
In vengement of her mothers great diſgrace,
With fell deſpight her cruell arrowes tind
Gainſt wofull *Niobés* vnhappy race,
That all the gods did moue her miſerable caſe.

31

So well ſhe ſped her, and ſo far ſhe ventred,
That ere vnto his helliſh den he raught,
Euen as he ready was there to haue entred,
Shee ſent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very doore him ouer-caught,
And in his nape arriuing, through it thrild
His greedy throat, there-with in two diſtraught,
That all his vitall ſpirits there-by ſpild,
And all his hairy breſt with gory blood was fild.

32

Whom, when on ground ſhe groueling ſaw to roule,
She ran in haſte his life to haue bereft:
But ere ſhe could him reach, the ſinfull ſoule,
Hauing his carrion corſe quite ſenſeleſſe left,
Was fled to hell, ſurcharg'd with ſpoyle and theft.
Yet ouer him ſhe there long gazing ſtood,
And oft admir'd his monſtrous ſhape, and oft
His mighty limbes, whil'ſt all with filthy blood
The place there, ouer-flowne, ſeem'd like a ſudden flood.

Thence,

33

Thence, forth she past into his dreadfull den,
Where nought but darksome drerinesse she found,
Ne creature saw, but harkned now and then
Some little whispering, and soft groning sound.
VVith that, she askt, what ghosts there vnder ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternall night?
And bade them, if so be they were not bound,
To come and shew themselues before the light,
Now freed from feare and danger of that dismall wight.

34

Then forth the sad *Acrasia* issewed,
Yet trembling euery ioynt through former feare;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foule and lothsome creature did appeare;
A Leman fit for such a Louer deare.
That moou'd *Belphœbé* her no lesse to hate,
Then for to rue the others heauy cheare;
Of whom she gan enquire of her estate.
VVho all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35

Thence she them brought, toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:
There shee him found by that new louely Mate,
Who lay the whiles in swoune, full sadly set,
From her faire eyes wiping the deawy wet,
VVhich softly stild, and kissing them atweene,
And handling soft the hurts, which she did get.
For, of that Carle she sorely brus'd had beene,
Als of his owne rash hand one wound was to be seene.

36

VVhich when she saw, with suddaine glauncing eye,
Her noble hart with sight thereof was fild
With deepe disdaine, and great indignity,
That in her wrath she thought them both haue thrild,
With that selfe arrow, which the Carle had kild:
Yet held her wrathfull hand from vengeance sore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith, she said, and said no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for euermore.

37

Hee, seeing her depart, arose vp light,
Right sore agrieued at her sharpe reproofe,
And follow'd fast: but when he came in sight,
He durst not nigh approche, but kept aloofe,
For dread of her displeasures vtmost proofe.
And euermore, when he did grace intreat,
And framed speeches fit for his behoofe,
Her mortall arrowes she at him did threat,
And forc't him backe with foule dishonour to retreat.

38

At last, when long he follow'd had in vaine,
Yet found no ease of griefe, nor hope of grace,
Vnto those woods he turned back againe,
Full of sad anguish, and in heauy case:
And finding there fit solitary place
For wofull wight, chose out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote see bright heauens face
For mossie trees, which couered all with shade
And sad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

39

His wonted war-like weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to vse no more,
Ne thence-forth euer stirke in battell stroke,
Ne euer word to speake to woman more;
But in that wilderness (of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight)
His hard mishap in dolour to deplore,
And waste his wretched dayes in wofull plight;
So on himselfe to wreake his follies owne despight.

40

And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,
He wilfully did cut and shape anew;
And his faire locks, that wont with oyntment sweet
To be embaulm'd, and sweat out dainty deaw,
He let to growe, and grisly to concrew,
Vncomb'd, vncurl'd, and carelesly vnshed;
That in short time his face they ouer-grew,
And ouer all his shoulders did dispred,
That who he whylome was, vneath was to be red.

41

There he continued in this carefull plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthly yeares,
Through wilfull penury consumed quight,
That like a pined ghost he soone appeares.
For, other foode then that wilde forest beares,
Ne other drinke there did he euer taste
Then running water, tempred with his teares,
The more his weakened body so to waste;
That out of all mens knowledge he was worne at last.

42

For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)
His owne deare Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote heare tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did stray,
Hauing espide this cabin far away,
Hetò it drew, to weet who there did wonne:
VVeening therein some holy Hermit lay,
That did resort of sinfull people shun,
Or else some vvood-man, shrowded there from scorching sun.

43

Arriuing there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his dayes in dolour and despaire;
And through long fasting woxen pale and wan,
All over-growne with rude and rugged haire;
That albeit his owne deare Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne aviz'd at all;
But like strange wight, whom he had seen no where,
Saluting him, gan into speech to fall,
And pitty much his plight, that liu'd like out-cast thrall.

44

But to his speech he answered no whit,
But stood still mute, as if he had been dum,
Ne signe of sense did shew, ne common wit,
As one with griefe and anguish ouer-cum,
And vnto euery thing did answere Mum:
And euer when the Prince vnto him spake,
He louted lowely, as did him becum,
And humble homage did vnto him make,
Midst sorrow shewing ioyous semblance for his sake.

At

45

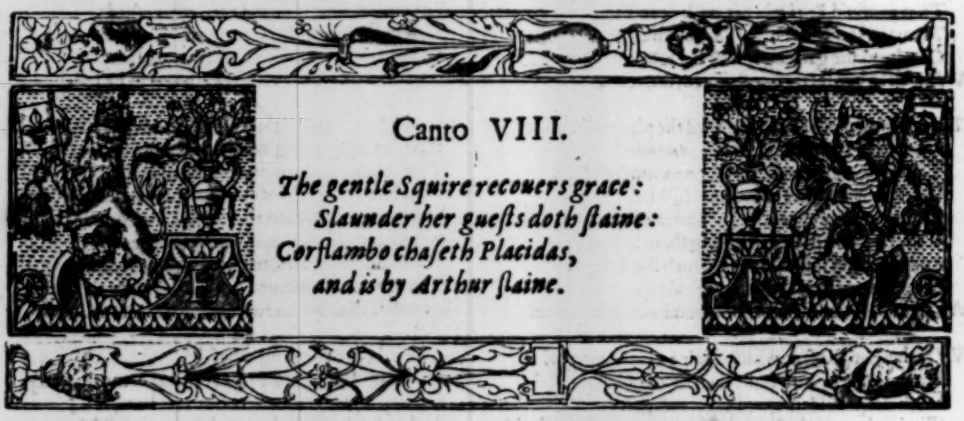
At which his vncouth guiſe and vſage quaint,
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not gheſſe
The cauſe of that his ſorrowfull conſtraint;
Yet weend by ſecret ſignes of manlineſſe,
Which cloſe appeard in that rude brutiſhneſſe
That he whylome ſome gentle Swaine had beene,
Traind vp in feates of armes and knightlineſſe;
Which he obſeru'd, by that he him had ſeene
To wield his naked ſword, and try the edges keene.

46

And eke by that he ſaw on euery tree,
How he the name of one engrauen had,
Which likely was his liefeſt Loue to bee,
For whom he now ſo ſorely was beſtad;
VVhich was by him *BELPHOEBE* rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphœbé*, he ne wiſt;
Yet ſaw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kiſt,
VVherein it written was, and how himſelfe he bliſt.

47

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And ſaw that all he ſaid and did, was vaine,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote eaſe or mitigate his paine,
He left him there in languor to remaine,
Till time for him ſhould remedy prouide,
And him reſtore to former grace againe.
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will deferre the end vntill another tide.



Canto VIII.

The gentle Squire recouers grace:
Slaunder her gueſts doth ſtaine:
Corflambo chaſeth Placidas,
and is by Arthur ſlaine.

1

WEll ſaid the Wiſeman, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
That the diſpleaſure of the mighty is
Then death it ſelfe more drad and deſperate:
For, nought the ſame may calme, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempeſt doe thereof delay
VVith ſufferance ſoft, which rigour can abate,
And haue the ſterne remembrance wip't away
Of bitter thoughts, which deepe therein infected lay.

2

Like as it fell to this vnhappy boy,
VVhoſe tender hart the faire *Belphœbé* had
VVith one ſterne looke ſo daunted, that no ioy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He euer taſted; but with penaunce ſad,
And penſiue ſorrow, pin'd and wore away,
Ne euer laught, ne once ſhew'd countenance glad;
But alwaies wept and wailed night and day,
As blaſted blooſm through heat doth languiſh & decay;

3

Till on a day (as in his wonted wiſe
His doole he made) there chaunc't a Turtle-Doue
To come, where he his dolors did deuiſe,
That like wiſe late had loſt her deareſt Loue;
VVhich loſſe, her made like paſſion alſo proue,
Who ſeeing his ſad plight, her tender hart
VVith deare compaſſion deeply did emmoue,
That ſhe gan mone his vndeſerued ſmart,
And with her dolefull accent, beare with him a part.

4

Shee, ſitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournfull notes full pittiouſly did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So ſenſibly compyl'd, that in the ſame
He ſeemed oft he heard his owne right name.
With that, he forth would poure ſo plentious teares,
And beat his breaſt vnworthy of ſuch blame,
And knocke his head, and rend his rugged heares,
That could haue pearc't the harts of Tigers & of Beares.

5

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did vſe,
VVithouten dread of peril to repaire
Vnto his woone; and with her mournfull Muſe
Him to recomfort in his greateſt care,
That much did eaſe his mourning and miſfare:
And euery day, for guerdon of her ſong,
He part of his ſmall feaſt to her would ſhare;
That at the laſt, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion ſhee became, and ſo continued long.

Vpon

6

Vpon a day, as ſhee him ſate beſide,
By chance he certaine miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty, which *Belphœbé* threw
On him, whil'ſt goodly grace ſhe did him ſhew:
Amongſt the reſt, a iewell rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap't like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chaine about it bound.

7

The ſame he tooke, and with a ribband new
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind
About the Turtles necke, that with the view
Did greatly ſolace his engrieued mind.
All vnawares the bird, when ſhe did find
Her ſelfe ſo deckt, her nimble wings diſplaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which ſuddaine accident him much diſmaid,
And looking after long, did marke which way ſhe ſtraid.

8

But, when as long he looked had in vaine,
Yet ſaw her forward ſtill to make her flight,
His weary eye returnd to him againe,
Full of diſcomfort and diſquiet plight,
That both his iewell he had loſt ſo light,
And eke his deare companion of his care.
But that ſweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the waſtfull ayre,
Vntill ſhe came where wonned his *Belphœbé* faire.

9

There found ſhe her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in couert ſhade of arbors ſweet,
After late weary toile, which ſhe had tride
In ſauage chaſe, to reſt as ſeem'd her meet.
There ſhe alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournfull plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting griefe, that for her ſake
Her gentle Squire through her diſpleaſure did partake.

10

Shee, her beholding with attentiue eye,
At length did marke about her purple breſt
That precious iewell, which ſhe formerly
Had knowne right well, with coloured ribband dreſt:
There-with ſhe roſe in haſte, and her addreſt
With ready hand it to haue reft away.
But the ſwift bird obayd not her beheſt,
But ſwaru'd aſide, and there againe did ſtay;
She follow'd her, and thought againe it to aſſay.

11

And euer when ſhe nigh approch't, the Doue
Would flit a little forward, and then ſtay
Till ſhe drew neare, and then againe remoue;
So tempting her ſtill to purſue the pray,
And ſtill from her eſcaping ſoft away:
Till that at length, into that foreſt wide
Shee drew her farre, and led with ſlowe delay.
In th'end, ſhe her vnto that place did guide,
Where as that wofull man in languor did abide.

12

Eftſoones ſhe flew vnto his feareleſſe hand,
And there a pittious ditty new deviz'd,
As if ſhe would haue made him vnderſtand,
His ſorrowes cauſe to be of her deſpis'd.
Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched weeds diſguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like ghoſt late riſen from his Graue agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pittied much his caſe,
And wiſht it were in her to do him any grace.

13

He her beholding, at her feet downe fell,
And kiſt the ground on which her ſole did tread,
And waſht the ſame with water, which did well
From his moiſt eyes, and like two ſtreames proceed;
Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
What miſter wight he was, or what he ment:
But as one daunted with her preſence dread,
Onely few rufull lookes vnto her ſent,
As meſſengers of his true meaning and intent.

14

Yet nathemore, his meaning ſhe ared,
But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe;
And by his perſons ſecret ſeemlihed
Well weend, that he had been ſome man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mou'd with ruth ſhe thus beſpake;
Ah! wofull man, what heauens hard diſgrace,
Or wrath of cruell wight on thee ywrake,
Or ſelfe diſliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15

If heauen, then none may it redreſſe or blame,
Sith to his power we all are ſubiect borne:
If wrathfull wight, then foule rebuke and ſhame
Be theirs, that haue ſo cruell thee forlorne;
But if through inward griefe, or wilfull ſcorne
Of life it be, then better doe aviſe.
For, he whoſe dayes in wilfull woe are worne,
The grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
That will not vſe his gifts for thankleſſe nigardiſe.

16

When ſo he heard her ſay, eftſoones he brake
His ſuddaine ſilence, which he long had pent,
And ſighing inly deepe, he thus beſpake;
Then haue they all themſelues againſt me bent:
For heauen (firſt author of my languiſhment)
Enuying my too great felicity,
Did cloſely with a cruell one conſent,
To clowd my dayes in doolefull miſery,
And make me loath this life, ſtill longing for to die.

17

Ne any but your ſelfe, O deareſt dred,
Hath done this wrong; to wreake on worthleſſe wight
Your high diſpleaſure, through miſdeeming bred:
Then when your pleaſure is to deeme aright,
Ye may redreſſe, and me reſtore to light.
Which ſory words, her mighty hart did mate
With mild regard, to ſee his ruefull plight,
That her in-burning wrath ſhe gan abate,
And him receiu'd againe to former fauours ſtate.

18

In which, he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life, with grace and good accord;
Feareleſſe of Fortunes change, or Envies dread,
And eke all mindleſſe of his owne deare Lord
The noble Prince, who neuer heard one word
Of tydings, what did vnto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endleſſe world did wander wide,
Him ſeeking euermore, yet no where him deſcride;

19

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chanc't to come where thoſe two Ladies late,
Acmylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full ſad and ſorrowfull eſtate;
The one right feeble, through the euill rate
Of foode, which in her dureſſe ſhe had found:
The other, almoſt dead and deſperate
Through her late hurts, & through that hapleſs woũd,
With which the Squire in her defence her ſore aſtound.

20

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The euill caſe in which thoſe Ladies lay,
But moſt was moued at the pittious view
Of *Amoret*, ſo neere vnto decay,
That her great danger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoones that pretious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did ſoftly deaw
Her wounds, that vnto ſtrength reſtor'd her ſoone anew.

21

Tho, when they both recouered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what euill guide
Them thither brought; and how their harmes befell.
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldome vile they were vnride
Of that ſame wicked Carle, by Virgins hond;
Whoſe bloudy corſe they ſhew'd him there beſide,
And eke his Caue, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when al thoſe ſigns he fond.

22

And euer-more, he greatly did deſire
To knowe, what Virgin did them thence vnbind;
And oft of them did earneſtly inquire,
Where was her won, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learne, he them from ground did reare
(No ſeruice lothſome to a gentle kind)
And on his war-like beaſt them both did beare,
Himſelfe by them on foot, to ſuccour them from feare.

23

So, when that foreſt they had paſſed well,
A little cottage farre away they ſpide,
To which they drew, ere night vpon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide,
But one old woman ſitting there beſide,
Vpon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her ſcattered wide,
Gnawing her nailes for felneſſe and for ire,
And there-out ſucking venime to her parts entire.

24

A foule and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſſe:
For, ſhe was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Vp to the throat; that oft with bitterneſſe
It forth would breake, and guſh in great exceſſe,
Pouring out ſtreams of poyſon and of gall,
Gainſt all that truth or vertue doe profeſſe;
Whom ſhe with leaſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25

Her nature is, all goodneſſe to abuſe,
And cauſeleſſe crimes continually to frame;
With which ſhe guiltleſſe perſons may accuſe,
And ſteale away the crowne of their good name:
Ne neuer Knight ſo bold, ne euer Dame
So chaſte and loyall liu'd, but ſhe would ſtriue
With forged cauſe them falſely to defame:
Ne euer thing ſo well was doen aliue,
But ſhe with blame would blot, & of due praiſe depriue.

26

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T' expreſſe the meaning of the inward mind;
But noyſome breath, and poyſnous ſpirit ſent
From inward parts, with cankred malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter wind; (hart,
Which, paſſing through the eares, would pearce the
And wound the ſoule it ſelfe with griefe vnkind:
For, like the ſtings of Aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſpightfull words did prick, and wound the inner part,

27

Such was that Hag, vnmeet to hoſt ſuch gueſts,
Whom greateſt Princes Court would welcome faine;
But need (that anſwers not to all requeſts)
Ba le them not looke for better entertaine;
And eke that age deſpiſed niceneſſe vaine,
Enur'd to hardneſſe and to homely fare,
Which them to war-like diſcipline did traine,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care,
Againſt all hard miſhaps, and fortuneleſſe misfare.

28

Then all that euening (welcommed with cold
And cheareleſſe hunger) they together ſpent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did ſcold
And raile at them with grudgefull diſcontent,
For lodging there without her owne conſent:
Yet they endured all with patience milde,
And vnto reſt themſelues all onely lent,
Regardleſſe of that queane ſo baſe and vilde,
To be vniuſtly blam'd, and bitterly reuilde.

29

Heere well I weene, when as theſe rimes be red
With miſ-regard, that ſome raſh witted wight,
Whoſe looſer thought will lightly be miſled,
Theſe gentle Ladies will miſdeeme too light,
For thus conuerſing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of dayes ſuch temperance is rare
And hard to find, that heat of youthfull ſpright
For ought will from his greedy pleaſure ſpare,
More hard for hungry ſteed t' abſtaine from pleaſant lare.

But

30

But antique age, yet in the infancy
Of time, did liue then like an innocent,
In simple truth and blamelesse chastity.
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But voyd of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it selfe in soueraine awe:
Then loyall loue had royall regiment,
And each vnto his lust did make a lawe,
From all forbidden things his liking to with-drawe.

31

The Lion there did with the Lambe consort,
And eke the Doue sate by the Faulcons side;
Ne each of other feared fraude or tort,
But did in safe security abide,
Withouten perill of the stronger pride:
But when the would woxe old, it woxe warre old
(Whereof it hight) and hauing shortly tride
The traines of wit, in wickednesse woxe bold,
And dared of all sinnes the secrets to vnfold.

32

Then beauty, which was made to represent
The great Creators owne resemblance bright,
Vnto abuse of lawlesse lust was lent,
And made the baite of bestiall delight:
Then faire grew foule, and foule grew faire in sight;
And that which wont to vanquish God and Man,
Was made the vassall of the Victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Despis'd and troden downe of all that ouer-ran.

33

And now it is so vtterly decayd,
That any bud thereof doth scarce remaine,
But if few plants (preserv'd through heauenly ayde)
In Princes Court do hap to sprout againe,
Dew'd with her drops of bounty soueraine,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the auncient stocke of Princes straine,
Now th'onely remnant of that royall breed,
Whose noble kind at first was sure of heauenly seed.

34

Tho, soone as day discouered heauens face
To sinfull men with darknesse ouer-dight,
This gentle crew, gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampish night,
And did themselues vnto their iourney dight.
So forth they yode, and forward softly pased,
That them to view had been an vncouth sight;
How all the way the Prince on foot-pace traced,
The Ladies both on horse, together fast embraced.

35

Soone as they thence departed were afore,
That shamefull Hag (the slaunder of her sex)
Them follow'd fast, and them reuiled sore,
Him calling thiefe, them whores; that much did vex
His noble hart: there-to she did annex
False crimes and facts, such as they neuer ment,
That those two Ladies much asham'd did wex:
The more did she pursue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till she had all her poyson spent.

36

At last, when they wer passed out of sight,
Yet she did not her spightfull speech forbeare,
But after them did barke, and still back-bite,
Though there were none her hatefull words to heare:
Like as a curre doth felly bite and teare
The stone, which passed stranger at him threw;
So she them seeing past the reach of eare,
Against the stones and trees did raile anew,
Till she had duld the sting, which in her tongs end grew.

37

They, passing forth, kept on their ready way,
With easie steps so soft as foote could stride,
Both for great feeblesse, which did oft assay
Faire *Amoret*, that scarcely she could ride;
And eke through heauy armes, which sore annoyd
The Prince on foot, not wonted so to fare:
Whose steady hand was faine his steed to guide,
And all the way from trotting hard to spare,
So was his toyle the more, the more that was his care.

38

At length, they spide, where towards them with speed
A Squire came galloping, as he would flie;
Bearing a little Dwarfe before his steed,
That all the way full loud for ayde did cry,
That seem'd his shrikes would rend the brasen sky:
Whom after did a mighty man pursew,
Riding vpon a Dromedare on hie,
Of stature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would haue maz'd a man his dreadfull face to view.

39

For, from his fearefull eyes two fierie beames
More sharpe then points of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth farre away two flaming streames,
Full of fell powre, that poysonous bale did breed
To all, that on him lookt without good heed,
And secretly his enemies did slay:
Like as the Basilisk, of serpents seed,
From powrefull eyes close venim doth conuay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth farre away.

40

He all the way did rage at that same Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curses vaine in his auengefull ire:
But none of them (so fast away he flew)
Him ouer-tooke, before he came in view.
Where, when he saw the Prince in armour bright,
He cald to him aloud, his case to rew,
And reskew him through succour of his might,
From that his cruell foe, that him pursewd in sight.

41

Eftsoones the Prince tooke downe those Ladies twaine
From lofty steed, and mounting in their stead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling euery vaine:
Of whom he gan enquire his cause of dread;
Who, as he gan the same to him aread,
Lo, hard behind his backe his foe was prest,
With dreadfull weapon aymed at his head:
That vnto death had doen him vnredrest,
Had not the noble Prince his ready stroke represt.

42

Who, thrusting boldly twixt him and the blowe,
The burden of the deadly brunt did beare
Vpon his shield; which lightly he did throwe
Ouer his head, before the harme came neare.
Nath'lesse, it fell with so despiteous dreare
And heauy sway, that hard vnto his crowne
The shield it droue, and did the couering reare:
There-with both Squire & Dwarfe did tumble downe
Vnto the earth, and lay long while in senseless swoune.

43

Where-at, the Prince full wroth, his strong right hand
In full auengement heaued vp on hie,
And strooke the Pagan with his steely brand
So sore, that to his saddle-boaw thereby
He bowed lowe, and so awhile did lie:
And sure, had not his massie iron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt been happely,
It would haue cleft him to the girding place:
Yet as it was, it did astonish him long space.

44

But, when he to himselfe return'd againe,
All full of rage he gan to curse and sweare;
And vow by *Mahoune* that he should be slaine.
With that, his murdrous mace he vp did reare,
That seemed nought the souse thereof could beare,
And there-with smote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched neare,
The royall child, with ready quicke fore-sight,
Did shun the proofe thereof, and it auoyded light.

45

But ere his hand he could recure againe,
To ward his body from the balefull stound,
He smote at him with all his might and maine,
So furiously, that ere he wist, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground.
The whiles, his babbling tongue did yet blaspheme
And curse his God, that did him so confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloudy streame,
His soule descended downe into the *Stygian* reame.

46

Which when that Squire beheld, he woxe full glad
To see his foe breathe out his spright in vaine:
But that same Dwarfe right sory seem'd and sad,
And howl'd aloude to see his Lord there slaine,
And rent his haire, and scratcht his face for paine.
Then gan the Prince at leasure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plaine,
And what he was, whose eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47

This mighty man, quoth he, whom you haue slaine,
Of an huge Giantesse whylome was bred;
And by his strength, rule to himselfe did gaine
Of many Nations into thraldome led,
And mighty kingdomes of his force adred:
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloudy fight,
Ne hosts of men with banners brode dispred,
But by the powre of his infectious sight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

48

Ne was he euer vanquished afore,
But euer vanquisht all with whom he fought:
Ne was there man so strong but he downe bore,
Ne woman yet so faire, but he her brought
Vnto his bay, and captiued her thought.
For, most of strength and beautie his desire
Was spoyle to make, and waste them vnto nought,
By casting secret flakes of lustfull fire
From his false eyes, into their harts and parts entire.

49

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cald aright,
Though nameless there his body now doth lie,
Yet hath he left one daughter, that is hight
The faire *Pæana*; who seemes outwardly
So faire, as euer yet saw liuing eye:
And, were her vertue like her beautie bright,
She were as faire as any vnder sky.
But (ah!) she giuen is to vaine delight,
And eke too loose of life, and eke of loue too light.

50

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Lady of high parentage;
But for his meane degree might not aspire
To match so high: her friends with counsell sage,
Disswaded her from such a disparage.
But shee, whose hart to loue was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeeme her gage,
But firmely following her first intent,
Resolv'd with him to wend, gainst all her friends consent.

51

So twixt themselues they pointed time and place:
To which, when he according did repaire,
An hard mishap and disadventrous case
Him chaunc't; in stead of his *Aemylia* faire
This Giants sonne, that lies there on the laire
An headlesse heape, him vnawares there caught;
And, all dismaid through mercilesse despaire,
Him wretched thrall into his dungeon brought,
Where he remaines, of all vnsuccour'd and vnsought.

52

This Giants daughter came vpon a day
Vnto the prison in her ioyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongst the rest she chaunced there to see
This lonely swaine, the Squire of lowe degree;
To whom she did her liking lightly cast,
And wooed him her Paramour to bee:
From day to day she woo'd and pray'd him fast,
And for his loue, him promist libertie at last.

53

He, though affide vnto a former Loue,
To whom his faith he firmely meant to hold,
Yet seeing not how thence he mote remoue,
But by that meanes, which fortune did vnfold,
Her graunted loue, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his libertie to get.
Yet she him still detaines in captiue hold;
Fearing least if she should him freely set,
He would her shortly leaue, and former loue forget.

Yet

54
Yet ſo much fauour ſhee to him hath hight
Aboue the reſt, that he ſometimes may ſpace
And walke about her gardens of delight,
Hauing a Keeper ſtill with him in place;
Which Keeper is this Dwarfe, her dearling baſe,
To whom the keyes of euery priſon dore
By her committed be, of ſpeciall grace,
And at his will may whom he liſt reſtore,
And whom he liſt reſerue to be afflicted more.

55
Whereof when tydings came vnto mine eare
(Full inly ſory for the feruent zeale,
Which I to him as to my ſoule did beare)
I thither went; where I did long conceale
My ſelfe, till that the Dwarfe did me reueale,
And told his Dame, her Squire of lowe degree
Did ſecretly out of her priſon ſteale;
For, me he did miſtake that Squire to bee:
For, neuer two ſo like did liuing creature ſee.

56
Then was I taken, and before her brought:
Who, through the likenеſſe of my outward hew,
Beeing likewiſe beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for beeing ſo vntrew,
To ſeeke by flight her fellowſhip t'eſchew,
That lov'd me deare, as deareſt thing aliue.
Thence ſhee commaunded me to priſon new;
Whereof I glad, did not gaine-ſay nor ſtriue,
But ſuffred that ſame Dwarfe me to her dungeon driue.

57
There did I find mine onely faithfull friend
In heauy plight and ſad perplexitie;
Whereof I ſory, yet my ſelfe did bend,
Him to recomfort with my company.
But him the more agreeu'd I found thereby:
For, all his ioy, he ſaid, in that diſtreſſe,
Was mine and his *Aemylias* libertie.
Aemylia well he lov'd, as I mote gheſſe;
Yet greater loue to me then her he did profeſſe.

58
But I, with better reaſon him aviz'd,
And ſhew'd him, how through errour & misthought
Of our like perſons eath to be diſguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedome might be wrought.
Where-to full loth was he, ne would for ought
Conſent, that I, who ſtood all ſeareleſſe free,
Should wilfully be into thraldome brought,
Till fortune did perforce it ſo decree:
Yet ouer-rul'd, at laſt he did to me agree.

59
The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarfe cald at the doore of *Amyas*,
To come forth-with vnto his Ladies bowre.
In ſtead of whom, forth came I *Placidas*,
And vndiſcerned, forth with him did paſs.
There, with great ioyance and with gladſome glee,
Of faire *Poeana* I receiued was,
And oft imbrac't, as if that I were hee,
And with kind words accoyd, rowing great loue to mee.

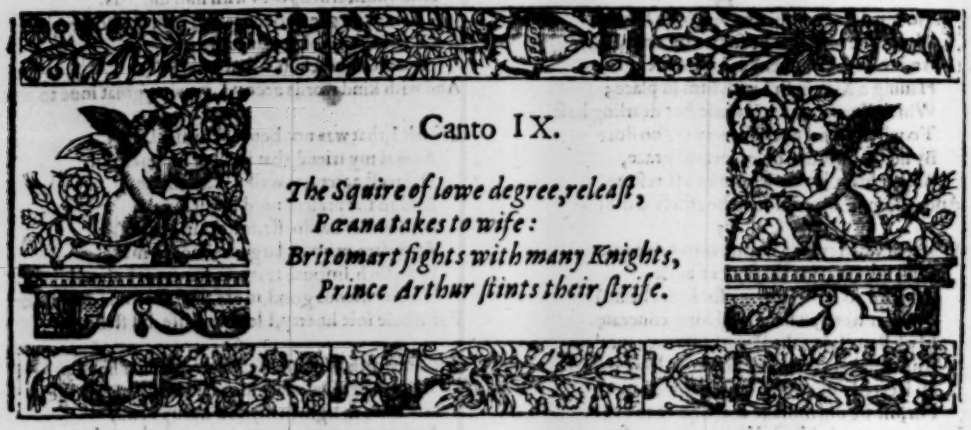
60
Which I, that was not bent to former Loue,
As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behoue,
And to the preſent need it wiſely vs'd.
My former hardneſſe, firſt, I faire excus'd;
And after, promiſt large amends to make.
With ſuch ſmooth tearmes, her error I abus'd,
To my friends good, more then for mine owne ſake;
For whoſe ſole liberty, I loue and life did ſtake.

61
Thence-forth, I found more fauour at her hand;
That to her Dwarfe, which had me in his charge,
She bade to lighten my too heauy band,
And graunt more ſcope to me to walke at large.
So on a day, as by the flowrie marge
Of a freſh ſtreame I with that Elfe did play,
Finding no meanes how I might vs enlarge,
But if that Dwarfe I could with me conuay,
I lightly ſnatcht him vp, and with me bore away.

62
There-at he ſhriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant ſelfe came forth with yelling bray,
And me purſew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgot the purchaſe of my gotten pray,
But haue perforce him hither brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe-where nigh at hand
Thoſe Ladies two (yet doubtfull through diſmay)
In preſence came, deſirous t'vnderſtand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

63
Where, ſoone as ſad *Aemylia* did eſpy
Her captiue Louers friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindleſſe of her wonted modeſty,
She to him ran, and him with ſtraight embras
Enfolding ſaid, And liues yet *Amyas*?
He liues, quoth he, and his *Aemylia* loues.
Then leſſe, ſaid ſhe, by all the woe I paſs,
With which my weaker patience fortune proues,
But what mishap thus long him fro my ſelfe remoues?

64
Then gan he all his ſtory to renew,
And tell the courſe of his captiuity;
That her deare hart full deepely made to rew,
And ſigh full ſore, to heare the miſery,
In which ſo long he mercileſſe did lie.
Then, after many teares and ſorrowes ſpent,
She deare beſought the Prince of remedy:
Who there-to did with ready will conſent,
And well perform'd, as ſhall appeare by his event.



Canto IX.

The Squire of lowe degree, releaſt,
Pæana takes to wife:
Britomart fights with many Knights,
Prince Arthur ſtints their ſtrife.

1

HArd is the doubt, and difficult to deeme,
When all three kinds of loue together meet,
And do diſpart the hart with powre extreame,
Whether ſhall weigh the ballance downe; to
The deare affection vnto kindred ſweet, (weet
Or raging fire of loue to woman-kind,
Or zeale of friends combin'd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
Me ſeemes the gentle hart, ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

2

For, naturall affection ſoone doth ceſſe,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithfull friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſſe,
And them with maiſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpiring to eternall fame.
For, as the ſoule doth rule the earthly maſs,
And all the ſeruice of the body frame;
So loue of ſoule doth loue of body paſs,
No leſſe then perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.

3

All which who liſt by triall to aſſay,
Shall in this ſtory find approued plaine;
In which, this Squires true friendſhip more did ſway,
Then eyther care of Parents could refraine,
Or loue of faireſt Lady could conſtraine.
For, though *Pæana* were as faire as morne,
Yet did this truſty Squire with proud diſdaine,
For his friends ſake her offred fauours ſcorne,
And ſhe her ſelfe her ſire, of whom ſhe was yborne.

4

Now after that Prince *Arthur* graunted had,
To yeeld ſtrong ſuccour to that gentle ſwaine,
Who now long time had lyen in priſon ſad,
He gan aduiſe how beſt he mote darraine
That enterprize for greateſt glories gaine.
That headleſſe Tyrants trunk he reard from ground,
And hauing ympt the head to it againe,
Vpon his vſuall beaſt it firmely bound,
And made it ſo to ride, as it aliue was found.

5

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and layd
Before the rider, as he captiue were,
And made his Dwarfe (though with vnwilling ayd)
To guide the beaſt, that did his maiſter beare,
Till to his Caſtle they approched neere.
Whom, when the watch that kept continuall ward
Saw comming home; all voyd of doubtfull feare,
He running downe, the gate to him vpbard;
Whom ſtraight the Prince enſuing, in together far'd.

6

There he did find in her delicious boure,
The faire *Pæana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruell Paramoure,
And ſinging all her ſorrow to the note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote;
That with the ſweetneſſe of her rare delight,
The Prince halfe rapt, began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her vnwares attach't, and captiue held by might.

7

Whence being forth produc't, when ſhe perceiued
Her owne deare Sire, ſhe cald to him for ayde.
But when of him no anſwere ſhe receiued,
But ſaw him ſenſeleſſe by the Squire vp-ſtaid,
Shee weened well, that then ſhe was betraid:
Then gan ſhe loudly cry, and weep, and waile,
And that ſame Squire of treaſon to vpbraid.
But all in vaine, her plaints might not preuaile,
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to baile.

8

Then tooke he that ſame Dwarfe, and him compeld
To open vnto him the priſon dore,
And forth to bring thoſe thrals that there he held.
Thence, forth were brought to him about a ſcore
Of Knights and Squires to him vnknowne afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And vnto former liberty reſtore.
Amongſt the reſt, that Squire of lowe degree
Came forth full weake and wan, not like himſelfe to bee.

Whom

9

Whom ſoone as faire *Amylia* beheld,
And *Placidas* they both vnto him ran,
And him embracing faſt betwixt them held,
Striuing to comfort him all that they can,
And kiſſing oft his viſage pale and wan;
That faire *Pœana* them beholding both,
Gan both enuy, and bitterly to ban;
Through iealous paſſion weeping inly wroth,
To ſee the fight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

10

But when awhile they had together been,
And diuerſly conferred of their caſe;
She, though full oft ſhe both of them had ſeene
Aſunder, yet not euer in one place,
Began to doubt, when ſhe them ſaw embrace,
Which was the captiue Squire ſhe lov'd ſo deare,
Dectiued through great likeneſſe of their face.
For, they ſo like in perſon did appeare,
That ſhe vneath diſcerned, whether whether were.

11

And eke the Prince, when as he them auized,
Their like reſemblance much admired there,
And maz'd how Nature had ſo well diſguized
Her worke, and counterfet her ſelfe ſo neare,
As if that by one patterne ſeene ſomewhere,
She had them made a Paragone to be;
Or, whether it through skill, or error were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other Knights and Squires, which him did ſee.

12

Then gan they ranſacke that ſame Caſtle ſtrong,
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded threaſure;
The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without reſpect or meaſure.
Vpon all which the Briton Prince made ſeaſure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
To reſt himſelfe, and ſolace in ſoft pleaſure
Thoſe weaker Ladies after weary toyle;
To whom he did diuide part of his purchaſt ſpoile.

13

And for more ioy, that captiue Lady faire
The faire *Pœana* he enlarged free;
And by the reſt did ſet in ſumptuous chaire,
To feaſt and frollicke; nathemore would ſhe
Shew gladſome countenance nor pleaſant glee:
But grieued was for loſſe both of her ſire,
And eke of Lordſhip, with both land and fee:
But moſt ſhe touched was with griefe entire,
For loſſe of her new Loue, the hope of her deſire.

14

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better tearms of mildneſſe did entreat,
From that fowle rudeneſſe, which did her deface;
And that ſame bitter corſiue, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refraine from meat,
He with good thewes and ſpeeches well applide,
Did mollifie, and calme her raging heat.
For, though ſhe were moſt faire, and goodly dide,
Yet ſhe it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

15

And for to ſhut vp all in friendly loue,
Sith loue was firſt the ground of all her griefe,
That truſty Squire he wiſely well did moue
Not to deſpiſe that Dame, which lov'd him liefe,
Till he had made of her ſome better prieſe,
But to accept her to his wedded wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chiefe
Of all her land and Lordſhip during life:
He yeelded, and her tooke; ſo ſtinted all their ſtrife.

16

From that day forth, in peace and ioyous bliſs,
They liv'd together long without debate:
Ne priuate iarre, ne ſpite of enimis
Could ſhake the ſafe aſſurance of their ſtate.
And ſhe, whom Nature did ſo faire create
That ſhe mote match the faireſt of her dayes;
Yet with lewd loues and luſt intemperate
Had it defac'd; thenceforth reformd her waies, (praiſe.
That all men much admir'd her change, and ſpake her

17

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compilde
Theſe paires of friends in peace and ſettled reſt;
Himſelfe, whoſe minde did trauell as with childe
Of his old loue, conceiu'd in ſecret breaſt,
Reſolued to purſue his former gueſt;
And taking leaue of all, with him did beare
Faire *Amoret*, whom Fortune by requeſt
Had left in his protection whileare,
Exchanged out of one into an other feare.

18

Feare of her ſafety did her not conſtraine.
For, well ſhe wiſt now in a mighty hond,
Her perſon late in perill, did remaine,
Who able was, all dangers to withſtond.
But now in feare of ſhame ſhe more did ſtond,
Seeing her ſelfe all ſoly ſuccourleſſe,
Left in the Victors powre, like vaſſall bond;
Whoſe will her weakneſſe could no way repreſſe,
In caſe his burning luſt ſhould breake into exceſſe.

19

But cauſe of feare ſure had ſhe none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The courſe of looſe affection to foreſtall,
And Lawleſſe luſt to rule with reaſons lore;
That all the while he by his ſide her bore,
She was as ſafe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To ſeeke their Loues diſperſed diuerſly,
Yet neyther ſhew'd to other their hearts priuity.

20

At length they came, where as a troupe of Knights
They ſawe together skirmiſhing, as ſeemed:
Sixe they were all, all full of fell deſpight;
But foure of them the battell beſt beſeemed,
That which of them was beſt, mote not be deemed.
Thoſe foure were they, from whom falſe *Florimell*
By *Braggadochio* lately was redeemed;
To weet, ſterne *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Loue-lauſh *Blandamour*, and luſtfull *Paridell*.

Druon

21

Druons delight was all in ſingle life,
And vnto Ladies loue would lend no leaſure:
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
With feruent flames, and loued out of meaſure:
So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleaſure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans proue:
But *Paridell* of loue did make no threaſure,
But luſted after all that him did moue.
So diuerſly theſe foure diſpoſed were to loue.

22

But thoſe two other, which beſide them ſtood,
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathfull mood,
And wondred at their impacable ſtoure,
Whoſe like they neuer ſaw till that ſame houre:
So dreadfull ſtrokes each did at other driue,
And layd on load with all their might and powre,
As if that euery dint the ghoſt would riue
Out of their wretched corſes, and their liues depriue:

23

As when *Dan Aeolus* in great diſpleaſure,
For loſſe of his deare Loue by *Neptune* hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden threaſure,
Vpon the Sea to wreake his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude vnruliment,
From all foure parts of heauen, doe rage full ſore,
And toſſe the deepes, and teare the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide vprore,
As if in ſtead thereof, they *Chaos* would reſtore.

24

Cauſe of their diſcord, and ſo fell debate,
Was for the loue of that ſame ſnowy maid,
Whom they had loſt in Turneyment of late;
And ſeeking long to weet which way ſhe ſtraid,
Met here together: where, through lewd vpbraid
Of *Até* and *Dueſſa* they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aid,
This cruell conflict raiſed there-about,
Whoſe dangerous ſucceſſe depended yet in dout.

25

For, ſometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
The better had, and bet the others backe;
Eftſoones the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did worke full cruell wrack:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury ſlack,
But euermore their malice did augment;
Till that vneath they forced were, for lack
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And reſt themſelues, for to recouer ſpirits ſpent.

26

There gan they change their ſides, and new parts take;
For, *Paridell* did take to *Druons* ſide,
For old deſpight, which now forth newly brake
Gainſt *Blandamour*, whom alwayes he enuide:
And *Blandamour* to *Claribell* relide.
So all afreſh gan former fight renew:
As when two Barkes, this caried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courſes ſew,
If wind and tide doe change, their courſes change anew.

27

Thence-forth, they much more furiouſly gan fare,
As if but then the battell had begonne;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks ſtrong did ſpare,
That through the clifts the vermeil bloud out ſponne,
And all adowne their riuen ſides did ronne.
Such mortall malice, wonder was to ſee
In friends profeſt, and ſo great out-rage donne:
But ſooth is ſaid, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, moſt cruell foe-men bee.

28

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamour*, and that ſame Briton maid,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom ſoone as they with wrathfull eye bewraide,
They gan remember of the foule vp-braid,
The which that Britonneſſe had to them donne,
In that late Turney for the ſnowy maid;
Where ſhe had them both ſhamefully fordonne,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wonne.

29

Eftſoones all burning with a freſh deſire
Of full reuenge, in their malicious mood,
They from themſelues gan turne their furious ire,
And cruell blades yet ſteeming with hot blood,
Againſt thoſe two let drriue as they were wood:
Who wondring much at that ſo ſuddaine fit,
Yet nought diſmaid, them ſtoutly well withſtood;
Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
But beeing doubly ſmitten, likewiſe doubly ſmit.

30

The war-like Dame was on her part affaid
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely layd
At *Scudamour*, both his profeſſed fone.
Foure charged two, and two ſurcharged one:
Yet did thoſe two themſelues ſo brauely beare,
That th' other little gained by the lone,
But with their owne repayed duely were,
And vſury withall: ſuch gaine was gotten deare.

31

Full often-times did *Britomart* aſſay
To ſpeake to them, and ſome emparlance moue;
But they for nought their cruell hands would ſtay,
Ne lend an eare to ought that might behoue.
As when an eager maſtiffe once doth proue
The taſte of bloud of ſome engored beaſt,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remoue
From greedy hold of that his bloudy feaſt:
So little did they hearken to her ſweet beheaſt.

32

Whom when the Briton Prince afarre beheld
With ods of ſo vnequall match oppreſt,
His mighty hart with indignation ſweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroick breſt:
Eftſoones himſelfe he to their ayde addreſt;
And thruſting fierce into the thickeſt preaſe,
Diuided them, how euer loth to reſt,
And would them faine from battell to ſurceaſe,
With gentle words perſwading them to friendly peace.

But

33

But they ſo farre from peace or patience were,
That all attonce at him gan fiercely ſtie,
And lay on load, as they him downe would beare;
Like to a ſtorme, which hovers vnder ſky
Long here and there, and round about doth ſtie,
At length breakes downe in raine, and haile, and ſleet,
Firſt, from one coaſt, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewiſe fleet;
And ſo from ſide to ſide, till all the world it weet.

34

But now their forces greatly were decayd,
The Prince yet being freſh vntoucht afore;
Who them with ſpeeches milde gan firſt diſſwade
From ſuch foule out-rage, and them long forbore:
Till ſeeing them through ſuffrance hartned more,
Himſelfe he bent their furies to abate:
And layd at them ſo ſharpely and ſo ſore,
That ſhortly them compelled to retreate,
And beeing brought in danger, to relent too late.

35

But now his courage being throughly fired,
He meant to make them knowe their follies priſe,
Had not thoſe two him inſtantly deſired
T'aſſwage his wrath, and pardon their meſpriſe.
At whoſe requeſt he gan himſelfe adviſe
To ſtay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder termes, as liſt them to deuiſe:
Mongſt which, the cauſe of their ſo cruell heat
He did them aske: who all that paſſed gan repeat;

36

And told at large, how that ſame errant Knight,
To weet, faire *Britomart*, them late had foyled
In open turney, and by wrongfull fight,
Both of their publique praiſe had them deſpoyled,
And alſo of their priuate Loues beguiled;
Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
But ſhee, that wrongfull challenge ſoone aſſoyled,
And ſhew'd that ſhe had not that Lady reft
(As they ſuppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

37

To whom, the Prince thus goodly well replied;
Certes, ſir Knight, ye ſeemen much to blame,
To rip vp wrong, that battell once hath tried;
Wherein the honour both of Armes ye ſhame,
And eke the loue of Ladies foule defame;
To whom the world this franchiſe euer yeelded,
That of their loues choice they might freedom clame,
And in that right, ſhould by all Knights be ſhielded:
Gainſt which me ſeems this war ye wrongfully haue wielded.

38

And yet, quoth ſhe, a greater wrong remaines:
For, I thereby my former Loue haue loſt;
Whom ſeeking euer ſince with endleſſe paines,
Hath me much ſorrow and much trauell coſt:
Aye me! to ſee that gentle mayd ſo toſt.
But *Scudamour*, then ſighing deepe, thus ſaid;
Certes, her loſſe ought me to ſorrow moſt,
Whoſe right ſhe is, where-euer ſhe be ſtraide,
Through many perils won, and many fortunes waide.

39

For, from the firſt that I her loue profeſt,
Vnto this howre, this preſent luckleſſe howre,
I neuer ioyed happineſſe nor reſt;
But, thus turmoild from one to other ſtowre,
I waſte my life, and do my dayes deuoure
In wretched anguiſh, and inceſſant woe,
Paſſing the meaſure of my feeble powre,
That liuing thus, a wretch, and louing ſo,
I neyther can my loue, ne yet my life forgo.

40

Then good ſir *Claribell* him thus beſpake;
Now were it not ſir *Scudamour* to you
Diſlikefull paine, ſo ſad a taske to take,
More we entreat you, ſith this gentle crew
Is now ſo well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to vs in order dew
All that aduenture, which ye did aſſay
For that faire Ladies loue: paſt perils well apay.

41

So gan the reſt him likewiſe to require;
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
To take on him that paine: whoſe great deſire
He glad to ſatisfie, himſelfe prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchiuement, as to him befell:
And all thoſe dangers vnto them declar'd:
Which ſith they cannot in this Canto well
Compriſed be, I will them in another tell.

Canto



Canto X.

Scudamour doth his conquest tell
of vertuous Amoret:
Great Venus temple is deſcrib'd,
and Louers life forthſet.

1

TRue he it ſaid, what-euer man it ſaid,
That loue with gall & hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other way'd,
For euery dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth ouer it redound.
That I too true by triall haue approued:
For, ſince the day that firſt with deadly wound
My hart was launc't, and learned to haue loued,
I neuer ioyed howre, but ſtill with care was moued.

2

And yet ſuch grace is giuen them from aboue,
That all the cares and euill which they meet,
May nought at all their ſettled mindes remoue,
But ſeeme gainſt common ſenſe to them moſt ſweet;
As boſting in their martyrdome vnmeet.
So all that euer yet I haue endured,
I count as nought, and tread downe vnder feet,
Sith of my Loue at length I reſt aſſured,
That to diſloyaltie ſhe will not be allured.

3

Long were to tell the trauell and long toyle,
Through which this ſhield of loue I late haue wonne,
And purchaſed this peereleſſe beauties ſpoyle,
That harder may be ended, then begonne.
But ſince you ſo deſire, your will be donne.
Then harke, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,
My hard miſhaps, that ye may learne to ſhonne;
For, though ſweet Loue to conquer glorious bee,
Yet is the paine thereof much greater then the fee.

4

What time the fame of this renowmed priſe
Flew firſt abroad, and all mens eares poſſeſt,
I hauing armes then taken, gan aviſe
To winne me honour by ſome noble geſt,
And purchaſe me ſome place amongſt the beſt.
I boldly thought (to young mens thoughts are bold)
That this ſame braue emprize for me did reſt,
And that both ſhield and ſhe whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot; ſith all by lot we hold.

5

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of peril ſhortly came:
That was a temple faire and auncient,
Which of great mother *Venus* bare the name,
And farre renowmed through exceeding fame;
Much more then that, which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus* (both long ſince this ſame)
Though all the pillours of the one were gilt,
And all the others pauement were with Ivory ſpilt.

6

And it was ſeated in an Iſland ſtrong,
Abounding all with delices moſt rare,
And wall'd by Nature gainſt invaders wrong,
That none mote haue acceſſe, nor inward fare,
But by one way, that paſſage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wiſe,
With curious Corbes, and pendants grauen faire,
And (arched all with porches) did ariſe
On ſtately pillours, fram'd after the Dorick guiſe.

7

And for defence thereof, on th'other end
There reared was a Caſtle faire and ſtrong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges ſides along,
Gainſt all that would it faine to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in warres experience long;
Whoſe office was, againſt all manner wights,
By all meanes to maintaine that Caſtles ancient rights.

8

Before that Caſtle was an open Plaine,
And in the midſt thereof a pillour placed;
On which this ſhield, of many ſought in vaine,
The ſhield of Loue, whoſe guerdon me hath graced,
Was hanged on high, with golden ribbands laced;
And in the Marble ſtone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchaced,
Bleſſed the man that well can vſe his bliſs:
Whoſe euer be the ſhield, faire Amoret be his.

Which

9

Which when I read, my heart did inly yearne,
And pant with hope of that aduentures hap:
Ne ſtayed further newes thereof to learne,
But with my ſpeare vpon the ſhield did rap,
That all the Caſtle ringed with the clap.
Straight forth iſſew'd a Knight all arm'd to proofe,
And braunely mounted to his moſt mishap:
Who, ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloofe,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glaunſt from his horſes hoofe.

10

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune ſhortly him vnſeated.
Eſtſoones out ſprung two more of equall mould;
But I them both with equall hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewiſe entreated,
And left them groning there vpon the Plaine.
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my paine,
And taking downe the ſhield, with me did it retaine.

11

So forth without impediment I paſt,
Till to the Bridges vtter gate I came:
The which I found ſure lockt and chained faſt.
I knockt, but no man anſwerd me by name;
I cald, but no man anſwerd to my clame.
Yet I perſeuer'd ſtill to knocke and call;
Till at the laſt I ſpide within the ſame,
Where one ſtood peeping through a creuis ſmall;
To whom I cald aloud, halſe angry there-withall.

12

That was to weet, the Porter of the place,
Vnto whoſe truſt the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th'other backward bent,
Therein reſembling *Janus* auncient,
Which had in charge the ingate of the yeare:
And euermore his eyes about him went,
As if ſome proued perill he did feare,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill, whoſe cauſe did not appeare.

13

On th' one ſide he, on th' other ſate *Delay*,
Behind the gate, that none her might eſpy;
Whoſe manner was all paſſengers to ſtay,
And entertaine with her occaſions ſly;
Through which ſome loſt great hope vnheedily,
Which neuer they recouer might againe;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languiſhing there in vnpitied paine,
And ſeeking often entrance, afterwards in vaine.

14

Me when as he had priuily eſpide,
Bearing the ſhield which I had conquer'd late,
He kend it ſtraight, and to me opened wide.
So in I paſt, and ſtraight he clos'd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in cloſe awaite
Caught hold on me, and thought my ſteps to ſtay,
Feining full many a fond excuſe to prate,
And time to ſteale the threaſure of mans day;
Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render may.

15

But by no meanes my way I would forſlowe,
For ought that euer ſhe could doe or ſay;
But from my lofty ſteed diſmounting lowe,
Paſt forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly works, and ſtones of rich aſſay,
Caſt into ſundry ſhapes by wondrous skill,
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)
And vnderneath, the riuer rolling ſtill (will.
With murmure ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerue the workmans

16

Thence, forth I paſſed to the ſecond gate,
The *Gate of good deſert*, whoſe goodly pride
And coſtly frame, were long here to relate.
The ſame to all ſtood alwayes open wide:
But in the Porch did euermore abide
An hidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That ſtopt the entrance with his ſpacious ſtride,
And with the terrour of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that elſe faine enter would.

17

His name was *Danger*, dradded ouer all,
Who day and night did watch and duely ward,
From fearefull cowards, entrance to forſtall,
And ſaint-hart-fooles, whom ſhew of perill hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes faire award:
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at firſt eſpiall
Of his grim face, were from approaching ſcar'd;
Vnworthy they of grace, whom one deuall
Excludes from faireſt hope, withouten further triall.

18

Yet many doughty Warriours, often tride
In greater perils to be ſtout and bold,
Durſt not the ſterneneſſe of hys looke abide;
But ſoone as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feele their courage cold.
Againe, ſome other, that in hard aſſayes
Were cowards knowne, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or ſuch like wayes,
Crept in by ſtooping lowe, or ſtealing of the kayes.

19

But I, though meaneſt man of many moe,
Yet much diſdeigning vnto him to lout,
Or creepe betweene his legs, ſo in to goe,
Reſolv'd him to aſſault with manhood ſtout,
And either beat him in, or driue him out.
Eſtſoones advancing that enchaunted ſhield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which, when he ſaw, the glaiue which he did wield
He gan forth-with t' avale, and way vnto me yield.

20

So, as I entred, I did backward looke,
For feare of harme, that might lie hidden there;
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I tooke)
Much more deformed fearfull vgly were,
Then all his former parts did earſt appeare.
For, hatred, murther, treaſon, and deſpight,
With many moe, lay in ambuſhment there,
Awaiting to entrap the wareleſſe wight,
Which did not them preuent with vigilant fore-ſight.

Thus

21

Thus hauing past all perill, I was come
Within the compasse of that Islands space;
The which did seeme vnto my simple doome,
The onely pleasant and delightfull place,
That euer troden was of footings trace.
For, all that Nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and forme of substance base,
Was there; and, all that Nature did omit,
Art (playing second Natures part) supplyed it.

22

No tree, that is of count, in greene-wood growes,
From lowest Iuniper to Cedar tall;
No flowre in field, that dainty odour throwes,
And deckes his branch with blossomes ouer all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor sense of man so coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to please it selfe withall;
Nor hart could wish for any queint deuice,
But there it present was, and did fraile sense entice.

23

In such luxurious plenty of all pleasure,
It seem'd a second paradise to bee,
So lauishly enricht with Natures threasure,
That if the happy soules, which do possesse
Th' Elysian fields, and liue in lasting blesse,
Should happen this with liuing eye to see,
They soone would loathe their lesser happinesse,
And wish to life return'd againe I ghesse,
That in this ioyous place they mote haue ioyance free.

24

Fresh shadowes, fit to shroude from sunny ray;
Faire lawnds, to take the sunne in season dew;
Sweet springs, in which a thousand Nymphs did play;
Soft rumbling brookes, that gentle slumber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Lowe looking dales, disloigned from common gaze;
Delightfull bowres, to solace Louers trew;
False Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which, by Nature made, did Nature selfe amaze.

25

And all without were walkes and alleyes dight,
With diuers trees, enrang'd in euen rankes;
And here and there were pleasant arbors pight,
And shadie seats, and sundry flowring bankes,
To sit and rest the walkers weary shankes:
And therein thousand payres of Louers walkt,
Praysing their god, and yielding him great thanks,
Ne euer ought but of their true Loues talkt,
Ne euer for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

26

All these together by themselues did sport
Their spotlesse pleasures, and sweet loues content,
But farre away from these, another sort
Of Louers linked in true harts consent:
Which loued not as these, for like intent,
But on chaste vertue grounded their desire,
Farre from all fraude, or fained blandishment;
Which in their spirits kindling zealous fire,
Braue thoughts and noble deeds did euer-more inspire.

27

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylus* deare;
True *Ionathan*, and *Dauid* trustie tryde;
Stout *Theseus*, and *Perithous* his feare;
Pylades, and *Orestes* by his side;
Milde *Titus*, and *Gesippus* without pride:
Damon and *Pythias*, whom death could not seuer:
All these, and all that euer had beene tyde
In bands of friendship, there did liue for euer:
Whose liues, although decay'd, yet loues decayed neuer.

28

Which, when as I, that neuer tasted bliss,
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heauen then this;
And gan their endlesse happinesse enuy.
That being free from feare and iealousie,
Might frankly there their loues desire possesse;
Whil'st I, through paines and perlous ieopardy,
Was forc't to seeke my lifes deare patronesse: (stresse.
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

29

Yet all those sights, and all that else I saw,
Might not my steps with-hold, but that forth-right
Vnto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Where-as my Loue was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queene of beauty, and of loue the mother,
There worshipped of euery liuing wight;
Whose goodly workmanship farre past all other
That euer were on earth, all were they set together.

30

Not that same famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whose height all *Ephesus* did ouer-see,
And which all *Asia* sought with vowes profane,
One of the worlds seuen wonders said to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wise King of *Iurie* framed,
With endlesse cost, to be th'Almighties see;
Nor all that else through all the world is named
To all the Heathen Gods, might like to this be clamed.

31

I, much admiring that so goodly frame,
Vnto the porch approcht, which open stood;
But therein sate an amiable Dame,
That seem'd to be of very sober mood,
And in her semblant shew'd great womanhood:
Strange was her tire; for on her head a Crowne
Shee wore, much like vnto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearle and stone; and all her gowne
Enwouen was with gold, that raught full lowe adowne.

32

On eyther side of her, two young men stood,
Both strongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of halfe the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Loue*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder, *Loue* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger stronger in his state
Then th'elder, and him maystred still in all debate.

Nath'lesse,

33
Nath'leſſe, that Dame ſo well them tempred both,
That ſhe them forced hand to ioyne in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did ſtand,
Vnwilling to behold that louely band.
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
That her commaundment he could not withſtand,
But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his iron tuskes at that diſpleaſing ſight.

34
Concord ſhee cleeped was in commun reed,
Mother of bleſſed *Peace*, and *Friendſhip* true;
They both her twins, both borne of heauenly ſeed,
And ſhe herſelfe likewiſe diuinely grew;
The which right well her works diuine did ſhew:
For, ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſſe ſhe lends,
And ſtrife, and warre, and anger does ſubdew:
Of little much, of foes ſhe maketh frends,
And to afflicted minds, ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

35
By her the heauen is in his courſe contained,
And all the world in ſtate vnmoued ſtands,
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordained,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Elſe would the waters ouer-flowe the lands,
And fire deuoure the ayre, and hell them quight,
But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed hands.
Shee is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight,
And vnto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

36
By her I entring, halfe diſmayed was;
But ſhee in gentle wiſe me entertayned,
And twixt her ſelfe and Loue did let me paſs:
But *Hatred* would my entrance haue reſtrained,
And with his club me threatned to haue brayned,
Had not the Lady, with her powreſull ſpeach,
Him from his wicked will vneath refrained;
And th'other eke his malice did impeach,
Till I was throughly paſt the perill of his reach.

37
Into the inmoſt Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with Frankencenſe I found,
And odours riſing from the altars flame.
Vpon an hundred Marble pillors round,
The roofe vp high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crownes, and chains, & girlonds gay,
And thouſand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ſad Louers for their vowes did pay; (May.
And all the ground was ſtrow'd with flowres, as freſh as

38
An hundred Altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with their ſacrifices fire,
That with the ſteme thereof the Temple ſwet,
Which roul'd in clowdes, to heauen did aſpire,
And in them bore true Louers vowes entire:
And eke an hundred braſen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in ioy and amorous deſire,
Euery of which was to a Damzell hight;
For, all the Prieſts were Damzels, in ſoft linnen dight.

39
Right in the midſt the Goddeſſe ſelfe did ſtand,
Vpon an altar of ſome coſtly maſſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance was vneath to vnderſtand:
For, neither pretious ſtone, nor dureſull braſſe,
Nor ſhining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to eſteeme,
Pure in aſpect, and like to cryſtall glaſs,
Yet glaſſe was not, if one did rightly deeme;
But beeing faire and brickle, likeſt glaſſe did ſeeme.

40
But it in ſhape and beauty did excell
All other Idols which the heathen adore,
Farre paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Ile of yore,
With which that wretched Greeke that life forlore,
Did fall in loue: yet this much fairer ſhined,
But couered with a ſlender veile afore;
And both her feet and legs together twined
Were with a ſnake, whoſe head & taile were faſt cõbined.

41
The cauſe why ſhe was couered with a veile,
Was hard to knowe, for that her Prieſts the ſame
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceale.
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh which the worke mote blame;
But for (they ſay) ſhe hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both vnder one name:
She ſire and mother is her ſelfe alone;
Begets, and eke conceiues, ne needeth other none.

42
And all about her necke and ſhoulders flew
A flock of little loues, and ſports, and ioyes,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoſe ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtriall boyes,
But like to Angels playing heauenly toyes;
The whil'ſt their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldeſt brother; he enioyes
The wide kingdome of loue with lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

43
And all about her altar, ſcattered lay
Great ſorts of Louers pittiouſly complaining;
Some of their loſſe, ſome of their loues delay,
Some of their pride, ſome paragons diſdaining,
Some fearing fraude, ſome fraudulently fayning,
As euery one had cauſe of good or ill.
Amongſt the reſt, ſome one through loues cõſtraining
Tormented ſore, could not containe it ſtill,
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

44
Great *Venus*, Queene of beauty and of grace,
The ioy of Gods and men, that vnder skie
Dooſt faireſt ſhine, and moſt adorne thy place,
That with thy ſmiling looke dooſt pacifie
The raging ſeas, and mak'ſt the ſtormes to flie:
Thee goddeſſe, thee the winds, the clowdes do feare,
And when thou ſpredſt thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleaſant Lands appeare,
And heauens laugh, & all the world ſhewes ioyous cheer.

45
Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitfull lap aboundant flowres:
And then all liuing wights, soone as they see
The Spring breake forth out of his lusty bowres,
They all do learne to play the Paramours;
First do the merry birds, thy preety pages,
Priuily pricked with thy lustfull powres,
Chirpe loud to thee out of their leauy cages,
And thee their mother call to coole their kindly rages.

46
Then doe the saluage beasts begin to play
Their pleasant friskes, and loath their wonted food:
The Lions rore, the Tigres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepest flood,
To come where thou doost draw them with desire:
So all things else, that nourish vitall blood,
Soone as with fury thou doost them inspire,
In generation seeke to quench their inward fire.

47
So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou doost the same repaire:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that louely is and faire,
But thou the same for pleasure didst prepayre.
Thou art the root of all that ioyous is,
Great god of men and women, queene of th'ayre,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of blis,
O graunt that of my loue at last I may not misse.

48
So did he say: but I with murmure soft,
That none might heare the sorrowe of my heart,
Yet inly groaning deep and sighing oft,
Besought her to grant ease vnto my smart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart.
Whil'st thus I spake, behold with happy eye
I spyde, where at the Idoles feet apart
A beuie of faire damzels close did lie,
Wayting when as the Antheme should be sung on hie.

49
The first of them did seem of riper yeares,
And grauer countenance then all the rest;
Yet all the rest were eke her equall peares,
Yet vnto her obayed all the best.
Her name was *Womanhood*, that she expresst
By her lad semblant and demeanure wise:
For, stedfast still her eyes did fixed rest,
Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guise,
Whose luring bayts oft-times doe heedlesse hearts entise.

50
And next to her sate goodly *Shamefastnes*;
Ne euer durst her eyes from ground vp-reare,
Ne euer once did looke vp from her desse,
As if some blame of euill she did feare,
That in her cheekes made roses oft appeare:
And her against, sweet *Cheerfulnes* was placed,
Whose eyes like twinkling stars in euening cleare,
Were deckt with smyles, that all sad humors chaced,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly graced.

51
And next to her sate sober *Modestie*,
Holding her hand vpon her gentle heart;
And her against sate comely *Curtesie*,
That vnto euery person knew her part;
And her before was seated ouerthwart
Soft *Silence*, and submisse *Obedience*,
Both linkt together neuer to dispart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both griefes of his Saints against their foes offence.

52
Thus sate they all around in seemely rate:
And in the midst of them a goodly mayd,
Euen in the lap of *Womanhood* there sate,
The which was all in lilly white arrayd,
With siluer streames amongst the linnen stray'd;
Like to the morne, when first her shining face
Hath to the glooroy world it selfe bewray'd:
That same was fairest *Amoret* in place,
Shining with beauties light, and heauenly vertues grace.

53
Whom soone as I beheld, my hart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what best were to be donne:
For, sacriledge me seem'd the Church to rob;
And folly seem'd to leaue the thing vndonne,
Which with so strong attempt I had begonne.
Tho, shaking off all doubt and shamefast feare,
Which Ladyes loue I heard had neuer wonne
Mongst men of worth, I to her stepped neare,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd vp to reare.

54
Thereat that formost matrone me did blame,
And sharpe rebuke, for beeing ouer-bold;
Saying it was to Knight vnseemly shame,
Vpon a recluse Virgin to lay hold,
That vnto *Venus* seruices was sold.
To whom I thus: Nay but it fitteth best,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* mayd to hold:
For, ill your goddesse seruices are dresst
By Virgins, and her sacrifices let to rest.

55
With that my shield I forth to her did showe,
Which all that while I closely had conceald;
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bowe
And cruell shafts emblazond she beheld,
At sight thereof she was with terror queld,
And said no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like wary Hynd within the weedy soyle,
For no intreaty would forgoe so glorious spoyle.

56
And euermore vpon the goddesse face
Mine eye was fixt, for feare of her offence:
Whom when I saw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and fauour my pretence,
I was emboldned with more confidence:
And nought for niceneſſe nor for enuy sparing,
In presence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like astonisht staring,
Yet to lay hand on her, not one of all them daring.

57

Shee often prayd, and often me beſought,
Sometime with tender teares to let her goe,
Sometime with witching ſmyles: but yet for nought,
That euer ſhe to me could ſay or doe,
Could ſhee her wiſhed freedome fro me wooe;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly paſt with much adoe:
But that ſame Lady which me friended late
In entrance, did me alſo friend in my retrate.

58

No leſſe did danger threaten me with dread,
VVhen as he ſaw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious ſpoile of beauty with me lead,
Then *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes boure.
But euermore my ſhield did me defend,
Againſt the ſtorme of euery dreadfull ſtoure:
Thus ſafely with my Loue I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

Canto XI.

Marinells former wound is healed,
he comes to Proteus hall,
Where Thames doth the Medway wed,
and feaſts the Sea-gods all.

1

BVt ah for pitty! that I haue thus long
Left a faire Lady languiſhing in paine:
Now weal-away, that I haue doen ſuch wrong,
To let faire *Florimell* in bands remaine,
In bands of loue, and in ſad thraldoms chaine;
From which, vnleſſe ſome heauenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing plaine,
She lenger yet is like captiu'd to bee:
That euen to thinke thereof, it inly pitties mee:

2

Heere needs you to remember, how ere-while
Vnlouely *Proteus*, miſſing to his mind
That Virgins loue to win by wit or wile,
Her threw into a dungeon deep and blind,
And there in chaines her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,
Her conſtant mind could moue at all he ſaw,
He thought her to compell by cruelty and awe.

3

Deepe in the bottome of an huge great rocke
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither yron barres, nor brazen lock
Did need to gard from force, or ſecret theft
Of all her Louers, which would her haue reft.
For, wall'd it was with waues, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliffe in peeces would haue cleft:
Beſides, ten thouſand monſters foule abhord
Did waite about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd.

4

And in the midſt thereof did horror dwell,
And darkeneſſe drad, that neuer viewed day;
Like to the balefull houſe of loweſt hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway
(Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.
There did this luckleſs mayd three months abide,
Ne euer euening ſaw, ne mornings ray,
Ne euer from the day the night deſcride,
But thought it all one night, that did no houres diuide.

5

And all this was for loue of *Marinell*,
Who her deſpis'd (ah! who would her deſpiſe?)
And womens loue did from his hart expell,
And all thoſe ioyes that weake mankind entiſe.
Nath'leſſe, his pride full dearely he did priſe;
For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lyes,
Ne can be cured of that cruell ſtroke
Which *Britomart* him gaue, when he did her prouoke.

6

Yet farre and neere the Nymph his mother ſought,
And many ſalues did to his ſore apply,
And many herbes did vſe. But when as nought
Shee ſaw could eaſe his rankling maladie,
At laſt, to *Tryphon* ſhee for helpe did hie
This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods ſurgeon hight)
Whom ſhee beſought to find ſome remedy:
And for his paines, a whiſtle him behight,
That of a fiſhes ſhell was wrought with rare delight.

7

So well that Leach did harke to her requeſt,
And did ſo well employ his carefull paine,
That in ſhort ſpace his hurts he had redreſt,
And him reſtor'd to healthfull ſtate againe:
In which he long time after did remaine
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who ſore againſt his will did him retaine,
For feare of perill, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous proweſſe proued ouer all.

8

It fortun'd then, a ſolemne feaſt was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitfull ſeed,
In honour of the ſpouſalls, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames* (as weln records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph, would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreaty to his loue be led;
Till now at laſt relenting, ſhe to him was wed.

9

So both agreed, that this their bridale feaſt
Should for the gods in *Proteus* houſe be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both moſt and leaſt,
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,
As that in riuers ſwim, or brookes doe wade.
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of braſs I had,
And endleſſe memory, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

10

Helpe therefore, ô thou ſacred imp of *Ioue*,
The nourſling of Dame *Memory* his deare,
To whom thoſe rolles, layd vp in heauen aboue,
And records of antiquitie appeare,
To which no wit of man may comen neare;
Helpe me to tell the names of all thoſe floods,
And all thoſe Nymphes, which then aſſembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their ſundry kinds, and all their liid abodes.

11

Firſt, came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt Mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them riſe or fall;
His deawy locks did drop with brine apace,
Vnder his Diademe imperiall:
And by his ſide, his Queene with Coronall,
Faire *Amphitrité*, moſt diuinely faire,
Whoſe Iuory ſhoulders weren couered all,
As with a robe, with her owne ſiluer haire:
And deckt with pearls, which th'Indian ſeas for her pre-
(pare.

12

Theſe marched farre afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet ſhrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great iollyment,
That made the rocks to roare, as they were rent.
And after them the royall iſſue came,
Which of them ſprung by lineall deſcent:
Firſt, the Sea-gods, which to themſelues doe clame
The powre to rule the billowes, and the waues to tame.

13

Phorcys, the father of that fatall brood,
By whom thoſe old Hero ës wonne ſuch fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wiſe ſoothſayes vnderſtood;
And tragick *Inoes* ſonne, the which became
A God of Seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and is Saylers friend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Aſtraus*, that did ſhame
Himſelfe with inceſt of his kin vnkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempeſts ſtill portend.

14

The rich *Creatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias*, louely brethren both;
Mighty *Chryſaor*, and *Caicus* ſtrong;
Eurypilus, that calmes the waters wroth;
And faire *Euphæmus*, that vpon them go'th
As on the ground, without diſmay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottome tread;
And ſad *Aſopus*, comely with his hoarie head.

15

There alſo, ſome moſt famous founders were
Of puiſſant Nations, which the world poſſeſt;
Yet ſonnes of *Neptune*, now aſſembled here:
Auncient *Ogyges*, euen th'auncienteſt,
And *Inachus*, renowm'd aboue the reſt;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelaſgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, beſt;
And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold
And war-like people, which the *Britaine* Ilands hold.

16

For, *Albion*, the ſonne of *Neptune* was;
Who for the proofe of his great puiſſance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot paſs
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did aduaunce
To vanquiſh all the world with matchleſſe might:
And there his mortall part by great miſchance
Was ſlaine: but that which is th'immortall ſpright
Liues ſtill: and to this feaſt with *Neptunes* ſeed was dight.

17

But what doe I their names ſeeke to reherſe,
Which all the world haue with their iſſue fild?
How can they all in this ſo narrow verſe
Contained be, and in ſmall compaſſe hild?
Let them record them, that are better skild,
And know the moniments of paſſed times:
Onely what needeth, ſhall be here fulfild,
T'expreſs ſome part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* doe deriue their parentage.

18

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame,
Old *Tethys*, th'oldeſt two of all the reſt;
For, all the reſt, of thoſe two Parents came,
Which afterward both ſea and land poſſeſt:
Of all which, *Nereus*, th'eldeſt and the beſt,
Did firſt proceed, then which none more vpright,
Ne more ſincere in word and deed profeſt,
Moſt void of guile, moſt free from foule deſpight,
Dooing himſelfe, and teaching others to doe right.

There-to

19

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods vnfold,
Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous priſe
The faire Tindarid laſſe, he him foretolde,
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Should fetch againe, and finally deſtroy
Proud *Priams* towne. So wiſe is *Nereus* old,
And ſo well ſkild; nath'leſſe he takes great ioy
Oft-times amongſt the wanton Nymphes to ſport & toy.

20

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which doe the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whoſe ſourſe ſprings from the ſkie;
Faire Iſter, flowing from the Mountaines hie;
Diuine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greekes and Troians, which therein did die;
Pactolus, ghiſtring with his golden flood, (ſtood.
And Tigris fierce, whoſe ſtreams of none may be with-

21

Great Ganges, and immortall Euphrates,
Deepe Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and rempeſtuous Phaſides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus ſtill immaculate:
Orontes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowmed for the Romaines fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge River, which doth beare his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do poſſeſſe the ſame.

22

Ioy on thoſe warlike women, which ſo long
Can from all men ſo rich a kingdome hold;
And ſhame on you, ô men, which boaſt your ſtrong
And valiant hearts, in thoughts leſſe hard and bold,
Yet quaile in conqueſt of that land of gold.
But this to you, ô Britons, moſt pertaines,
To whom the right hereof it ſelfe hath ſold;
The which, for ſparing little coſt or paines
Looſe ſo immortall glory, and ſo endleſſe gaines.

23

Then was there heard a moſt celeſtiall ſound
Of dainty muſick, which did next enſew
Before the ſpouſe: that was *Arion* crownd:
Who playing on his harpe, vnto him drew
The eares and harts of all that goodly crew,
That euen yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Ægæan ſeas from Pirates view,
Stood ſtill by him aſtoniſht at his lore,
And all the raging Seas, for ioy forgot to rore.

24

So went he playing on the watry Plaine.
Soone after whom the lonely Bridegroome came,
The noble Thamis, with all his goodly traine;
But him before there went, as beſt became,
His auncient parents, namely th'auncient *Thame*.
But much more aged was his wife then hee,
The Ouze, whom men do Iſis rightly name;
Full weake and crooked creature ſeemed ſhe, (ſee.
And almoſt blind through eld, that ſcarce her way could

25

Therefore on either ſide ſhe was ſuſtained (high
Of two ſmall grooms, which by their names were
The *Charne* and *Charwell*, two ſmall ſtreames, which
Themſelues her footing to direct aright, (pained
Which fayled oft through faint and feeble plight:
But *Thame* was ſtronger, and of better ſtay;
Yet ſeem'd full aged by his outward ſight,
VVith head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with ſiluer drops, that trickled downe alway.

26

And eke he ſomewhat ſeem'd to ſtoupe afore
With bowed back, by reaſon of the lode,
And auncient heauy burden, which he bore
Of that faire Citie, wherein make-abode
So many learned impes, that ſhoot abroad,
And with their branches ſpred all Britany,
No leſſe then do her elder ſiſters broode.
Ioy to you both, ye double nourſery,
Of Arts: but Oxford thine doth *Thame* moſt glorifie.

27

But he their ſonne full freſh and iolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waues, glittring like Cryſtall glaſs,
So cunningly enwouen were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were falſe or trew,
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that ſeemed ſtrange to common view,
In which were many Towres and Caſtles ſet,
That it encompaſt round as with a golden fret.

28

Like as the mother of the gods, they ſay,
In her great iron charet wonts to ride,
When to *Ioues* palace ſhe doth take her way;
Old *Cybele*, arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diademe embattild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant:
VVith ſuch an one was Thamis beautifide;
That was to weet, the famous Troynouant,
In which her kingdomes throne is chiefly reſiant.

29

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay:
All little Riuers, which owe vaſſallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulky Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The moriſh Cole, and the ſoft ſliding Breane,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth looſe his way,
And the ſtill Darent, in whoſe waters cleane
Ten thouſand fiſhes play, and deck his pleaſant ſtreame.

30

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the Engliſh ſoile throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet ſeruice waited him about;
Ne one diſdained lowe to him to lout:
No not the ſtately Seuerne grudg'd at all,
Ne ſtorming Humber, though he looked ſtout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their ſwelling waters lowe before him fall.

31

There was the ſpeedy Tamar, which diuides
The Corniſh, and the Deuoniſh confines;
Through both whoſe borders ſwiftly downe it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh choakt with ſands of tinny mines,
But Auon marched in more ſtately path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he ſhines
And gliſters wide, as aly' of woodrous Bath,
And Briſtow faire, which on his waues he builded hath.

32

And there came Stoure with terrible aſpect,
Bearing his ſixe deformed heads on hie,
That doth his courſe through Blandford Plains direct,
And waſheth Winbourne meads in ſeaſon drie.
Next him, went Wylibourne with paſſage ſlye,
That of his wylineſſe his name doth take,
And of himſelfe doth name the ſhire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nouſling Mole doth make
His way ſtill vnder ground, till Thamis he ouertake.

33

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing faſt to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleaſant floods
The Eaſterne Saxons from the Southerne ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautifie:
Him follow'd Yar, ſoft waſhing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a preſent ioyfully
Of his owne fiſh vnto their feſtiuall, (call.
Whoſe like none elſe could ſhew, the which they Ruffins

34

Next theſe, the plentious Ouze came far from land,
By many a City, and by many a Towne,
And many Rivers taking vnder hand
Into his waters, as he paſſeth downe;
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rowne,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crowne
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
VVith many a gentle Muſe, and many a learned wit.

35

And after him, the fatall Welland went,
That if old Lawes proue true (which God forbid)
Shall drowne all Holland with his excrement,
And ſhall ſee Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then ſhine in learning, more then euer did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beames.
And next to him the *Nene* downe ſoftly ſlid;
And bountious Trent, that in him ſelfe enſeames
Both thirty ſorts of fiſh, and thirty ſundry ſtreames.

36

Next theſe came Tyne, along whoſe ſtony banke
That Romane Monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons ſtrongly ſtanke
Againſt the Picts, that ſwarmed ouer all,
Which yet thereof Gualſeuer they doe call:
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: and Eden though but ſmall,
Yet often ſtaind with bloud of many a band
Of Scots and Engliſh both, that tyned on his ſtrand.

37

Then came thoſe ſixe ſad brethren, like forlorne,
That whylome were (as antique fathers tell)
Sixe valiant Knights, on one faire Nymph yborne,
VVhich did in noble deedes of armes excell,
And wonned there, where now Yorke people dwell;
Still Vre, ſwift Were, and Oze the moſt of might,
High Swale, vnquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber highr,
Slew cruelly, and in the riuer drowned quight.

38

But paſt not long, ere *Brutus* warlike ſonne
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the ſame date,
VVhich the proud Humber vnto them had donne,
By equall doome repayd on his owne pate:
For, in the ſelfe ſame riuer, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him againe;
And nam'd the Riuer of his wretched fate;
Whoſe bad condition yet it doth retaine,
Oft toſſed with his ſtormes, which therein ſtill remaine.

39

Theſe after, came the ſtony ſhallow Lone,
That to old Loncaſter his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call diuine, that doth by Cheſter tend;
And Conway, which out of his ſtreame doth ſend
Plenty of pearles to decke his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth moſt commend,
Of which the auncient Lincolne men do call,
All theſe together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

40

Ne thence the Iriſh Riuers abſent were,
Sith no leſſe famous then the reſt they be,
And ioyne in neighbourhood of kingdome neere,
Why ſhould they not likewiſe in loue agree,
And ioy likewiſe this ſolemne day to ſee?
They ſaw it all, and preſent were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the ſalvage coũtries, thorough which they paſe.

41

There was the Liffie, rolling downe the lea,
The ſandy Slane, the ſtony Aubrian,
The ſpacious Shenan ſpreading like a ſea,
The pleaſant Boyne, the fiſhy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduffe, which of the Engliſh man
Is call'd Blacke water, and the Liffar deepe,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong *Allo* tombling from Slewlogher ſteep,
And *Mulla* mine, whoſe waues I whilom taught to weep.

42

And there the three renowmed brethren were,
VVhich that great Giant *Blomius* begot
Of the faire Nymph *Rheũſa* wandring there.
One day, as ſhee to ſhunne the ſeaſon hot,
Vnder Slewbloome in ſhady groue was got,
This Giant found her, and by force deflowr'd:
VVhereof conceiuing, ſhe in time forth brought
Theſe three faire ſons, which being thence forth powrd
In three great riuers ran, and many countries ſcowrd.

The

43

The first, the gentle Shur, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adornes rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborne Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rosseponte boord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of Salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which long sundred, doe at last accord
To ioyne in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

44

There also was the wide embayed Mayre,
The pleasant Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Iland faire
Encloseth Corke with his diuided flood;
And balefull Oure, late staynd with English bloud:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemely good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To doe their duefull seruice, as to them befell.

45

Then came the Bride, the louing *Medua* came,
Clad in a vesture of vnknowen geare,
And vncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like siluer, sprinkled here and there
With glittering spangs, that did like starres appeare,
And wav'd vpon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metall, which yet euery where
Bewrayd it selfe, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortall worke, that seem'd and yet was not.

46

Her goodly locks adowne her backe did flowe
Vnto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosiall odours forth did throwe
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her head
A Chapelet of sundry flowres she wore,
From vnder which the deawy humour, shed,
Did trickle downe her haire, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which doe the morne adore.

47

On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,
One cald the *Theise*, the other cald the *Crane*:
Which on her waited, things amisse to mend,
And both behind vpheld her spredding traine;
Vnder the which, her feet appeared plaine,
Her siluer feet, faire washt against this day:
And her before there passed Pages twaine,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Donne* & eke the *Frith*, both which prepar'd her way.

48

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long greene haire,
Whom of their sire *Nereides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;
The gray-eyde *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, milde *Eucrate*, *Thetis* faire,
Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endore*, *Sao* sad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad;

49

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dynamene*,
Ioyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Louely *Pasithee*, kinde *Eulimene*,
Light foote *Cymothoe*, and sweet *Melite*,
Fairest *Pherusa*, *Phao* lilly white,
VVondred *Agaue*, *Poris*, and *Nesaa*,
With *Erato* that doth in loue delight,
And *Panope*, and wise *Protomedaa*,
And snow-neckt *Doris*, and milkewhite *Galathaa*;

50

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Actea*,
Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronaa* sage,
Euagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
And she, that with her least word can assuage
The surging seas, when they doe sorest rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoe*,
And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in age,
And seeming still to smile, *Glauconome*,
And she that hight of many hests *Polynome*;

51

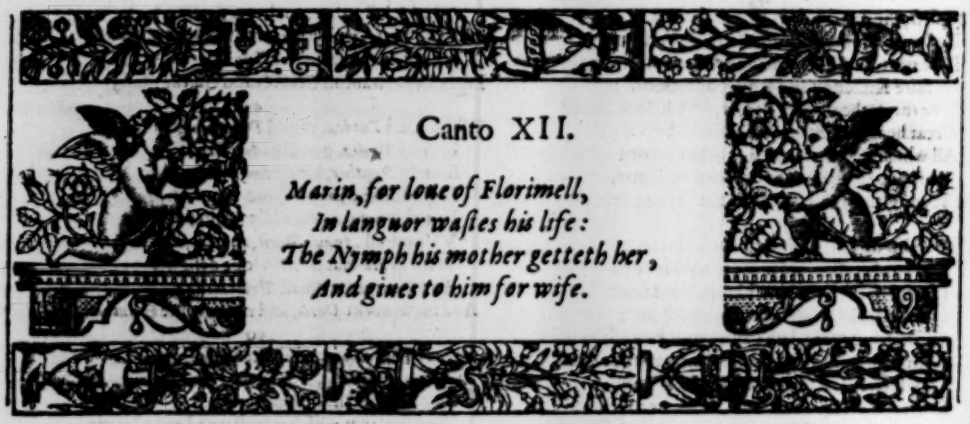
Fresh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond greene;
Hyponeo, with salt bedeawed wrests:
Laomedia, like the crystall sheene;
Liagore, much prayse for wise behests;
And *Psamathe*, for her broad snowy breasts;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiste* iust;
And she that vertue loues and vice detests,
Euarna; and *Menippe* true in trust,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her lust.

52

All these the daughters of olde *Nereus* were,
VVhich haue the sea in charge to them assignde,
To rule his tides, and surges to vp-rere,
To bring forth stormes, or fast them to vp-binde,
And sailers saue from wreckes of wrathfull winde.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th'Oceans seede, but *Ioues* and *Phœbus* kind;
The which in flouds and fountaines doe appeare,
And all mankind do nourish with their waters cleare.

53

The which, more eath it were for mortall wight,
To tell the sands, or count the starres on hye,
Or ought more hard, then thinke to reckon right.
But well I wote, that these which I descry,
VVere present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the mother was
Of luckelesse *Marinell*, *Cymodoce*;
Which, for my Muse her selfe now tyred has,
Vnto an other Canto I will ouer-pas.



Canto XII.

Marin, for loue of Florimell,
In langnor waſtes his life:
The Nymph his mother getteth her,
And giues to him for wife.

1

O What an endleſſe worke haue I in hand,
To count the Seas abundant progeny!
Whoſe fruitfull ſeed far paſſeth thoſe in land,
And alſo thoſe which won in th'azure sky.
For, much more eath to tell the ſtars on hy,
Albe they endleſſe ſeeme in eſtimation,
Then to recount the Seas poſteritie:
So fertile be the flouds in generation,
So huge their numbers, and ſo numberleſſe their nation.

2

Therefore the antique Wizards well inuented,
That *Venus* of the foamy Sea was bred;
For that the Seas by her are moſt augmented:
Witneſſe th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous ſholes, which may of none be read.
Then blame me not, if I haue err'd in count
Of gods, of Nymphs, of Rиuers yet vnread:
For, though their numbers do much more ſurmount,
Yet all thoſe ſame were there, which earſt I did recount.

3

All thoſe were there, and many other more,
VVhoſe names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* houſe they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees, diſpoſed well.
Amongſt the reſt, was faire *Cymodoce*,
The mother of vnlucky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learne and ſee
The manner of the gods when they at banquet be.

4

But for he was halfe mortall, being bred
Of mortall ſire, though of immortall wombe,
He might not with immortall food be fed,
Ne with th'eternall gods to banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that vncouth place,
That ſeem'd vnlike vnto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chaunce did trace,
There vnto him betid a diſaduentrous caſe.

5

Vnder the hanging of an hideous cliefe,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That pitiouſly complayned her carefull griefe,
Which neuer ſhe before diſcloſ'd to none,
But to her ſelfe her ſorrowe did bemone.
So feelingly her caſe ſhe did complaine,
That ruth it moued in the rocky ſtone,
And made it ſeeme to feele her grieuous paine,
And oft to grone with billowes beating from the Maine.

6

Though vaine I ſee my ſorrowes to vnfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to heare;
Yet hoping griefe may leſſen beeing tolde,
I will them tell though vnto no man neare:
For, heauen that vnto all lends equall eare,
Is farre from hearing of my heauy plight;
And loweſt hell, to which I lie moſt neare,
Cares not what euills hap to wretched wight;
And greedy ſeas doe in the ſpoile of life delight.

7

Yet loe, the ſeas I ſee by often beating,
Do pearce the Rocks, and hardeſt marble weares:
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yeeld; but when my pitious plaints he heares,
Is hardned more with my abundant teares.
Yet though he neuer liſt to me relent,
But let me waſte in woe my wretched yeares,
Yet will I neuer of my loue repent,
But ioy that for his ſake I ſuffer priſonment.

8

And when my wearie ghoſt with griefe out-worne,
By timely death ſhall winne her wiſhed reſt,
Let then this plaint vnto his eares be borne,
That blame it is to him, that armes profeſt,
To let her die, whom he might haue redreſt.
There did ſhe pauſe, inforced to giue place,
Vnto the paſſion, that her heart oppreſt.
And after ſhe had wept and wayl'd a ſpace,
She gan afreſh thus to renew her wretched caſe;

Yee

9

Ye gods of seas, if any gods at all
Haue care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me wofull thrall,
Deliuer hence out of this dungeon strong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deeme me death, for louing one
That loues not me, then doe it not prolong,
But let me dy and end my daies attone,
And let him liue vnlov'd, or loue him selfe alone.

10

But if that life ye vnto me decree,
Then let me liue, as Louers ought to doe,
And of my lifes deare Loue beloued be:
And if he should through pride your doom vndoe,
Do you by dureſs him compell thereto,
And in this prison put him heere with me:
One prison fittest is to hold vs two:
So had I rather to be thrall, then free;
Such thraldome or such freedome let it surely bee.

11

But ô vaine iudgement, and conditions vaine,
The which the prisoner poynts vnto the free!
The whiles I him condemne, and deeme his paine,
He where he list goes loose, and laughs at me.
So euer loose, so euer happy be.
But where so loose or happy that thou art,
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
With that she wept and wail'd, as if her heart
Would quite haue burst through great aboundance of her (smart,

12

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And vnderstood the cause of all her care
To come of him, for vsing her so hard,
His stubborne heart, that neuer felt misfare,
Was toucht with soft remorse and pitty rare;
That euen for griefe of minde he oft did grone,
And inly wish, that in his powre it were
Her to redress: but since he meanes found none,
He could no more but her great misery bemone.

13

Thus whilst his stony heart was toucht with tender ruth,
And mighty courage something mollified,
Dame *Venus* sonne that tameth stubborne youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a Victor on his backe he ride,
Into his mouth his maystering bridle threw,
That made him stoupe, till he did him bestride:
Then gan he make him tread his steps anew,
And learne to loue, by learning louers paines to rew.

14

Now gan he in his grieued minde deuise,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by faire and humble wise
To *Proteus* selfe to sue for her discharge:
But then he fear'd his mothers former charge
Gainst womens loue, long giuen him in vaine.
Then gan he thinke, perforce with sword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to constraine:
But soone he gan such folly to forethinke againe.

15

Then did he cast to steale her thence away,
And with him beare, where none of her might knowe.
But all in vaine: for why he fonnd no way
To enter in, or issew forth belowe;
For, all about that rocke the sea did flowe.
And though vnto his will she giuen were,
Yet without ship or boat her thence to rowe,
He wist not how, her thence away to beare;
And danger well he wist long to continue there.

16

At last, when as no meanes he could inuent,
Backe to himselfe, he gan returne the blame,
That was the author of her punishment;
And with vile curses, and reproachfull shame
To damne himselfe by euery euill name,
And deeme vnworthy or of loue or life,
That had despis'd so chast and faire a Dame,
Which him had sought through trouble & long strife;
Yet had refus'd a god that her had sought to wife.

17

In this sad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rock in vaine,
As he had lost himselfe, he wist not where;
Oft listening if he mote her heare againe;
And still bemoaning her vnworthy paine:
Like as an Hynde whose calfe is falne vnwares
Into some pit, where she him heares complaine,
An hundred times about the pit side fares,
Right sorrowfully mourning her bereaued cares.

18

And now by this, the feast was throughly ended,
And euery one gan homeward to resort:
VVhich seeing, *Marinell* was sore offended,
That his departure thence should be so short,
And leaue his Loue in that sea-walled fort,
Yet durst he not his mother disobay;
But her attending in full seemely sort,
Did march amongst the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourne, like one astray.

19

Being returned to his mothers bowre,
In solitary silence farre from wight,
He gan record the lamentable stowre,
In which his wretched Loue lay day and night,
For his deare sake, that ill deseru'd that plight:
The thought whereof empeare't his heart so deep,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly sleepe,
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languisht, and alone did weepe;

20

That in short space his wonted chearefull hew
Gan fade, and liuely spirits deaded quight:
His cheek-bones rawe, and eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawny armes had lost their knowen might,
That nothing like himselfe he seem'd in sight.
Ere long, so weake of limbe, and sicke of loue
He woxe, that lenger he n'ote stand vpright,
But to his bed was brought, and layd aboue,
Like ruefull ghost, vnable once to stirre or moue.

Which

21
Which when his mother ſawe, ſhe in her mind
VVas troubled ſore, ne wiſt well what to weene.
Ne could by ſearch nor any meanes out-find
The ſecret cauſe and nature of his teene,
VVhereby ſhe might apply ſome medicine;
But, weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to ſee her loſſe before her eyne:
Which greu'd her more, that ſhe it could not mend;
To ſee an helpleſſe euill, double griefe doth lend.

22
Nought could ſhe read the roote of his diſeaſe,
Ne weene what miſter malady it is,
Whereby to ſeeke ſome meanes it to appeaſe.
Moſt did ſhe thinke, but moſt ſhe thought amiſs,
That that ſame former fatall wound of his
Whyleare by *Tryphon* was not throughly healed,
But cloſely rankled vnder th'orifice:
Leaſt did ſhe thinke, that which he moſt concealed,
That loue it was, which in his heart lay vnreuealed.

23
Therefore to *Tryphon* ſhe againe doth haſte,
And him doth chide as falſe and fraudulent,
That fayld the truſt, which ſhe in him had plac't,
To cure her ſonne, as he his faith had lent:
VVho now was falne into new languiſhment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cured.
So backe he came vnto her Patient;
Where ſearching euery part, her well aſſured,
That no old ſore it was, which his new paine procured;

24
But that it was ſome other malady,
Or griefe vnknowne, which he could not diſcerne:
So left he her withouten remedy.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and yerne,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learne.
Vnto himſelfe ſhe came, and him beſought,
Now with faire ſpeeches, now with threatnings ſterne,
If ought lay hidden in his grieued thought,
It to reueale: who ſtill her anſwered, there was nought.

25
Nath'leſſe, ſhe reſted not ſo ſatisfide:
But leauing watry gods, as booting nought,
Vnto the ſhiny heauen in haſte ſhe hide,
And thence *Apollo* king of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who ſoone as he had ſought
Through his diſeaſe, did by and by out-find,
That he did languiſh of ſome inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieued mind;
Which loue he read to be, that leads each liuing kind.

26
VVhich when he had vnto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieue.
And comming to her ſonne, gan firſt to ſcold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieue:
But afterwards ſhe gan him ſoft to ſhriue,
And wooe with faire intreaty, to diſcloſe,
Which of the Nymphs his heart ſo ſore did mieue.
For, ſure ſhe weend it was ſome one of thoſe,
Which he had lately ſeen, that for his Loue he choſe.

27
Now leſſe ſhe feared that ſame fatall read,
That warned him of womens loue beware;
VVhich beeing meant of mortall creatures ſead,
For loue of Nymphs ſhee thought ſhe need not care,
But promiſt him what-euer wight ſhe were,
That ſhe her loue to him would ſhortly gaine.
So, he her told: but ſoone as ſhe did heare
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his paine,
Shee gan afreſh to chafe, and grieue in euery vaine.

28
Yet ſince ſhe ſawe the ſtreight extremitie,
In which his life vnluckily was laid,
It was no time to ſcan the prophecie,
VVhether old *Proteus* true or falſe had ſaid,
That his decay ſhould happen by a mayd.
It's late, in death, of danger to adviſe,
Or loue forbid him, that is life denayd:
But rather gan in troubled mind deuize,
How ſhe that Ladies liberty might enterprize.

29
To *Proteus* ſelfe to ſue, ſhe thought it vaine,
VVho was the roote and worker of her woe:
Nor vnto any meaner to complaine,
But vnto great king *Neptune* ſelfe did goe,
And on her knee before him falling lowe,
Made humble ſute vnto his maieſtie
To grant to her, her ſonnes life, which his foe
A cruell Tyrant had preſumptuouſly
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to die.

30
To whom god *Neptune* ſoftly ſmyling, thus:
Daughter, me ſeemes of double wrong ye plaine,
Gainſt one that hath both wronged you, and vs:
For, death t'award I ween'd did appertaine
To none, but to the Seas ſole Soueraine.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cauſe; the truth diſcouer plaine.
For, neuer wight ſo euill did or thought,
But would ſome rightful cauſe pretend, though rightly nought.

31
To whom ſhe anſwerd; Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ordayn'd my ſonne to die;
For that a waiſt, the which by fortune came
Vpon your ſeas, he claym'd as property:
And yet nor his, nor his in equity,
But yours the waiſt by high prerogatiue.
Therefore I humbly craue your Maieſtie,
It to repleuie, and my ſonne repriue:
So ſhall you by one gift ſaue all vs three aliue.

32
He graunted it: and ſtreight his warrant made,
Vnder the Sea-gods ſeale autenticall,
Commanding *Proteus* ſtraight t'enlarge the mayd,
Which wandring on his ſeas imperiall
He lately tooke, and ſithence kept as thrall.
Which ſhe receiuing with meet thankfulneſſe,
Departed ſtraight to *Proteus* therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulneſſe,
Was grieued to reſtore the pledge, he did poſſeſſe.

Yet

33
Yet durſt he not the warrant to withſtand,
But vnto her deliuered *Florimell*.
Whom ſhe receiuing by the lilly hand,
Admir'd her beauty much, as ſhe mote well:
For, ſhe all liuing creatures did excell;
And was right ioyous that ſhe gotten had
So faire a wife for her ſonne *Marinell*.
So home with her ſhe ſtreight the virgin lad,
And ſhewed her to him, then beeing ſore beſtad.

34
VVho ſoone as he beheld that angels face,
Adorn'd with all diuine perfection,
His cheared heart eftſoones away gan chace
Sad death, reuiued with her ſweet inſpection,
And feeble ſpirit inly felt refection;
As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
That feeles the warmth of ſunny beames reflection,
Liftes vp his head, that did before decline,
And gins to ſpread his leafe before the faire ſunſhine.

35
Right ſo him ſelfe did *Marinell* vpreare,
VVhen he in place his deareſt Loue did ſpy;
And though his limbs could not his body beare,
Ne former ſtrength returne ſo ſuddenly,
Yet chearefull ſignes he ſhewed outwardly.
Ne leſſe was ſhe in ſecret heart affected,
But that ſhe maſked it with modeſty,
For feare ſhe ſhould of lightneſſe be detected:
Which to another place I leaue to be perfected.

The end of the fourth Booke.

Canto

THE FIFT BOOKE OF THE FAERY QVEENE:

CONTAYNING

The Legend of ARTHEGALL.

OR

Of Iuſtice.

1

SO oft as I, with ſtate of preſent time,
The Image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freſheſt prime,
And the firſt bloſſome of faire vertue bare,
Such oddes I finde twixt thoſe, and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeemes the world is runne quight out of ſquare,
From the firſt point of his appointed ſourſe,
And being once amiſſe growes daily worſe and worſe.

2

For, from the golden age, that firſt was named,
It's now as earſt become a ſtony one;
And men themſelues, the which at firſt were framed
Of earthly mould, and form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now transformed into bardeſt ſtone:
Such as behind their backs (ſo backward bred)
Were throwne by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if then thoſe may any worſe be red,
They into that are long will be degenered.

Let none then blame me, if in diſcipline
Of vertue and of ciuill vſes lore,
I do not forme them to the common line
Of preſent dayes, which are corrupted ſore,
But to the antique vſe, which was of yore,
When good was onely for it ſelfe deſired,
And all men ſought their owne, and none no more;
When Iuſtice was not for moſt meed out-hyred,
But ſimple Truth did raigne, and was of all admired.

4

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now call'd vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and ſo vs'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elſe in time are changed quight.
Ne wonder; for the heauens reuolution
Is wandred farre, from where it firſt was pight,
And ſo do make contrary conſtitution
Of all this lower world, toward his diſſolution.

5

For, who ſo liſt into the heauens looke,
And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſpheares,
Shall find that from the point, where they firſt tooke
Their ſetting foorth, in theſe few thouſand yeares
They all are wandred much; that plaine appeares.
For that ſame golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their ſtepdames feares,
Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,
And ſhouldred hath the Bull, which faire *Europa* bore.

And

6

And eke the Bull hath with his boaw-bent horne
So hardly butted thoſe two twinnes of *Ioue*,
That they haue cruſht the Crab, and quite him borne
Into the great *Nemean* Lions groue.
So now all range, and do at random roue
Out of their proper places fatre away,
And all this world with them amiſſe do moue,
And all his crearures from their courſe aſtray,
Till they arriue at their laſt ruinous decay.

7

Ne is that ſame great glorious lamp of light,
That doth enlumine all thoſe leſſer fyres,
In better caſe, ne keeps his courſe more right,
But is miſcarried with the other Spheres.
For, ſince the tearme of fourteene hundred yeares
That learned *Ptolomee* his height did take,
He is declined from that marke of theirs,
Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southerne lake;
That makes me feare in time he will vs quite forſake.

8

And if to thoſe Ægyptian wiſards old,
Which in Star-read were wont haue beſt inſight,
Faith may be giuen, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt tooke the Sunnes hight,
Foure times his place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice hath riſen, where he now doth Weſt,
And weſted twice, where he ought riſe aright.
But moſt is *Mars* amiſſe of all the reſt,
And next to him old *Saturne*, that was wont be beſt.

9

For, during *Saturnes* ancient raigne, it's ſaid,
That all the world with gooduelle did abound,
All loued vertue, no man was affrayd
Of force, no fraud in wight was to be found:
No warre was knowne, no dreadfull trumpets ſound,
Peace vniuerſall raignd mongſt men and beaſts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Iuſtice ſate high ador'd with ſolemne feaſts,
And to all people did diuide her dread behеaſts;

10

Moſt ſacred vertue ſhe of all the reſt,
Reſembling God in his imperiall might;
Whoſe ſoueraigne power is herein moſt expreſt,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his workes with iuſtice hath bedight.
That powre he alſo doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himſelfe in glorious fight,
To ſit in his owne ſeat, his cauſe to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11

Dread ſoueraigne goddeſſe, that doeſt higheſt ſit
In ſeate of iudgement, in th' Almightes ſtead,
And with magnificke might and wondrous wit
Doeſt to thy people righteous doome aread,
That furtheſt Nations filles with awefull dread,
Pardon the boldneſſe of thy baſeſt thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo diuine a read,
As thy great iuſtice prayſed ouer all;
The inſtrument whereof loe here thy *Arthegall*.

Canto I.

Arthegall trayn'd in Iuſtice lore
Irenaes queſt purſewed:
He doth auenge on Sanglier
his Ladies bloud embrewed.

1

THough vertue then were held in higheſt price,
In thoſe old times, of which I doe entreat,
Yet then likewiſe the wicked ſeed of vice
Began to ſpring; which ſhortly grew ful great,
And with their boughes the gentle plants did beat.
But euermore ſome of the vertuous race
Roſe vp, inſpired with heröicke heat,
That cropt the branches of the ſient baſe,
And with ſtrong hand their fruitfull rankes did deface.

2

Such firſt was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
All th' Eaſt, before vntam'd, did ouerronne,
And wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſſe men had formerly tordonne.
There Iuſtice firſt her Princely rule begonne.
Next, *Hercules* his like enſample ſhewed,
Who all the Weſt with equall conqueſt wonne,
And monſtrous tyrants with his club ſubdewed;
The club of Iuſtice dread, with kingly powre endewed.

And

3

And such was he, of whom I haue to tell,
The Champion of true Iustice, *Arthegall*.
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard aduenture, which did then befall,
Into redoubted perill forth did call;
That was, to succour a distressed Dame,
Whom a strong tyrant did vniustly thrall,
And from the heritage, which she did clame,
Did with strong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

4

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
Did to the Faery Queene her way addresse;
To whom complayning her afflicted plight,
She her besought of gracious redresse,
That soueraigne Queene, that mighty Empresse,
Whose glory is to ayde all suppliants pore,
And of weake Princes to be Patroness,
Chose *Arthegall* to right her to restore;
For that to her he seem'd best skild in righteous lore.

5

For, *Arthegall* in iustice was vpbrought
Euen from the cradle of his infancy,
And all the depth of rightfull doome was taught
By faire *Astraea*, with great industry,
Whilst here on earth she liued mortally.
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foule iniquity,
Astraea here mongst earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of iustice them instructed well.

6

Whiles through the world she walked in this sort,
Vpon a day she found this gentle childe,
Amongst his peeres playing his childish sport:
Whom seeing fit, and with no crime defilde,
She did allure with gifts and speeches milde,
To wend with her. So thence him farre she brought
Into a caue from company exilde,
In which she nourtred him, till yeares he raught,
And all the discipline of iustice there him taught.

7

There she him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equall ballance with due recompence,
And equity to measure out along,
According to the line of conscience,
When so it needes with rigour to dispence.
Of all the which (for want there of mankind)
She caused him to make experience
Vpon wild beasts, which she in woods did find,
With wrongfull powre oppressing others of their kind.

8

Thus she him trained, and thus she him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Vntill the ripenesse of mans years he raught;
That euen wilde beasts did feare his awefull sight,
And men admyr'd his euer-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground, that durst withstand
His dreadfull heast, much lesse him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakfull hand,
When-so he list in wrath lift vp his steely brand.

9

Which steely brand, to make him dradded more,
She gaue vnto him, gotten by her slight
And earnest search, where it was kept in store
In *Ioues* eternall house, vnwist of wight,
Since he himselfe it vs'd in that great fight
Against the *Titans*, that whylome rebelled
Gainst highest heauen; *Chrysaor* it was hight;
Chrysaor, that all other swords excelled, (quelled.
Well prou'd in that same day, when *Ioue* those Giants

10

For, of most perfect metall it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongst the same,
And garnisht all with gold vpon the blade
In goodly wise, whereof it tooke his name,
And was of no lesse vertue, then of fame.
For, there no substance was so firme and hard,
But it would pierce or cleaue, where-so it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But whereso euer it did light, it throughly sh.r'd.

11

Now, when the world with sinne gan to abound,
Astraea loathing lenger here to space
Mongst wicked men, in whom no truth she found,
Return'd to heauen, whence she deriu'd her race;
Where she hath now an euerlasting place,
Mongst those twelue signes, which nightly we do see
The heauens bright-shining baudrike to enchace;
And is the *Virgin*, sixt in her degree:
And next her selfe, her righteous ballaunce hanging bee.

12

But when she parted hence, she left her groome
An yron man, which did on her attend
Alwayes, to execute her stedfast doome,
And willed him with *Arthegall* to wend,
And do what-euer thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoueable, resistlesse, without end;
Who, in his hand, an yron flaile did holde,
With which he thresht out falshood, & did truth vnfolde.

13

He now went with him in this new inquest,
Him for to ayde, if ayde he chaunc't to need,
Against that cruell Tyrant, which oppresst
The faire *Irena* with his foule misdeed,
And kept the Crowne in which she should succeed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they saw a Squire in squallid weed,
Lamenting sore his sorrowfull sad tine,
With many bitter teares shed from his blubbred eyne.

14

To whom as they approached, they espide
A sory sight, as euer seene with eye;
An headlesse Lady lying him beside,
In her owne bloud all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in discolour die.
Much was he moued at that ruefull sight;
And flam'd with zeale of vengeance inwardly,
He askt, who had that Dame so foully dight;
Or whether his owne hand, or whether other wight?

15

Ah! wo is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
Burſting forth teares, like ſpringes out of a banke,
That euer I this diſmall day did ſee:
Full farre was I from thinking ſuch a pranke;
Yet little loſſe it were, and mickle thanke,
If I ſhould grant that I haue doen the ſame,
That I mote drink the cup, whereof ſhe dranke:
But that I ſhould dy guiltie of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with ſhame.

16

Who was it then, ſaid *Arthegall*, that wrought?
And why? do it declare vnto me trew.
A Knight, ſaid he, if Knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies bloud imbrew,
And for no cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
This day as I in ſolace ſate hereby
With a faire Loue, whoſe loſſe I now do rew,
There came this Knight, hauing in company
This luckleſſe Lady, which now here doth headleſſe lie.

17

He, whether mine ſeem'd fayrer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his owne,
Would change with me; but I did it deny:
So did the Ladies both as may be knowen.
But he, whoſe ſpirit was with pride vp-blowne,
Would not ſo reſt contented with his right,
But hauing from his courſer her downe throwne,
Fro me reft mine away by lawleſſe might,
And on his ſteed her ſet, to beare her out of ſight:

18

Which when his Lady ſawe, ſhe follow'd faſt,
And on him catching holde, gan loud to crie
Not ſo to leaue her, nor away to caſt,
But rather of his hand beſought to die.
With that his ſword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one ſtroke cropt off her head with ſcorne,
In that ſame place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my loue away with him hath borne, (mourne.
And left me here, both his and mine owne Loue to

19

Aread, ſaid he, which way then did he make?
And by what markes may he be knowne againe?
To hope, quoth he, him ſoone to ouertake,
That hence ſo long departed, is but vaine:
But yet he pricked ouer yonder Plaine;
And as I marked, bore vpon his ſhield,
By which its eaſie him to knowe againe,
A broken ſword within a bloudy field;
Expreſſing well his nature which the ſame did wield.

20

No ſooner ſayd, but ſtraight he after ſent
His yron page, who him purſew'd ſo light,
As that it ſeem'd aboue the ground he went:
For, he was ſwift as ſwallow in her flight,
And ſtrong as Lion in his ſtordy might.
It was not long, before he ouertooke
Sir *Sanglier*; (ſo cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the firſt he gheſſed by his looke,
And by the other markes, which on his ſhield he tooke.

21

He bade him ſtay, and backe with him retire;
Who full of ſcorne to be commanded ſo,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whil'ſt he reformed that vncouth foe:
And ſtreight at him with all his force did goe.
Who mou'd no more therewith, then when a rocke
Is lightly ſtriken with ſome ſtones throwe;
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knocke,
That on the ground he laid him like a ſenſeleſs blocke.

22

But ere he could himſelfe recure againe,
Him in his Iron paw he ſeized had;
That when he wak't out of his wareleſſe paine,
He found himſelfe vnwiſt, ſo ill beſtad,
That him he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall:
The ſight whereof the Lady ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for feare of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtaid, and forc't to wend withall.

23

When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*
By that ſame careful Squire did then abide,
He gently gan him to demaund of all,
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with ſterne countenance and indignant pride
Did anſwere, that of all he guiltleſſe ſtood,
And his accuſer thereupon defide:
For, neyther he did ſhed that Ladies bloud,
Nor tooke away his Loue, but his owne proper good.

24

Well did the Squire perceiue himſelfe too weake,
To anſwer his defiance in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to breake,
Then to approue his right with ſpeare and ſhield.
And rather guilty choſe himſelfe to yield.
But *Arthegall* by ſignes perceiuing plaine,
That he it was not which that Lady kild,
But that ſtrange Knight, the fairer Loue to gaine,
Did caſt about by ſleight the truth thereout to ſtraine;

25

And ſaid, Now ſure this doubtfull cauſes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or elſe by ordele, or by bloudy fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to eyther ſide.
But if ye pleaſe, that I your cauſe decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrell end,
So ye will ſweare my iudgement to abide.
Thereto they both did frankly condiſcend,
And to his doome with liſtfull eares did both attend.

26

Sith then, ſaid he, ye both the dead deny,
And both the liuing Lady claime your right,
Let both the dead and liuing equally
Diuided be betwixt you here in fight,
And each of either take his ſeuer aright.
But looke who does diſſent from this my read,
He for a twelue moneths day ſhall in deſpight
Beare for his penance that ſame Ladies head;
To witneſſe to the world, that ſhe by him is dead.

Well

27

Well pleaſed with that doome was *Sangliere*,
And offred ſtraight the Lady to be ſlaine.
But that ſame Squire, to whom ſhe was more dere,
When as he ſawe ſhe ſhould be cut in twaine,
Did yield, ſhe rather ſhould with him remaine
Aliue, then to himſelfe be ſhared dead:
And rather then his Loue ſhould ſuffer paine,
He choſe with ſhame to beare that Ladies head.
True loue deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is cald in dread.

28

Whom when ſo willing *Arthegall* perceaued;
Not ſo thou Squire, he ſaid, but thine I deeme
The liuing Lady, which from thee he reaued:
For, worthy thou of her dooſt rightly ſeeme.
And you, ſir Knight, that loue ſo light eſteeme,
As that ye would for little leaue the ſame,
Take here your owne, that doth you beſt beſeeme,
And with it beare the burden of defame;
Your owne dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your ſhame.

29

But *Sangliere* diſdained much his doome,
And ſternly gan repine at his behеaſt;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To beare that Ladies head before his breaſt.
Vntill that *Talus* had his pride repreſt,
And forced him, maulgre, it vp to reare.
Who, when he ſaw it bootleſſe to reſiſt,
He tooke it vp, and thence with him did beare,
As rated Spaniell takes his burden vp for feare.

30

Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegall* adore,
For his great iuſtice, held in high regard;
And (as his Squire) him offred euermore
To ſerue, for want of other meet reward,
And wend with him on his aduenture hard.
But he thereto would by no meanes conſent;
But leaning him, forth on his iourney far'd:
Ne wight with him but onely *Talus* went;
They two enough t' encounter an whole Regiment.

Canto II.

Arthegall heares of Florimell,
does with the Pagan fight:
Him ſlayes, drownes Lady Munera,
does raſe her Caſtle quight.

1

Ought is more honorable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beſeeme braue chevalry,
Then to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redreſſe in ſuch as wend awry.
Whilome thoſe great Heroës got thereby
Their greateſt glory, for their rightfull deeds,
And place deſerued with the Gods on hie.
Herein the nobleſſe of this Knight exceedes,
Who now to perils great for iuſtice ſake proceeds.

2

To which as he now was vpon the way,
He chaunc't to meet a Dwarfe in haſty courſe;
Whom he requir'd his forward haſte to ſtay,
Till he of tydings more with him diſcourſe.
Loth was the Dwarfe, yet did he ſtay perforce,
And gan of ſundry newes his ſtore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourſe:
But chiefly of the faireſt *Florimell*,
How ſhe was found againe, and ſpouſe to *Marinell*.

3

For, this was *Dony*, *Florimels* owne Dwarfe;
Whom hauing loſt (as ye haue heard whyleare)
And finding to the way the ſcattred ſcarfe,
The fortune of her life long time did feare.
But, of her health when *Arthegall* did heare,
And late returne, he was full inly glad;
And aſkt him where, and when her bridale cheare
Should be ſolemniz'd: for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honour to her ſpouſall ad.

4

Within three dayes, quoth he, as I do heare,
It will be at the Caſtle of the *Strond*;
What time, if nought me let, I will be there
To doe her ſeruice, ſo as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond,
A curſed cruell Sarazin doth wonne,
That keepes a Bridges paſſage by ſtrong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordonne;
That makes all men for feare that paſſage for to ſhonne.

5

What miſter wight, quoth he, and how far hence
Is he, that doth to trauellers ſuch harmes?
He is, ſaid he, a man of great defence;
Expert in battell and in deeds of armes;
And more emboldned by the wicked charmes,
With which his daughter doth him ſtill ſupport;
Hauing great Lordſhips got and goodly farmes,
Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort;
By which he ſtill them holds, & keeps with ſtrong effort.

6

And daily hee his wrongs encreaſeth more:
For, neuer wight he lets to paſſe that way,
Ouer his Bridge, albee he rich or poore,
But he him makes his paſſage-penny pay:
Elſe he doth hold him back, or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groome of euill guize,
Whoſe ſcalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poore in pitious wiſe;
But he himſelfe vpon the rich doth tyrannize.

7

His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly ſo
For that he is ſo puiſſant and ſtrong,
That with his powre he all doth ouer-go,
And makes them ſubiect to his mighty wrong;
And ſome by ſleight he eke doth vnderfong.
For, on a bridge he cuſtometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the ſame are many trap-fals pight, (ſight.
Through which the rider downe doth fall through ouer-

8

And vnderneath the ſame a riuer flowes,
That is both ſwift and dangerous deepe withall;
Into the which whom-ſo he ouer-throwes,
All deſtitute of helpe, doth headlong fall:
But he himſelfe, through practice vſuall,
Leaps forth into the flood, and there aſſayes
His foe, confuſed through his ſuddaine fall,
That horſe and man he equally diſmaies,
And eyther both them drowns, or trayterouſly ſlayes.

9

Then doth he take the ſpoyle of them at will,
And to his daughter brings, that dwels thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill
The coffers of her wicked threaſury,
Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped vp ſo hy,
That many Princes ſhe in wealth exceeds,
And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
With the reuenew of her plentious meedes;
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deedes.

10

There-to ſhee is full faire, and rich attired,
With golden hands and ſiluer feete beſide,
That many Lords haue her to wife deſired:
But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride.
Now by my life, ſaid he, and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

11

Vnto the place he came within awhile,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awayting for ſome ſpoyle.
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villaine to them came with ſcull all raw,
That paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the cuſtome of their law.
To whom he anſwerd wroth, Io, there thy hire;
And with that word him ſtrook, that ſtreight he did expire

12

Which, when the Pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtraight himſelfe vnto the fight addreſt;
Ne was Sir *Arthegall* behind: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpeares in reſt.
Right in the midſt, where-as they breſt to breſt
Should meet, a trap was letten downe to fall
Into the flood: ſtraight leapt the Carle vnbleſt,
Well weening that his foe was falne withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

13

There beeing both together in the floud,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their hot blond,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that vſe well knew
To fight in water, great aduantage had,
That often-times him nigh he ouer-threw:
And eke the courſer, where-vpon he rad,
Could ſwim like to a fiſh, whiles he his back beſtrad.

14

Which oddes when as Sir *Arthegall* eſpide,
He ſaw no way, but cloſe with him in haſte;
And to him driuing ſtrongly downe the tide,
Vpon his iron coller griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint, his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtroue and ſtruggled long,
Eyther the other from his ſteed to caſt,
Ne euer *Arthegall* his griple ſtrong
For any thing would ſlack, but ſtill vpon him hong.

15

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champain of the Ocean Plaine,
With cruell chaufe their courages they whet,
The maſterdome of each by force to gaine,
And dreadfull battaile twixt them do darraine:
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the ſea (diſturbed with their traine)
Doth frie with ſome aboue the ſurges hore:
Such was betwixt theſe two the trouble ſome vprore.

16

So *Arthegall*, at length, him forc't forſake
His horſes backe, for dread of being drownd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoones himſelfe he from his hold vnbound,
And then no odds at all in him he found:
For, *Arthegall* in ſwimming ſkilfull was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſound.
So ought each Knight, that vſe of perill has,
In ſwimming be expert, through waters force to paſs.

Then

17

Then very doubtfull was the warres euent,
Vncertaine whether had the better ſide:
For, both were skild in that experiment,
And both in armes well traind and throughly tride.
But *Arthegall* was better breath'd beſide,
And towards th' end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puiſſance, ne beare himſelfe vp-right,
But from the water to the land betooke his flight.

18

But *Arthegall* purſew'd him ſtill ſo neare,
With bright Chryſaor in his cruell hand,
That as his head he gan a little reare
Aboue the brinke, to tread vpon the land,
He ſmote it off, that tumbling on the ſtrand,
It bit the earth for very fell deſpight,
And gnaſhed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whoſe goodneſſe he deſpaired quight,
Or curſt the hand, w^ch^ did that vengeance on him dight.

19

His corps was carried downe along the Lee,
Whoſe waters with his filthy bloud it ſtained:
But his blaſphemous head, that all might ſee,
He pitcht vpon a pole on high ordained;
Where many yeeres it afterwards remained,
To be a mirror to all mighty men,
In whoſe right hands great power is contained,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But alwaies doe their powre within iuſt compaſſe pen.

20

That done, vnto the Caſtle he did wend',
In which the Paynims daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance ſought, but was denide,
And with reprochfull blaſphemy defide,
Beaten with ſtones downe from the battilment,
That he was forced to with-draw aſide;
And bade his ſeruant *Talus* to inuent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

21

Eftſoones his Page drew to the Caſtle gate,
And with his iron flaile at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did ſore amate,
The which ere-while ſpake ſo reprochfully,
And made them ſtoupe, that looked earſt ſo hie.
Yet ſtill he bet, and bounſt vpon the dore,
And thundred ſtrokes thereon ſo hideouſly,
That all the peece he ſhaked from the flore,
And filled all the houſe with feare and great vp-rore.

22

With noiſe whereof, the Lady forth appeared
Vpon the Caſtle wall; and when ſhe ſaw
The dangerous ſtate in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe feared
The ſad effect of her neere ouerthrowe;
And gan intreat that iron man belowe,
To ceaſe his out-rage, and him faire beſought,
Sith neyther force of ſtones which they did throwe,
Nor powre of charms, which ſhe againſt him wrought,
Might otherwiſe preuaile, or make him ceaſe for ought.

23

But, when as yet ſhe ſaw him to proceed,
Vnmoou'd with prayers, or with pitifious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caus'd great ſacks, with endleſſe riches fraught,
Vnto the battilment to be vp-brought,
And powred forth ouer the Caſtle wall,
That ſhe might win ſom time (though dearly bought)
Whil'ſt he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mou'd, nor tempted therewithall;

24

But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And layd on load with his huge iron flaile,
That at the length he has vrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſaile.
Who being entred, nought did then auaile
For wight, againſt his powre themſelues to reare:
Each one did flie; their harts began to faile,
And hid themſelues in corners here and there;
And eke their dame, half dead, did hide her ſelfe for feare.

25

Long they her ſought, yet no where could they find her,
That ſure they ween'd ſhe was eſcap't away:
But *Talus*, that could like a lime-hound wind her,
And all things ſecret wiſely could bewray,
At length found out where as ſhee hidden lay
Vnder an heap of gold. Thence he her drew
By the faire locks, and foully did array,
Withouten pittie of her goodly hew,
That *Arthegall* himſelfe her ſeemeleſſe plight did rew.

26

Yet for no pitty would he change the courſe
Of Iuſtice, which in *Talus* hand did lie;
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorſe,
Still holding vp her ſuppliant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet ſubmiſſiuely.
But her ſuppliant hands, thoſe hands of gold,
And eke her feete, thoſe feet of ſiluer try
(Which ſought vnrighteouſneſſe and iuſtice ſold)
Chopt off; & nayld on high, that all might them behold.

27

Her ſelfe then tooke he by the ſlender waſte,
In vaine loude crying, and into the flood
Ouer the Caſtle wall adowne her caſt,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the ſtreame waſht away her guilty blood.
Thereafter, all that mucky pelfe he tooke,
The ſpoyle of peoples euill gotten good,
The which her ſire had ſcrap't by hooke and crooke,
And burning all to aſhes, pour'd it downe the brooke.

28

And laſtly, all that Caſtle quite he raſed,
Euen from the ſole of his foundation,
And all the hewen ſtones thereof defaced,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any nation.
All which when *Talus* throughly had performed,
Sir *Arthegall* vndid the euill faſhion,
And wicked cuſtomes of that Bridge refourmed.
Which done, vnto his former iourney he returned.

In

29

In which they measur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the sea they drew;
By which as they did trauell on a day,
They saw before them, far as they could view,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whose great assembly they did much admire,
For, neuer there the like resort they knew.
So towards them they coasted, to enquire
What thing so many nations met, did there desire.

30

There they beheld a mighty Giant stand
Vpon a rock, and holding forth on hie
An huge great paire of ballaunce in his hand,
With which he boasted in his surquedry,
That all the world he would weigh equally,
If ought he had the same to counterpoys.
For want whereof, he weighed vanity,
And fild his ballaunce full of idle toyes:
Yet was admired much of fooles, women, and boyes.

31

He said, that he would all the earth vp-take,
And all the sea deuided each from eyther:
So would he of the fire one ballaunce make,
And one of th' ayre, without or wind, or weather:
Then would he ballaunce heauen and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a feather.
And looke what surplus did of each remaine,
He would to his owne part restore the same againe.

32

For why, he said, they all vnequall were,
And had encroched vpon others share;
Like as the sea (which plaine he shewed there)
Had worne the earth: so did the fire the ayre;
So all the rest did others parts empaire.
And so were Realmes and Nations run awry.
All which he vndertooke for to repaire,
In sort as they were formed auncient ly;
And all things would reduce vnto equality.

33

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And cluster thick vnto his leasings vaine;
Like foolish flies about an hony crock,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine,
And vncontrolled freedome to obtaine.
All which, when *Arthegall* did see, and heare,
How he misled the simple peoples traine,
In disdeignful wise he drew vnto him neare,
And thus vnto him spake, without regard or feare;

34

Thou that presum'st to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equall to restore,
In stead of right, me seemes great wrong doost shew,
And far aboue thy forces pitch to sore.
For, ere thou limit what is lesse or more
In euery thing, thou ought'est first to knowe,
What was the poyse of euery part of yore:
And looke then how much it doth ouer-flowe,
Or faile thereof, so much is more then iust to trowe.

35

For, at the first, they all created were
In goodly measure, by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballaunces so nere,
That not a dram was missing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoueable abide,
Hemd in with waters, like a wall in sight:
And they with ayre, that not a drop can slide:
All which the heauens containe, & in their courses guide.

36

Such heauenly iustice doth among them raine,
That euery one do knowe their certaine bound,
In which they do these many yeares remaine;
And mongst them all no change hath yet been found.
But if thou now should'st weigh them new in pound,
We are not sure they would so long remaine:
All change is perillous, and all chaunce vnsound.
Therefore leaue off to weigh them all againe,
Till we may be assur'd they shall their course retaine.

37

Thou foolish Elfe, said then the Giant wroth,
Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order go'th?
The sea it selfe doost thou not plainly see
Encroche vpon the land there vnder thee;
And th' earth it selfe how daily it 's increast,
By all that dying to it turned bee?
Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most, that some were giuen to the least?

38

Therefore, I will throwe downe those Mountaines hie,
And make them leuell with the lowely Plaine:
These towring rocks, which reach vnto the skie,
I will thrust downe into the deepest Maine,
And as they were, them equalize againe.
Tyrants that make men subiect to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raigne;
And Lordings curbe, that commons ouer-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poore will draw.

39

Of things vnseene how canst thou deeme aright,
Then answered the righteous *Arthegall*,
Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in sight?
What though the sea with waues continuall
Doe eate the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the lesse, or loseth ought;
For, whatsoeuer from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide vnto another brought:
For, there is nothing lost, that may be found, if sought.

40

Likewise, the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it do fade.
For, of the earth they formed were of yore;
How-euer gay their blossome or their blade
Doe flourish now, they into dust shall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they die,
They turne to that whereof they first were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lie:
All creatures must obey the voyce of the most Hie.

They

41

They liue, they die, like as he doth ordaine,
Ne euer any asketh reason why.
The hils do not the lowely dales disdaine;
The dales do not the lofty hils enuy.
He maketh Kings to sit in soueraínty;
He maketh subiects to their powre obay;
He pulleth downe, he setteth vp on hie;
He giues to this, from that he takes away;
For, all we haue is his: what he list doe, he may.

42

What-euer thing is donne, by him is donne,
Ne any may his mighty will with-stand;
Ne any may his soueraine power shonne,
Ne loose that he hath bound with stedfast band.
In vaine therefore doost thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his works anew,
Whose counsels depth thou canst not vnderstand,
Sith of things subiect to thy daily view
Thou doost not knowe the causes, nor their courses dew.

43

For, take thy ballaunce (if thou be so wise)
And weigh the wind that vnder heauen doth blowe;
Or weigh the light, that in the East doth rise; (flowe:
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth
But, if the weight of these thou canst not showe,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For, how canst thou those greater secrets knowe,
That doost not knowe the least thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the small.

44

There-with the Giant much abashed said,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the least word that euer could be laid
Within his ballaunce, he could weigh aright.
Which is, said he, more heauy then in weight,
The right or wrong, the false or else the trew?
He answered, that he would try it straight,
So he the words into his ballaunce threw:
But straight the winged words out of the ballaunce flew.

45

Wroth wext he then, and said, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballaunce well abide.
But he could iustly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, said *Arthegall*, let it be tride.
First in one ballaunce set the true aside.
He did so first, and then the false he laid
In th' other scale; but still it downe did slide,
And by no meane could in the weight be staid.
For, by no meanes the false will with the truth be way'd.

46

Now take the right likewise, said *Arthegale*,
And counterpeise the same with so much wrong.
So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Giant stroue with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauft, and proued euery way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right downe lay.

47

Which when he saw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almost would his ballaunces haue broken:
But *Arthegall* him fairely gan assuage,
And said; be not vpon thy ballaunce wroken:
For, they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doome of right must bee;
And so likewise of words, the which be spoken,
The care must be the ballaunce to decree
And iudge, whether with truth or falshood they agree.

48

But set the truth and set the right aside
(For, they with wrong or falshood will not fare)
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or else two falses, of each equall share;
And then together doe them both compare;
For, truth is one, and right is euer one.
So did he, and then plaine it did appeare,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right sate in the middest of the beame alone.

49

But he the right from thence did thrust away,
For, it was not the right which he did seeke;
But rather stroue extremities to wey,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke.
For, of the meane he greatly did misleeke.
Whom when so lewdly minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh vnto him cheeke by cheeke,
He shouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the sea him drownd.

50

Like as a ship, whom cruell tempest driues
Vpon a rocke with horrible dismay,
Her shattered ribs in thousand peeces riues,
And spoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her selfe misfortunes pittious pray:
So downe the cliffe the wretched Giant tumbled;
His battred ballaunces in peeces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aspyring with huge ruine humbled.

51

That when the people, which had there-about
Long waited, saw his suddaine desolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to stirre vp ciuill faction,
For certaine losse of so great expectation.
For, well they hoped to haue got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innouation.
Therefore resoluing to reuenge his blood,
They rose in armes, and all in battell-order stood.

52

Which lawlesse multitude him comming to
In war-like wise, when *Arthegall* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wist what to do.
For, loth he was his noble hands t' embrew
In the base blood of such a rascall crew:
And otherwise, if that he should retire,
He fear'd least they with shame would him pursew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them sent, t' inquire
The cause of their array, and truce for to desire.

But

53

But soone as they him nigh approching spide,
They gan with all their weapons him assay,
And rudely strooke at him on euery side:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought dismay.
But when at them he with his flaile gan lay,
He like a swarme of flies them ouerthrew;
Ne any of them durst come in his way,
But here and there before his presence flew,
And hid themselues in holes and bushes from his view:

54

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flowne at a flush of Ducks, foreby the brooke,
The trembling foule dismaid with dreadfull sight
Of death, the which them almost ouer-tooke,
Doe hide themselues from her astonying looke,
Amongst the flags and couert round about.
When *Talus* saw they all the field forsooke,
And none appear'd of all that rascall rout,
To *Arthegall* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

Canto III.

The spousals of faire Florimell,
where turney many Knights:
There Braggadochio is vncas't
in all the Ladies sights.

1

After long stormes and tempests ouer-blowne,
The sun at length his ioyous face doth cleare:
So when as fortune all her spight hath shown,
Som blisful houres at last must needs appeare;
Else should afflicted wights oft-times despeire.
So comes it now to *Florimell* by tourne,
After long sorrowes suffered whyleare,
In which captiu'd shee many moneths did mourne,
To taste of ioy, and to wont pleasures to retourne.

2

Who, being freed from *Proteus* cruell band
By *Marinell*, was vnto him affide,
And by him brought againe to Faerie land;
Where he her spous'd, and made his ioyous bride.
The time and place was blazed farre and wide;
And solemne feasts and giusts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did resort from euery side
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great store;
Ne any Knight was absent that braue courage bore.

3

To tell the glory of the feast that day,
The goodly seruice, the deuisefull sights,
The Bridegroomes state, the Brides most rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
The royall banquets, and the rare delights,
Were worke fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for so much as to my lot here lights,
That with this present treatise doth agree,
True vertue to aduaunce, shall here recounted bee.

4

When all men had with full satiety
Of meats and drinks their appetites suffiz'd,
To deeds of armes and proofe of cheualrie
They gan themselues addresse, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deuiz'd.
And first of all issu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him sixe knights more, which enterpriz'd
To chalenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintaine, that she all others did excell.

5

The first of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard assayes:
The second had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But second vnto none in proweſſe praise;
The third was *Brunell*, famous in his dayes;
The fourth *Ecaſtor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skild in louely layes;
The sixt was *Lanſacke*, a redoubted Knight:
All sixe well seene in armes, and prov'd in many a fight.

6

And them against came all that list to giust,
From euery coast, and country vnder sunne:
None was debard, but all had leaue that lust.
The trumpets sound; then all together runne.
Full many deeds of armes that day were donne,
And many Knights vnhorst, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little lost or wonne:
But all that day the greatest praise redounded
To *Marinell*, whose name the Heralds loud resounded.

The

7

The ſecond day, ſo ſoone as morrow light
Appear'd in heauen, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruell fight,
With diuerſe fortune fit for ſuch a game,
In which all ſtroue with perill to win fame.
Yet whether ſide was Victor, n'ote be gheſt:
But at the laſt, the trumpets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deſerued beſt.
So they diſparted were, and all men went to reſt.

8

The third day came, that ſhould due triall lend
Of all the reſt, and then this war-like crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of armes did ſhew;
And through the thickeſt like a Lion flew,
Raſhing off helmes, and riuing plates aſunder,
That euery one his danger did eſchew.
So terribly his dreadfull ſtrokes did thonder,
That all men ſtood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9

But what on earth can alwayes happy ſtand?
The greater proweſſe greater perils find.
So farre he paſt amongſt his enemies band,
That they haue him encloſed ſo behind,
As by no meanes he can himſelfe out-wind.
And now perforce they haue him priſoner taken;
And now they doe with captiue bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forſaken,
Vnleſſe ſome ſuccour had in time him ouertaken.

10

It fortun'd, whil'ſt they were thus ill beſet,
Sir *Arthegall* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadochio*, whom he lately met
Vpon the way, with that his ſnowy Dame.
Where, when he vnderſtood by common fame,
What euill hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mou'd at ſo vnworthy ſhame,
And ſtraight that boaſter prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his ſhield with him, to be the better hid.

11

So forth he went, and ſoone them ouer-hent,
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he aſſaild with dreadleſſe hardiment,
And forc't the burden of their prize to ſtay.
They were an hundred Knights of that array;
Of which th' one halfe vpon himſelfe did ſet,
The other ſtayd behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fifte bet;
And from the other fiftie, ſoone the priſoner fet.

12

So backe he brought Sir *Marinell* againe;
Whom hauing quickly arm'd againe anew,
They both together ioyned might and maine,
To ſet afreſh on all the other crew.
Whom with ſore hauock ſoone they ouerthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Againſt them durſt his head to perill ſhew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was reſcu'd from his fone.

13

Which when he had perform'd, then backe againe
To *Braggadochio* did his ſhield reſtore:
Who all this while behind him did remaine,
Keeping there cloſe with him in pretious ſtore
That his falſe Ladie, as ye heard afore.
Then did the trumpets ſound, and Iudges roſe,
And all theſe Knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to liſten whoſe
The honour of the prize ſhould be adiudg'd by thoſe.

14

And thither alſo came in open ſight
Faire *Florimell*, into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon vnto euery Knight,
And beſt to him, to whom the beſt ſhould fall.
Then for that ſtranger Knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they ſhould the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*
Came *Braggadochio*, and did ſhew his ſhield,
Which bore the Sunne, broad blazed in a golden field.

15

The ſight whereof did all with gladneſſe fill:
So vnto him they did addeeme the priſe
Of all that Triumph. Then the trumpets ſhrill
Don *Braggadochios* name reſounded thriſe:
So courage lent a cloake to cowardiſe.
And then to him came faireſt *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his braue empriſe,
And thouſand thanks him yield, that had ſo well
Approu'd that day, that ſhe all others did excell.

16

To whom the boaſter, that all Knights did blot,
With proud diſdaine did ſcornefull anſwere make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his owne deare Ladies ſake;
Whom on his perill he did vndertake,
Both her, and eke all others to excell:
And further did vncomly ſpeeches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
And turn'd aſide for ſhame to heare what he did tell.

17

Then forth he brought his ſnowy *Florimele*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beſide,
Couered from peoples gazement with a veile.
Whom when diſcouered they had throughly eyde,
With great amazement they were ſtupefide;
And ſaid, that ſurely *Florimell* it was,
Or, if it were not *Florimell* ſo tride,
That *Florimell* her ſelfe ſhe then did paſs.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

18

Which when as *Marinell* beheld likewiſe,
He was there-with exceedingly diſmaid;
Ne wiſt he what to thinke, or to deuiſe:
But like as one, whom fiends had made affraid,
He long aſtoniſht ſtood: ne ought he ſaid,
Ne ought he did, but with faſt fixed eyes
He gazed ſtill vpon that ſnowy maid:
Whom euer as he did the more avize,
The more to be true *Florimell* he did ſurmize.

19

As when two sunnes appeare in th' azure sky,
Mounted in *Pharbus* charet fiery bright;
Both darting forth faire beames to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold so strange prodigious sight,
Not knowing Natures worke, nor what to weene,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So stood Sir *Marinell*, when he had seene
The semblant of this false by his faire beauties Queene.

20

All which, when *Arthegall* (who all this while
Stoode in the preate close couer'd) well adviewed,
And saw that boasters pride and graceless guile,
He could no longer beare, but forth issewed,
And vnto all himselfe there open shewed:
And to the boaster said; Thou losell base,
That hast with borrowed plumes thy selfe endewed,
And others worth with leasings doost deface,
When they are all restor'd, thou shalt rest in disgrace.

21

That shield which thou doost beare, was it indeed
Which this dayes honour sau'd to *Marmell*;
But not that arme, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didst that seruice vnto *Florimell*.
For proofe, shew forth thy sword, and let it tell,
What strokes, what dreadfull stoure it stird this day:
Or shew the wounds which vnto thee befell;
Or shew the sweat, with which thou diddest sway
So sharp a battell, that so many did dismay.

22

But this the sword, which wrought those cruell stounds,
And this the arme, the which that shield did beare,
And these the signes (so shewed forth his wounds)
By which that glory gotten doth appeare.
As for this Lady which he sheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
But some faire Frapion, fit for such a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For proofe whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her bashfull shamefastnesse ywrought
A great increase in her faire blushing face;
As Roses did with Lillies interlace.
For, of those words, the which that boaster threw,
She inly yet conceiued great disgrace.
Whom when as all the people such did view,
They shouted loud, and signes of gladnesse all did shew.

24

Then did he set her by that snowy one,
Like the true Saint beside the Image set;
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And triall, whether should the honour get.
Straight way so soone as both together met,
Th' enchaunted Damzell vanisht into nought:
Her snowy substance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,
But th' empty girdle, which about her waste was wrought.

25

As when the daughter of *Thaumantes* faire,
Hath in a watry clowd displayed wide
Her goodly boaw, which paints the liquid ayre,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All suddenly, ere one can looke aside,
The glorious picture vanisheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did his Ladies goodly forme decay,
And into nothing goe, ere one could it bewray.

26

Which when as all, that present were, beheld,
They striken were with great astonishment;
And their faint harts with senseless horrour queld,
To see the thing that seem'd so excellent,
So stolen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none vnderstood.
And *Braggadocchio* selfe with dreriment
So daunted was in his despayring mood,
That like a lifeless corse immoueable he stood.

27

But *Arthegall* that golden belt vp-tooke,
The which of all her spoyle was onely left;
Which was not hers, as many it mistooke,
But *Florimels* owne girdle, from her reft,
While she was flying, like a weary weft,
From that foule monster, which did her compell
To perils great; which he vnbuckling eft,
Presented to the faireft *Florimell*:
Who round about her tender waste it fitted well.

28

Full many Ladies often had assayd,
About their middles that faire belt to knit;
And many a one suppos'd to be a mayd:
Yet it to none of all their loynes would fit,
Till *Florimell* about her fastned it.
Such power it had, that to no womans waste
By any skill or labour it would sit,
Vnlesse that shee were continent and chaste,
But it would loose or breake, that many had disgrac't.

29

Whil'st thus they busied were bout *Florimell*,
And boastfull *Braggadocchio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune then befell)
Forth from the thickest preace of people came,
His owne good steed, which he had stolne, to clame;
And th' one hand seizing on his golden bit,
With th' other drew his sword: for, with the same
He meant the thiefe there deadly to haue smit:
And had he not been held, he nought had faild of it.

30

Thereof great hurly burly moued was
Throughout the hall, for that same war-like horse.
For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him pass;
And *Guyon* would him algates haue perforce,
Or it approue vpon his carion corse.
Which troublous stirre when *Arthegall* perceiued,
He nigh them drew, to stay th' auengers force;
And gan inquire, how was that steed bereaued,
Whether by might extort, or else by slight deceaued.

Who

31

VVho, all that pittious ſtory, which befell
About that wofull couple, which were ſlaine,
And their young bloudy babe to him gan tell;
VVith whom whiles he did in the wood remaine,
His horſe purloyned was by ſubtill traine:
For which he chalenged the thiefe to fight.
But he for nought could him there-to conſtraine:
For, as the death he hated ſuch deſpight,
And rather had to loſe, then try in armes his right.

32

VVhich, *Arthegall* well hearing, though no more
By law of armes there needs ones right to try,
As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
Then that his foe ſhould him the field deny:
Yet further right by tokens to deſcry,
He askt, what priuie tokens he did beare.
If that, ſaid *Guyon*, may you ſatisfie,
VVithin his mouth a black ſpot doth appeare,
Shap't like a horſes ſhooe, who liſt to ſeeke it there.

33

VVhereof to make due triall, one did take
The horſe in hand, within his mouth to looke:
But with his heeles ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
That all his ribs he quite in peeces broke,
That neuer word from that day forth he ſpoke.
Another that would ſeeme to haue more wit,
Him by the bright embodered head-ſtall tooke:
But by the ſhoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
That he him maimed quite, and all his ſhoulder ſplit.

34

Ne he his mouth would open vnto wight,
Vntill that *Guyon* ſelfe vnto him ſpake,
And called *Brigadore* (ſo was he hight):
VVhoſe voyce ſo ſoone as he did vndertake,
Eft-ſoones he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
And ſuffred all his ſecret marke to ſee:
And when-as he him nam'd, for ioy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladfull glee,
And friſkt, and ſtong aloft, and louted lowe on knee.

35

Thereby Sir *Arthegall* did plaine areed,
That vnto him the horſe belonged, and ſaid;
Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the ſteed,
As he with golden ſaddle is arrâid:
And let that loſell, plainly now diſplaid,
Hence fare on foote, till he an horſe haue gained.
But the proud boaſter gan his doome vpbraid,
And him reuil'd, and rated, and diſdained,
That iudgement ſo vniuſt againſt him had ordained.

36

Much was the Knight incenſt with his lewd word,
To haue reuenged that his villany:
And thrice did lay his hand vpon his ſword,
To haue him ſlaine, or dearly doen aby.
But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,
Saying, Sir Knight, it would diſhonour bee
To you, that are our iudge of equity,
To wreake your wrath on ſuch a Carle as hee:
It's puniſhment enough, that all his ſhame doe ſee.

37

So did he mittigate Sir *Arthegall*;
But *Talus* by the backe the boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Vpon him did inflict this puniſhment.
Firſt, he his beard did ſhaue, and foully ſhent:
Then from him reft his ſhield, and it r'enverſt,
And blotted out his armes with falſhood blent,
And himſelfe baffuld, and his armes vnherſt,
And broke his ſword in twaine, & all his armour ſperſt.

38

The whiles, his guileſull groome was fled away:
But vaine it was to thinke from him to flie.
VVho ouer-taking him, did diſarray,
And all his face deform'd with infamy,
And out of Court him ſcourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true knighthood ſhame,
And armes diſhonour with baſe villany,
From all braue knights be baniſht with defame:
For, oft their lewdnes blotteth good deſerts with blame.

39

Now, when theſe counterfeits were thus vncaſed
Out of the fore-ſide of their forgery,
And in the ſight of all men cleane diſgraced,
All gan to ieſt and gibe full merily
At the remembrance of their knauery.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To thinke with how great vaunt of brauery
He them abuſed, through his ſubtill ſlights,
And what a glorious ſhew he made in all their ſights.

40

There leaue we them in pleaſure and repaſt,
Spending their ioyous dayes and gladfull nights,
And taking vſury of time fore-paſt,
With all deare delices and rare delights,
Fit for ſuch Ladies and ſuch louely knights:
And turne we heere to this faire furrowes end
Our weary yokes, to gather freſher ſprights,
That when as time to *Arthegall* ſhall tend,
We on his firſt adventure may him forward ſend.

Canto IIII.

Arthegall dealeth right betwixt
two brethren that doe ſtriue:
Saues Terpine from the gallow tree,
and doth from death repriue.

1

WHo-ſo vpon himſelfe will take the skill
True Iuſtice vnto people to diuide,
Had need of mighty hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doome
And for to maiſter wrong & puiſſant pride. (decide,
For, vaine it is to deeme of things aright,
And makes wrong-doers iuſtice to deride,
Vnleſſe it be perform'd with dreadleſſe might.
For, powre is the right hand of Iuſtice truly hight.

2

Therefore whylome to knights of great empriſe,
The charge of iuſtice giuen was in truſt,
That they might execute her iudgements wiſe,
And with their might beat downe licentious luſt,
Which proudly did impugne her ſentence iuſt.
VVhereof no brauer precedent this day
Remaines on earth, preſeru'd from iron ruſt
Of rude obliuion, and long times decay,
Then this of *Arthegall*, which heere we haue to ſay.

3

VVho, hauing lately left that louely paire,
Enlinked faſt in wedlocks loyall bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the faire,
With whom great feaſt and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Caſtle of the *Strond*,
To followe his aduentures firſt intent,
VVhich long agoe he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his aſſiſtance went,
But that great iron groome, his gard & gouernment.

4

VVith whom, as he did paſſe by the ſea ſhore,
He chaunc't to come, where-as two comely Squires,
Both brethren, whom one wombe together bore,
But ſtirred vp with different deſires,
Together ſtroue, and kindled wrathfull fires:
And them beſide, two ſeemely Damzels ſtood,
By all meanes ſeeking to aſſwage their ires,
Now with fair words; but words did litle good: (mood
Now with ſharp threat; but threats the more increaſt their

5

And there before them ſtood a Coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on euery ſide with iron bands,
But ſeeming to haue ſuffred mickle wrong,
Either by beeing wreckt vpon the ſands,
Or beeing carried farre from forraine lands.
Seem'd that for it theſe Squires at odds did fall,
And bent againſt themſelues their cruell hands.
But euermore thoſe Damzels did foreſtall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneſſe pall.

6

But firmely fixt they were, with dint of ſword,
And battailes doubtfull proofe their rights to try,
Ne other end their furie would afford,
But what to them Fortune would iuſtifie.
So ſtood they both in readineſſe there-by,
To ioyne the combate with cruell intent;
VVhen *Arthegall*, arriuing happily,
Did ſtay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had queſtioned the cauſe of their diſſent.

7

To whom the elder did this anſwere frame;
Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our Sire, *Mileſio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Ilands, which ye there before you ſee
Not farre in ſea; of which the one appeares
But like a little Mount of ſmall degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many yeares,
As that ſame other Ile, that greater breadth now beares.

8

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this deuouring Sea that nought doth ſpare,
The moſt part of my Land hath waſht away,
And throwne it vp vnto my brothers ſhare:
So his encreaſed, but mine did empaire.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my lot,
That further maid, hight *Philtera* the faire,
With whom a goodly dowre I ſhould haue got,
And ſhould haue ioyned been to her in wedlocks knot.

Then

9
Then did my younger brother *Amidas*,
Loue that fame other Damzell, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* faw my lands decay,
And former liuelod faile, fhe left me quight,
And to my brother did ellope ftraight way:
Who taking her from me, his owne Loue left aftray.

10
Shee, feeing then her felfe forfaken fo,
Through dolorous defpaire, which fhe conceiued,
Into the Sea her felfe did headlong throwe,
Thinking to haue her griefe by death bereaued.
But fee how much her purpofe was deceiued.
Whil'ft thus, amidft the billowes beating of her,
Twixt life and death, long to and fro fhe weaued,
She chaunc't vnwares to light vpon this coffer,
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

11
The wretched mayd, that earft defir'd to die,
When as the paine of death fhe taſted had,
And but halfe feene his vgly viſnomie,
Gan to repent that fhe had been fo mad,
For any death to change life though moſt bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten cheſt,
The lucky Pylot of her paſſage ſad,
After long toſſing in the ſeas diſtreſt,
Her weary Barke at laſt vpon mine Ile did reſt:

12
VVhere I by chaunce then wandring on the ſhore,
Did her eſpy, and through my good endeuour,
From dreadfull mouth of death, which threatned ſore
Her to haue ſwallow'd vp, did help to ſaue her.
Shee then in recompence of that great fauour,
Which I on her beſtowed, beſtowed on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gaue her,
Together with her ſelfe in dowry free:
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better ſhee.

13
Yet in this coffer, which ſhe with her brought,
Great threaſure ſithence we did find contained;
Which as our owne we tooke, and ſo it thought.
But this ſame other Damzell ſince hath fained,
That to herſelfe that threaſure appertained;
And that ſhee did tranſport the ſame by ſea,
To bring it to her husband new ordained,
But ſuffred cruell ſhipwrack by the way.
But whether it be ſo or no, I cannot ſay.

14
But whether it indeed be ſo or no,
This doe I ſay, that what ſo good or ill,
Or God or Fortune vnto me did throwe
(Not wronging any other by my will)
I hold mine owne, and ſo will hold it ſtill.
And though my land he firſt did winne away,
And then my Loue (though now it little skill)
Yet my good lucke he ſhall not likewiſe pray;
But I will it defend, whil'ſt euer that I may.

15
So hauing ſaid, the younger did enſew;
Full true it is, what-ſo about our land
My brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this ods twixt vs doth ſtand,
But for this threaſure throwne vpon his ſtrand;
Which well I proue, as ſhall appeare by triall,
To be this Maides, with whom I faſtned hand,
Knowne by good markes, and perfect good eſpiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

16
When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes, your ſtrife were eaſie to accord,
Would ye remit it to ſome righteous man.
Vnto your ſelfe, ſaid they, we giue our word,
To bide that iudgement ye ſhall vs afford.
Then for aſſurance to my doome to ſtand,
Vnder my foote let each lay downe his ſword,
And then you ſhall my ſentence vnderſtand.
So each of them layd down his ſword out of his hand.

17
Then *Arthegall*, thus to the younger ſaid;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your brothers land the which the ſea hath layd
Vnto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right doe you with-hold this day?
VVhat other right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea it to my ſhare did lay?
Your right is good, ſaid he, and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea vnto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeeme.

18
Then turning to the elder, thus he ſaid;
Now *Bracidas*, let this likewiſe be ſhowne;
Your brothers threaſure, which from him is ſtraid,
Being the dowrie of his wife well knowne,
By what right doe you claime to be your owne?
What other right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteeme,
But that the ſea hath it vnto me throwne?
Your right is good, ſaid he, and ſo I deeme,
That what the ſea vnto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeeme.

19
For, equall right in equall things doth ſtand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once poſſeſt,
And plucked quite from all poſſeſſers hand,
Whether by rage of waues, that neuer reſt,
Or elſe by wrack, that wretches hath diſtreſt,
He may diſpoſe by his imperiall might,
As thing at randome left, to whom he liſt.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours firſt hight,
And ſo the threaſure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

20
When he his ſentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were diſpleaſed:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the threaſure by that iudgement ſeazed.
So was their diſcord by this doome appeaſed,
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*
VVhen as their ſharp contention he had ceaſed,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queſt, the which him forth did call.

21

So, as he trauelled vpon the way,
He chaunc't to come, where happily he ſpide
A rout of many people farre away;
To whom his courſe he haſtily applide,
To weet the cauſe of their aſſemblance wide.
To whom when he approched neere in ſight
(An vncouth ſight) he plainly then deſcride
To be a troupe of women, war-like dight,
With weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22

And in the midſt of them he ſaw a Knight,
With both his hands behind him pinniond hard,
And round about his neck an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow tree prepar'd:
His face was couer'd, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, vneath was to deſcry;
And with full heauy hart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the ſoule, and groning inwardly,
That he of womens hands ſo baſe a death ſhould die.

23

But they like tyrants, mercileſſe the more,
Reioyced at his miſerable caſe,
And him reviled, and reproched ſore
With bitter taunts, and tearmes of vile diſgrace.
Now when as *Arthegall*, arriu'd in place,
Did aske, what cauſe brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to ſwarme apace,
Meaning on him their cruell hands to lay,
And to haue wrought vnwares ſome villanous aſſay.

24

But he was ſoone aware of their ill mind,
And drawing backe, deceiued their intent;
Yet though himſelfe did ſhame on woman-kind
His mighty hand to ſhend, he *Talus* ſent
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
Who with few ſtrokes of his yron flaile,
Diſperſed all their troupe incontinent,
And ſent them home to tell a pitteous tale
Of their vaine proweſſe, turned to their proper bale.

25

But that ſame wretched man, ordaynd to die,
They left behind them, glad to be ſo quit:
Him *Talus* tooke out of perplexitie,
And horrour of foule death for Knight vnfit,
Who more then loſſe of life ydreaded it;
And him reſtoring vnto liuing light,
So brought vnto his Lord, where he did ſit,
Beholding all that womaniſh weake fight;
Whom ſoone as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight:

26

Sir *Terpine*, hapleſſe man, what make you here?
Or haue you loſt your ſelfe and your diſcretion,
That euer in this wretched caſe ye were?
Or haue ye yielded you to proude oppreſſion
Of womens powre, that boaſt of mens ſubiection?
Or elſe, what other deadly diſmall day
Is falne on you, by heauens hard direction,
That ye were runne ſo fondly farre aſtray,
As for to lead your ſelfe vnto your owne decay?

27

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with ſhame, and partly with diſmay,
That all aſtoniſht hee him ſelfe did find,
And little had for his excuſe to ſay,
But onely thus; Moſt hapleſſe well ye may
Me iuſtly tearme, that to this ſhame am brought,
And made the ſcorne of knighthood this ſame day.
But who can ſcape, what his owne fate hath wrought?
The worke of heauens will ſurpaſſeth humane thought.

28

Right true: but faulty men vſe oftentimes
To attribute their folly vnto fate,
And lay on heauen the guilt of their owne crimes.
But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate
Your miſery, how fell ye in this ſtate.
Then ſith ye needs, quoth he, will know my ſhame,
And all the ill which chaunc't to me of late,
I ſhortly will to you rehearſe the ſame,
In hope ye will not turne misfortune to my blame.

29

Beeing deſirous (as all Knights are wont)
Through hard adventures deeds of armes to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that farre abroad did flie,
That a proud Amazon did late defie
All the braue Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And vnto them wrought all the villany
That ſhe could forge in her malicious head,
Which ſome hath put to ſhame, and many done be dead.

30

The cauſe, they ſay, of this her cruell hate,
Is for the ſake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom ſhe bore moſt feruent loue of late,
And wooed him by all the waies ſhe could:
But when ſhe ſawe at laſt, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wonne vnto her will,
She turn'd her loue to hatred manifold,
And for his ſake, vow'd to doe all the ill
Which ſhe could do to knights: which now ſhe doth fulfil.

31

For, all thoſe Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth ſubdue, ſhe foully doth intreat.
Firſt, ſhe doth them of war like armes deſpoile,
And clothe in womans weeds: and then with threat
Doth them compell to worke, to earne their meat,
To ſpin, to card, to ſew, to waſh, to wring;
Ne doth ſhe giue them other thing to eate
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to diſable from reuenge adventuring.

32

But, if through ſtout diſdaine of manly mind,
Any her proud obſeruaunce will withſtand,
Vpon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She cauſeth them be hangd vp out of hand;
In which condition I right now did ſtand.
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that vile ſeruice of her band,
I rather choſe to die in liues deſpight,
Then lead that ſhameful life, vnworthy of a Knight.

How

33

How hight that Amazon (ſaid *Arthegall*)?
And where, and how far hence does ſhe abide?
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* doe call,
A Princeſſe of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queene of Amazons, in armes well tride,
And ſundry battels, which ſhe hath atchieued
With great ſucceſſe, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more then is believed;
Ne would I it haue ween'd, had I not late it prieued.

34

Now ſure, ſaid he, and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble knighthood owe,
I will not reſt, till I her might doe try,
And venge the ſhame, that ſhe to Knights doth ſhowe.
Therefore Sir *Tirpin* from you lightly throwe
This ſqualid weede, the patterne of deſpaire,
And wend with me, that ye may ſee and knowe,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repaire, (paire.
And Knights of Maydenhead, whoſe praiſe ſhe wold em-

35

With that, like one that hopeleſs was repriv'd
From deathes dore, at which he lately lay,
Thoſe iron fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,
The badges of reproach, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Vnto the dwelling of that Amazone.
Which was from thence not paſt a mile or tway;
A goodly Citty, and a mighty one,
The which of her owne name ſhe called *Radegone*.

36

Where they arriuing, by the watchman were
Deſcried ſtreight; who all the Citty warned,
How that three warlike perſons did appeare,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a Knight all armed,
And th'other two well likely to haue harmed.
Eftſoones the people all to harneſſe ran,
And like a ſort of bees in cluſters ſwarmed:
Ere long, their Queene her ſelf, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

37

And now the Knights, beeing arriued neare,
Did beat vpon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter ſcorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the towne did win,
To teare his fleſh in peeces for his ſin.
Which when as *Radigund* their comming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bade that ſtraight the gates ſhould be vnbard,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepard.

38

Soone as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entrance to haue made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharpe ſhowre of arrowes, which them ſtayd,
And better bad aduiſe, ere they aſſayd,
Vnknowen perill of bold womens pride.
Then all the rout vpon them rudely layd,
And heaped ſtrokes ſo faſt on euery ſide,
And arrowes hayld ſo thicke, that they could not abide.

39

But *Radigund* her ſelfe, when ſhe eſpide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direfull doome acquit,
So cruell doale amongſt her maides diuide.
T'auenge that ſhame, they did on him commit;
All ſodainely enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lioneſſe at him ſhe flew,
And on his head-peece him ſo fiercely ſmit,
That to the ground him quite ſhe ouerthrew,
Diſmayd ſo with the ſtroke, that he no colours knew.

40

Soone as ſhe ſawe him on the ground to grouell,
Shee lightly to him leapt; and in his neck
Her proud foot ſetting, at his head did leuell,
VVeening at once her wrath on him to wreak,
And his contempt, that did her iudgement break:
As when a Beare hath ſeiz'd her cruell clawes
Vpon the carcaſſe of ſome beaſt too weake,
Proudly ſtands ouer, and a while doth pauſe,
To heare the pitious beaſt pleading her plaintiffe cauſe.

41

Whom when as *Arthegall* in that diſtreſſe
By chance beheld, he left the bloudy ſlaughter,
In which he ſwam, and ran to his redreſſe.
There her aſſayling fiercely freſh, he raught her
Such an huge ſtroke, that it of ſenſe diſtraught her:
And had ſhe not it warded warily,
It had depriu'd her mother of a daughter.
Nath'leſſe for all the powre ſhe did apply,
It made her ſtagger oft, and ſtare with ghaſtly eye;

42

Like to an Eagle in his kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the aire,
To weather his broad ſayles, by chance hath ſpide
A Goshauke, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Vpon ſome fowle, that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadfull force he flies at her byliue,
That with his ſouce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth driue,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth riue.

43

But ſoone as ſhe her ſenſe recouerd had,
She fiercely towards him her ſelfe gan dight,
Through vengefull wrath & diſdeignfull pride halfe mad:
For, neuer had ſhe ſuffred ſuch deſpight,
But ere ſhe could ioyne hand with him to fight,
Her warlike mayds about her flockt ſo faſt,
That they diſparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troupes did far aſunder caſt:
But mongſt the reſt the fight did vntill euening laſt.

44

And euery while, that mighty yron man,
With his ſtrange weapon, neuer wont in warre,
Them ſorely vext, and courſt, and ouer-ran,
And broke their boawes, and did their ſhooting marre,
That none of all the many once did darre
Him to aſſault, nor once approach him nie;
But like a ſort of ſheepe diſperſed farre
For dread of their deuouring enemy,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him flie.

45

But when as daies faire ſhiny beame, yclowded
With fearefull ſhadowes of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beaſt in quiet reſt be ſhrowded,
Bold *Radigund* (with ſound of trump on hight)
Cauſ'd all her people to ſurceaſe from fight;
And gathering them vnto her cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her ſight,
And all the wounded, and the weake in ſtate,
To be conuayed in, ere ſhe would once retrate.

46

When thus the field was voyded all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
(Weary of toyle and trauell of that day)
Cauſ'd his pauilion to be richly pight
Before the Citie gate, in open ſight;
Where he himſelfe did reſt in ſafety,
Together with ſir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* vs'd in times of ieopardie
To keepe a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing griefe,
For the rebuke which ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
Could take no reſt, ne would receiue reliefe;
But toſſed in her troublous mind, what way
She mote reuenge that blot, which on her lay.
There ſhe reſolu'd, her ſelfe in ſingle fight
To try her Fortune, and his force aſſay,
Rather then ſee her people ſpoyled quight,
As ſhe had ſeene that day a diſaduentrous fight.

48

She called forth to her a truſty mayd,
Whom ſhe thought fitteſt for that buſineſſe,
Her name was *Clarind*, and thus to her ſayd;
Goe damzell quickly, do thy ſelfe addreſſe
To do the meſſage, which I ſhall expreſs.
Goe thou vnto that ſtranger Faery Knight,
Who yeſterday droue vs to ſuch diſtreſſe;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equall field, whether hath greater might.

49

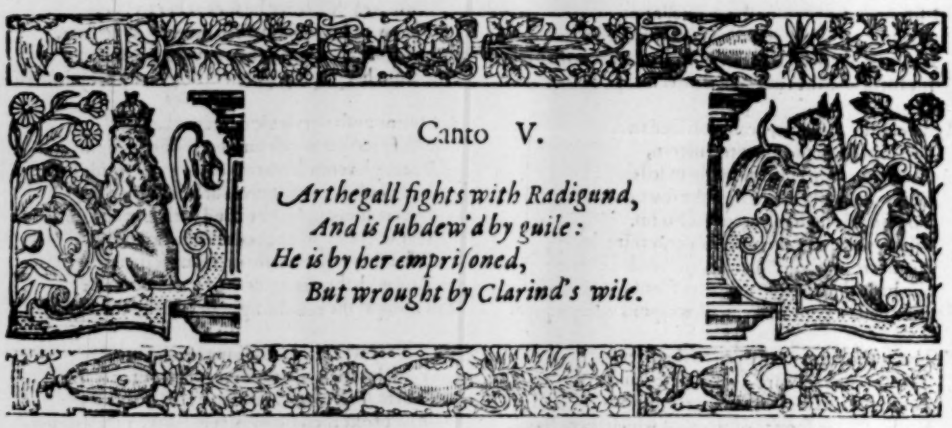
But theſe conditions doe to him propound,
That if I vanquiſh him, he ſhall obay
My lawe, and euer to my lore be bound;
And ſo will I, if me he vanquiſh may,
What euer he ſhall like to doe or ſay:
Goe ſtraight, and take with thee, to witneſſe it,
Sixe of thy fellowes of the beſt array,
And beare with you both wine and iuncates fit,
And bid him eate; henceforth he oft ſhal hungry ſit.

50

The Damzell ſtreight obayd: and putting all
In readineſſe, forth to the Towne-gate went;
Where ſounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Vnto thoſe warlike Knights ſhe warning ſent.
Then *Talus*, forth iſſewing from the tent,
Vnto the wall his way did fearleſſe take,
To weeten what that trumpets ſounding ment:
Where that ſame Damzell loudly him beſpake,
And ſhew'd, that with his Lord ſhee would emparlance make.

51

So he them ſtreight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greete,
Till they had told their meſſage word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
Them fairely entertayn'd with curt'ſies meet,
And gaue them gifts and things of deare delight.
So backe againe they homeward turn'd their feete.
But *Arthegall* himſelfe to reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the next daies fight.



Canto V.

Arthegall fights with Radigund,
And is ſubdew'd by guile:
He is by her empriſoned,
But wrought by Clarind's wile.

1

SOoone as day, forth dawning from the Eaſt,
Nights humid curtaine frō the heauens with-
And early calling forth both mā & beaſt, (drew
Commanded them their daily works renew,
Theſe noble warriors, mindfull to purſew
The laſt dayes purpoſe of their vowed fight,
Themſelues thereto prepar'd in order dew:
The Knight, as beſt was ſeeming for a Knight;
And th' Amazon, as beſt it lik't her ſelfe to dight.

All

2

All in a Camis light of purple silke
Wouen vpon with siluer, subtly wrought,
And quilted vpon sattin white as milke,
Trailed with ribbands diuersly distraught,
Like as the workeman had their courses taught;
Which was short tucked for light motion
Vp to her ham: but when she list, it raught
Downe to her lowest heele, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

3

And on her legs she painted buskins wore,
Basted with bends of gold on euery side,
And mailes betweene, and laced close afore:
Vpon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickell pride;
And on her shoulder hung her shield, bedeckt
Vpon the bosse with stones, that shined wide,
As the faire Moone in her most full aspect,
That to the Moone it mote be like in each respect.

4

So forth she came out of the Citty gate,
With stately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many damzels, that did waite
Vpon her person for her sure defence,
Playing on shaumes and trumpets, that from hence
Their sound did reach vnto the heauens hight.
So forth into the field she marched thence,
VVhere was a rich Pauilion ready pight,
Her to receiue, till time they should begin the fight.

5

Then forth came *Arthegall* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and first the lists did enter:
Soone after eke came she, with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as hauing fully bent her,
That battels vtmost triall to aduenter.
The Lists were closed fast, to barre the rout
From rudely pressing to the middle center;
VVhich in great heapes them circled all about,
Waiting, how Fortune would resolue that dangerous
(doubt.

6

The Trumpets sounded, and the field began;
With bitter strokes it both began and ended.
She at the first encounter on him ran
VVith furious rage, as if shee had intended
Out of his breast the very heart haue rended:
But he that had like tempests often tride,
From that first flawe, himselfe right well defended.
The more she rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hew'd, she foynd, she lasht, she laid on euery side.

7

Yet still her blowes he bore, and her forbore,
VVeening at last to win aduantage new;
Yet still her cruelty encreas'd more,
And though powre fayld, her courage did accrew:
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her pursew;
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The stubborne metall seeketh to subdew,
Soone as he feeles it mollifide with heat,
With his great Iron sledge doth strongly on it beat.

8

So did Sir *Arthegall* vpon her lay,
As if she had an Iron anvile beene,
That flakes of fire, bright as the suuny ray,
Out of her steely armes were flashing seene,
That all on fire yee would her surely weene.
But with her shield so well her selfe she warded,
From the drad danger of his weapon keene,
That all that while her life she safely guarded:
But he that helpe from her against her will discarded.

9

For, with his trenchant blade at the next blowe,
Halfe of her shield he shared quite away,
And halfe her side it selfe did naked showe,
And thenceforth vnto danger opened way.
Much was she moued with the mighty sway
Of that sad stroke, that halfe enrag'd she grew,
And like a greedy Beare vnto her pray,
With her sharpe Cemitare at him she flew,
That glancing downe his thigh, the purple bloud forth
(drew.

10

Thereat she gan to triumph with great boast,
And to vpbraid that chance which him mis-fell,
As if the prize she gotten had almost,
With spightfull speeches, fitting with her well;
That his great heart gan inwardly to swell
With indignation, at her vaunting vaine,
And at her strooke with puissance fearefull fell;
Yet with her shield she warded it againe,
That shattered all to peeces round about the Plaine.

11

Hauing her thus disarmed of her shield,
Vpon her helmet he againe her strooke,
And downe she fell vpon the grassie field,
In senseless swoune, as if her life forsooke,
And pangs of death her spirit ouertooke.
Whom when he sawe before his foote prostrated,
He to her lept, with deadly dreadfull looke,
And her sunshiny helmet soone vnlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to haue raced.

12

But when as he discouered had her face,
He saw his senses strange astonishment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,
In her faire visage void of ornament,
But bath'd in blood and sweat together ment;
VVhich, in the rudenesse of that euill plight,
Bewrayd the signes of feature excellent:
Like as the Moone in foggy winter night,
Doth seem to be herselfe, though darkned be her light.

13

At sight thereof his cruell minded heart
Empearced was with pittifull regard,
That his sharp sword he threw from him apart,
Cursing his hand that had that visage mard:
No hand so cruell, nor no hart so hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.
By this, vpstarting from her swoune, she star'd
A while about her with confused eye;
Like one that from his dreame is waked suddenly.

Soone

14

Soone as the knight ſhe there by her did ſpy,
Standing with empty hands all weaponleſſe,
With freſh aſſault vpon him ſhe did flie,
And gan renew her former cruelneſſe:
And though he ſtill retyr'd, yet natheleſſe
With huge redoubled ſtrokes ſhe on him layd;
And more encreaſt her outrage mercileſſe,
The more that he with meeke intreaty prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to haue ſtayd.

15

Like as a Puttocke hauing ſpide in ſight,
A gentle Falcon ſitting on a hill,
Whoſe other wing now made vnmeet for flight,
Was lately broken by ſome fortune ill;
The fooliſh Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat vpon the gentle bird in vaine,
With many idle ſtoups her troubling ſtill:
Euen ſo did *Radigund* with bootleſſe paine
Annoy this noble Knight, and ſorely him conſtraine.

16

Nought could he do, but ſhun the dread deſpight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward ſtill retire,
And with his ſingle ſhield, well as he might,
Beare-off the burden of her raging ire;
And euermore he gently did deſire,
To ſtay her ſtrokes, and he himſelfe would yield:
Yet nould ſhe heark, ne let him once reſpire,
Till he to her deliuered had his ſhield,
And to her mercy him ſubmitted in plaine field.

17

So was he ouercome, not ouercome,
But to her yeelded of his owne accord:
Yet was he iuſtly damned by the doome
Of his owne mouth, that ſpake ſo wareleſſe word,
To be her thrall, and ſeruice her afford.
For, though that he firſt victory obtayned,
Yet after by abandoning his ſword,
He wilfull loſt, that he before attained.
No fairer conqueſt, then that with goodwill is gayned.

18

Tho, with her ſword on him ſhe flatling ſtrooke,
In ſigne of true ſubiection to her powre,
And as her vaſſall him to thraldome tooke.
But *Terpine* borne to a more vnhappy howre,
As he, on whom the luckleſſe ſtarres did lowre,
She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led
Vnto the crooke, t'abide the balefull ſtowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full ſhamefully was hanged by the head.

19

But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,
He with his iron flaile amongſt them thondred,
That they were faine to let him ſcape away,
Glad from his company to be ſo ſondred;
Whoſe preſence all their troupes ſo much encombred,
That th'heapes of thoſe, which he did wound and ſlay,
Beſides the reſt diſmayd, might not be numbred:
Yet all that while he would not once aſſay
To reskew his owne Lord, but thought it iuſt t'obay.

20

Then tooke the Amazon this noble knight,
Left to her will by his owne wilfull blame,
And cauſed him to be diſarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of knightly name,
With which whylome he gotten had great fame:
In ſtead whereof ſhe made him to be dight
In womans weeds, that is to Manhood ſhame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
In ſtead of Curiets and baſes fit for fight.

21

So being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had been trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was ſield
With moniments of many knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray:
Amongſt the which ſhe cauſd his warlike armes
Be hangd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray;
And broke his ſword, for feare of further harmes,
With which he wont to ſtirre vp battailous alarmes.

22

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many braue Knights, whoſe names right wel he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his big hart loth'd ſo vncomely view.
But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,
To doe thoſe workes, to them appointed dew:
For, nought was giuen them to ſup or dine,
But what their hands could earn by twiſting linnen twine.

23

Amongſt them all, ſhe placed him moſt lowe,
And in his hand a diſtaffe to him gaue,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both flaxe & towe;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo braue.
So hard it is to be a womans ſlaue.
Yet he it tooke in his owne ſelfes deſpight,
And thereto did himſelfe right well behaue,
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight,
Her vaſſall to become, if ſhe him wonne in fight.

24

Who had him ſeene, imagine mote thereby,
That whylome hath of *Hercules* been tolde,
How for *Iolas* ſake he did apply
His mighty hands, the diſtaffe vile to holde,
For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of old
So many monſters, which the world annoyed;
His Lions skin chaung'd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting warres he only ioyed
In combats of ſweet Loue, & with his miſtreſſe toyed.

25

Such is the cruelty of women-kind,
VVhen they haue ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band,
With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bind
T'obay the heaſts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious liberty:
But vertuous women wiſely vnderſtand,
That they were borne to baſe humility,
Vnleſſe the heauens them lift to lawfull ſouerainty.

Thus

26

Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*,
Seruing proud *Radigund* with true subiection;
How-euer it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a womans tyrannous direction,
That might haue had of life or death election:
But hauing chosen, now he might not chaunge.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whose wandring fancie after lust did raunge,
Gan cast a secret liking to this captiue straunge.

27

Which long concealing in her couert breſt,
She chaw'd the cud of louers carefull plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
Beeing faſt fixed in her wounded ſpright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would ſhe not thereto yeeld free accord,
To ſerue the lowely vaſſall of her might,
And of her ſeruant make her ſoueraigne Lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſs much abhord.

28

So much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborne handling of her loue-ſick hart;
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtroue it to ſubdew,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her owne ſmart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At laſt, when long ſhe ſtruggled had in vaine,
She gan to ſtoupe, and her proud mind conuert
To meeke obeyſance of loues mighty raine,
And him intreat for grace, that had procur'd her paine.

29

Vnto her ſelfe in ſecret ſhee did call
Her neareſt handmayd whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
And to her ſaid; *Clarinda*, whom of all
I truſt aliue, ſith I thee toſtred firſt;
Now is the time, that I vntimely muſt
Thereof make tryall, in my greateſt need:
It is ſo hapned, that the heauens vniuſt,
Spighting my happy freedome, haue agreed,
To thrall my looſer life, or my laſt bale to breed.

30

With that ſhe turn'd her head, as halfe abaſhed,
To hide the bluſh which in her viſage roſe,
And through her eyes like ſudden lightning flaſhed,
Decking her cheeke with a vermilion roſe:
But ſoone ſhe did her countenance compoſe,
And to her turning, thus began againe;
This griefs deep wound I would to thee diſcloſe,
Thereto compelled through heart-murdring paine,
But dread of ſhame my doubtful lips doth ſtill reſtraine.

31

Ah my deare dread (ſaid then the faithfull Mayd)
Can dread of ought your dreadleſſe heart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death diſmayd,
And dare euen Deaths moſt dreadfull face behold?
Say on, my ſoueraigne Lady, and be bold.
Doth not your hand-mayds life at your foote lie?
Therwith much comforted, ſhe gan vnfold
The cauſe of her conceiued malady,
As one that would confeſſe, yet faine would it deny.

32

Clarinda, ſaid ſhee, thou ſeeſt yond Fayrie Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his owne braue minde
Subiected hath to my vnequall might:
What right is it, that he ſhould thraldome finde,
For lending life to me a wretch vnkind,
That for ſuch good him recompence with ill?
Therefore I caſt, how I may him vnbinde,
And by his freedome get his free good-will;
Yet ſo, as bound to me he may continue ſtill:

33

Bound vnto me, but not with ſuch hard bands
Of ſtrong compulſion, and ſtreight violence,
As now in miſerable ſtate he ſtands;
But with ſweet loue and ſure beneuolence,
Void of malitious minde, or foule offence.
To which if thou canſt win him any way,
VVithout diſcouery of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meed of him it purchaſe may,
And eke with gratefull ſeruice me right well apay.

34

Which that thou maiſt the better bring to paſſe,
Loe here this Ring, which ſhall thy warrant be,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it beſt ſhalt ſee,
That in and out thou mayſt haue paſſage free.
Goe now, *Clarinda*, well thy wits aduiſe,
And all thy forces gather vnto thee;
Armies of louely lookes, and ſpeeches wiſe,
With which thou canſt euen *Ioue* himſelfe to loue entiſe.

35

The truſty mayd, conceiuing her intent,
Did with lure promiſe of her good indeuour,
Giue her great comfort, and ſome hearts content.
So from her parting, ſhe thenceforth did labour
By all the meanes ſhe might, to curry fauour
With th'Elfin Knight, her Ladies beſt beloued;
With daily ſhew of courteous kind behauiour,
Euen at the marke-white of his hart ſhe roued,
And with a wide glancing words, one day ſhee thus him (proued;

36

Vnhappy Knight, vpon whoſe hopeleſſe ſtate
Fortune, enuying good, hath felly frowned,
And cruell heauens haue heapt an heauy fate;
I rew that thus thy better dayes are drowned
In ſad deſpaire, and all thy ſenſes ſwowned
In ſtupid ſorrow, ſith thy ſuſtenment
Might elſe haue with felicity been crowned:
Looke vp at laſt, and wake thy dulled ſpirit,
To thinke how this long death thou mighteſt diſinherit.

37

Much did he maruell at her vncouth ſpeech,
Whoſe hidden drift he could not well perceiue;
And gan to doubt, leaſt ſhe him ſought t'appeach
Of treaſon or ſome guileful traine did weaue,
Through which ſhe might his wretched life bereaue.
Both which to barre, he with this anſwere met her;
Faire Damzell, that with ruth (as I perceiue)
Of my miſhaps, art mou'd to wiſh me better,
For ſuch your kind regard, I can but reſt your detter.

Yet

38

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no leſſe beſeeming, well to beare
The ſtorme of Fortunes frowne, or heauens threat,
Then in the ſunſhine of her countenance cleare
Timely to ioy, and carry comely cheare.
For, though this cloud haue now me ouer-caſt,
Yet doe I not of better times deſpeare;
And, though (vnlike) they ſhould for euer laſt,
Yet in my truths aſſurance I reſt fixed faſt.

39

But what ſo ſtony minde (ſhe then replide)
But if in his owne powre occaſion lay,
Would to his hope a windowe open wide,
And to his fortunes helpe make ready way?
Vnworthy ſure, quoth he, of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purſew, if he attaine it may.
Which ſpeeches ſhe applying to the ſcope
Of her intent, this further purpoſe to him ſhope;

40

Then why doſt not, thou ill aduized man,
Make meanes to winne thy liberty forlorne,
And try it thou by faire entreaty can
Moue *Radigund?* who though ſhe ſtill haue worne
Her dayes in warre, yet (weet thou) was not borne
Of Beares and Tigres, nor ſo ſaluage minded,
As that, albe all loue of men ſhe ſcorne,
She yet forgets, that ſhe of men was kynded:
And ſooth oft ſeene, that proudeſt hearts baſe loue hath (blinded.

41

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
Sayd hee, nor obſtinate diſdainefull mind,
I haue forbore this duty to fulfill:
For, well I may this weene, by that I finde,
That ſhee a Queene and come of Princely kinde,
Both worthy is for to be ſewd vnto,
Chiefly by him, whoſe life her law doth bind,
And eke of powre her owne doome to vndo,
And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42

But want of meanes hath been mine onely let
From ſeeking fauour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your ſelfe ſhould reſt for euer bound,
And ready to deſerue what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite vpon the baite,
Yet doubting leaſt his hold was but vnſound,
And not well faſtened, would not ſtrike him ſtrayt,
But drew him on with hope, fit leaſure to awayt.

43

But fooliſh Mayd, whiles heedleſſe of the hook,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through ſlippery footing, fell into the brooke,
And there was caught to her confuſion.
For, ſeeking thus to ſalue the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceits owne dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt affection,
Conceiued cloſe in her beguiled heart,
To *Artegall*, through pitty of his cauſeleſſe ſmart.

44

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to him ſelfe, for doubt of being ſdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For feare her miſtris ſhould haue knowledge gayned,
But to her ſelfe it ſecretly retained,
VVithin the cloſet of her couert breſt:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to await fit time ſhee weened beſt,
And fairely did diſſemble her ſad thoughts vnreſt.

45

One day, her Lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demaund of her ſome tydings good,
Touching her loues ſucceſſe, her lingring ſmart.
Therewith ſhe gan at firſt to change her mood,
As one adaw'd and halfe confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it ouer-paſt, ſo ſoone
As ſhe her face had wyp't, to freſh her blood:
Tho, gan ſhe tell her all, that ſhe had donne,
And all the wayes ſhe ſought his loue for to haue wonne:

46

But ſayd, that he was obſtinate and ſterne,
Scorning her offers and conditions vaine;
Ne would be taught with any tearms, to learne
So fond a leſſon, as to loue againe.
Die rather would he in penurious paine,
And his abbridged dayes in dolour waſte,
Then his foes loue or liking entertaine:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47

Which when the cruell Amazon perceiued,
She gan to ſtorme, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceiued,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe borne thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lids fall;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtall.
Nath'leſſe when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatfull mood, & mildly gan entreat.

48

What now is left *Clarinda?* what remaines,
That we may compaſſe this our enterprize?
Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed paines;
And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
With which he dares our offers thus deſpize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appeare,
And more my gracious mercy by this wize,
I will awhile with his firſt folly beare,
Till thou haue tride again, & tempted him more neare.

49

Say, and do all, that may thereto preuaile;
Leaue nought vnpromiſt, that may him perſwade;
Life, freedome, grace, and gifts of great auaile,
With which the gods themſelues are milder made:
Thereto adde arts, euen womens witty trade,
The art of mighty words, that men can charme;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not inuade,
Let him feele hardneſſe of thy heauy arme: (harme.
Who wil not ſtoupe with good, ſhall be made ſtoupe with

Some

50
Some of his diet doe from him withdrawe;
For, I him find to be too proudly fed.
Giue him more labour, and with ſtreighter lawe,
That he with worke may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
That may pull downe the courage of his pride;
And lay vpon him, for his greater dread,
Cold iron chaines, with which let him be tide;
And let, what-euer he deſires, be him denide.

51
When thou haſt all this done, then bring me newes
Of his demeane: thenceforth not like a Louer,
But like a Rebell ſtout I will him vſe.
For, I reſolue this ſiege not to giue ouer,
Till I the conqueſt of my will recouer.
So ſhe departed, full of griefe and diſdaine,
VVhich inly did to great impatience moue her.
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd againe
Vnto the priſon, where her hart did thrall remaine.

52
There all her ſubtill nets ſhe did vnfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay;
In which ſhe meant him wareleſſe to enfold,
And of his innocence to make her pray.
So cunningly ſhe wrought her crafts aſſay,
That both her Lady, and her ſelfe withall,
And eke the knight attonce ſhe did betray:
But moſt the Knight, whom ſhe with guilefull call
Did caſt for to allure, into her trap to fall.

53
As a bad Nurſe, which fayning to receiue
In her owne mouth the food, meant for her child,
With-holds it to her ſelfe, and doth deceiue
The infant, ſo for want of nour'ture ſpoyld:
Euen ſo *Clarinda* her owne Dame beguil'd,
And turn'd the truſt, which was in her affide,
To feeding of her priuate fire, which boyld
Her inward breaſt, and in her entrayles fryde
The more that ſhe it ſought to couer and to hide.

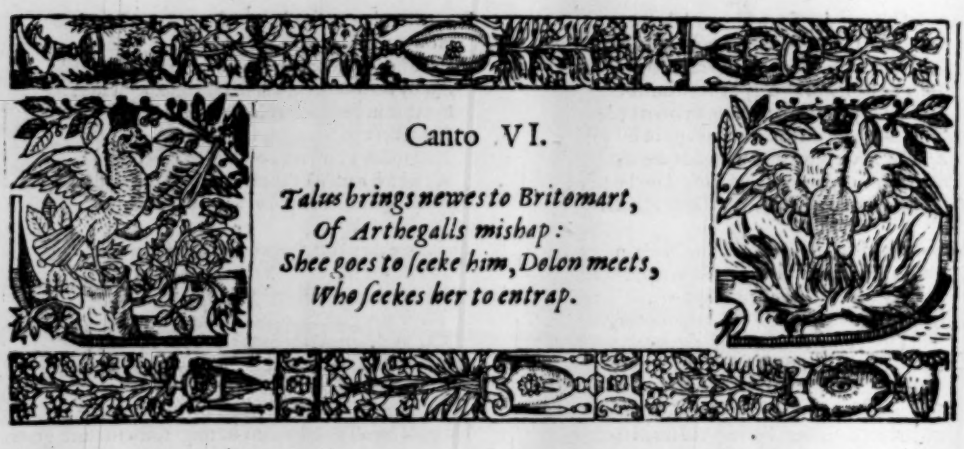
54
For, comming to this knight, ſhe purpoſe fained,
How earneſt ſuit ſhe earſt for him had made
Vnto her Queene, his freedome to haue gayned;
But by no meanes could her thereto perſwade:
But that in ſtead thereof, ſhe ſternly bade
His miſery to be augmented more,
And many iron bands on him to lade.
All which nath'leſſe ſhe for his loue forbore:
So praying him t'accept her ſeruice euermore.

55
And more then that, ſhe promiſt that ſhe would,
In caſe ſhe might finde fauour in his eye,
Deuize how to inlarge him out of holde.
The Fairy glad to gaine his liberty,
Can yeeld great thanks for ſuch her curteſie;
And with faire words (fit for the time and place)
To feed the humour of her malady,
Promiſt, if ſhee would free him from that caſe,
He wold by all good means he might, deſerue ſuch grace.

56
So daily he faire ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet neuer meant he in his noble mind,
To his owne abſent Loue to be vntrew:
Ne euer did deceitfull *Clarind'* finde
In her falſe hart, his bondage to vnbinde;
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tye.
Therefore vnto her miſtreſſe moſt vnkinde
She daily told, her loue he did defie;
And him ſhe told, her Dame his freedome did deny.

57
Yet thus much friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhowe,
That his ſcarce diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his worke leſſened, that his loue mote growe:
Yet to her Dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldome there remained,
Of both beloued well, but little frended;
Vntill his owne true Loue his freedome gayned.
Which in another Canto will be beſt contained.

Canto



Canto VI.

Talus brings newes to Britomart,
Of Arthegalls mishap:
Shee goes to seeke him, Dolon meets,
Who seekes her to entrap.

1

Some men, I wote, will deeme in *Arthegall*
Great weakenes, and report of him much ill,
For yeelding so himselfe a wretched thrall,
To th'insolent commaund of womens will;
That all his former praise doth fowly spill.
But he the man, that say or doe so dare,
Be well aduiz'd, that he stand stedfast still:
For, neuer yet was wight so well aware,
But he at first or last was trapt in womens snare.

2

Yet in the streightnesse of that captiue state,
This gentle knight himselfe so well behaued,
That notwithstanding all the subtill bait,
With which those Amazons his loue still craued,
To his owne Loue his loyalty he saued:
Whose character in th'Adamantine mould
Of his true heart so firmely was engraued,
That no new loues impression euer could
Bereaue it thence: such blot his honour blemish should.

3

Yet his owne Loue, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarce so conceiued in her iealous thought,
What time sad tydings of his balefull smart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in vntimely houre, ere it was sought.
For, after that the vtmost date, assynde
For his returne, she waited had for nought,
She gan to cast in her mildoubtfull minde
A thousand feares, that loue-sick fancies faine to finde.

4

Sometimes she feared, least some hard mishap
Had him misfalne in his aduentrous quest;
Sometime least his false foe did him entrap
In traytrous trayne, or had vnwares oppresst:
But most she did her troubled mind molest,
And secretly afflict with iealous feare,
Least some new loue had him for her possest;
Yet loth she was, since she no ill did beare,
To thinke of him so ill: yet could she not forbeare.

5

One while shee blam'd her selfe; another while
She him condemn'd, as trustlesse and vntrew:
And then, her griefe with errour to beguile,
She fayn'd to count the time againe anew,
As if before she had not counted trew.
For houres, but dayes; for weekes that passed were,
She told but moneths, to make them seem more fewe:
Yet when she reckned them, still drawing neare,
Each hour did seem a moneth, & euery moneth a yeere.

6

But when as yet she saw him not returne,
Shee thought to send some one to seek him out;
But none she found so fit to serue the turne
As her owne selfe, to ease her selfe of doubt.
Now she deuiz'd amongst the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to seeke her errant knight;
And then againe resolu'd to hunt him out
Amongst loose Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights enuide, & Ladies eke did spight.

7

One day, when as she long had sought for ease
In euery place, and euery place thought best,
Yet found no place, that could her liking please,
She to a window came, that opened West,
Towards which coast her Loue his way addrest.
There looking forth, she in her hart did find
Many vaine fancies, working her vnrest;
And sent her winged thoughts, more swift then wind,
To beare vnto her Loue the message of her mind.

8

There as shee looked long, at last she spide
One comming towards her with hasty speede:
Well weend she then, ere him she plaine descride,
That it was one sent from her Loue indeed.
Who when he nigh approacht, she mote arede
That it was *Talus*, *Arthegal* his groome;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and drede;
Ne would she stay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to knowe his tydings somme.

Euen

9

Euen in the dore him meeting, she begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how farre hence?
Declare attonce; and hath he loſt or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted ſenſe
And ſorrowes feeling, yet with conſcience
Of his ill newes, did inly chill and quake,
And ſtood ſtill mute, as one in great ſuſpence,
As if that by his ſilence he would make
Her rather reade his meaning, then him ſelfe it ſpake.

10

Till ſhe againe thus ſaid; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what-euer it be, good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length; The tydings ſad,
That I would hide, will needs, I ſee be rad.
My Lord (your Loue) by hard miſhap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully beſtad.
Ay me, quoth ſhe, what wicked deſtiny?
And is he vanquiſht by his tyrant enemy?

11

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyranneſſe, he then replide,
That him captiued hath in hapleſſe woe.
Ceaſe thou bad newes-man: badly doeſt thou hide
Thy Maſters ſhame, in harlots bondage tide.
The reſt my ſelfe too readily can ſpell.
With that, in rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide
(Forcing in vaine the reſt to her to tell)
And to her chamber went like ſolitary Cell.

12

There ſhe began to make her monefull plaint
Againſt her Knight, for being ſo vntrew;
And him to touch with falſhoods fowle attaint,
That all his other honour ouerthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame her ſelfe, and often rew,
For yeelding to a ſtrangers loue ſo light,
Whoſe life and manners ſtrange ſhe neuer knew;
And euermore ſhe did him ſharpely twight
For breach of faith to her, which he had firmely plight.

13

And then ſhe in her wrathfull will did caſt,
How to reuenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laſt:
And then againe ſhe did her ſelfe torment,
Inflicting on her ſelfe his puniſhment.
A while ſhe walkt, and chauft; a while ſhe threw
Her ſelfe vpon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did ſhe not lament with loud alew,
As women wont, but with deep ſighes, and ſingults few.

14

Like as a wayward childe, whoſe ſounder ſleepe
Is broken with ſome fearefull dreames affright,
With froward will doth ſet himſelfe to weepe;
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſes might.
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhrieks for fell deſpight:
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing;
Now ſeeking darkneſſe, and now ſeeking light;
Then crauing ſucke, and then the ſucke refuſing:
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loues ſond accuſing.

15

But when ſhe had with ſuch vnquiet fits
Her ſelfe there cloſe afflicted long in vaine,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She vnto *Talus* forth return'd againe,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her paine;
And gan enquire of him, with milder mood,
The certaine cauſe of *Arthegals* detaine:
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16

Ah weal-away! ſaid then the iron man,
That he is not the while in ſtate to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldome, weake and wan,
Not by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
But his owne doome, that none can now vndoo.
Sayd I not then, quoth ſhe, ere-while aright,
That this is things compact betwixt you two,
Me to deceiue of faith vnto me plight,
Since that he was not forc't, nor ouercome in fight?

17

With that, he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captiuance ſad,
In ſort as ye haue heard the ſame of late.
All which, when ſhe with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad,
With ſodaine ſtounds of wrath and griefe attone:
Ne would abide, till ſhe had anſwer made;
But ſtreight her ſelfe did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her ſteed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18

So forth ſhe rode vpon her ready way,
To ſeeke her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly ſhe rode, and neuer word did ſay,
Nor good nor bad, ne euer look aſide,
But ſtill right downe, and in her thought did hide
The feloneſſe of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce auengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her baſe priſon pent,
And ſo great honour with ſo fowle reproach had blent.

19

So as ſhe thus melancholicke did ride,
Chawing the cud of griefe and inward paine,
She chaunc't to meet, toward the euen-tide
A Knight, that ſoftly paſſed on the Plaine,
As if him ſelfe to ſolace he were faine.
Well ſhot in yeares he ſeem'd, and rather bent
To peace, then needleſſe trouble to conſtraine,
As well by view of that his veſtiment,
As by his modeſt ſemblant, that no euill ment.

20

He, comming neere, gan gently her ſalute
With curteous words, in the moſt comely wize;
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Then tearms to entertaine of common guize,
Yet rather then ſhe kindneſſe would deſpize,
She would her ſelfe diſpleaſe, ſo him requite.
Then gan the other further to deuize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which ſhe anſwerd light.

21

For,little luſt had ſhe to talke of ought,
Or ought to heare,that mote delightfull bee;
Her minde was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gaue none other place. Which when as hee
By outward ſignes (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no lenger to vſe loathfull ſpeach,
But her beſought to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady damp had dimd the heauens reach,
To lodge wᵗʰ him that night, vnleſs good cauſe impeach.

22

The Championeſſe, now ſeeing night at dore,
Was glad to yeeld vnto his good requeſt:
And with him went without gaine-saying more.
Not farre away, but little wide by Weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt;
Where ſoone arriuing they receiued were
In ſeemely wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt:
For,he their Hoſt them goodly well did cheare,
And talkt of pleaſant things,the night away to weare.

23

Thus paſſing th'euening well,till time of reſt,
Then *Britomart* vnto a bowre was brought;
Where groomes awayted her to haue vndreſt,
But ſhe ne would vndreſſed be for ought,
Ne doffe her armes,though be her much beſought.
For ſhe had vow'd,ſhe ſaid,not to forgoe
Thoſe warlike weeds,till ſhe reuenge had wrought
Of a late wrong vpon a mortall foe;
Which ſhe would ſure performe,be-tide her weale or woe.

24

Which when her Hoſt perceiu'd,right diſcontent
In minde he grew,for feare leaſt by that art
He ſhould his purpoſe miſſe, which cloſe he ment:
Yet taking leaue of her,he did depart.
There all that night remained *Britomart*,
Reſtleſſe,recomfortleſſe,with heart deepe grieued,
Not ſuffring the leaſt twinkling ſleepe to ſtart
Into her eye,which th'hart mote haue relieued;
But if the leaſt appear'd,her eyes ſhe ſtreight reprieued.

25

Ye guilty eyes,ſaid ſhe, the which with guile
My heart at firſt betrayd, will ye betray
My life now too,for which a little while
Ye will not watch? falſe watches, weal-away,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Vnto your loſſe: and now needs will ye ſleep?
Now ye haue made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye ſleepe? ah! wake, and rather weepe,
To think of your nights want,that ſhold ye waking keep.

26

Thus did ſhe watch,and weare the weary night
In wayſfull plaints, that none was to appeaſe;
Now walking ſoft, now ſitting ſtill vpright,
As ſundry change her ſeemed beſt to eaſe.
Ne leſſe did *Talus* ſuffer ſleepe to ſeaze
His eye-lids ſad,but watcht continually,
Lying without her dore in great diſeaſe;
Like to a Spaniell wayting carefully
Leaſt any ſhould betray his Lady treacherouſly.

27

What time the native Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned *Peter* of his fall,
Firſt rings his ſiluer bell t'each ſleepy wight,
That ſhould their minds vp to deuotion call,
She heard a wondrous noyſe below the hall.
All ſodainly the bed,where ſhe ſhould lie,
By a falſe trap was let adowne to fall
Into a lower roome,and by and by
The loft was raiſd againe, that no man could it ſpie.

28

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmaid right ſore,
Perceiuing well the treaſon,which was ment:
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would enſue of that euent.
It was not long, before ſhe heard the ſound
Of armed men,comming with cloſe intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadfull ſtound
She quickly caught her ſword, & ſhield about her bound.

29

With that,there came vnto her chamber dore
Two Knights,all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raſcall rout, with weapons rudely dight.
Whom ſoone as *Talus* eſpide by glimſe of night,
He ſtarted vp,there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threſher ready keight.
They, ſeeing that, let driue at him ſtreight way,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

30

But ſoone as he began to lay about
With his rude iron flaile, they gan to flie,
Both armed Knights, and eke vnarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where-euer in the darke he could them ſpy;
That here and there like ſcattered ſheep they lay.
Then backe returning,where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the ſtory of that fray,
And all that treaſon there intended did bewray.

31

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be auenged for ſo fowle a deede,
Yet being forc't t'abide the daies returning,
She there remain'd,but with right wary heed,
Leaſt any more ſuch practice ſhould proceed.
Now mote ye knowe (that which to *Britomart*
Vnknowen was) whence all this did proceed:
And for what cauſe ſo great miſchieuous ſmart
Was meant to her, that neuer euill meant in heart.

32

The goodman of this houſe was *Dolon* highte,
A man of ſubtill wit and wicked minde,
That whilome in his youth had been a Knight,
And armes had borne, but little good could finde,
And much leſſe honour by that warlike kinde
Of life: for, he was nothing valorous,
But with ſlie ſhifts and wiles did vnderminde
All noble Knights,which were aduenturous,
And many brought to ſhame by treaſon treacherous.

He

33

He had three ſonnes, all three like fathers ſonnes,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compaſs wonnes:
The eldeſt of the which was ſlaine erewhile
By *Arthegall*, through his owne guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*: whoſe vntimely fate
For to reuenge, full many treaſons vile
His father *Dolon* had deuiz'd of late
With theſe his wicked ſons, and ſhewd his cancred hate.

34

For ſure he weend, that this his preſent gueſt
Was *Arthegall*, by many tokens plaine;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheſt,
Which ſtill was wont with *Arthegall* remaine;
And therefore meant him ſurely to haue ſlaine.
But by Gods grace, and her good heedinſſe,
She was preſerued from that traytrous traine.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in watchfulneſſe,
Ne ſuffred ſlothfull ſleepe her eye-lids to oppreſſe.

35

The morrow next, ſo ſoone as dawning houre
Diſcouered had the light to liuing eye,
She forth iſſew'd out of her loathed bowre,
With full intent t' auenge that villany,
On that vile man, and all his family.
And comming down to ſeeke them, where they wond,
Nor ſire, nor ſonnes, nor any could ſhe ſpie:
Each rowme ſhe ſought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for feare; but whether, neither kond.

36

She ſaw it vaine to make there lenger ſtay,
But tooke her ſteed; and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addreſſe vnto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that ſhe ſawe, there preſent in her ſight,
Thoſe two falſe brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Arthegall* did fight.
Streight was the paſſage like a ploughed ridge,
That if two met, the one mote needs fall ouer the lidge.

37

There they did thinke themſelues on her to wreake:
Who as ſhe nigh vnto them drewe, the one
Theſe vile reproches gan vnto her ſpeake;
Thou recreant falſe traytour, that with lone
Of armes haſt knighthood ſtolne, yet Knight art none,
No more ſhall now the darkneſſe of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy bloud thou ſhalt appeaſe the ſpright
Of *Guizor*, by thee ſlaine, and murdred by thy flight.

38

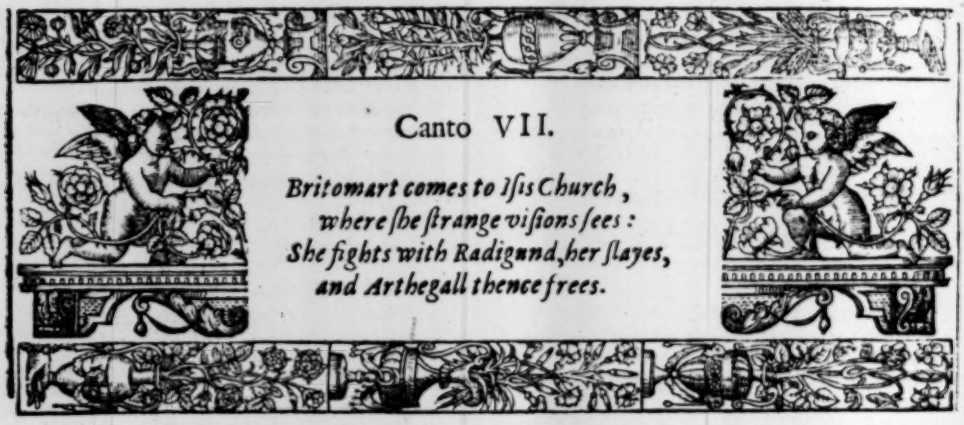
Strange were the wordes in *Britomartis* eare;
Yet ſtaid ſhe not for them, but forward fared,
Till to the perillous bridge ſhe came: and there
Talus deſir'd, that he might haue prepared
The way to her, and thoſe two loſels ſcared.
But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for deſpight
The glauncing ſparkles through her beuer glared,
And from her eyes did flaſh out fiery light,
Like coales, that through a ſiluer Cenſer ſparkle bright.

39

She ſtayd not to aduize which way to take;
But putting ſpurres vnto her fiery beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her wrath increaſt,
Vpon her ſpeare ſhe bore before her breaſt,
Till to the Bridges further end ſhe paſt;
Where falling downe, his challenge he releaſt:
The other ouer ſide the Bridge ſhe caſt
Into the Riuer, where he drunk his deadly laſt.

40

As when the flaſhing Leuin haps to light
Vpon two ſtubborne oakes, which ſtand ſo neare,
That way betwixt them none appeares in ſight;
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth teare
Th' one from the earth, & through the aire doth beare;
The other it with force doth ouerthrowe,
Vpon one ſide, and from the roots doth reare:
So did the Championeſſe thoſe two there ſtrowe,
And to their ſire their carcaſſes left to beſtowe.



Canto VII.

Britomart comes to Isis Church, where she strange visions sees: She fights with Radigund, her slayes, and Arthegall thence frees.

1

NOught is on earth more sacred or diuine,
That gods and men doe equally adore,
Then this same vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heauēs thēselues, whence mortal mē im-
Right in their wrōgs, are rul'd by righteous lore (plore
Of highest Iove, who doth true iustice deale
To his inferior gods, and euermore
Therewith containes his heauenly Common-weale:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reueale.

2

Well therefore did the antique world inuent,
That Iustice was a god of soueraigne grace,
And altars vnto him, and temples lent,
And heauenly honors in the highest place;
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian Kings, that whilome were;
With fained colours shading a true case:
For, that *Osyris*, whilest he liued here,
The iustest man aliue, and truest did appeare.

3

His wife was *Isis* whom they likewise made
A goddesse of great power and soueraignty,
And in her person cunningly did shade
That part of Iustice, which is Equity,
Whereof I haue to treat here presently.
Vnto whose temple when as *Britomart*
Arriued, shee with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

4

There she receiued was in goodly wize
Of many Priests, which duely did attend
Vpon the rites and daily sacrifice,
All clad in linnen robes with siluer hemd;
And on their heads with long lockes comely kemd
They wore rich Mitres shaped like the Moone,
To shew that *Isis* doth the Moone portend;
Like as *Osyris* signifies the Sunne,
For that they both like race in equall iustice runne.

5

The Championeſſe, them greeting, as she could,
Was thence by them into the Temple led;
Whose goodly building when she did beholde,
Borne vpon stately Pillors, all dispred
With shining golde, and arched ouer-head,
She wondred at the workmans passing skill,
Whose like before she neuer saw nor red;
And thereupon long while stood gazing still,
But thought that she thereon could neuer gaze her fill.

6

Thence, forth vnto the Idoll they her brought,
The which was framed all of siluer fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of siluer twine.
Vpon her head she wore a crowne of gold,
To shewe that she had powre in things diuine;
And at her feet a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed taile her middle did enfold.

7

One foote was set vpon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other fast did stand,
So meaning to suppresse both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She stretched forth a long white slender wand.
Such was the goddesse; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her selfe vpon the land
She did prostrate, and with right humble heart
Vnto her selfe her silent prayers did impart.

8

To which, the Idoll as it were inclining,
Her wand did moue, with amiable looke,
By outward shew her inward sense defining.
Who, well perceiuing, how her wand she shooke,
It as a token of good fortune tooke.
By this, the day with dimpe was ouer-cast,
And ioyous light the house of *Ioue* forlooke:
Which when she sawe, her helmet she vnlac't,
And by the Altars side her selfe to slumber plac't.

For

9

For, other beds the Priests there vsed none,
But on their mother Earths deare lap did lie,
And bake their sides vpon the cold hard stone,
T'enure themselues to sufferance thereby;
And proud rebellious flesh to mortifie.
For, by the vow of their religion,
They tied were to stedfast chastitie,
And continence of life; that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their deuotion.

10

Therefore they mote not taste of fleshly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud containe,
Ne drinke of wine: for, wine, they say, is blood;
Euen the bloud of Giants, which were slaine
By thundring *Ioue* in the Phlegrean Plaine.
For which the earth (as they the story tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetuall paine
Had damn'd her sonnes, which gainst them did rebell,
With inward griefe and malice did against them swell.

11

And of their vitall bloud, the which was shed
Into her pregnant bosome, forth she brought
The fruitfull Vine; whose liquor bloudy red,
Hauing the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them stirre vp old rebellious thought,
To make new warre against the Gods againe:
Such is the powre of that same fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof restraine;
Ne, within reasons rule, her madding mood containe.

12

There, did the warlike Maid her selfe repose,
Vnder the wings of *Isis* all that night;
And with sweet rest her heauy eyes did close,
After that long dayes toyle and weary plight.
Where, whil'st her earthly parts with soft delight
Of senseless sleepe did deeply drowned lie,
There did appeare vnto her heauenly spright
A wondrous vision, which did close imply
The course of all her fortune and posteritie.

13

Her seem'd, as she was doing sacrifize
To *Isis*, deckt with Mitre on her head,
And linnen stole, after those Priestes guize,
All suddainly she saw transfigured
Her linnen stole to be of Scarlet red,
And Moone-like Mitre to a Crowne of gold;
That euen she her selfe much wondered
At such a change, and ioyed to behold
Her selfe, adorn'd with gems and iewels manifold.

14

And in the midst of her felicity,
An hideous tempest seemed from belowe,
To rise through all the Temple suddainly,
That from the Altar all about did blowe
The holy fire, and all the embers strowe
Vpon the ground: which, kindled priuily,
Into outrageous flames vnwares did growe,
That all the Temple put in ieopardy
Of flaming, and her selfe in great perplexity.

15

With that, the Crocodile, which sleeping lay
Vnder the Idols feet in fearelesse bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible dismay,
As being troubled with that stormy stowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did straight deuoure
Both flames and tempest: with which growen great,
And swolne with pride of his owne peerelesse powre,
He gan to threaten her likewise to eate;
But that the goddesse with her rod him backe did beat.

16

Tho, turning all his pride to humblesse meeke,
Himselfe before her feet he lowely threw,
And gan for grace and loue of her to seeke:
Which she accepting, he so neere her drew,
That of his game shee soone enwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That shortly did all other beasts subdew.
With that, she waked, full of fearfull fright,
And doubtfully dismaid through that so vncouth sight.

17

So, there-vpon long while she musing lay,
With thousand thoughts feeding her fantasie,
Vntill she spide the lampe of lightsome day,
Vp-lifted in the porche of heauen hie.
Then vp she rose fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did pass;
Where-as the Priests she found full busily
About their holy things for morrow Mass:
Whom she saluting faire, faire resaluted was.

18

But by the change of her vnchearefull looke,
They might perceiue she was not well in plight;
Or that some pensiueneesse to hart she tooke.
Therefore thus one of them (who seem'd in sight
To be the greatest, and the grauest wight)
To her bespake; Sir Knight, it seemes to me,
That thorough euill rest of this last night,
Or ill apaid, or much dismaid ye bee,
That by your change of cheare is easie for to see.

19

Certes, said she, sith ye so well haue spide
The troublous passion of my pensiue minde,
I will not seeke the same from you to hide,
But will my cares vnfold, in hope to find
Your ayde, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on, quoth he, the secret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adiur'd, best counsell to impart
To all, that shall require my comfort in their smart.

20

Then gan she to declare the whole discourse
Of all that vision which to her appear'd,
As well as to her minde it had recourse.
All which when he vnto the end had heard,
Like to a weake faint-harted man he fared,
Through great astonishment of that strange sight;
And with long locks vp-standing, stifly stared,
Like one adawed with some dreadfull spright:
So, fild with heauenly fury, thus he her behight.

21

Magnifick Virgin, that in queint diſguiſe
Of Britiſh armes dooſt maske thy royall blood,
So to purſue a perillous emprize,
How could'ſt thou weene, through that diſguiſed hood,
To hide thy ſtate from being vnderſtood?
Can from th' immortall Gods ought hidden bee?
They doe thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They doe thy Sire, lamenting ſore for thee;
They doe thy Loue, forlorne in womens thraldom ſee.

22

The end whereof, and all the long euent,
They doe to thee in this ſame dreame diſcouer.
For, that ſame Crocodile doth repreſent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Louer,
Like to *Oſyris* in all iuſt endeuer.
For, that ſame Crocodile *Oſyris* is,
That vnder *Iſis* feet doth ſleepe for euer:
To ſhew that clemence oft, in things amiſs,
Reſtraines thoſe ſterne beheſts, and cruell doomes of his.

23

That Knight ſhall all the troublous ſtormes aſſwage,
And raging flames, that many foes ſhall reare,
To hinder thee from the iuſt heritage
Of thy Sires Crowne, and from thy Country deare.
Then ſhalt thou take him to thy loued fere,
And ioyne in equall portion of thy Realme:
And afterwards, a ſonne to him ſhalt beare,
That Lion-like ſhall ſhew his powre extreame.
So bleſſe thee God, and giue thee ioyance of thy dreame.

24

All which when ſhe vnto the end had heard,
She much was eaſed in her troublous thought,
And on thoſe Prieſts beſtowed rich reward:
And royall gifts of gold and ſiluer wrought,
She for a preſent to their goddeſſe brought.
Then taking leaue of them, ſhe forward went,
To ſeeke her Loue, where he was to be ſought;
Ne reſted till ſhe came without relent
Vnto the land of Amazons, as ſhe was bent.

25

Whereof when newes to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confuſed in her troublous thought:
But fild with courage and with ioyous glee,
As glad to heare of armes, the which now ſhe
Had long surceaſt, ſhe bade to open bold,
That ſhe the face of her new foe might ſee.
But when they of that iron man had told, (hold.
Which late her folke had ſlaine, ſhee bade them forth to

26

So, there without the gate (as ſeemed beſt)
She cauſed her Pauilion be pight;
In which, ſtout *Britomart* her ſelfe did reſt,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the dore all night.
All night likewiſe, they of the towne in fright,
Vpon their wall good watch and ward did keepe.
The morow next, ſo ſoone as dawning light
Bade do away the dampe o f drouzie ſleepe,
The war-like Amazon out of her bowre did peepe;

27

And cauſed ſtraight a Trumpet loud to ſhrill,
To warne her foe to battell ſoone be preſt:
Who, long before awoke (for ſhe full ill
Could ſleepe all night, that in vnquiet breſt
Did cloſely harbour ſuch a iealous gueſt)
Was to the battell whylome ready dight.
Eftſoones that warrioureſſe with haughty creſt
Did forth iſſue, all ready for the fight:
On th' other ſide her foe appeared ſoone in ſight.

28

But ere they reared hand, the Amazone
Began the ſtraight conditions to propound,
With which ſhe vſed ſtill to tye her fone;
To ſerue her ſo, as ſhe the reſt had bound.
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternly frowned
For high diſdaine of ſuch indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them ſound.
For, her no other tearmes ſhould euer tie
Then what preſcribed were by lawes of Chevalrie.

29

The Trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with their faulchins ſmote;
Ne eyther ſought the other ſtrokes to ſhun,
But through great furie both their skill forgot,
And practicke vſe in armes; ne ſpared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So faire and tender, without ſtaine or ſpot,
For other vſes then they them tranſlated;
Which they now hackt & hew'd, as it ſuch vſe they hated.

30

As when a Tigre and a Lioneſſe
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both challenge it with equall greedineſſe:
But firſt the Tygre clawes thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond:
To which the Lion ſtrongly doth gain-ſay,
That ſhe to hunt the beaſt firſt tooke in hond;
And therefore ought it haue, where euer ſhe it fond.

31

Full fiercely layd the Amazon about,
And dealt her blowes vnmercifully ſore:
Which *Britomart* withſtood with courage ſtout,
And them repaid againe with double more.
So long they fought, that all the graſſie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their ſides did flowe,
And guſhed through their armes, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their liues did ſtrowe,
Like fruitleſs ſeed, of which vntimely death ſhould growe.

32

At laſt, proud *Radigund* with fell deſpight,
Hauing by chaunce eſpyde aduantage neare,
Let driue at her with all her dreadfull might,
And thus vpbrayding, ſaid; This token beare
Vnto the man whom thou dooſt loue ſo deare;
And tell him for his ſake thy life thou gaueſt.
Which ſpightfull words, ſhe ſore engrieu'd to heare,
Thus anſwer'd; Lewdly thou my Loue depraueſt,
Who ſhortly muſt repent that now ſo vainly braueſt.

Nath'leſſe,

33
Nath'leſſe, that ſtroke ſo cruell paſſage found,
That glauncing on her ſhoulder plate, it bit
Vnto the bone, and made a grieſly wound,
That ſhe her ſhield through raging ſmart of it
Could ſcarce vphold; yet ſoone ſhe it requit.
For, hauing force increaſt through furious paine,
She her ſo rudely on the helmet ſmit,
That it empierced to the very braine,
And her proud perſon lowe proſtrated on the Plaine.

34
Where being layd, the wrathfull Britonneſſe
Stayd not till ſhe came to her ſelfe againe,
But in reuenge both of her Loues diſtreſſe,
And her late vile reproche, though vaunted vaine,
And alſo of her wound, which ſore did paine,
She with one ſtroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadfull ſight, when all her war-like traine
There preſent ſaw, each one (of ſenſe bereft)
Fled faſt into the towne, and her ſole Victor left.

35
But yet, ſo faſt they could not home retreate,
But that ſwift *Talus* did the formoſt win;
And preſſing through the preace vnto the gate,
Pelmell with them attonce did enter in.
There then a pittious ſlaughter did begin:
For, all that euer came within his reach,
He with his iron flaile did threſh ſo thin,
That he no worke at all left for the Leach:
Like to an hideous ſtorme, which nothing may empeach.

36
And now by this, the noble Conquereſſe
Her ſelfe came in, her glory to partake;
Where though reuengefull vow ſhe did profeſſe,
Yet when ſhe ſaw the heaps which he did make
Of ſlaughtred carcaſſes, her hart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almoſt riue,
That ſhe his fury willed him to ſlake:
For, elſe he ſure had left not one aliue,
But all in his reuenge of ſpirit would depriue.

37
Tho, when ſhe had his execution ſtayd,
She for that iron priſon did enquire,
In which her wretched Loue was captiue layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred in to all the parts entire.
Where when ſhe ſaw that lothly vncouth ſight,
Of men diſguiz'd in womaniſh attire,
Her hart gan grudge, for very deepe deſpight
Of ſo vnmanly maske, in miſery miſdight.

38
At laſt, when-as to her owne Loue ſhe came,
Whom like diſguize no leſſe deformed had,
At ſight thereof abaſht with ſecret ſhame,
She turnd her head aſide, as nothing glad,
To haue beheld a ſpectacle ſo ſad:
And then too well believ'd, that which to-fore
Iealous ſuſpect as true vntruely drad.
Which vaine conceit now flouriſhing no more,
She ſought with ruth to ſalue his ſad misfortunes ſore.

39
Not ſo great wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Did the moſt chaſte *Penelopé* poſſeſſe,
To ſee her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long ſince in dolorous diſtreſſe,
Come home to her in pittious wretchedneſſe,
After long trauell of full twenty yeares,
That ſhe knew not his fauours likelineſſe,
For many ſcarres, and many hoary haires:
But ſtood long ſtaring on him, mongſt vncertaine feares.

40
Ah! my deare Lord, what ſight is this, quoth ſhe,
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadfull manly looke? where be
Thoſe mighty palmes, the which ye wont t' embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoaſts to ſubdew?
Could ought on earth ſo wondrous change haue
As to haue robd you of that manly hew? (wrought,
Could ſo great courage ſtooped haue to ought?
Then farewell fleſhly force; I ſee thy pride is nought.

41
Thence, forth ſhe ſtraight into a bowre him brought,
And caus'd him thoſe vncomely weedes vndight;
And in their ſteede for other rayment ſought,
Whereof there was great ſtore, and armours bright,
Which had beene reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon ſubdewed had,
Whil'ſt Fortune fauour'd her ſucceſſe in fight:
In which when-as ſhe him anew had clad,
She was reviu'd, and ioy'd much in his ſemblance glad.

42
So, there awhile they afterwards remained,
Him to refreſh, and her late wounds to heale:
During which ſpace ſhe there as Princeſs raigned,
And changing all that forme of common weale,
The liberty of women did repeale,
Which they had long vſurpt; and them reſtoring
To mens ſubiection, did true Iuſtice deale:
That all they, as a goddeſſe her adoring,
Her wiſedome did admire, and harkned to her loring.

43
For, all thoſe Knights, which long in captiue ſhade
Had ſhrowded been, ſhe did from thraldome free;
And Magiſtrates of all that Citie made,
And gaue to them great liuing and large fee:
And that they ſhould for euer faithfull bee,
Made them ſweare fealty to *Arthegall*.
Who when himſelfe now well recur'd did ſee,
He purpoſ'd to proceed, what-ſo befall,
Vpon his firſt aduenture, which him forth did call.

44
Full ſad and ſorrowfull was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cauſe of griefe;
Yet wiſely moderated her owne ſmart,
Seeing his honour, which ſhe tendred chiefe,
Conſiſted much in that aduentures priefe.
The care whereof, and hope of his ſucceſſe
Gaue vnto her great comfort and reliefe,
That womaniſh complaints ſhe did repreſſe,
And tempered for the time her preſent heauineſſe.

There

45

There ſhe contin'd for a certaine ſpace,
Till through his want her woe did more increaſe:
Then hoping that the change of ayre and place
Would change her paine, and ſorrow ſome-what ceaſe,
She parted thence, her anguiſh to appeaſe.
Meane-while, her noble Lord Sir *Arthegall*
Went on his way, ne euer howre did ceaſe,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur, and Sir Arthegall,
free Samient from feare:
They ſlay the Souldan, driue his wife
Adicia to deſpaire.

1

NOught vnder heauē ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſenſe of man, & all his mind poſſeſſe,
As beauties louely bait, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigor to repreſſe,
And mighty hands forget their manlineſſe;
Drawn with the powre of an hart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treſſe,
That can with melting pleaſance mollifie
Their hardned harts, enur'd to bloud and cruelty.

2

So whylome learn'd that mighty Iewiſh ſwaine,
Each of whoſe locks did match a man in might,
To lay his ſpoyles before his Lemans traine:
So alſo did that great Oetean Knight
For his Loues ſake his Lions skin vndight:
And ſo did warr-like *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* ſight.
Such wondrous powre hath wemens faire aſpect,
To captiue men, and make them all the world reiect.

3

Yet could it not ſterne *Arthegall* retaine,
Nor hold from ſuite of his avowed queſt,
Which he had vndertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his Loue (albe her ſtrong requeſt)
Faire *Britomart*, in languor and vnreſt,
And rode himſelfe vpon his firſt intent:
Ne day nor night did euer idly reſt;
Ne wight but onely *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous gouernment.

4

So trauelling, he chaunc't farre off to heed
A Damzell flying on a palfrey faſt
Before two Knights, that after her did ſpeed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chac't,
In hope to haue her ouerhent at laſt:
Yet fled ſhe faſt, and both them farre out-went,
Carried with wings of feare, like fowle agaſt,
With locks all looſe, and rayment all to rent,
And euer as ſhe rode, her eye was backward bent.

5

Soone after theſe, he ſaw another Knight,
That after thoſe two former rode apace,
With ſpeare in reſt, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,
They being chaſed, that did others chaſe.
At length, he ſaw the hindmoſt ouertake
One of twoſe two, and force him turne his face;
How euer loth he were his way to ſlake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and anſwer make.

6

But th' other ſtill purſewd the fearefull Maid;
Who ſtill from him as faſt away did flie,
Ne once for ought her ſpeedy paſſage ſtaid,
Till that at length ſhe did before her ſpie
Sir *Arthegall*, to whom ſhe ſtraight did hie
With gladfull haſte, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy enemy:
Who, ſeeing her approche, gan forward ſet
To ſaue her from her feare, and him from force to let.

7

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Continu'd ſtill his courſe, and by the way
Thought with his ſpeare him quite haue ouer-went.
So, both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Arthegall* was ſtronger,
And better ſkild in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his ſaddle, longer (wronger.
Then two ſpeares length; ſo miſchiefe ouermatcht the

And

8

And in his fall, misfortune him mistooke;
For, on his head vnhappily he pight,
That his owne weight, his necke asunder broke,
And left there dead. Meane while, the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body brast:
Whom leauing there in that despitious plight,
He ran still on, thinking to follow fast
His other fellow Pagan, which before him past.

9

In stead of whom, finding there ready prest
Sir *Arthegall*, without discretion
He at him ran, with ready speare in rest:
Who, seeing him come still so hercely on,
Against him made againe. So both anon
Together met, and strongly eyther strooke
And broke their speares; yet neyther has forgon
His horses back, yet to & fro long shooke, (quooke.
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempest

10

But when againe they had recouered sense,
They drew their swords, in mind to make amends
For what their speares had faild of their pretence.
Which when the Damzell, who those deadly ends
Of both her foes had seene, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearfull fray;
She to them runnes in haste, and her haire rends,
Crying to them their cruell hands to stay,
Vntill they both do heare, what she to them will say.

11

They stayd their hands, when she thus gan to speake;
Ah! gentle Knights, what meane ye thus vnwise
Vpon your selues anothers wrong to wreake?
I am the wrongd, whom ye did enterprise
Both to redresse, and both redrest likewise:
Witnesse the Paynims both, whom ye may see
There dead on ground. What doe ye then deuise
Of more reuenge? if more, then I am shee,
Which was the roote of all: end your reuenge on mee.

12

Whom when they heard so say, they lookt about,
To weet if it were true as she had told;
Where, when they saw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftsoones they gan their wrathfull hands to hold,
And Ventails reare, each other to behold.
Tho, when as *Arthegall* did *Arthur* view,
So faire a creature, and so wondrous bold,
He much admired both his hart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew;

13

Saying, sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all vnweeting haue you wrongd thus sore:
Suffring my hand against my hart to stray:
Which if ye please forgiue, I will therefore
Yield for amends my selfe yours euermore,
Or what-so penance shall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
To craue the same, whom error so misled,
As that I did mistake the liuing for the ded.

14

But sith ye please, that both our blames shall die,
Amends may for the trespasse soone be made,
Sith neither is endamadg'd much thereby.
So can they both themselues full eath perswade
To faire accordance, and both faults to shade,
Eyther embracing other louingly,
And swearing faith to eyther on his blade,
Neuer thence-forth to nourish enmity,
But eyther others cause to maintaine mutually.

15

Then *Arthegall* gan of the Prince enquire,
What were those Knights which there on ground were
And had receiu'd their follies worthy hire, (layd,
And for what cause they chased so that Maid.
Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then said;
But by aduenture found them faring so,
As by the way vnweetingly I strayd:
And lo, the Damzell selfe, whence all did growe,
Of whom we may at will the whole occasion knowe.

16

Then they that Damzell called to them nie,
And asked her, what were those two her fone,
From whom she earst so fast away did flie;
And what was she her selfe so woe begone,
And for what cause pursu'd of them attone.
To whom she thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Do serue a Queene, that not far hence doth wone,
A Princesse of great powre and maiestie,
Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and nie.

17

Her name *Mercilla* most men vse to call;
That is a mayden Queene of high renowne,
For her great bounty knowen ouer all,
And soueraine grace, with which her royall Crowne
She doth support, and strongly beateth downe
The malice of her foes, which her enuy,
And at her happinesse do fret and frowne:
Yet she her selfe the more doth magnifie,
And euen to her foes her mercies multiply.

18

Mongst many which maligne her happy state,
There is a mighty man, which wonnes hereby,
That with most fell despight and deadly hate,
Seeks to subvert her Crowne and dignity;
And all his powre doth there-vnto apply:
And her good Knights (of which so braue a band
Serues her, as any Princesse vnder sky)
He eyther spoyles, if they against him stand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth vnder hand.

19

Ne him sufficeth all the wrong and ill
Which he vnto her people does each day,
But that he seekes by traytrous traines to spill
Her person, and her sacred selfe to slay:
That O ye héauens defend, and turne away
From her, vnto the miscreant himselfe,
That neyther hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his vngodly pelfe,
And Idols serues; so let his Idols serue the Elfe.

To

20

To all which cruell tyrannie, they say,
He is prouok't, and stird vp day and night
By his bad wife that hight *Adicia*,
Who counsels him (through confidence of might)
To breake all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For, she her selfe professeth mortall foe
To Iustice, and against her still doth fight,
Working to all that loue her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to doe so.

21

Which my liege Lady seeing, thought it best,
With that his wife in friendly wise to deale,
For stint of strife, and stablishment of rest
Both to her selfe, and to her Common-weale,
And all fore-past displeasures to repeale.
So me in message vnto her she sent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeale,
Of full all peace and faire attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutuall consent.

22

All times haue wont safe passage to afford
To messengers, that come for causes iust:
But this proud Dame, disdayning all accord,
Not onely into bitter tearmes forth brust,
Reuiling me, and rayling as she lust;
But lastly, to make proofe of vtmost shame,
Me like a dogge she out of dores did thrust,
Miscalling me by many a bitter name,
That neuer did her ill, ne once deserued blame.

23

And lastly, that no shame might wanting be,
When I was gone, soone after me she sent
These two false Knights, whom there ye lying see,
To be by them dishonoured and shent:
But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They haue the price of their owne folly payd.
So said this Damzell, that hight *Samient*;
And to those Knights for their so noble ayd,
Her selfe most gratefull shew'd, and heaped thanks repaid.

24

But they, now hauing throughly heard and seene
All those great wrongs, the which that maid cõplained
To haue beene done against her Lady Queene,
By that proud Dame, which her so much disdained,
Were moued much thereat, and twixt them fained,
With all their force to worke auengement strong
Vpon the Souldan selfe, which it maintained;
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And vpon all those Knights that did to her belong.

25

But, thinking best by counterfet disguise
To their deseigne to make the easier way,
They did this complot twixt themselues deuise;
First that sir *Arthegall* should him array,
Like one of those two Knights which dead there lay.
And then that Damzell, the sad *Samient*,
Should as his purchast prize with him conuay
Vnto the Souldans Court, her to present
Vnto his scornefull Lady, that for her had sent.

26

So, as they had deviz'd, sir *Arthegall*
Him clad in th' armour of a Pagan Knight;
And taking with him, as his vanquisht thrall,
That Damzell, led her to the Souldans right.
Where, soone as his proud wife of her had sight
(Forth of her window as she looking lay)
Shee weened straight it was her Paynim Knight;
Which brought that Damzell, as his purchast pray;
And sent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his seruice to disarme the Knight;
But he, refusing him to let vnlace,
For doubt to be discouered by his sight,
Kept himselfe still in his strange armour dight.
Soone after whom, the Prince arriued there;
And sending to the Souldan in despight
A bold defiance, did of him requere
That Damzell, whom he held as wrongfull prisonere.

28

Where-with, the Souldan all with furie fraught,
Swearing, and banning most blasphemously,
Commanded straight his armour to be brought;
And mounting straight vpon a Charret hie,
With iron wheeles and hooks arm'd dreadfully,
And drawne of cruell steeds, which he had fed
With flesh of men, whom through fell tyrannie
He slaughtred had, and ere they were halfe dead,
Their bodies to his beasts for prouender did spred;

29

So, forth hee came all in a coate of plate,
Burnisht with bloudy rust; whiles on the Greene
The Briton Prince him ready did await,
In glistering armes right goodly well beseene,
That shone as bright, as doth the heauen sheene;
And by his stirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had beene
Before directed by his Lord; to th' end
He should his flaile to finall execution bend.

30

Thus goe they both together to their geare,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous cheare,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought onely slaughter and auengement:
But the braue Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawlesse regiment,
In the behalfe of wronged weake did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted then in might.

31

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
Vnto his horses gaue his guests for meat,
Till he himselfe was made their greedy pray,
And torne in peeces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Eyther the Prince in peeces to haue torne
With his sharpe wheeles, in his first rages heat,
Or vnder his fierce horses feet haue borne (scorne.
And trampled downe in dust his thoughts disdained

But

32

But the bold child that perill well eſpying,
If he too raſhly to his Charet drew,
Gaue way vnto his horſes ſpeedy flying,
And their reſiſtleſſe rigour did eſchew.
Yet, as he paſſed by, the Pagan threw
A ſhiuering dart with ſo impetuous force,
That had he not it ſtund with heedfull view,
It had himſelfe transfixed, or his horſe,
Or made them both one maſſe withouten more remorſe.

33

Oft drew the Prince vnto his Charet nigh,
In hope ſome ſtroke to faſten on him neare;
But he was mounted in his ſeat ſo high,
And his wing-footed courſers him did beare
So faſt away, that ere his ready ſpeare
He could aduance, he farre was gone and paſt.
Yet ſtill he him did follow euery where,
And followed was of him likewiſe full faſt;
So long as in his ſteedes the flaming breath did laſt.

34

Againe, the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant ſtore,
On euery ſide of his embatteld cart,
And of all other weapons leſſe or more,
Which warlike vſes had deuiz'd of yore.
The wicked ſhaft guided through th' ayre wide,
By ſome bad ſpirit, that it to miſchiefe bore,
Stayd not, till through his curat it did glide,
And made a grieſly wound in his enriuen ſide.

35

Much was he grieued with that hapleſſe throe,
That opened had the well-ſpring of his blood;
But much the more that to his hatefull foe
He mote not come, to wreake his wrathfull mood.
That made him raue, like to a Lion wood,
Which beeing wounded of the huntſmans hand
Can not come neere him in the couert wood,
Where he with boughes hath built his ſhady ſtand,
And fenc't himſelfe about with many a flaming brand.

36

Still when he ſought t' approch vnto him nie,
His Charet wheeles about him whirled round,
And made him backe againe as faſt to flie;
And eke his ſteedes, like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him purſew and chace,
That his good ſteed, all were he much renound
For noble courage, and for hardy race,
Durſt not endure their ſight, but fled from place to place.

37

Thus, long they trac't, and trauerſt to and fro,
Seeking by euery way to make ſome breach:
Yet could the Prince not nigh vnto him goe,
That one ſure ſtroke he might vnto him reach,
Whereby his ſtrengthes aſſay he might him teach.
At laſt, from his victorious ſhield he drew
The veile, which did his powreſull light empeach;
And comming full before his horſes view,
As they vpon him preſt, it plaine to them did ſhew.

38

Like lightening flaſh, that hath the gazer burned,
So did the light thereof their ſenſe diſmay,
That backe againe vpon themſelues they turned,
And with their rider ran perforce away:
Ne could the Souldane them from flying ſtay,
With raines, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could doe or ſay,
But th' onely feare that was before their view;
From which, like mazed Deare, diſmayfully they flew.

39

Faſt did they flie, as them their feet could beare,
High ouer hilles, and lowely ouer dales,
As they were follow'd of their former feare.
In vaine the Pagan bannes, and ſweares, and raiſes,
And backe with both his hands vnto him hales
The reſty raines, regarded now no more:
He to them calles and ſpeakes, yet nought auailes;
They heare him not, they haue forgot his lore,
But go which way they liſt, their guide they haue forlore.

40

As when the fiery-mouthed ſteeds, which drew
The Sunnes bright waine to *Phaëtons* decay,
Soone as they did the monſtrous Scorpion view,
With vgly crawles crawling in their way,
The dreadfull ſight did them ſo ſore affray,
That their well knowen courſes they forweut;
And leading th' euer-burning lampe aſtray,
This lower world nigh all to aſhes brent,
And left their ſcorched path yet in the firmament:

41

Such was the fury of theſe head-ſtrong ſteeds,
Soone as the Infants ſun-like ſhield they ſaw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot and ſcorned all former law;
Through woods and rocks, and mountaines they did draw
The iron Charet, and the wheeles did teare,
And toſt the Paynim, without feare or awe;
From ſide to ſide they toſt him here and there,
Crying to them in vaine, that n' ould his crying heare.

42

Yet ſtill the Prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie meanes according to his mind.
At laſt, they haue all ouer-throwne to ground
Quite topſide turuy, and the Pagan hound
Amongſt the iron hookes and grapples keene,
Torne all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole peece of him was to be ſeene,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd vpon the Greene.

43

Like as the curſed ſonne of *Theſeus*,
That following his chace in dewy morne,
To ſhe his ſtepdames loue outrageous,
Of his owne ſteeds was all to pieces torne,
And his faire limbs left in the woods forlorne;
That for his like *Diana* did lament,
And all the woodie Nymphs did waile and mourne:
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no little moniment.

Onely

44

Onely his ſhield and armour,which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to bruſ'd and broken,
He vp did take,and with him brought away,
That mote remaine for an eternall token
To all,mongſt whom this ſtory ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily,by heauens high decree,
Juſtice that day of wrong her ſelfe had wroken;
That all men which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for euer warned bee.

45

So,on a tree before the Tyrants dore,
He cauſed them be hung in all mens ſight;
To be a monument for euermore.
Which when his Lady from the Caſtles hight
Beheld,it much appall'd her troubled ſpright:
Yet not,as women wont in dolefull fit,
She was diſmaid,or fainted through affright,
But gathered vnto her her troubled wit,
And gan eſtſoones deuiſe to be aueng'd for it.

46

Straight downe ſhe ranne,like an enraged cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand,and fatally did vow,
To wreake her on that mayden meſſengere,
Whom ſhe had caus'd be kept as priſonere
By *Arthegall*,miſween'd for her owne Knight,
That brought her backe. And comming preſent there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with reuenge and furious deſpight.

47

Like raging *Ino*,when with knife in hand
She threw her husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell *Medea*,when on *Colchicke* ſtrand
Her brothers bones ſhe ſcattered all about;
Or as that madding mother,mongſt the rout
Of *Bacchus* Prieſts her owne deare fleſh did teare.
Yet neyther *Ino*,nor *Medea* ſtout,
Nor all the *Mænadés* ſo furious were,
As this bold woman,when ſhe ſaw that Damzell there.

48

But *Arthegall*,being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruell hand,ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did her ſelfe to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her firſt the wicked weapon caught:
With that,like one enfelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome,whither her rage her bore,
With frantick paſſion,and with fury fraught;
And breaking forth out at a poſterne dore,
Vnto the wilde wood ran,her dolours to deplore:

49

As a mad bitch,when as the frantick fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth runne at random, and with furious bit
Snatching at euery thing,doth wreake her wrath
On man and beaſt that commeth in her path.
There they do ſay,that ſhe transformed was
Into a Tigre,and that Tigres ſcath
In cruelty and outrage ſhe did paſs,
To proue her ſurname true,that ſhe impoſed has.

50

Then *Arthegall*,himſelfe diſcouering plaine,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that war-like rout
Of Knights and armed men,which did maintaine
That Ladies part,and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,
And like wilde Goates them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with coward ſhame,
So that with finall force them all he ouercame.

51

Then cauſed he the gates be opened wide;
And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,
With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,
Preſenting him with all the rich array,
And royall pompe,which there long hidden lay,
Purchaſt through lawleſſe powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan,whom he earſt did ſlay.
So,both,for reſt there hauing ſtaid not long,
Marcht with that mayd;fit matter for another ſong.

Canto IX.

Arthur and Arthegall catch Guile,
whom Talus doth diſmay:
They to Mercillaes palace come,
and ſee her rich array.

1

WHat Tigre, or what other ſaluage wight
Is ſo exceeding furious and fell, (might?
As wrong, when it hath arm'd it ſelfe with
Not fit mongſt men, that do with reaſon mel,
But mongſt wilde beaſts and ſaluage woods to dwell;
VVhere ſtill the ſtronger doth the weake deuoure,
And they that moſt in boldneſſe doe excell,
Are dradded moſt, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

2

There let her wonne farre from reſort of men,
Where righteous *Arthegall* her late exiled;
There let her euer keepe her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defiled,
Nor none but beaſts may be of her deſpoyled:
And turne we to the noble Prince, where late
We did him leaue, after that he had foyled
The cruell Souldan, and with dreadfull fate
Had vtterly ſubverted his vnrighteous ſtate.

3

Where, hauing with Sir *Arthegall* a ſpace
Well ſolac't in that Souldans late delight,
They both reſoluing now to leaue the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Vnto that Damzell in her Ladies right,
And ſo would haue departed on their way.
But ſhee them woo'd by all the meanes ſhe might,
And earneſtly beſought, to wend that day
With her, to ſee her Lady thence not farre away.

4

By whoſe entreatie both they overcommen,
Agree to goe with her, and by the way
(As often falles) of ſundry things did commen.
Mongſt which, that Damzell did to them bewray
A ſtrange adventure, which not farre thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villaine, bold and ſtout,
Which wonned in a rock not farre away,
That robbed all the Country there about, (out.
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it

5

Thereto, both his owne wilie wit, ſhe ſaid,
And eke the faſtneſſe of his dwelling place,
Both vnaſſailable, gaue him great ayde:
For he ſo crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his paſe,
So ſmooth of tongue, and ſubtile in his tale,
That could deceiue one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feates, and famous over all.

6

Through theſe his ſlights he many doth confound:
And eke the rocke, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous ſtrong, and hewen far vnder ground
A dreadfull depth, how deepe no man can tell;
But ſome doe ſay, it goeth downe to hell.
And all within, it full of windings is,
And hidden wayes, that ſcarce an hound by ſmell
Can follow out thoſe falſe foot-ſteps of his,
Ne none can back returne, that once are gone amiſs.

7

Which when thoſe knights had heard, their harts gan
To vnderſtand that villaines dwelling place, (yearne,
And greatly it deſir'd of her to learne,
And by which way they towards it ſhould trace.
Were not, ſaid ſhe, that it ſhould let your paſe
Towards my Ladies preſence by you meant,
I would you guide directly to the place.
Then let not that, ſaid they, ſtay your intent.
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carle haue hent.

8

So, forth they paſt, till they approched nie
Vnto the rock where was the villaine won.
Which when the Damzell neere at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who there-vpon
Gan to advize, what beſt were to be done.
So both agreed to ſend that mayd afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raiſing pittifull vprore,
As if ſhe did ſome great calamity deplore.

9

VVith noyſe whereof, when as the caytiue Carle
Should iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome ſpoyle,
They in awaite would cloſely him enſnarle,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyle,
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foile.
The Damzell ſtraght went, as ſhe was directed,
Vnto the rock; and there, vpon the ſoile
Hauing her ſelfe in wretched wiſe abiected,
Gan weepe and waile, as if great griefe had her affected.

10

The cry whereof, entring the hollow Caue,
Eftſoones brought forth the villaine, as they ment,
VVith hope of her ſome wiſhfull boot to haue.
Full dreadfull wight he was, as euer went
Vpon the earth, with hollow eyes deepe pent,
And long curld locks, that downe his ſhoulders ſhag-
And on his backe an vncouth veſtiment (ged,
Made of ſtrange ſtuffe, but all to worne and ragged;
And vnderneath, his breech was all to torne and iagged.

11

And in his hand an huge long ſtaffe he held,
VVhoſe top was arm'd with many an iron hooke,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſſe of his clouches tooke;
And euer round about he caſt his looke.
Als at his backe a great wide net he bore,
VVith which he ſeldome fiſhed at the brooke,
But vs'd to fiſh for fooles on the dry ſhore,
Of which he in faire weather wont to take great ſtore.

12

Him when the Damzell ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So vgly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmaid;
And now for helpe aloud in earneſt cride.
But when the villaine ſaw her ſo affraid,
He gan with guilefull words her to perſwade
To baniſh feare: and with *Sardonian* ſmile
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bayte her to beguile,
That frō her ſelfe vnwares he might her ſteale the while.

13

Like as the Fowler on his guilefull pipe,
Charmes to the birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſſe heedy keepe,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villaine to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant tricks before her ſhowe,
To turne her eyes from his intent away:
For, he in ſleights and iuggling feates did flowe,
And of legier-de maine the myſteries did knowe.

14

To which, whil'ſt ſhe lent her intentiue mind,
He ſuddenly his net vpon her threw,
That ouer-ſprad her like a puffe of wind;
And ſnatching her ſoone vp, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away vnto his mew,
Crying for helpe aloud. But when as nie
He came vnto his Caue, and there did view
The armed knights, ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden downe, and faſt away did flie.

15

But *Arthegall*, him after did purſew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance ſtill:
Vp to the rocke he ran, and theron flew
Like a wilde Goat, leaping from hill to hill,
And dauncing on the craggy cliffes at will;
That deadly danger ſeem'd in all mens ſight,
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where footing was ſo ill:
Ne ought auailed for the armed knight,
To thinke to follow him, that was ſo ſwift and light.

16

Which when he ſawe, his iron man he ſent
To follow him: for, he was ſwift in chace.
He him purſewd where-euer that he went,
Both ouer rocks, and hilles, and euery place:
Where-ſo he fled, he followd him apace:
So that he ſhortly forc't him to forſake
The height, and downe deſcend vnto the baſe.
There he him courſt afreſh, and ſoone did make
To leaue his proper forme, and other ſhape to take.

17

Into a Foxe himſelfe he firſt did tourne;
But he him hunted like a Fox full faſt:
Then to a buſh himſelfe he did transforme;
But he the buſh did beat, till that at laſt
Into a bird it chang'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then ſtones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a ſtone it fell vpon the land,
But he then tooke it vp, and held faſt in his hand.

18

So he it brought with him vnto the Knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Arthegall* it lent,
Warning him hold it faſt, for feare of ſlights.
Who whil'ſt in hand it griping hard he hent,
Into a Hedghogge all vnwares it went,
And prickt him ſo, that he away it threw.
Then gan it runne away incontinent,
Beeing returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* ſoone him ouer-tooke, and backward drew.

19

But, when as he would to a ſnake againe
Haue turn'd himſelfe, he with his iron flaile
Gan driue at him, with ſo huge might and maine,
That all his bones, as ſmall as ſandy graile
He broke, and did his bowels diſentraile;
Crying in vaine for helpe, when help was paſt.
So did deceit the ſelfe deceiuer faile:
There they him left a carrion out-caſt,
For beaſts and fowles to feed vpon for their repaſt.

20

Thence, forth they paſſed with that gentle Maid,
To ſee her Lady, as they did agree.
To which when ſhe approched, thus ſhe ſaid;
Lo, now, right noble Knights, arriu'd ye bee
Nigh to the place which ye deſir'd to ſee:
There ſhall ye ſee my ſoueraigne Lady Queene,
Moſt ſacred wight, moſt debonaire and free,
That euer yet vpon this earth was ſeene,
Or that with Diademe hath euer crowned beene.

The

21

The gentle Knight reioyced much to heare
The praises of that Prince so manifold;
And passing little further, commen were,
VVhere they a stately Palace did behold,
Of pompous showe, much more then she had told;
VVith many towres, and tarras mounted hie,
And all their tops bright glistering with gold,
That seemed to out-shine the damned sky,
And with their brightnes daz'd the strange beholders eye.

22

There they alighting, by that Damzell were
Directed in, and shewed all the sight:
Whose porch, that most magnifick did appeare,
Stood open wide to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That sate thereby, with gyant-like resemblance,
To keepe out guile, and malice, and despight,
That vnder shewe oft-times of fained semblance,
Are wont in Princes Courts to work great scathe and hindrance.

23

His name was *Awe*; by whom they passing in
VVent vp the hall, that was a large wide roome,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyse, as if that there were some,
VVhich vnto them was dealing righteous doome.
By whom they passing through the thickest preace,
The Marshall of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commaunding peace,
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors cease.

24

They ceast their clamors, vpon them to gaze;
Whom seeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to see, it did them much amaze,
And with vnwonted terror halfe affray.
For, neuer sawe they there the like array.
Ne euer was the name of warre there spoken,
But ioyous peace and quietnesse alway,
Dealing iust iudgements, that mote not be broken
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

25

There as they entred at the Scriene, they saw
Some one, whose tongue was for his trespasse vile
Nayld to a poste, adiudged so by law:
For that therewith he falsely did reuile,
And foule blaspheme that Queene for forged guile,
Both with bold speeches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd poems which he did compile;
For, the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himselfe had ta'en, and rayling rimes had sprad.

26

Thus, there he stood, whil'st high ouer his head,
There written was the purport of his sin,
In cyphers strange, that few could rightly read.
BON FONS: but *Bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfont* was plainely to be red;
Either for th'euill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a Well-hed
Of euill words, and wicked slanders by him shed.

27

They, passing by, were guided by degree
Vnto the presence of that gratious Queene:
Who sate on high, that she might all men see,
And might of all men royally be seene,
Vpon a throne of gold full bright and sheen
Adorned all with gemmes of endlesse price,
As either might for wealth haue gotten beene,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare deuice;
And all embost with Lions, and with Flour-delice.

28

All ouer her a cloth of state was spred,
Not of rich tiffew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought else, that may be richest red,
But like a cloud, as likest may be told,
That her broad spreading wings did wide vnfold;
Whose skirts were bordred with bright sunny beames,
Glistring like gold, amongst the plights enrold,
And here and there shooting forth siluer streames,
Mongst which crept little Angels through the glittering gleames.

29

Seemed those little Angels did vphold
The cloth of State, and on their purple wings
Did beare the pendants, through their nimblesse bold:
Besides, a thousand more of such, as sings
Hymnes to high God, and carols heauenly things,
Encompassed the throne, on which she sate;
She Angel-like, the heire of ancient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royall state,
Whil'st Kings and Kesars at her feet did them prostrate.

30

Thus she did sit in soueraigne Maiestie,
Holding a Scepter in her royall hand,
The sacred pledge of peace and clemencie,
VVith which high God had blest her happy land,
Maugre so many foes, which did withstand.
But at her feet her sword was likewise layd,
Whose long rest rusted the bright steely brand;
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends sought ayde,
She could it sternely draw, that all the world dismaide.

31

And round about, before her feet there sate
A beuy of faire Virgins clad in white,
That goodly seem'd t'adorne her royall state,
All louely daughters of high *Ioue*, that hight
Late, by him begot in loues delight,
Vpon the righteous *Themis*: those they say,
Vpon *Ioues* iudgement seat wait day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They doe his anger calme, and cruell vengeance stay.

32

They also doe by his diuine permission,
Vpon the thrones of mortall Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remission
To suppliants, through frailtie which offend.
Those did vpon *Mercilles* throne attend:
Iust *Dice*, wise *Eunomie*, mild *Eirene*;
And them amongst, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clene,
And sacred *Reuerence*, yborne of heauenly strene.

33

Thus did she sit in royall rich estate,
Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
Whil'st vndemeath her feet, there as she sate,
An huge great Lion lay, that mote appall
An hardy courage, like captined thrall,
With a strong iron chaine and coller bound,
That once he could not moue, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious sound,
And softly royne, when saluage choler gan redound.

34

So, sitting high in dradded soueraigntie, (brought;
Those two strange Knights were to her presence
Who, bowing lowe before her Maiestie,
Did to her milde obeysance, as they ought,
And meekest boone, that they imagine mought.
To whom she eke inclyning her withall,
As a faire stoupe of her high soaring thought,
A chearefull countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with some maiestie imperiall.

35

As the bright sunne, what time his fiery teame
Towards the weast erne brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightnesse of his beame,
And feruour of his flames some-what adaw:
So did this mighty Lady, when she saw
Those two strange knights such homage to her make,
Bate some-what of that Maiesties and awe,
That whylome wont to do so many quake,
And with more milde aspect those two to entertake.

36

Now, at that instant, as occasion fell,
When these two stranger knights arriu'd in place,
She was about affaires of Common-weale,
Dealing of Iustice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people meane and base.
Mongst which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryall of a great and weighty case,
VVhich on both sides was then debating hard:
But at the sight of these, those were awhile debard.

37

But, after all her princely entertaine,
To th'hearing of that former cause in hand,
Her selfe eftsoones she gan conuert againe;
Which that those knights likewise mote vnderstand,
And witnesse forth aright in forraine land,
Taking them vp vnto her stately throne,
Where they mote heare the matter throughly tcand
On either part, she placed th'one on th'one,
The other on the other side, and neere them none.

38

Then was there brought, as prisoner to the barre,
A Lady of great countenance and place,
But that she in with foule abuse did marre;
Yet did appeare rare beauty in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and base,
That all her other honour did obscure,
And titles of nobilitie deface:
Yet, in that wretched semblant, she did sure
The peoples great compassion vnto her allure.

39

Then vp arose a person of deepe reach,
And rare in-sight, hard matters to reueale; (speach
That well could charme his tongue, and time his
To all affaies; his name was called *Zeale*:
He gan that Lady strongly to appeale
Of many hainous crimes, by her enured;
And with sharpe reasons rang her such a peale,
That those, whom she to pitty had allured,
He now t'abhorre and loath her person had procured.

40

First, gan he tell, how this that seem'd so faire
And royally arrayd, *Duessa* hight,
That false *Duessa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle mischiefe vnto many a knight,
By her beguiled, and confounded quight:
But not for those she now in question came,
Though also those mote question'd be aright,
But for vile treasons, and outrageous shame,
Which she against the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

41

For, she whylome (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counsels false conspired,
With faithlesse *Blandamour* and *Paridell*
(Both two her Paramours, both by her hired,
And both with hope of shadowes vaine inspired)
And with them practiz'd how for to depriue
Mercilla of her Crowne, by her atpired,
That she might it vnto her selfe deriue,
And triumph in their blood, whom she to death did driue.

42

But through high heauens grace (which fauour not
The wicked drifts of trayterous designes,
Gainst loyall Princes) all this curssed plot,
Ere proofe it tooke, discouered was betimes,
And th'actors won the meed meet for their crimes.
Such be the meed of all, that by such meane
Vnto the type of kingdoms title climes.
But false *Duessa*, now votitled Queene,
Was brought to her sad doome, as heere was to be seene.

43

Strongly did *Zeale* her hainous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foule defame
Against her brought, to banish all remorse,
And aggrauate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part against her, came
Many graue persons, that against her plead;
First, was a sage old Sire, that had to name
The *Kingdoms care*, with a white siluer head,
That many high regards and reasons gainst her read.

44

Then, gan *Authority* her to oppose
With peremptory powre, that made all mute;
And then the law of *Nations* gainst her rose,
And reasons brought, that no man could refute;
Next, gan *Religion* gainst her to impute
High Gods behest, and powre of holy lawes;
Then gan the Peoples cry, and Common sute,
Importune care of their owne publique cause;
And lastly, *Iustice* charged her with breach of lawes.

But

45

But then for her, on the contrary part,
Rose many aduocates for her to plead:
First there came *Pitty* with full tender heart,
And with her ioyn'd *Regard* of womanhead;
And then came *Danger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance vnto forren Powre;
Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragick stowre;
And lastly *Griefe* did plead, and many teares forth powre.

46

With the neere touch whereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was sore empassionate
And woxe inclined much vnto her part,
Through the sad terror of so dreadfull fate,
And wretched ruine of so high estate;
That for great ruth his courage gan relent.
Which when as *Zele* perceiued to abate,
He gan his earnest fervour to augment,
And many fearefull obiects to them to present.

47

He gan t'efforce the euidence anew,
And new accutements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of hellish hew,
The cursed *Até*, brought her face to face,
VVho priuy was, and party in the case:
She, glad of spoyle and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more disgrace,
The plot of all her practice did display,
And all her traynes, and all her treasons forth did lay.

48

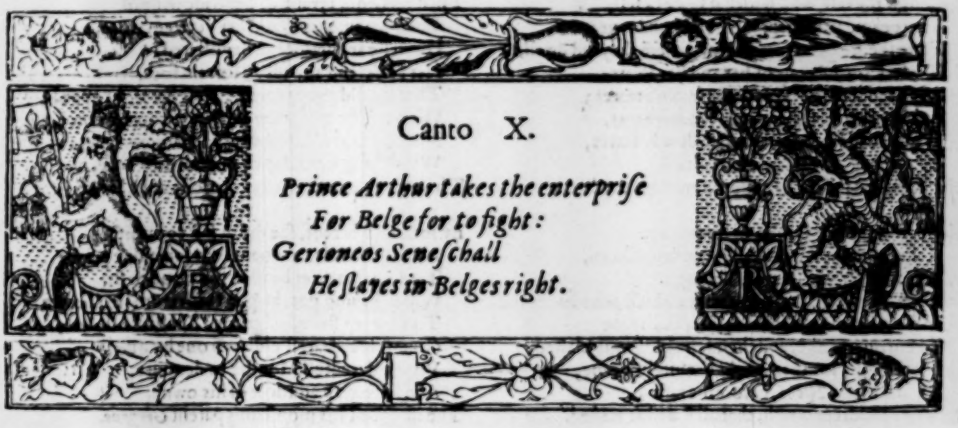
Then brought he forth, with griesly grim aspect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudy knife
Yet dropping fresh in hand did her detect.
And there with guilty bloud-shed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding strife
In troublous wits, and mutinous vp-rore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
Euen foule *Adultery* her face before,
And lewd *Impietie*, that her accused sore.

49

All which when as the Prince had heard and seene,
His former fancies ruth he gan repent,
And from her party eftsoones was drawen cleane.
But *Arthegall*, with constant firme intent,
For zeale of Iustice was against her bent.
So was she guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zele* began to vrge her punishment,
And to their Queene for iudgement loudly call,
Vnto *Mercilla* myld for Iustice gainst the thrall.

50

But she, whose Princely breast was touched neare
With pitious ruth of her so wretched plight,
Though plaine she sawe by all, that she did beare,
That she of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let iust vengeance on her light;
But rather let in stead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her faire lampes of light;
The which she couering with her purple pall
Would haue the passion hid, and vp arose withall.



Canto X.

Prince Arthur takes the enterprise
For Belge for to fight:
Geriones Seneschall
He slayes in Belges right.

1

SOme Clarks doe doubt in their deuiceful art,
Whether this heauenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercy*, be of Iustice part,
Or drawne forth from her by diuine extreat.
This well I wote, that sure she is as great,
And heriteth to haue as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties euerlasting seat
Shee first was bred, and borne of heauenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

2

For, if that Vertue be of so great might,
Which from iust verdict will for nothing start,
But to preserue inuiolated right,
Oft spilles the principall, to saue the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That seekes to saue the subiect of her skill,
Yet neuer doth from doome of right depart:
As it is greater prayse to saue, then spill,
And better to reforme, then to cut-off the ill.

3

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praiſe,
That heerein do'ſt all earthly Princes paſs?
What heauenly Muſe ſhall thy great honour rayſe
Vp to the skies, whence firſt deriu'd it was,
And now on earth it ſelfe enlarged has,
From th'vtmoſt brinke of the *Armenick* ſhore,
Vnto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Thoſe Nations farre thy iuſtice doe adore:
But thine own people do thy mercy praiſe much more.

4

Much more it praiſed was of thoſe two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegall*,
When they had ſeene and heard her doom arights
Againſt *Dueſſa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempred without griefe or gall,
Till ſtrong conſtraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet euen then ruing her wilfull fall,
With more then needfull naturall remorſe,
And yeelding the laſt honour to her wretched corſe.

5

During all which, thoſe knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiuing curteſies,
Of that great Lady, who with goodly cheare,
Them entertayn'd, fit for their dignities,
Approuing daily to their noble eyes
Royall examples of her mercies rare,
And worthy patterns of her clemencies;
Which till this day mongſt many liuing are,
VVho them to their poſterities doe ſtill declare.

6

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two Springals of full tender yeares,
Farre thence from forrein land, where they did dwell,
To ſeek for ſuccour of her and her Peares,
With humble prayers and intreatfull teares;
Sent by their mother, who a widowe was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly feares,
By a ſtrong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and ſlaine her children rufully, alas!

7

Her name was *Belgé*, who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitfull heritage,
Euen ſeuenteen goodly ſonnes; which who had ſeene
In their firſt flowre, before this fatall teene
Them ouertooke, and their faire bloſſoms blaſted,
More happy mother would her ſurely weene,
Then famous *Niobé*, before ſhe taſted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her iſſue waſted.

8

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but fiue of all that brood:
For, twelue of them he did by times deuoure,
And to his Idols ſacrifice their bloud,
VVhil'ſt he of none was ſtopped, nor withſtood.
For, ſoothly he was one of matchleſſe might,
Of horrible aſpect, and dreadfull mood,
And had three bodies in one waſte empight,
And th'armes & legs of three, to ſuccour him in fight.

9

And ſooth they ſay, that he was borne and brad,
Of Gyants race, the ſonne of *Geryon*,
He that whylome in Spaine ſo ſore was drad
For his huge powre and great oppreſſion,
VVhich brought that land to his ſubiection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combyn'd;
And eke all ſtrangers in that region
Arryuing, to his kyne for food aſſynd;
The fayreſt kyne aliue, but of the fierceſt kynd.

10

For, they were all, they ſay, of purple hew,
Kept by a cow-heard, hight *Eurytion*;
A cruell carle, the which all ſtrangers ſlew,
Ne day nor night did ſleepe, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them euer and anone,
With his two headed dogge, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the houſe of night;
But *Hercules* them all did ouercome in fight.

11

His ſonne was this, *Geryoneo* hight:
Who, after that his monſtrous father fell
Vnder *Alcides* club, ſtreight tooke his flight
From that ſad land, where he his ſire did quell,
And came to this, where *Belgé* then did dwell,
And floriſht in all wealth and happineſſe,
Being then new made widowe (as befell)
After her noble husbands late deceaſe;
Which gaue beginning to her woe and wretchednes.

12

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head
Taking aduantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelfe and ſeruice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forrein foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertayn'd, and did her champion choſe:
Which long he vs'd with careſull diligence,
The better to confirme her fearleſſe confidence.

13

By meanes whereof, ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gaue him ſoueraine powre
To do, what-euer he thought good or fit.
Which hauing got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirre vp ſtrife, and many a Tragicke ſtowre,
Giuing her deareſt children one by one
Vnto a dreadfull Monſter to deuoure,
And ſetting vp an Idole of his owne,
The image of his monſtrous parent *Geryone*.

14

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woeſull widow had no meanes now left,
But vnto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For ayde, againſt that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſonnes, ſhe ſent
To ſeek for ſuccour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their ſute they humbly did preſent,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

Amongſt

15

Amongſt the which, then fortuned to be
The noble Briton Prince, with his braue Peare:
Who when he none of all thoſe knights did ſee
Haſtily bent that enterpriſe to heare,
Nor vndertake the ſame, for coward feare,
He ſtepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
And humbly gan that mighty Queene entreat,
To grant him that aduenture for his former feat.

16

She gladly granted it: then he, ſtraight way,
Himſelfe vnto his iourney gan prepare.
And all his armours ready dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote ſtay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hayre
Yet dropping freſh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heauens faire,
VVhen he was ready to his ſteed to mount,
Vnto his way, which now was all his care and count.

17

Then taking humble leaue of that great Queene,
Who gaue him royall gifts and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankfull mind beſeene,
And leauing *Arthegall* to his owne care;
Vpon his voyage forth he gan to fare,
With thoſe two gentle youths, which him did guide,
And all his way before him ſtill prepare.
Ne after him did *Arthegall* abide,
But on his firſt aduenture forward forth did ride.

18

It was not long, till that the Prince arriued
VVithin the land, where dwelt that Lady ſad,
VVhereof that Tyrant had her now depriued,
And into moores and marſhes baniſht had,
Out of the pleaſant ſoyle, and Cities glad,
In which ſhe wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty ſo ſore ſhe drad,
That to thoſe fennes for ſafeneſſe ſhe did fly,
And there her ſelfe did hide from his hard tyranny.

19

There he her found in ſorrow and diſmay,
All ſolitary without liuing wight;
For, all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themſelues, or taken further flight:
And eke her ſelfe through ſudden ſtrange affright,
When one in armes ſhe ſawe, began to fly;
But when her owne two ſonnes ſhe had in ſight,
Shee gan take heart, and looke vp ioyfully:
For, well ſhe wiſt this Knight came, ſuccour to ſupply.

20

And running vnto them with greedy ioyes,
Fell ſtreight about their necks, as they did kneele:
And burſting forth in teares; Ah my ſweet boyes,
Sayd ſhe, yet now I gin new life to feele;
And feeble ſpirits, that gan faint and reele,
Now riſe againe, at this your ioyous ſight.
Already ſeems that Fortunes headlong wheele
Begins to turne, and ſunne to ſhine more bright
Then it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

21

Then turning vnto him; And you Sir Knight,
Sayd ſhe, that taken haue this toyleſome paine
For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
May you in heauen immortall guerdon gaine
For ſo great trauell, as you doe ſuſtaine:
For other meed may hope for none of mee,
To whom nought elſe, but bare life doth remaine;
And that ſo wretched one, as ye doe ſee
Is liker lingring death, then loathed life to bee.

22

Much was he moued with her pitious plight;
And, lowe diſmounting from his lofty ſteed,
Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to driue away deep rooted dreed,
VVith hope of helpe in that her greateſt need.
So, thence he wiſhed her with him to wend,
Vnto ſome place, where they mote reſt and feed,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend:
Good heart in euills doth the euills much amend.

23

Ay me! ſayd ſhe, and whither ſhall I goe?
Are not all places full of forraine powres?
My Palaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
My Cities ſackt, and their ſky-threatning towres
Raſed, and made ſmooth fields now full of flowres?
Onely theſe mariſhes, and miry bogs,
In which the fearefull ewftes do build their bowres,
Yeeld me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
And harbour haue in ſafety from thoſe rauenous dogs.

24

Nath'leſſe, ſayd he, deare Lady with me goe:
Some place ſhall vs receiue, and harbour yeeld;
If not, we will it force, mauger you foe,
And purchaſe it to vs with ſpeare and ſhield:
And if all fayle, yet farewell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With ſuch his cheerfull ſpeeches he doth wield
Her mind ſo well, that to his will ſhe bends;
And binding vp her locks & weeds, forth with him wends.

25

They came vnto a Citty faire vp land,
The which whylome that Ladies owne had been:
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her ſtrong foe, who had defaced cleane
Her ſtately towres, and buildings ſunny ſheene;
Shut vp her haven, mard her marchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had been,
And in her necke a Caſtle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perſwade.

26

That Caſtle was the ſtrength of all that State,
Vntill that State by ſtrength was pulled downe:
And that ſame Citie, ſo now ruinate,
Had been the key of all that kingdomes Crowne;
Both goodly Caſtle, and both goodly Towne,
Till that th'offended heauens lift to lowre
Vpon their bliſſe, and balefull Fortune frowne.
When thoſe gainſt States and Kingdomes do conjure,
Who then can thinke their headlong ruine to recure?

But

27

But he had brought it now in ſeruile bond,
And made it beare the yoke of inquiſition,
Striuing long time in vaine it to withſtond;
Yet glad at laſt to make moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
And life enioy for any compoſition.
So now he hath new lawes and orders new
Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to do vnto his Idole moſt vntrew.

28

To him he hath, before this Caſtle Greene,
Built a faire Chappell, and an Altar framed
Of coſtly Iuory, full rich beſeene,
On which that curſed Idole farre proclamed,
He hath ſet vp, and him his god hath named,
Offring to him in ſinfull ſacrifize
The fleſh of men, to Gods owne likeneſſe framed,
And powring forth their bloud in brutiſh wize,
That any iron eyes to ſee it would agrize.

29

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Vnder that curſed Idols altar ſtone;
An hideous monſter doth in darknes lie,
Whoſe dreadfull ſhape was neuer ſeene of none
That liues on earth; but vnto thoſe alone
The which vnto him ſacrificed bee,
Thoſe he deuoures, they ſay, both fleſh and bone:
What elſe they haue, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remaining one may ſee.

30

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſone,
And ſet a Seneſchall of dradded might,
That by his powre oppreſſed euery one,
And vanquiſhed all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battell he had wonne.
To which, when now they gan approach in fight,
The Lady counſeld him the place to ſhonne,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly been fordonne.

31

Her fearefull ſpeeches nought he did regard;
But riding ſtreight vnder the Caſtle wall,
Called aloud vnto the watchful ward,
Which there did waite, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneſchall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Cals for his armes, and arming him withall,
Eftſoones forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſſe him to the fight.

32

They both encounter in the middle Plaine,
And their ſharpe ſpeares doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields, with ſo huge might and maine,
That ſeem'd their ſoules they would haue riuen quight
Out of their breaſts, with furious deſpight.
Yet could the Seneſchals no entrance find
Into the Princes ſhield, where it empight;
So pure the metall was and well refyn'd,
But ſhiuered all about, and ſcatpered in the wind.

33

Not ſo the Princes; but with reſtleſſe force,
Into his ſhield it ready paſſage found,
Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corſe:
VVhich tumbling down vpon the ſenſeleſſe ground,
Gaue leaue vnto his ghoſt from thraldome bound,
To wander in the grieſly ſhades of night.
There did the Prince him leaue in deadly ſwound,
And thence vnto the Caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtaine he might.

34

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpyde,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpeares attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culuerings for battery bent,
And leueld all againſt one certaine place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the wals to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment:

35

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
VVho from his ſaddle ſwarued nought aſide,
Ne to their force gaue way, that was great wonder,
But like a Bulwark, firmely did abide;
Rebutting him, which in the midſt did ride,
With ſo huge rigour, that his mortall ſpeare
Paſt through his ſhield, & peare't through either ſide,
That downe he fell vpon his mother deare,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly dreare.

36

VVhom when his other fellowes ſaw, they fled
As faſt as feet could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aueng'd of their vnknightly play.
There whileſt they entring, th'one did th'other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the gate he ouer-hent,
And as he preſſed in, him there did ſlay:
His carkaſſe tumbling on the threſhold, ſent
His groning ſoule vnto her place of puniſhment.

37

The other which was entred, laboured faſt
To ſperre the gate; but that ſame lumpe of clay,
VVhoſe grudging ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt,
Right in the middeſt of the threſhold lay,
That it the Poſterne did from cloſing ſtay:
The whiles, the Prince had preaced in betweene,
And entrance wonne. Streight th'other fled away,
And ranne into the hall, where he did weene
Himſelfe to ſaue: but he there ſlew him at the ſcreene.

38

Then all the reſt which in that Caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for feare,
And them conuayd out at a Poſterne dore.
Long ſought the Prince: but when he found no more
T'oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſued
Vnto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan cheare, with what ſhe there had viewed,
And what ſhe had not ſeene, within vnto her ſhewed.

Who

39

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
For ſo great proweſſe, as he there had proued,
Much greater then was euer in her weeting,
With great admirance inwardly was moued,
And honourd him, with all that her behoued.
Thenceforth into that Caſtle he her led,
With her two ſonnes, right deare of her beloued,
VVhere all that night themſelues they cherished,
And from her balefull minde all care he baniſhed.

Canto XI.

Prince Arthur ouercomes the great
Geryoneo in fight:
Doth ſlay the Monſter, and reſtore
Belgé vnto her right.

1

IT often falls in courſe of common life,
That right, long time, is ouerborne of wrong,
Through ſtrength, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, & makes her party ſtrong:
But Iuſtice, though her doome ſhe doe prolong,
Yet at the laſt, ſhe will her owne cauſe right.
As by ſad *Belgé* ſeemes, whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſſe thereof by this braue Briton Knight.

2

Whereof when newes was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belgé* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his ſeneſchall lowe on the ground,
And eke him ſelfe did threaten to confound,
He gan to burne in rage, and frieſe in feare,
Doubting ſad end of principle vnſound;
Yet ſith he heard but one, that did appeare,
He did himſelfe encourage, and take better cheare.

3

Natheleſſe, himſelfe he armed all in haſte,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Vnto the Caſtle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge teſtor, to be more ydrad,
He ſternely marcht before the Caſtle gate;
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatning bade
Deliuer him his owne, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

4

The Prince ſtayd not his aunſwere to deuize;
But opening ſtreight the Sparre, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wize;
And aſked him, if that he were the ſame,
Who all that wrong vnto that wofull Dame
So long had done, and from her natiue land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame.
He boldly anſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings iuſtifie with his owne hand.

5

VVith that, ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As it he would haue ouer-run him ſtreight;
And with his huge great iron axe gan hew
So hideouſly vpon his armour bright,
As he to peeces would haue chopt it quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foot to giue
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight;
The whil'ſt at him ſo dreadfully he driue,
That ſeem'd a marble rocke aſunder could not riue.

6

Thereto a great aduantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,
Beſides the double ſtrength, which in them was:
For, ſtill when fit occaſion did betide,
He could his weapon ſhift from ſide to ſide,
From hand to hand, and with ſuch nimbleſſe ſly
Could wield about, that ere it were eſpide,
The wicked ſtroke did wound his enemy,
Behind, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

7

Which vncouth vſe when as the Prince perceiued,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaſt by ſuch ſleight he were vnwares deceiued;
And euer ere he ſawe the ſtroke to land,
He would it meet, and warily withſtand.
One time, when he his weapon fayn'd to ſhift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-ſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his arme, as he it vp did lift.

There-

8

Therewith, all fraught with fury and disdaine
He brayd aloud for very fell despight;
And sodainely t'auenge himselfe againe,
Gan into one assemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaued them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the sad steele seizd not, where it was hight,
Vpon the child, but somewhat short did fall;
And lighting on his horses head, him quite did mall.

9

Downe streight to ground fell his astonisht steed,
And eke to th'earth his burden with him bare:
But he himselfe full lightly from him freed,
And gan himselfe to fight on foot prepare.
Whereof when as the Giant was aware,
He wex right blythe, as he had got thereby,
And laught so loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might haue seene enraung'd disorderly,
Like to a ranke of piles, that pitched are awry.

10

Eftsoones againe his axe he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his geare;
And can let drive at him so dreadfully,
That had he chaunced not his shield to reare,
Ere that huge stroke arriued on him neare,
He had him surely cloven quite in twaine.
But th'Adamantine shield, which he did beare,
So well was tempred, that (for all his maine)
It would no passage yeeld vnto his purpose vaine.

11

Yet was the stroke so forcibly applide,
That made him stagger with vncertaine sway,
As if he would haue tottered to one side.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan assay,
That curt'sie with like kindnesse to repay;
And smote at him with so importune might,
That two more of his armes did fall away,
Like fruitlesse branches, which the hatchets slight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

12

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell mastiffe through enraging heat,
And curst, and band, and blasphemies forth threw
Against his gods, and fire to them did threat,
And hell vnto himselfe with horror great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he strooke,
Nor where it light, but gan to chafe and sweat,
And gnash his teeth, and his head at him shooke,
And sternely him beheld with grim and ghastly looke.

13

Nought fear'd the child his lookes, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To saue him selfe from those his furious heats,
And watch aduantage, how to work his care,
The which good Fortune to him offred faire.
For, as he in his rage him ouer-strooke,
He ere he could his weapon backe repaire,
His side all bare and naked ouertooke, (strooke.
And with his mortall steele quite through the bodie

14

Through all three bodies he him strook attonce;
That all the three attonce fell on the Plaine:
Else should he thrice haue needed, for the nonce,
Them to haue stricken, and thrice to haue slaine.
So now all three one senseless lumpe remaine,
Enwallow'd in his owne black bloudy gore,
And byting th'earth for very deaths disdain;
VVho with a clowd of night him couering, bore
Downe to the house of doole, his daies there to deplore.

15

Which when the Lady from the Castle saw,
Where she with her two sonnes did looking stand
Shee towards him in haste her selfe did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of towne and land,
Which there stood gazing from the Cities wall
Vpon these warriours, greedy t'vnderstand
To whether should the victory befall:
Now when they sawe it falne, they eke him greeted all.

16

But *Belgé*, with her sonnes prostrated lowe
Before his feet, in all that peoples sight, (wo.
Mongst ioyes mixing some tears, mongst weale some
Him thus bespake; O most redoubted knight,
The which hast me, of all most wretched wight,
That earst was dead, restor'd to life againe,
And these weake impes replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I giue thee for thy paine,
But euen that which thou sauedst, thine still to remaine?

17

He tooke her vp forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the best he might,
Saying, Deare Lady, deeds ought not be scand
By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their truth and by the causes right:
That same is it, which tought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yeeldeth vertues meed alway?
That is the vertue selfe, which her reward doth pay.

18

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further sayd; Ah Sir, but mote ye please,
Sith ye thus farre haue rendred my poore case,
As from my chiefest foe me to release,
That your victorious arme will not yet cease,
Till ye haue rooted all the relikes out
Of that vile race, and stablished my peace.
What is there else, said he, left of their roote?
Declare it boldly Dame, and doe not stand in dout.

19

Then wote you, Sir, that in this Church hereby
There stands an Idoll, of great note and name,
The which this Giant reared first on hie.
And of his owne vaine fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endlesse horrour of his shame,
He offred vp for daily sacrifize
My children and my people burnt in flame;
With all the tortures that he could deuize,
The more t'aggrate his god with such his bloudy guize.

And

20

And vnderneath this Idoll there doth lie
An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the carcaſſes, that die
In ſacrifice vnto that curſed feend:
Whoſe vgly ſhape none euer ſawe, nor kend,
That euer ſcap't: for, of a man they ſay
It has the voice, that ſpeeches forth doth ſend,
Euen blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart gan yearne
For great deſire that Monſter to aſſay,
And prayd the place of her abode to learne.
Which being ſhew'd, he gan himſelfe ſtreight way
Thereto addreſſe, and his bright ſhield diſplay.
So to the Church he came, where it was tolde,
The Monſter vnderneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idoll ſawe of maſſie golde
Moſt richly made, but there no Monſter did behold.

22

Vpon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrooke;
And the third time, out of an hidden ſhade,
There forth iſſewd, from vnder th'Altars ſmooke,
A dreadfull feend, with foule deformed looke,
That ſtretcht it ſelfe, as it had long lien ſtill;
And her long taile and feathers ſtrongly ſhooke,
That all the Temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

23

An huge great Beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fild all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Borne of the brooding of *Echidna* baſe,
Or other like infernall Furies kinde:
For, of a Mayd ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurke behind,
The better to beguile, whom ſhe ſo fond did finde.

24

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell rauin and fierce greedineſſe;
A Lions clawes, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and teare what-ſo ſhe can oppreſſe;
A Dragons taile, whoſe ſting without redreſſe
Full deadly wounds, where-ſo it is empight;
An Eagles wings for ſcope and ſpeedineſſe,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe euer liſt to make her hardy flight;

25

Much like in foulneſſe and deformity
Vnto that Monſter, whom the Theban Knight,
The father of that fatall progeny,
Made kill herſelfe for very hearts deſpight,
That he had read her riddle, which no wight
Could euer looſe, but ſuffred deadly doole.
So alſo did this Monſter vſe like ſlight
To many a one, which came into her ſchool,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceiued like a fool.

26

She comming forth, when as ſhe firſt beheld
The armed Prince, with ſhield ſo blazing bright,
Her ready to aſſaile, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayfull ſight,
That back ſhe would haue turnd for great affright.
But he gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forc't her turne againe in her deſpight,
To ſaue her ſelfe, leaſt that he did her ſlay:
And ſure he had her ſlaine, had ſhe not turnd her way.

27

Tho, when ſhe ſawe, that ſhe was forc't to fight,
She flew at him, like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield took hold with all her might,
As if that it ſhe would in peeces rend,
Or reaue out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he ſtroue out of her greedy gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her Lions clawes he from her feete away did wipe.

28

With that, aloud ſhe gan to bray and yell,
And fowle blaſphemous ſpeeches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes, horrible to tell;
That euen the Temple wherein ſhe was plac't,
Did quake to heare, and nigh aſunder braſt.
Tho, with her huge long tayle ſhe at him ſtrooke,
That made him ſtagger, and ſtand halfe aghaſt
With trembling ioynts, as he for terror ſhooke;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage tooke.

29

As when the Maſt of ſome well timbred hulke
Is with the blaſt of ſome outrageous ſtorme
Blowne downe, it ſhakes the bottom of the bulk,
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torne,
Whil'ſt ſtill ſhe ſtands as ſtoniſht and forlorne:
So was he ſtonn'd with ſtroke of her huge tayle.
But ere that it ſhe backe againe had borne,
He with his ſword it ſtrook, that without faile
He ioynted it, and mard the ſwinging of her flaile.

30

Then gan ſhe cry much louder then afore,
That all the people (there without) it heard,
And *Belgé* ſelfe was therewith ſtonied ſore,
As if the onely ſound therof ſhe feard.
But then the feend her ſelfe more fiercely reard
Vpon her wide great wings, and ſtrongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard;
That had he not foreſeene with heedfull view,
And thrown his ſhield atween, ſhe had him done to rew.

31

But as ſhe preſt on him with heauy ſway,
Vnder her wombe his fatall ſword he thruſt,
And for her entrailes made an open way,
To iſſue forth; the which, once being burſt,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely guſht,
And powred out of her infernall ſinke
Moſt vgly filth, and poyſon therewith ruſht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly ſtinke:
Such loathly matter were ſmall luſt to ſpeake or thinke.

Then

32

Then downe to ground fell that deformed Maſſe,
Breathing out clouds of ſulphur fowle and black,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd then *Lerna*, or then *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he ſawe on ground, he was full glad,
And ſtreight went forth his gladneſſe to partake
With *Belgé*, who watcht all this while full ſad,
Wayting what end would be of that ſame danger drad.

33

Whom when ſhe ſaw ſo ioyouſly come forth,
She gan reioyce, and ſhew triumphant cheare,
Lauding and prayſing his renowmed worth,
By all the names that honorable were.
Then in he brought her, and her ſhewed there
The preſent of his paines, that monſters ſpoyle,
And eke that Idoll deem'd ſo coſtly deare;
Whom he did all to peeces breake and foyle
In filthy durt, and left ſo in the loathly ſoyle.

34

Then all the people, which beheld that day,
Gan ſhout aloud, that vnto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that towne in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and ioyous Carrolles ſong:
So him they led through all their ſtreets along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortall bayes,
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To ſee the man, whoſe euerlaſting prayſe,
They all were bound to all poſterities to raiſe.

35

There he with *Belgé* did awhile remaine,
Making great feaſt and ioyous merriment,
Vntill he had her ſettled in her raigne,
VVith ſafe aſſurance and eſtabliſhment.
Then to his firſt emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belgé*, and to all the reſt:
Of whom yet taking leaue, thence forth he went
And to his former iourney him addreſt,
On which long way he rode, ne euer day did reſt.

36

But turne we now to noble *Arthegall*;
Who, hauing left *Mercilla*, ſtreight way went
On his firſt queſt, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to worke *Irenaes* franchiſement,
And eke *Grantortes* worthy puniſhment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With onely *Talus* waiting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did paſs,
Till nigh vnto the place at length approch't he has.

37

There as he traueld by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his yeeres long ſince aſide had ſet
The vſe of armes, and battell quite forgone:
To whom as he approch't he knew anone,
That it was he which whilome did attend,
On faire *Irene* in her affliction,
When firſt to Faerie Court he ſaw her wend,
Vnto his ſoueraine Queene her ſuite for to commend.

38

VVhomby his name ſaluting, thus he gan;
Haile good Sir *Sergis*, trueſt Knight aliue,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crowne depriue;
What new occaſion doth thee hither driue,
Whiles ſhe alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is ſhe thrall, or doth ſhe not ſuruiue?
To whom he thus; She liueth ſure and ſound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldome bound.

39

For, ſhe preſuming on th'appointed tyde,
In which ye promiſt, as ye were a Knight,
To meete her at the ſauage Ilands ſyde
(And then and there for tryall of her right
With her vnrighteous enemy to fight)
Did thither come: where ſhe (affraid of nought)
By guilefull treaſon and by ſubtill ſlight
Surpriſed was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her impriſon'd hath, and her life often ſought.

40

And now he hath to her prefixt a day,
By which, if that no Champion doe appeare,
Which will her cauſe in battailous array
Againſt him iuſtifie, and proue her cleare
Of all thoſe crimes, that he gainſt her doth reare,
She death ſhall ſure aby. Thoſe tydings ſad
Did much abaſh Sir *Arthegall* to heare,
And grieued ſore, that through his fault ſhe had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and vſage bad.

41

Then thus replide; Now ſure and by my life,
Too much am I too blame for that faire Maide,
That haue her drawne to all this troublous ſtrife,
Through promiſe to afford her timely ayde,
Which by default I haue not yet defraid.
But witneſſe vnto me, ye heavens, that knew
How cleare I am from blame of this vpbraid:
For, ye into like thraldome me did throwe,
And kept from compliſhing the faith, which I did owe.

42

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace
Hath he her lent a Champion to prouide:
Ten daies, quoth he, he granted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can haue tydings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For, all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſte,
He day and night doth ward both farre and wide,
That none can there arriue without an hoſte:
So her he deemes already but a damned ghoſt.

43

Now turne againe, Sir *Arthegall* then ſaid:
For if I liue till thoſe ten dayes haue end,
Aſſure your ſelfe, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall haue ayd,
Though I this deareſt life for her do ſpend;
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſde array,
As if that there were ſome tumultous affray.

To

44
To which as they approacht, the cauſe to knowe,
They ſawe a Knight in dangerous diſtreſſe
Of a rude rout, him chaſing to and fro,
That ſought with lawleſſe powre him to oppreſſe,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſſe:
And farre away, amid their rake-hell bands,
They ſpide a Lady left all ſuccourleſſe,
Crying, and holding vp her wretched hands
To him for ayd, who long in vaine their rage withſtands.

45
Yet ſtill he ſtriues, ne any perill ſpares,
To reſcue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blowes with large diſpence;
Gainſt which, the pallid death findes no defence.
But all in vaine; their numbers are ſo great,
That nought may boot to baniſh them from thence:
For, ſoone as he their outrage back doth beat,
They turne afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

46
And now they do ſo ſharply him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in peeces battered haue,
And forced him to throwe it quite away,
Fro dangers dread his doubtfull life to ſaue;
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gaue,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For, from the day that he thus did it leaue,
Amongſt all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight, with endleſſe ſhame.

47
Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew vnto his aide; but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſaile with outrage bold,
And forced them, how-euer ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Backe to recule; vntill that iron man
VVith his huge flaile began to lay about;
From whoſe ſterne preſence they diffuſed ran,
Like ſcattered chaffe, the which the wind away doth fan.

48
So when that knight from perill cleare was freed,
He drawing neere, began to greet them faire,
And yeeld great thanks for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſauing him from dangerous deſpaire
Of thoſe, which ſought his life for to empaire.
Of whom Sir *Arthegall* did then enquere
The whole occaſion of his late miſfare,
And who he was, and what thoſe villaines were,
The which with mortall malice him purſu'd ſo neere.

49
To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight,
VVell knowne, and far renowmed heretofore,
Vntill late miſchiefe did vpon me light,
That all my former praiſe hath blemiſht ſore;
And that faire Lady, which in that vprore
Ye with thoſe caytiues ſawe *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine owne Loue, though me ſhe haue forlore,
Whether with-held from me by wrongfull might,
Or with her owne good will, I cannot read aright.

50
But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight,
To be my Loue, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
With golden gifts, and many a guileſull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
(O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)
Sith which, ſhe hath me euer ſince abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully conſented:
Ay me! that euer guile in women was inuented.

51
And now he hath this troupe of villaines ſent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainſt whom, my ſelfe I long in vaine haue bent
To reskew her, and daily meanes aſſay,
Yet reskew her thence by no meanes I may:
For, they doe me with multitude oppreſſe,
And with vnequall might doe ouer-lay,
That oft I driuen am to great diſtreſſe,
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedileſſe.

52
But why haue yee, ſaid *Arthegall*, forborne
Your owne good ſhield in dangerous diſmay;
That is the greateſt ſhame and touleſt ſcorne,
Which vnto any knight behappen may,
To loſe the badge, that ſhould his deeds diſplay.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, bluſhing halfe for ſhame,
That ſhall I vnto you, quoth he, bewray;
Leaſt ye therefore mote happely me blame,
And deem it doen of wil, that through inforcement came.

53
True is, that I at firſt was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redroſſe*;
Who, when he gaue me armes, in field to fight,
Gaue me a ſhield, in which he did endoſſe
His deere Redeemers badge vpon the boſſe:
The ſame long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or loſſe;
Therewith *Grantorto* ſelfe I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54
But, for that many did that ſhield enuie,
And cruell enemies encreaſed more;
To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmitie,
That bloudy ſcutchin beeing battered ſore,
I laid aſide, and haue of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to haue my Loue obtained:
Yet can I not my Loue haue nathemore;
For, ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detained,
And with corrupted bribes is to vntruth miſ-trained.

55
To whom thus *Arthegall*; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the caſe, the which ye doe complaine;
Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a ſtraight mote you conſtraine)
As to abandon that which doth containe
Your honours ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield.
All perill ought be leſſe, and leſſe all paine
Then loſſe of fame in diſaduentrous field;
Dye rather, then do ought, that mote diſhonor yeeld.

56

Not ſo, quoth he; for, yet when time doth ſerue,
My former ſhield I may reſume againe:
To temporize is not from truth to ſweiue,
Ne for aduantage terme to entertaine,
When as neceſſity doth it conſtraine.
Fie on ſuch forgery, ſaid *Arthegall*,
Vnder one hood to ſhadow faces twaine.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to diſſemble fowly may befall.

57

Yet let me you of curteſie requeſt,
Said *Burbon*, to aſſiſt me now at need
Againſt theſe peſants, which haue me oppreſt,
And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
That yet my Loue may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Arthegall*, albe he earſt did wyte
His wauering mind, yet to his ayde agreed,
And buckling him eftſoones vnto the fight,
Did ſet vpon thoſe troupes with all his power and might.

58

Who flocking round about them as a ſwarme
Of flyes vpon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with ternble allarme,
And ouer all the fields themſelues did muſter,
With bils and glayues making a dreadfull luſter;
That forc't at firſt thoſe knights back to retire:
As when the wrathfull *Boreas* doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man and beaſt do flie, and ſuccour doe inquire.

59

But when as ouerblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began afreſh them to aſſaile,
And all about the fields like Squirrels hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flayle,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote auaile;
Made cruell hauocke of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both ouer hill and dale:
The raſcall many ſoone they ouerthrew;
But the two knights themſelues their captains did ſubdew.

60

At laſt, they came wheras that Lady bode,
Whom now her keepers haue forſaken quight,
To ſaue themſelues, and ſcattered were abrode:
Her halfe diſmayd they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſory for their ſight;
Yet wondrous faire ſhe was, and richly clad
In royall robes, and many Iewels dight,
But that thoſe villens through their vſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

61

But *Burbon*, ſtreight diſmounting from his ſteed,
Vnto her ran with greedy great deſire;
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would haue embraced her with heart entire.
But ſhee, back-ſtarting with diſdaineſull ire,
Bad him auaunt, ne would vnto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:
VVhom when thoſe knights ſo froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and vpbrayded ſore.

62

Said *Arthegall*; What foule diſgrace is this,
To ſo faire Lady, as yee ſeeme in ſight,
To blot your beauty, that vnblemiſht is,
With ſo foule blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of Loue for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth ſo precious or deare,
As praiſe and honour? Or is ought ſo bright
And beautifull, as glories beames appeare?
Whoſe goodly light then *Phœbus* lampe doth ſhine more (cleare.

63

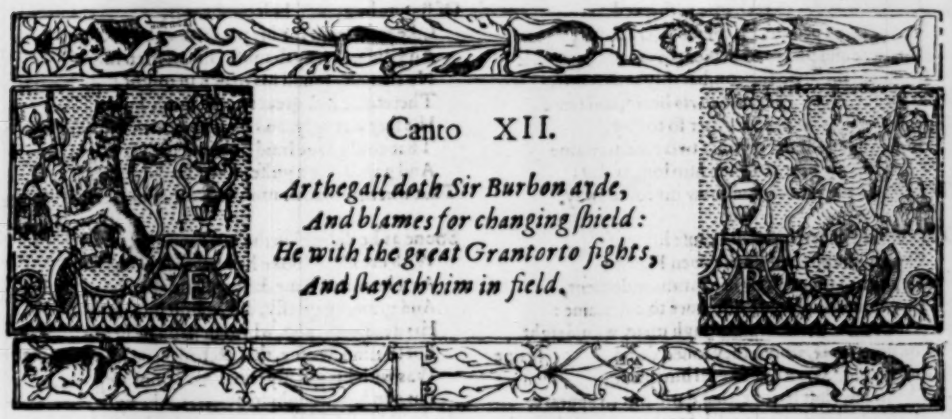
VVhy then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Vnto a ſtrangers loue, ſo lightly placed,
For gifts of gold, or any worldly gice,
To leaue the Loue, that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falſhood be defaced?
Fie on the pelfe, for which good name is ſold,
And honour with indignity debaſed:
Dearer is loue then life, and fame then gold;
But dearer then them both, your faith once plighted hold.

64

Much was the Lady in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her neare,
Ne ought to anſwere thereunto did find;
But hanging downe her head with heauy cheare,
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated weare.
Which *Burbon* ſeeing, her againe aſſayd,
And claſping twixt his armes, her vp did reare
Vpon his ſteed, whiles ſhe no whit gainе-ſaid:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65

Nath'leſſe, the iron man did ſtill purſew
That raſcall many with vnpittied ſpoyle;
Ne ceaſſed not, till all their ſcattred crew
Into the ſea he droue quite from that ſoyle,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyle.
But *Arthegall*, ſeeing his cruell deed,
Commaunded him from ſlaughter to recoyle,
And to his voyage gan againe proceed,
For that the terme approching faſt, required ſpeed.



Canto XII.

Arthegall doth Sir Burbon ayde,
And blames for changing ſhield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlayeth him in field.

1

O Sacred hunger of ambitious mindes,
And impotent deſire of men to raigne!
Whom neither dread of God, that diuels bindes,
Nor lawes of men, that Common-weals containe,
Nor bands of Nature, that wilde beaſts reſtraine,
Can keepe from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a kingdome to obtaine.
No faith ſo firme, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No loue ſo laſting then, that may endure long.

2

Witneſſe may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight aſſure, had ſurely bound,
Vntill the loue of Lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſſe and vnſound:
And witneſſe be *Geriones* found,
Who for like cauſe faire *Beline* did oppreſſe,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly confound:
And ſo be now *Grantorto*, who no leſſe
Then all the reſt burſt out to all outrageouſneſſe.

3

Gainſt whom Sir *Arthegall*, long hauing ſince
Taken in hand th'exploit, being thereto
Appointed by that mighty Faery Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great aduentures hither too
Had it forſlackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him aſſynd, her high beheaſt to doo,
To the ſea ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weet, if ſhipping ready he mote there deſcrie.

4

Tho, when they came to the ſea coaſt, they found
A ſhip all ready (as good fortune fell)
To put to ſea, with whom they did compound,
To paſſe them ouer, where them lift to tell:
The winde and weather ſerued them ſo well,
That in one day they with the coaſt did fall;
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,
Great hoſtes of men in order Martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forſtall.

5

But nathemore would they from land refraine:
But when as nigh vnto the ſhore they drew,
That foot of man might ſound the bottom plaine,
Talus into the Sea did forth iſſew,
Though darts from ſhore, & ſtones they at him threw,
And wading through the waues with ſtedfaſt ſway,
Maugre the might of all thoſe troupes in view,
Did win the ſhore, whence he them chaſt away,
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th'Eagle doth affray.

6

The whiles, Sir *Arthegall*, with that old Knight
Did forth deſcend, there beeing none them neare,
And forward marched to a towne in ſight:
By this came tydings to the Tyrants eare,
By thoſe, which earſt did flie away for feare
Of their approch: whereof troubled ſore,
He all his forces ſtreight to him did reare,
And forth iſſuing with his ſcouts afore,
Meant them to haue incountred, ere they left the ſhore.

7

But ere he marched farre, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* fiernely did vpon them ſet,
And bruſht, and battered them without remorſe,
That on the ground he left full many a corſe;
Ne any able was him to withſtand,
But he them ouerthrew both man and horſe,
That they lay ſcattered ouer all the land,
As thick as doth the ſeed after the ſowers hand;

8

Till *Arthegall* him ſeeing ſo to rage,
Will'd him to ſtay, and ſigne of truce did make:
To which all, hearkning, did awhile aſſwage
Their forces furie, and their terror ſlake;
Till he an Herauld call'd, and to him ſpake,
Willing him wend vnto the Tyrant ſtreight,
And tell him that not for ſuch ſlaughters ſake
He thither came, but for to try the right
Of faire *Irenaes* cauſe with him in ſingle fight.

9

And willed him for to reclaime with ſpeed
His ſcattered people, ere they all were ſlaine,
And time and place conuenient to areed,
In which, they two the combat might darraine.
Which meſſage when *Grantorto* heard, full faine
And glad he was the ſlaughter ſo to ſtay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twaine
The morrow next, ne gaue him longer day;
So ſounded the retrait, and drew his folke away.

10

That night, Sir *Arthegall* did cauſe his tent
There to be pitched on the open Plaine;
For, he had giuen ſtraight commaundement,
That none ſhould dare him once to entertaine:
Which none durſt break, though many would right faine
For faire *Irena*, whom they loued deare.
But yet olde *Sergis* did ſo well him paine,
That from cloſe friends, that dar'd not to appeare,
He all things did puruay, which for them needful were.

11

The morrow next, that was the diſmall day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So ſoone as it did to the world diſplay
His chearefull face, and light to men reſtore,
The heauy Mayd, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Arthegalls* arriuall, her to free,
Lookt vp with eyes full ſad, and heart full ſore;
VVeening her lifes laſt houre then neere to bee,
Sith no redemption nigh ſhe did nor heare nor ſee.

12

Then vp ſhe roſe, and on her ſelfe did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day;
And with dull count'nance, and with dolefull ſpright,
She forth was brought in ſorrowfull diſmay,
For to receiue the doom of her decay.
But comming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Arthegall*, in battailous array
Waiting his foe, it did her dead heart cheare,
And new life to her lent, in midſt of deadly feare.

13

Like as a tender Roſe in open Plaine,
That with vntimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoone as few drops of raine
Thereon diſtill and deaw her dainty face,
Gins to looke vp, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſſpreds the glory of her leaues gay;
Such was *Irenas* countenance, ſuch her caſe,
VVhen *Arthegall* ſhe ſawe in that array,
There waiting for the Tyrant, till it was farre day.

14

Who came at length, with proud preſumptuous gate
Into the field, as if he feareleſſe were,
All armed in a coat of iron plate,
Of great defence toward the deadly feare:
And on his head a ſteele-cap he did weare
Of colour ruſtie browne, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did beare,
VVhoſe ſteele was iron ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to iuſtifie his wrong.

15

Of ſtature huge, and hideous he was,
Like to a Giant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpaſſe,
Ne euer any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in ſingle fight;
His face was vgly, and his countenance ſterne,
That could haue fraid one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulfe, when he did gerne,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarce diſcerne.

16

Soone as he did within the liſtes appeare,
With dreadfull looke he *Arthegall* beheld,
As if he would haue daunted him with feare;
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th'Elfin ſwayne, that oft had ſeene like ſight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtraight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about, to be in ready plight.

17

The Trumpets ſound, and they together goe,
With dreadfull terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge ſtrokes full dangerouſly beſtowe,
To doe moſt dammage, where as moſt they ment.
But with ſure force and furie violent,
The Tyrant thundred his thick blowes ſo faſt,
That through the iron walls their way they rent,
And euen to the vitall parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

18

Which cruell outrage, when as *Arthegall*
Did well auize, thenceforth with wary heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes, where-euer they did fall,
And way did giue vnto their graceleſſe ſpeed:
As when a skilfull Mariner doth reed
A ſtorme approching, that doth perill threat,
He will not bide the danger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayles, and vereth his main-ſheat,
And lends vnto it leaue the empty ayre to beat.

19

So did the Faery Knight himſelfe abeare,
And ſtouped oft, his head from ſhame to ſhield:
No ſhame to ſtoupe, ones head more high to reare;
And much to gaine, a little for to yield:
So ſtouteſt knights doen oftentimes in field.
But ſtill the Tyrant ſternely at him layd,
And did his iron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blowes him ſore did ouer-lade.

20

Yet, when as fit aduantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed felon high did reare
His cruell hand, to ſmite him mortally,
Vnder his ſtroke he to him ſtepping neare,
Right in the flanke him ſtrooke with deadly dreare,
That the gore-bloud, thence guſhing grieuouſly,
Did vnderneath him like a pond appeare,
And all his armour did with purple die:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

Yet

21

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe, as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adowne deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blowe his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing, tooke no great effect;
But byting deepe therein, did ſticke ſo faſt,
That by no meanes it backe againe be forth could wraſt.

22

Long while he tugd and ſtroue, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed therevnto,
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:
Nath'leſſe, for all that euer he could doe,
His axe he could not from his ſhield vndoe.
Which *Arthegall* perceiuing, ſtrooke no more,
But looſing ſoone his ſhield, did it forgoe,
And whiles he combred was there-with ſo ſore,
He gan at him let driue more fiercely then afore.

23

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt,
He ſtrooke him with *Chryſaor* on the head,
That with the ſtoure thereof full ſore agaſt,
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtfull ſtead.
Againe, whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and maine,
That falling on his mother earth he fed:
Whom when he ſaw proſtrated on the Plaine,
He lightly reft his head, to eaſe him of his paine.

24

Which when the people round about him ſaw,
They ſhouted all for ioy of his ſucceſſe,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did thē long time oppreſſe;
And running all with greedy ioyfulneſſe
To faire *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſſe,
As their true Liege and Princeſſe naturall;
And eke her champions glory ſounded over all.

25

Who, ſtraight her leading with meet maieſty
Vnto the Palace where their Kings did raigne,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceably,
And to her kingdomes ſeat reſtore againe;
And all ſuch perſons as did late maintaine
That Tyrants part, with cloſe or open ayde,
He ſorely puniſhed with heauy paine;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtaid,
Not one was left, that durſt her once haue diſobaid.

26

During which time that he did there remaine,
His ſtudie was true Iuſtice how to deale,
And day and night employ'd his buſie paine
How to reforme that ragged Common-weale:
And that ſame iron man which could reueale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he ſent,
To ſearch out thoſe that vs'd to rob and ſteale,
Or did rebell gainſt lawfull gouernment;
On whom he did inflict moſt grieuous puniſhment.

27

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away
To Faery-Court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of Iuſtice he was forc'd to ſtay,
And *Talus* to reuoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realme for to redreſſe.
But enuies clowd ſtill dimmeth vertues ray.
So hauing freed *Irena* from diſtreſſe,
He tooke his leaue of her, there left in heauineſſe.

28

Tho, as he backe returned from that land,
And there arriu'd againe whence forth he ſet,
He had not paſſed farre vpon the ſtrand,
VVhen as two old ill fauour'd Hags he met,
By the way ſide beeing together ſet,
Two grieſly creatures; and, to that their faces
Moſt foule and filthy were, their garments yet
Beeing all ragd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, & made moſt vgly caſes.

29

The one of them, that elder did appeare,
With her dull eyes did ſeeme to looke a-kew,
That her miſhap much helpt; and her foule haire
Hung looſe and loathſomely: there-to her hew
Was wan and leane, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:
And as ſhe ſpake, there-with ſhe ſlauered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldom, but thought more, the leſſe ſhe ſed.

30

Her hands were foule and durty, neuer waſht
In all her life, with long nayles ouer-raught,
Like Puttocks clawes: with th'one of which ſhe
Her curſed head, although it itched naught;
The other held a ſnake with venime fraught;
On which ſhe fed, and gnawed hungerly,
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought;
That round about her iawes one might deſcry
The bloody gore and poyſon dropping lothſomly.

31

Her name was *Enuy*, knowen well thereby;
VVhoſe nature is to grieue or grudge at all
That euer ſhe ſees done praiſe-worthily:
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſſe may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eate her gall.
For, when ſhe wanteth other thing to eate,
She feeds on her owne mawe vnnaturall,
And of her owne foule entrailes makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſters monſterous dieat.

32

And if ſhe hapt of any good to heare,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieue, and teare
Her fleſh for felneſſe, which ſhe inward hid:
But if ſhe heard of ill that any did,
Or harme that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheere, like one vnto a banquet bid;
And in anothers loſſe great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby, and gained a great ſtake.

33

The other, nothing better was then ſhee;
Agreeing in bad will and cankred kind,
But in bad manner they did diſagree:
For, what-ſo *Envy* good or bad did find,
She did conceale, and murder her owne mind;
But this, what-euer euill ſhe conceiued,
Did ſpread abroad, and throwe in th'open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiued, (reaued.
That all ſhee ſought, was mens goods name to haue be-

34

For, what-ſoeuer good by any ſaid,
Or doen ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtraight-waies inuent
How to depraue, or ſlanderouſly vp-braid,
Or to miſconſtrue of a mans intent,
And turne to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore ſhe vſed often to reſort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To harke what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort.

35

And if that any ill ſhee heard of any,
Shee would it eeke, & make much worſe by telling,
And take great ioy to publiſh it to many,
That euery matter worſe was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
VVas neere to *Envy*, euen her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Envy* ſelfe excelling
In miſchiefe: for, her ſelfe ſhe onely vext:
But this ſame, both her ſelfe, and others eke perplext.

36

Her face was vgly, and her mouth diſtort,
Foming with poyſon round about her gils,
In which her curſed tongue (full ſharp and ſhort)
Appear'd like Aſpis ſting, that cloſely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-ſo ſhe wills:
A diſtaffe in her other hand ſhe had,
Vpon the which ſhee little ſpinnes, but ſpils,
And faines to weaue falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throwe amongſt the good, which others had diſſprad.

37

Theſe two now had themſelues combyn'd in one,
And linkt together gainſt Sir *Arthegall*,
For whom they waited as his mortall fone,
How they might make him into miſchiefe fall,
For freeing from their ſnares *Irena* thrall:
Beſides, vnto themſelues they gotten had
A monſter, which the *Blatant Beaſt* men call;
A dreadfull fiend, of Gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

38

Such were theſe hags, and ſo vnhandſome dreſt:
Whom when they nigh approching had eſpide
Sir *Arthegall* return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had beene two ſhepheards curres, had ſcride
A rauenous Wolfe amongſt the ſcattered flocks.
And *Envy* firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towards him runnes, and with rude flaring locks
About her eares, does beat her breaſt, & forhead knocks.

39

Then from her mouth the gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whyleare ſhe was ſo greedily
Deuouring; euen that halfe-gnawen ſnake,
And at him throwes it moſt deſpightfully.
The curſed Serpent, though ſhe hungrily
Earſt chaw'd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead,
But that ſome life remained ſecretly;
And, as he paſt afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the marke was to be read.

40

Then, th'other comming neere, gan him reuile,
And foully raile, with all ſhe could invent;
Saying, that he had with vnmanly guile,
And foule abuſion both his honour blent,
And that bright ſword, the ſword of Iuſtice lent,
Had ſtained with reprochefull crueltie,
In guiltleſſe blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treacherie
And traines hauing ſurpriz'd, he foully did to die.

41

There-to the *Blatant Beaſt*, by them ſet on,
At him began aloud to barke and bay,
VVith bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay;
And all the ayre rebellowed againe.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And euermore thoſe hags them ſelues did paine,
To ſharpen him, & their owne curſed tongues did ſtraine.

42

And ſtill among, moſt bitter words they ſpake,
Moſt ſhamefull, moſt vnrighteous, moſt vntrew,
That they the mildeſt man aliue would make
Forget his patience, and yeeld vengeance dew
To her, that ſo falſe ſlaunders at him threw.
And more, to make the pearce & wound more deepe,
Shee with the ſting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteepe:
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keepe.

43

But *Talus*, hearing her ſo lewdly raile,
And ſpeake ſo ill of him, that well deſerued,
VVould her haue chaſtiz'd with his iron flaile,
If her Sir *Arthegall* had not preſerued,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerued.
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt, yet be for nought would ſwerue
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Faery Court, where what him fell ſhall elſe be told.

THE SIXT BOOKE OF THE FAERIE QVEENE:

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir CALIDORE.

OR

Of Curteſie.

1

THe waies, through which my weary ſteppes I guide,
In this delightfull land of Faery,
Are ſo exceeding ſpacious and wide,
And ſprinkled with ſuch ſweet varietie
Of all that pleaſant is to eare or eye,
That I nigh rauiſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious trauell doe forget thereby;
And when I gin to feele decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, & chears my dulled ſpright.

2

Such ſecret comfort, and ſuch heauenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred Imps, that on *Parnaſſo* dwell,
And there the keeping haue of learnings treaſures,
Which doe all worldly riches farre excell,
Into the mindes of mortall men doe well,
And goodly furie into them infuſe;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange waies, where neuer foote did vſe,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muſes

3

Reueale to me the ſacred nourſery
Of vertue, which with you doth there remaine,
VVhere it in ſiluer bowre does hidden lie
From view of men, and wicked worlds diſdaine.
Sith it at firſt was by the Gods with paine
Planted in earth, being deriu'd at furſt
From heauenly ſeedes of bounty ſoueraine,
And by them long with carefull labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſſe grew, and forth to honour burſt.

4

Amongſt them all growes not a fairer flowre,
Then is the blooſme of comely curteſie;
Which, though it on a lowely ſtalke doe bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in braue nobilitie,
And ſpreads it ſelfe through all ciuilitie:
Of which, though preſent age doe plentious ſeeme,
Yet beeing matcht with plaine Antiquity,
Ye will them all but fained ſhowes eſteeme,
Which carry colours faire, that feeble eyes miſdeeme.

5

But in the triall of true curteſie,
Its now ſo farre from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgery,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eyes of them that paſs,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glaſs:
Yet is that glaſſe ſo gay, that it can blind
The wiſeſt ſight, to thinke gold that is braſs.
But vertues ſeat is deepe within the mind,
And not in outward ſhowes, but inward thoughts defin'd.

But

6

But where ſhall I in all Antiquity
So faire a patterne finde, where may be ſeene
The goodly praiſe of Princely curteſie,
As in your ſelfe, ô ſoueraigne Lady Queene?
In whoſe pure mind, as in a mirror ſheene,
It ſhowes, and with her brightneſſe doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed beene;
But meriteth indeed an higher name:
Yet ſo from lowe to high vp-lifted is your name.

7

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soueraigne,
That from your ſelfe I doe this vertue bring,
And to your ſelfe do it returne againe:
So from the Ocean all riuers ſpring,
And tribute back repay, as to their King.
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt, which round about you ring,
Faire Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And doe adorne your Court, where courteſies excell.

Canto I.

Calidore ſaues from Maleffort
a Damzell vſed vilde;
Doth vanquiſh Crudor, & doth make
Briana wexe more milde.

1

OF Court, it ſeemes, men Courteſie do call,
For that it there moſt vſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth, that in Princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And root of ciuill converſation.
Right ſo in Faery Court it did redound,
Where courteous Knights and Ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſſe paragon.

2

But mongſt them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, beloued over all:
In whom, it ſeemes, that gentleneſſe of ſpright
And manners milde were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious ſpeech, did ſteale mens harts away.
Nath'leſſe, thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approv'd in battailous affray,
That him did much renowne, and far his fame diſplay.

3

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Faery Court, but him did deare embrace,
For his faire vſage and conditions ſound,
The which in all mens liking gained place,
And with the greateſt, purchaſt greateſt grace:
Which he could wiſely vſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th'euill to embaſe.
For, he loath'd leaſing, and baſe flattery,
And loued ſimple truth, and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

4

And now he was in trauell on his way,
Vpon an hard adventure ſore beſtad,
VVhen-as by chaunce he met vpon a day
VVith *Arthegall*, returning yet halfe ſad
From his late conqueſt which he gotten had.
VVho, when-as each of other had a ſight,
They knew themſelues, and both their perſons rad:
When *Calidore* thus firſt; Haile nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen liuing ſpright:

5

Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſſe
Which ye haue had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Arthegall* gan to expreſſe
His whole exploit, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man, ſaid then Sir *Calidore*,
Which haue ſo goodly, as ye can deuize,
Atchieu'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowmed make for euermore.

6

But where ye ended haue, now I begin
To tread an endleſſe trace withouten guide,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in waies vntride,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide;
In which, although good fortune mee befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifide.
What is that queſt, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?

The

7

The *Blatant Beaſt*, quoth he, I doe purſew,
And through the world inceſſantly doe chaſe,
Till I him overtake, or elſe ſubdew:
Yet knowe I not or how, or in what place,
To finde him out, yet ſtill I forward trace.
What is this *Blatant Beaſt*, then he replyde?
It is a Monſter bred of helliſh race,
Then anſwerd he, which often hath annoyd
Good Knights & Ladies true, & many elſe deſtroyd.

8

Of *Cerberus* whylome he was begot,
And fell *Chimera* in her darkſome den,
Through foule commixture of his filthy blot:
Where he was foſtred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripeneſſe grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was ſent,
To be the plague and ſcourge of wicked men:
Whom with vile tongue, and venemous intent
He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

9

Then ſince the ſalvage Iland I did leave,
Said *Arthegall*, I ſuch a Beaſt did ſee,
The which did ſeeme a thouſand tongues to have,
That all in ſpight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd and loudly barkt at mee,
As if that he attonce would me devoure.
But I, that knew my ſelfe from perill free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre:
But he the more his wicked poyſon forth did poure.

10

That ſurely is that Beaſt, ſaid *Calidore*,
Which I purſue, of whom I am right glad
To heare theſe tydings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travell I have had:
Yet now ſome hope your words vnto me add.
Now God you ſpeed, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
And keepe your body from the danger drad:
For, ye have much adoe to deale withall;
So both tooke goodly leave, and parted ſeverall.

11

Sir *Calidore* thence travelled not long,
When-as by chaunce a comely Squire he found,
That thorough ſome more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foot vnto a tree was bound:
Who, ſeeing him from farre, with pitious ſound
Of his ſhrill cries him called to his ayde.
To whom approching, in that painefull ſtound
When he him ſaw, for no demaunds he ſtaid,
But firſt him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him ſaid;

12

Vnhappy Squire, what hard miſhap thee brought
Into this bay of peril and diſgrace?
What cruell hand thy wretched thraldome wrought,
And thee captived in this ſhamefull place?
To whom he anſwerd thus; My hapleſſe caſe
Is not occaſiond through my miſdeſert,
But through misfortune, which did me abaſe
Vnto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubvert,
Ere that I in her guilefull traines was well expert.

13

Not farre from hence, vpon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a ſtraight there ſtands a Caſtle ſtrong,
VVhich doth obſerve a cuſtome lewd and ill,
And it hath long maintaind with mighty wrong:
For, may no Knight nor Lady paſſe along
That way (and yet they needs muſt paſſe that way)
By reaſon of the ſtraight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies locks doe ſhave away,
And that knights beard for toll, which they for paſſage pay.

14

A ſhamefull vſe as ever I did heare,
Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrowne.
But by what meanes did they at firſt it reare,
And for what cauſe? tell if thou have it knowne.
Said then the Squire: The Lady which doth owne
This Caſtle, is by name *Briana* hight,
Then which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath deare lov'd a doughty Knight,
And ſought to win his love by all the meanes ſhe might.

15

His name is *Crudor*, who through high diſdaine
And proud deſpight of his ſelfe-pleaſing mind,
Refuſed hath to yeeld her love againe,
Vntill a Mantle ſhe for him doe find,
VVith beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.
Which to prouide, ſhe hath this Caſtle dight,
And therein hath a Seneſchall aſſign'd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mickle might,
VVho executes her wicked will, with worſe deſpight.

16

He, this ſame day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved deare,
In execution of her lawleſſe doome,
Did ſet vpon vs flying both for feare:
For, little bootes againſt him hand to reare.
Me firſt he tooke, vnable to withſtond;
And whiles he her purſued every where,
Till his returne vnto this tree he bond:
Ne wote I ſurely, whether her he yet have fond.

17

Thus, whiles they ſpake, they heard a ruefull ſhrieke
Of one loud crying, which they ſtraight way gheſt,
That it was ſhee, the which for helpe did ſeeke.
Tho, looking vp vnto the cry to leſt,
They ſawe that Carle from farre, with hand vnbleſt
Haling that mayden by the yellow haire,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,
And from her head her locks he nigh did teare,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refraine for feare.

18

VVhich haynous ſight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftſoones he loos'd that Squire, and ſo him left,
With hearts diſmay, and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that villaine, which had reft
That pitious ſpoile by ſo injurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loude to him he cride;
Leave faytor quickly that miſgotten weft,
To him that hath it better juſtifide,
And turne thee ſoone to him, of whom thou art deſide.

Who

19

Who harkning to that voice, himſelfe vp-reard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towards make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake;
And with ſterne count'nance thus vnto him ſpake;
Art thou the caitiue that defieſt mee,
And for this Mayd, whoſe party thou dooſt take,
Wilt giue thy beard, though it but little be?
Yet ſhall it not her locks for raunſome fro me free.

20

VVith that, he fiercely at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as vnſtayd,
And oft recuile to ſhunne his ſharpe deſpight.
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtill his ſpirit ſpar'd,
Lying in wait how him he damage might,
But when he felt him ſhrinke, and come to ward,
He greater grew, and gan to driue at him more hard.

21

Like as a water ſtreame, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall driue a Mill, within ſtrong banks is pent,
And long reſtrained of his ready courſe;
So ſoone as paſſage is vnto him lent,
Breakes forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
VVhen once he felt his foe-man to relent;
He fiercely him purſu'd, and preſſed ſore,
VVho as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encreaſed more.

22

The heauy burden of whoſe dreadfull might
When as the Carle no longer could ſuſtaine,
His hart gan faint, and ſtraight he tooke his flight
Toward the Caſtle, where if need conſtraine,
His hope of refuge vſed to remaine.
Whome *Calidore* perceiuing faſt to flie,
Hee him purſu'd and chaced through the Plaine,
That he for dread of death gan loude to cry
Vnto the ward, to open to him haſtily.

23

They, from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoone opened to receiue him in;
But *Calidore* did follow him ſo faſt,
That euen in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin.
The carcaſſe tumbling downe within the dore,
Did choke the entrance with a lump of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whil'ſt *Calidore*
Did enter in, and ſlew the Porter on the flore.

24

With that, the reſt, the which the Caſtle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a Steare, in heat of Sommers day,
With his long tayle the bryzes bruſh away.
Thence paſſing forth, into the hall he came,
VVhere, of the Lady ſelfe in ſad diſmay
He was ymet: who with vncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and foule vpbraid with faulty blame.

25

Falſe traytor Knight, ſaid ſhe, no knight at all,
But ſcorne of armes, that haſt with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and ſlaine my Seneſchall;
Now commeſt thou to rob my houſe vnmand,
And ſpoile my ſelfe, that cannot thee withſtand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
Then thou, that ſhall thy treaſon vnderſtand,
Will it auenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none doe, yet ſhame ſhall thee with ſhame re-

26 quight.

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
Yet anſwerd thus; Not vnto me the ſhame,
But to the ſhamefull dooer it afford.
Blood is no blemiſh; for, it is no blame
To puniſh thoſe that doe deſerue the ſame;
But they that breake bands of ciuilitie,
And wicked cuſtomes make, thoſe doe defame
Both noble armes and gentle curteſie.
No greater ſhame to man, then inhumanitie.

27

Then doe your ſelfe, for dread of ſhame forgoe
This euill manner, which ye here maintaine,
And doe in ſtead thereof mild curt'ſie ſhowe
To all that paſſe. That ſhall you glory gaine
More then his loue, which thus ye ſeeke t'obtaine.
Where-with, all full of wrath, ſhe thus replyd;
Vile recreant, knowe that I doe much diſdaine
Thy courteous lore, that dooſt my loue deride,
Who ſcornes thy idle ſcoffe, and bids thee be defide.

28

To take defiance at a Ladies word
Quoth hee, I hold it no indignitie;
But were he heere, that would it with his ſword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deere aby.
Coward, quoth ſhee, were not that thou wouldſt flie,
Ere he doe come, he ſhould be ſoone in place.
If I doe ſo, ſaid he, then liberty
I leaue to you, for aye me to diſgrace,
With all thoſe ſhames that earſt ye ſpake me to deface.

29

With that, a Dwarfe ſhe cald to her in haſte,
And taking from her hand a ring of gold
(A priuy token which betweene them paſt)
Bade him to flie with all the ſpeed he could
To *Crudor*, and deſire him that he would
Vouchſafe to reskew her againſt a Knight,
VVo through ſtrong powre had now berſelfe in hold,
Hauing late ſlaine her Seneſchall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

33

The Dwarfe his way did haſte, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abide
The comming of that ſo much threatned Knight,
Where that diſcourteous Dame with ſcornful pride,
And foule entreaty him indignifide,
That iron hart it hardly could ſuſtaine:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wiſely guide,
Did well endure her womaniſh diſdaine,
And did himſelfe from fraile impatience refraine.

The

31

The morrow next, before the lampe of light
Aboue the earth vp-reard his flaming head,
The Dwarfe which bore that meſſage to her knight,
Frought answere back, that ere he taſted bread,
He would her ſuccour; and aliue or dead
Her foe deliuer vp into her hand:
Therefore he willd her doe away all dread;
And that of him ſhee mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſenet, as a faithfull band.

32

Thereof full blithe the Lady ſtraight became,
And gan t'augment her bitterneſſe much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the fame,
Ne ought diſmaied was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more cheerfull ſeeme therefore.
And hauing ſoone his armes about him dight,
Did iſſue forth, to meet his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, when-as a Knight
He eſpide come pricking on with all his powre & might.

33

Well weend he ſtraight, that he ſhould be the ſame
Which tooke in hand her quarrell to maintaine;
Ne ſtaid to aske if it were he by name,
But coucht his ſpeare, and ran at him amaine.
They been ymett in middeſt of the Plaine,
VVith ſo fell fury and deſpiteous force,
That neither could the others ſtroke ſuſtaine,
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pitty nor remorſe.

34

But *Calidore* vp-roſe againe full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſenſeleſſe ſound;
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For, ſhame he weend a ſleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* ſaw that direry ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood vpon the Caſtle wall,
Shee deem'd him ſure to haue been dead on ground;
And made ſuch pittious mourning there-withall,
That from the battlements ſhe ready ſeem'd to fall.

35

Nath'leſſe, at length himſelfe he did vp-reare
In luſtleſſe wiſe; as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbes; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he reſted ſtill:
But when he ſaw his foe before in view,
He ſhooke off luskiſhneſſe, and courage chill
Kindling afreſh, gan battell to renew,
To proue if better foot then horſeback would enſew.

36

There then began a fearefull cruell fray
Betwixt them two, for maiſtery of might.
For, both were wondrous practicke in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight:
Which as it ſtill encreaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruell ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempeſt ceaſt.

37

Thus, long they trac't and trauerſt to and fro,
And tryde all waies, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helmes, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had pot-ſhards been; for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeances, but goary blood;
That at the laſt, like to a purple lake
Of bloudy gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riuen ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

38

At length, it chaunc't, that both their hands on hie
Attonce did heaue, with all their power and might,
Thinking the vtmoſt of their force to try,
And proue the finall fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quick of ſight,
And nimbler handed then his enemie,
Preuented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerly,
That made him ſtoope to ground with meeke humility.

39

And ere he could recouer foot againe,
He following that faire aduantage faſt,
His ſtroke redoubled with ſuch might and maine,
That him vpon the ground he grouling caſt;
And leaping to him light, would haue vnlac't
His Helme, to make vnto his vengeance way.
Who ſeeing in what danger he was plac't,
Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, doe me not ſlay,
But ſaue my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

40

With that, his mortall hand awhile he ſtayd,
And hauing ſomewhat calm'd his wrathfull heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him ſaid;
And is the boaſt of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learne,
Strangers no more ſo rudely to intreat,
But put away proud looke, and vſage ſterne,
The which ſhall nought to you but foule diſhonor earne.

41

For, nothing is more blamefull to a knight,
That court'ſie doth as well as armes profeſſe,
How euer ſtrong and fortunate in fight,
Then the reproche of pride and cruelneſſe.
In vaine he ſeeketh others to ſuppreſſe,
VVho hath not learnd himſelfe firſt to ſubdew:
All fleſh is fraile, and full of fickleneſſe,
Subiect to fortunes chaunce, ſtill changing new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

42

VVho will not mercy vnto others ſhew,
How can he mercy euer hope to haue?
To pay each with his owne, is right and dew.
Yet ſith ye mercy now doe need to craue,
I will it graunt, your hopeleſſe life to ſaue,
With theſe conditions, which I will propound:
Firſt, that ye better ſhall your ſelfe behaue
Vnto all errant knights, where-ſo on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies ayde in euery ſtead and ſtound.

The

43
The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heasts did gladly heare,
And promist to performe his precept well,
And what-soeuer elſe he would requere.
So ſuffring him to riſe, he made him ſweare
By his owne ſword, and by the croſſe thereon,
To take *Briana* for his louing fere,
VVithouten dowre or compoſition;
But to releaſe his former foule condition.

44
All which accepting, and with faithfull oth
Binding himſelfe moſt firmely to obay,
He vp aroſe, how euer liefe or loth,
And ſwore to him true fealtie for aye.
Then forth he cald from ſorrowfull diſmay
The ſad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who comming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* vp-cheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

45
VVhereof ſhe now more glad, then ſory earſt,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courteſie, that peare't
Her ſtubborne hart with inward deepe effect,
Before his feet her ſelfe ſhe did proiect,
And him adoring as her liues deare Lord,
VVith all due thanks, and dutifull reſpect,
Her ſelfe acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and Loue reſtord.

46
So all returning to the Caſtle, glad,
Moſt ioyfully ſhe them did entertaine;
Where goodly glee and feaſt to them ſhe made,
To ſhew her thankfull mind and meaning faine,
By all the meanes ſhe mote it beſt explaine:
And after all, vnto Sir *Calidore*
She free'y gaue that Caſtle for his paine,
And her ſelfe bound to him for euermore;
So wondrouſly now chang'd from that ſhe was afore.

47
But *Calidore*, himſelfe would not retaine
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;
But gaue them ſtraight vnto that Squire againe,
Whom from her Seneſchall he lately freed,
And to his damzell, as their rightfull meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed whole and ſtrong,
And then to his firſt queſt he paſſed forth along.

Canto II.

Calidore ſees young Triſtram ſlay
a proud diſcourteous Knight:
He makes him Squire, & of him learnes
his ſtate and preſent plight.

1
VVHat vertue is ſo fitting for a Knight,
Or for a Lady, whom a knight ſhould loue,
As Courteſie, to beare themſelues aright
To all of each degree, as doth behoue?
For, whether they be placed high aboue,
Or lowe beneath, yet ought they well to knowe
Their good, that none them rightly may reproue
Of rudeneſſe, for not yielding what they owe:
Great skill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtowe.

2
There-to great helpe Dame Nature ſelfe doth lend:
For, ſome ſo goodly gratious are by kind,
That euery action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that haue greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themſelues, cannot attaine.
For, euery thing to which one is inclin'd,
Doth beſt become, and greateſt grace doth gaine:
Yet praiſe likewiſe deſerue good thewes, enforc't with paine.

3
That well in courteous *Calidore* appeares;
Whoſe euery deed, and word that he did ſay,
Was like enchauntment, that through both the eyes,
And both the eares did ſteale the hart away.
He now againe is on his former way,
To follow his firſt queſt, when as he ſpyde
A tall young man from thence not farre away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deſcride,
Againſt an armed knight, that did on horſe-back ride.

And

4

And them beſide, a Lady faire he ſaw,
Standing alone on foot, in foule array:
To whom himſelfe he haſtily did draw,
To weet the cauſe of ſo vncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed Knight, that lowe on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his heart was inly child
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

5

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to bee
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarce did ſee
Yet ſeauenteene yeeres, but tall and faire of face,
That ſure he deem'd him borne of noble race.
All in a Woodmans iacket he was clad
Of Lincolne greene, belayd with ſiluer lace;
And on his head a hood with aglets ſprad,
And by his ſide his hunters horne he hanging had.

6

Buskins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwaine,
Pinkt vpon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwaine;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharpe bore-ſpeare,
With which he wont to launce the ſaluage hart
Of many a Lion, and of many a Beare
That firſt vnto his hand in chaſe did happen neare.

7

Whom *Calidore* awhile well hauing vewed,
At length beſpake; What meanes this, gentle ſwaine?
Why hath thy hand too bold it ſelfe embrewed
In bloud of Knight, the which by thee is ſlaine?
By thee no Knight; which armes impugneth plaine.
Certes, ſaid he, loth were I to haue broken
The law of armes; yet breake it ſhould againe,
Rather then let my ſelfe of wight be ſtroken,
So long as theſe two armes were able to be wroken.

8

For, not I him, as this his Lady here
May witneſſe well, did offer firſt to wrong,
Ne ſurely thus vnarm'd I likely were;
But he me firſt, through pride and puiſſance ſtrong
Aſſauld, not knowing what to armes doth long.
Perdie, great blame, then ſaid Sir *Calidore*,
For armed Knight a wight vnarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this ſtrife and ſterne vp-rore.

9

That ſhall I ſooth, ſaid he, to you declare.
I, whoſe vnriper yeeres are yet vnfit
For thing of weight, or worke of greater care,
Do ſpend my dayes, and bend my careleſſe wit
To ſaluage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this forreſt, and wilde woody raine:
Where, as this day I was enranging it,
I chaunc't to meet this Knight, who there lies ſlaine,
Together with this Lady, paſſing on the Plaine.

10

The Knight, as ye did ſee, on horſe-back was,
And this his Lady (that him ill became)
On her faire feet by his horſe ſide did paſs
Through thick and thin, vnfit for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
When-ſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs mote ſo,
He with his ſpeare (that was to him great blame)
Would thumpe her forward, and inforce to goe,
Weeping to him in vaine, and making pittious woe.

11

Which when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
Much was I moued in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
Towards a Lady, whom with vſage kind
He rather ſhould haue taken vp behind.
Where-with he wroth, and full of proud diſdaine,
Tooke in foule ſcorne that I ſuch fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof reuil'd againe,
Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t'a child pertaine.

12

Which I no leſſe diſdayning, backe returned
His ſcornfull taunts vnto his teeth againe,
That he ſtraightway with haughty choler burned,
And with his ſpeare ſtrooke me one ſtroke or twaine;
Which I, enforc't to beare, though to my paine,
Caſt to requite; and with a ſlender dart,
Fellow of this I beare, throwne not in vaine,
Strooke him, as ſeemeth, vnderneath the hart,
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart.

13

Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his ſpeach
Tempred ſo well; but more admir'd the ſtroke
That through the mailes he made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternely wroke
His wrath on him, that firſt occaſion broke.
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame Lady, whether what he ſpoke,
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th'vnrighteous ire
Of her owne Knight, had giuen him his owne due hire.

14

Of all which, when as ſhe could nought deny,
But cleard that ſtripling of th'imputed blame;
Said then Sir *Calidore*, neyther will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather do quite clame:
For, what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himſelfe to ſaue: (ſhame.
Againſt both which, that Knight wrought Knightleſſe
For, Knights and all men this by nature haue,
Towards all women-kind them kindly to behaue.

15

But, ſith that he is gone irreuocable,
Pleaſe it you Lady, to vs to aread,
What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable,
To driue you ſo on foot vnfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainſt all womanhead?
Certes, ſir Knight, ſaid ſhe, full loth I were
To raiſe a liuing blame againſt the dead:
But ſith it me concernes my ſelfe to clere,
I will the truth diſcouer, as it chaunc't whylere.

16

This day, as he and I together roade
Vpon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chaunc't to come fore-by a couert glade
Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent
Sate with a Knight in ioyous iollitment
Of their franke loues, free from all ielous spies:
Farre was the Lady sure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And vnto him did shew all louely curtesies.

17

Whom, when my Knight did see so louely faire,
He inly gan her Louer to enuy,
And wish that he part of his spoyle might share.
Where-to when as my presence he did spy
To be a let, he bade me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My Loues owne part to leaue so suddenly,
He with strong hand downe frō his steed me throw'th,
And w^th presumptuous powre against that knight straight (go'th.

18

Vnarm'd all was the knight; as then more meete
For Ladies seruice, and for loues delight,
Then fearing any foe-man there to meet:
Whereof he taking oddes, straight bids him dight
Himselfe to yeeld his Loue, or else to fight.
Whereat, the other starting vp dismaid,
Yet boldly answer'd, as he rightly might;
To leaue his Loue he should be ill apaid,
In which he had good right gainst all, that it gaine-said.

19

Yet, sith he was not presently in plight
Her to defend, or his to iustifie,
He him requested, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to trye,
Or stay till he his armes (which were there by)
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
Ne time would giue, nor any tearmes aby,
But at him flew, and with his speare him smote;
From which to thinke to saue himselfe, it booted not,

20

Meane-while, his Lady, which this outrage saw,
Whil'st they together for the quarry stroue,
Into the couert did her selfe withdraw,
And closely hid her selfe within the Groue.
My Knight, hers soone (as seemes) to danger droue,
And left sore wounded: but when her he mist,
He woxe halfe mad, and in that rage gan roue
And range through all the wood, where so he wist
Shee hidden was, and sought her so long as him list.

21

But, when as her he by no meanes could find,
After long search and chaufe, he turned back
Vnto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
Of that faire booty, and with bitter wrack
To wreake on me the guilt of his owne wrong.
Of all which, I yet glad to beare the pack,
Stroue to appease him, and perswaded long:
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

22

Then, as it were t'auenge his wrath on mee,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused
To take me vp (as this young man did see)
Vpon his steed, for no iust cause accused,
But forc't to trot on foot, and foule misused;
Punching me with the butt end of his speare,
In vaine complayning to be so abused.
For, he regarded neyther plaint nor teare,
But more enforc't my pain, the more my plaints to heare.

23

So passed we till this young man vs met;
And being moou'd with pitty of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for ease of my regret:
Whereof befell, what now is in your sight.
Now sure, then said Sir *Calidore* and right
Me seemes, that him befell by his owne fault:
Who euer thinks through confidence of might,
Or through support of count'nance proud and hault
To wrong the weaker, oft falles in his owne assault.

24

Then, turning backe vnto that gentle boy,
Which had himselfe so stoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face so louely sterne and coy,
And hearing th' answers of his pregnant wit,
He prayse it much, and much admired it;
That sure he weend him borne of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good:

25

Faire gentle swaine, and yet as stout as faire,
That in these woods amongst the Nymphs doost won,
Which daily may to thy sweet lookes repaire,
As they are wont vnto *Latonaes* son,
After his chace on woody *Cynthus* don:
Well may I, certes, such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
Or surely borne of some Heroick seed,
That in thy face appeares, and gratious goodly-head.

26

But should it not displease thee it to tell
(Vnlesse thou in these woods thy selfe conceale,
For loue amongst the woody gods to dwell;)
I would thy selfe require thee to reueale,
For deare affection and vnfained zeale
Which to thy noble personage I beare,
And wish thee growe in worship and great weale.
For, since the day that armes I first did reare,
I neuer saw in any, greater hope appeare.

27

To whom, then thus the noble youth; May be
Sir Knight, that by discouering my estate,
Harme may arise vnweeting vnto mee;
Nath'lesse, sith ye so courteous seemed late,
To you I will not feare it to relate.
Then wote ye, that I am a Briton borne,
Sonne of a King, how euer thorough fate
Or fortune I my country haue forlorne, (adorne.
And lost the Crowne, which should my head by right

And

28

And *Triſtram* is my name, the onely heire
Of good King *Meliogras*, which did raigne
In Cornewale, till that he through liues deſpeire
Vntimely dide, before I did attaine
Ripe yeares of reaſon, my right to maintaine.
After whoſe death, his brother ſeeing mee
An infant, weake a Kingdome to ſuſtaine,
Vpon him tooke the royall high degree,
And ſent me, where him liſt, inſtructed for to bee.

29

The widdow Queene, my mother, which then hight
Faire *Emeline*, conceiuing then great feare
Of my fraile ſafety, reſting in the might
Of him, that did the Kingly Scepter beare,
Whoſe iealous dread enduring not a peare,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought beſt away me to remoue ſome-where
Into ſome forraine Land, where-as no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtfull humor feed.

30

So, taking counſell of a wiſe man red,
She was by him adviz'd, to ſend me quight
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lionneſſe* is hight,
Into the Land of *Faery*, where no wight
Should weet of mee, or worke me any wrong.
To whoſe wiſe read ſhe hearkning, ſent me ſtraight
Into this Land, where I haue wond thus long,
Since I was ten yeares old, now growen to ſtature ſtrong.

31

All which my dayes I haue not lewdly ſpent,
Nor ſpilt the bloſſome of my tender yeares
In idleſſe; but as was conuenient,
Haue trained beene with many noble feres
In gentle thewes, and ſuch like ſeemly leres.
Mongſt which, my moſt delight hath alwayes been
To hunt the ſalуage chace amongſt my peres,
Of all that rangeth in the forreſt greene;
Of which, none is to me vnknowne, that ev'r was ſeene.

32

Ne is there hauke which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoaſting lowe,
But I the meaſure of her flight do ſearch,
And all her prey, and all her diet knowe.
Such be our ioyes, which in theſe forreſts growe:
Onely the vſe of armes, which moſt I ioy,
And fitteth moſt for noble ſwaine to knowe,
I haue not taſted yet, yet paſt a boy,
And being now high time theſe ſtrong ioynts to imploy.

33

Therefore, good ſir, ſith now occaſion fit
Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſildome may;
Let me this craue, vnworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battailous array
I may beare armes, and learne to vſe them right;
The rather, ſith that fortune hath this day
Giuen to me the ſpoyle of this dead Knight,
Theſe goodly gilden armes, which I haue won in fight.

34

All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, then earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his yeares appear'd,
And thus replide; Faire child, the high deſire
To loue of armes, which in you doth aſpire,
I may not certes without blame denie;
But rather wiſh, that ſome more noble hire
(Though none more noble then is cheualrie)
I had, you to reward with greater dignitie.

35

There, him he caus'd to kneele, and made to ſweare
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all;
And neuer to be recreant, for feare
Of perill, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and ioyous then young *Triſtram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaues ſmall,
Long ſhut vp in the bud from heauens view, (hew.
At length breakes forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmiling

36

Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betooke him to depart,
Child *Triſtram* prayd, that he with him might goe
On his aduenture; vowing not to ſtart,
But wait on him in euery place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly ioy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would proue a doughty Knight:
Yet for the time this anſwere he to him behight;

37

Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire,
To haue thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt:
But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
To my drad Soueraigne, when I it aſſayd,
That in atchieuement of her high beheſt,
I ſhould no creature ioyne vnto mine ayde,
For-thy, I may not grant that ye ſo greatly prayd.

38

But, ſince this Lady is all deſolate,
And needeth ſafegard now vpon her way,
Ye may do well in this her needfull ſtate
To ſuccour her, from danger of diſmay;
That thankfull guerdon may to you repay.
The noble Impe, of ſuch new ſeruice faine,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay.
So taking courteous leaue, they parted twaine,
And *Calidore* forth paſſed to his former paine.

39

But *Triſtram*, then deſpoyling that dead Knight
Of all thoſe goodly ornaments of praiſe,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the faire ſight
Of the bright metall, ſhining like Sunne rayes;
Handling and turning them a thouſand wayes.
And after, hafting them vpon him dight,
He tooke that Lady, and her vp did raiſe
Vpon the ſteed of her owne late dead Knight:
So with her marched forth, as ſhe did him behight.

40

There, to their fortune, leaue we them awhile,
And turne we backe to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who, ere he thence had trauail'd many a mile,
Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,
This Knight, whom *Triſtram* ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another Knight in his deſpiteous pride;
There he that Knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wide,
That all his garments, and the graſſe in vermeil dide.

41

And there beſide him, ſate vpon the ground
His wofull Lady, pittiouſly complayning
With loud laments that moſt vnluckie ſtound,
And her ſad ſelfe with carefull hand conſtrayning
To wipe his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſory ſight when *Calidore* did view
With heauy eyne, from teares vneath refrayning,
His mighty hart their mournefull caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42

Then ſpeaking to the Lady, thus he ſaid:
Ye dolefull Dame, let not your griefe empeach
To tell, what cruell hand hath thus arraid
This Knight vnarm'd, with ſo vnknighdly breach
Of armes, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may auenge him of ſo foule deſpight.
The Lady, hearing his ſo courteous ſpeach,
Gan reare hir eyes as to the chearefull light,
And from her ſory hart few heauy words forth figh't.

43

In which ſhe ſhew'd, how that diſcourteous Knight
(Whom *Triſtram* ſlew) them in that ſhadow found,
Ioyning together in vnblam'd delight,
And him vnarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpeare, and mortally did wound
Withouten cauſe, but onely her to reaue
From him, to whom ſhe was for euer bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that couert greaue,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leaue.

44

When *Calidore* this ruefull ſtorie had
Well vnderſtood, he gan of her demaund,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could vnderſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden armes, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Lady on rough waues, row'd in a ſommer barge.

45

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to gheſſe ſtraightway,
By many ſignes which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he, whom *Triſtram* earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid; Dame be no longer ſad:
For, he that hath your Knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now himſelfe in much more wretched plight;
Theſe eyes him ſaw vpon the cold earth ſprad,
The meed of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelfe he wrought, & to your loued Knight.

46

Therefore, faire Lady, lay aſide this griefe,
Which ye haue gathered to your gentle hart
For that diſpleaſure; and thinke what reliefe
Were beſt deuiſe for this your Louers ſmart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Conuay to be recur'd. She thankt him deare,
Both for that newes he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did beare
Both to her Loue, and to her ſelfe in that ſad dreare.

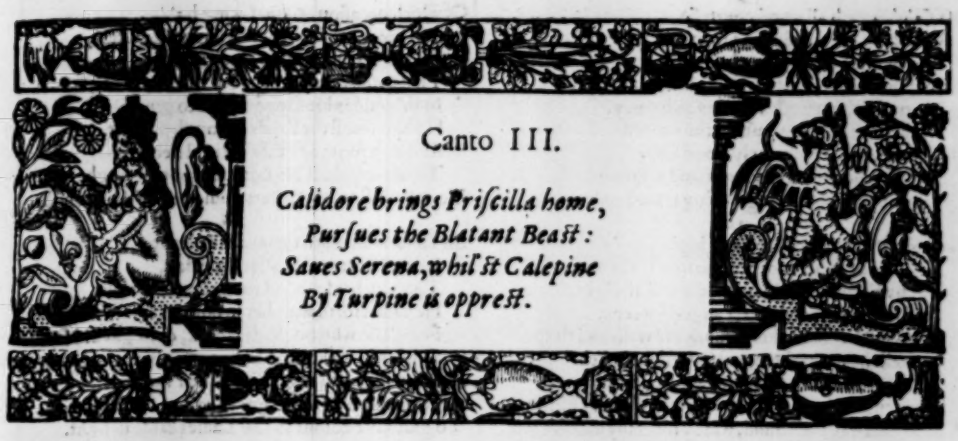
47

Yet could ſhe not deuiſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might conuay him to ſome place.
For, him to trouble ſhe it thought vnfit,
That was a ſtranger to her wretched caſe;
And him to beare, ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
Which when as he perceiu'd, he thus beſpake;
Faire Lady, let it not you ſeeme diſgrace,
To beare this burden on your dainty backe;
My ſelfe will beare a part, coportion of your packe.

48

So, off he did his ſhield, and downeward layd
Vpon the ground, like to an hollow beare;
And pouring balme, which he had long puruaid,
Into his wounds, him vp thereon did reare,
And twixt them both with parted paines did beare,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was donne.
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle neare,
In which a worthy auncient Knight did wonne:
Where what enſu'd, ſhall in next Canto be begonne.

Canto



Canto III.

Calidore brings Priſcilla home,
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt:
Saues Serena, whil'ſt Calepine
By Turpine is oppreſt.

1

TRue is, that whilome that good Poet ſaid,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is knowne.
For, a man by nothing is ſo well bewrayd,
As by his manners; in which plaine is ſhowne
Of what degree and what race he is growne.
For, ſeldome ſeene, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper owne:
So ſeldome ſeene, that one in baſeneſſe ſet
Doth noble courage ſhew, with courteous manners met.

2

But euermore contrary hath been tryde,
That gentle bloud will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* deſcride,
By late enſample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his backe he bore, till he him brought
Vnto the Caſtle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Caſtle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

3

He was to weet a man of full ripe yeares,
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And borne great ſway in armes amongſt his peares:
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.
Yet was he courteous ſtill to euery wight,
And loued all that did to armes incline,
And was the father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his ſonne's *Aladine*.

4

Who when he ſawe his ſonne ſo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home vpon a Beare,
By a faire Lady, and a ſtranger Knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion deare,
And deare affection of ſo doolefull dreare,
That he theſe words burſt forth; Ah ſory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary heare
Thou brings? aye me! is this the timely ioy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to ſad annoy?

5

Such is the weakeneſſe of all mortall hope;
So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come vnto their aymed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our fraile reckonings,
And bring vs bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace;
This is the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieue at any his vnlucky caſe.

6

So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his griefe, and turned it to cheare,
To cheare his gueſts, whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appeare:
That to Sir *Calidore* was eaſie geare;
But that faire Lady would be cheard for nought,
But ſigh't and ſorrow'd for her louer deare,
And inly did afflict her penſiue thought, (brought.
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be

7

For, ſhe was daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who ſought her to affie
To a great Peere: but ſhe did diſaccord,
Ne could her liking to his loue apply,
But lov'd this freſh young Knight, who dwelt her nie,
The luſty *Aladine* though meaner borne,
And of leſſe liuelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorne
His meaneneſs much, & make her th'others riches ſcorne.

8

So hauing both found fit occaſion,
They met together in that luckleſſe glade;
Where that proud Knight in his preſumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earſt inuade,
Being vnarm'd, and ſet in ſecret ſhade.
Whereof ſhe now bethinking, gan t'aduize,
How great a hazard ſhe at earſt had made
Of her good fame; and further gan deuize,
How ſhe the blame might ſalue with coloured diſguize.

9

But *Calidore* with all good courteſie
Fain'd her to frolicke, and to put away
The penſiue fit of her melancholy;
And that old Knight by all meanes did aſſay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the euening paſt, till time of reſt;
Then *Calidore* in ſeemely good array
Vnto his bowre was brought, and there vndreſt,
Did ſleepe all night through weary trauell of his queſt.

10

But faire *Priſcilla* (ſo that Lady hight)
Would not to bed, nor take no kindly ſleepe,
But by her wounded Loue did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguiſh weepe,
And with her teares his wounds did waſh and ſteepe.
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe watcht him,
That of the deadly ſwoun, in which full deepe
He drenched was, ſhe at the length diſpatcht him,
And droue away the ſtound, which mortally attach't him.

11

The morrow next when day gan to vp-look,
He alſo gan vp-look with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dreame awooke:
Where when he ſaw his faire *Priſcilla* by,
He deeply ſigh't, and groaned inwardly,
To thinke of this ill ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood,
To which ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelfe, and blam'd her noble bloud:
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

12

Which ſhe perceiuing, did with plentious teares
His care more then her owne compaſſionate,
Forgetfull of her owne, to minde his feares:
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each others griefe with zeale affectionate,
And twixt them twaine with equall care to caſt,
How to ſalue whole her hazarded eſtate;
For which the onely helpe now left them laſt
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helps were paſt.

13

Him they did deeme, as ſure to them he ſeemed,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithfull truſt:
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteemed
Whole to commit, and to his dealing iuſt.
Earely, ſo ſoone as *Titans* beams forth burſt
Through the thicke clouds, in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkneſſe, duld with iron ruſt,
Calidore riſing vp as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſſe vnto his former way.

14

But firſt him ſeemed fit, that wounded Knight
To viſite, after this nights perillous paſſe,
And to ſalute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his faire louely Laſſe.
There he him found much better then he was,
And moued ſpeech to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his paine to ouer-paſſe:
Mongſt which he namely did to him diſcourſe,
Of former dayes miſhap, his ſorrowes wicked ſourſe.

15

Of which occaſion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan breake to him the fortunes of his Loue,
And all his diſaduentures to vnfold;
That *Calidore* it dearely deep did moue.
In th' end his kindly courteſie to proue,
He him by all the bands of loue beſought,
And as it mote a faithfull friend behoue,
To ſafe-conduct his Loue, and not for ought
To leaue, till to her fathers houſe he had her brought.

16

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
It to performe: ſo, after little ſtay,
That ſhe her ſelfe had to the iourney dight,
He paſſed forth with her in faire array,
Feareleſſe, who ought did think, or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt cleare from wite.
So as they paſt together on their way,
He gan deuize this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To giue faire colour to that Ladies cauſe in ſight.

17

Streight to the carcaſſe of that Knight he went,
The cauſe of all this euill, who was ſlaine
The day before by iuſt auengement
Of noble *Triſtram*, where it did remaine:
There he the necke thereof did cut in twaine,
And tooke with him the head, the ſigne of ſhame.
So forth he paſſed thorough that dayes paine,
Till to that Ladies fathers houſe he came,
Moſt penſiue man, throgh fear, what of his child became.

18

There he arriuing boldly, did preſent
The fearfull Lady to her father deare,
Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſſe innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knighthood ſweare,
Since firſt he ſawe her, and did free from feare
Of a diſcourteous Knight, who had her reft,
And by outrageous force away did beare:
Witneſſe thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorne for vengement of his theft.

19

Moſt ioyfull man her Sire was her to ſee,
And heare th' aduenture of her late miſchance;
And thouſand thankes to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large paines in her deliuerance
Did yeeld; Ne leſſe the Lady did aduance.
Thus hauing her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuance
He there did make, and then moſt carefully
Vnto his firſt exploit he did himſelfe apply.

20

So as he was purſuing of his queſt,
He chaunc't to come whereas a iolly knight,
In couert ſhade himſelfe did ſafely reſt,
To ſolace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike armes he had from him vndight;
For that himſelfe he thought from danger free,
And far from enuious eyes that mote him ſpight,
And eke the Lady was full faire to ſee,
And courteous withall, becomming her degree.

To

21

To whom Sir *Calidore* approaching nie,
Ere they were well aware of liuing wight,
Them much abaſht, but more himſelfe thereby,
That he ſo rudely did vpon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loues delight.
Yet ſince it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himſelfe thereof he laboured to acquite,
And pardon crau'd for his ſo raſh default,
That he gainſt courteſie ſo fowly did default.

22

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
He ſoon allayd that Knights conceiu'd diſpleaſure,
That he beſought him downe by him to ſit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leaſure;
And of aduentures, which had in his meaſure
Of ſo long wayes to him befallen late.
So downe he ſate, and with delightfull pleaſure
His long aduentures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23

Of which whil'ſt they diſcourſed both together,
The faire *Serena* (ſo his Lady hight)
Allur'd with mildneſſe of the gentle weather,
And pleaſance of the place, the which was dight
With diuers flowres diſtinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wauering luſt after her wandring ſight,
To make a garland to adorne her head,
Without ſuſpect of ill or danger hidden dread.

24

All ſodainly out of the forreſt neere
The *Blatant Beaſt*, forth ruſhing vnaware,
Caught her thus looſely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying aloud, to ſhew her ſad misfare
Vnto the Knights, and calling oft for ayde;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſſe care
Haſtily ſtarting vp, like men diſmaide,
Ran after faſt, to reſcue the diſtreſſed mayde.

25

The Beaſt, with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to haue ſpoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foot and ſwift in chace,
Him ouer-tooke in middeſt of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forc't to forgoe his prey there in the place,
And to betake himſelfe to fearefull flight;
For, he durſt not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

26

Who natheleſſe, when he the Lady ſawe
There left on ground, though in full euill plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now neere did draw,
Staide not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the Monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hils he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he n'ould let him breath nor gather ſpright,
But forc't him gape and gaſpe, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh aſunder braſt.

27

And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (ſo hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore bloud there tumbled on the ground,
Hauing both ſides through grip't with grieſly wound.
His weapons ſoone from him he threw away;
And ſtouping downe to her in drery ſwound,
Vprear'd her from the ground, whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender armes her forced vp to ſtay.

28

So well he did his buſie paines apply,
That the faint ſprite he did reuoke againe,
To her fraile manſion of mortality.
Then vp he tooke her twixt his armes twaine,
And ſetting on his ſteed, her did ſuſtaine
With carefull hands ſofting foot her beſide,
Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attaine,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſurance mote abide,
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

29

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery waine
Vnto his Inne began to drawe apace;
Tho, wexing weary of that toyleſome paine,
In trauelling on foot ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foot with heauy armes to trace,
Downe in a dale forby a riuers ſide,
He chaunc't to ſpy a faire and ſtately Place,
To which he meant his weary ſteps to guide,
In hope there for his Loue ſome ſuccour to p[illegible]ide.

30

But comming to the riuers ſide, he found
That hardly paſſable on foot it was:
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote paſs.
Thus whil'ſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deuiſing what to do, he nigh eſpide
An armed Knight approaching to the place,
With a faire Lady linked by his ſide,
The w[ch] themſelues prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

31

Whom *Calepine* ſaluting (as became)
Beſought of courteſie in that his need
(For ſafe conducting of his ſickly Dame,
Through that ſame perillous foord with better heed)
To take him vp behinde vpon his ſteed:
To whom that other did this taunt returne;
Perdy, thou peaſant Knight mightſt rightly reed
Me then to be full baſe and euill borne,
If I would beare behinde a burden of ſuch ſcorne.

32

But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorne with ſhame,
So fare on foote till thou another gaine,
And let thy Lady likewiſe do the ſame,
Or beare her on thy backe with pleaſing paine,
And proue thy manhood on the billowes vaine.
With which rude ſpeech his Lady much diſpleaſed,
Did him reproue, yet could him not reſtraine,
And would on her owne Palfrey him haue eaſed,
For pitty of his Dame, whom ſhe ſawe ſo diſeaſed.

Sir

33
Sir *Calepine* her thankt; yet,inly wroth
Againſt her Knight,her gentleneſſe refuſed,
And careleſly into the riuer goth,
As in deſpight to be ſo foule abuſed
Of a rude churle,whom often he accuſed
Of foule diſcourteſie,vnfit for Knight;
And ſtrongly wading through the waues vnuſed,
With Speare in th' one hand,ſtayd himſelfe vpright,
With th' other ſtayd his Lady vp with ſteddy might.

34
And all the while,that ſame diſcourteous Knight
Stood on the further banke beholding him.
At whoſe calamity,for more deſpight,
He laught,and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And ſawe his carriage paſt that perill well,
Looking at that ſame Carle with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did breake in ſpeeches ſharpe and fell.

35
Vnknightly Knight,the blemiſh of that name,
And blot of all that armes vpon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee,and here challenge make,
That thou for euer do thoſe armes forſake;
And be for euer held a recreant knight,
Vnleſſe thou dare for thy deare Ladies ſake,
And for thine owne defence on foot alight,
To iuſtifie by fault gainſt me in equall fight.

36
The daſtard,that did heare himſelfe defide,
Seem'd not to waigh his threatful words at all,
But laught them out,as if his greater pride
Did ſcorne the challenge of ſo baſe a thrall:
Or had no courage,or elſe had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no reuenge he forth could call,
But both his challenge and himſelfe contemned,
Ne cared as a coward ſo to be condemned.

37
But he,nought weighing what he ſaid or did,
Turned his ſteed about another way,
And with his Lady to the Caſtle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other ſtay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his ſicke charge ſome harbour there to ſeeke;
Where he arriuing with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate,and there with prayers meeke,
And milde entreaty,lodging did for her beſeeke.

38
But the rude Porter,that no manners had,
Did ſhut the gate againſt him in his face,
And entrance boldly vnto him forbad.
Natheleſſe the Knight,now in ſo needy caſe,
Gan him entreat euen with ſubmiſſion baſe,
And humbly prayd to let them in that night:
Who to him anſwer'd,that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Vnleſſe that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

39
Full loth am I,quoth he,as now at earſt,
When day is ſpent, and reſt vs needeth moſt,
And that this Lady,both whoſe ſides are pearc't
With wounds,is ready to forgoe the ghoſt:
Ne would I gladly combate with mine hoſt,
That ſhould to me ſuch courteſie afford,
Vnleſſe that I were thereunto enforc't.
But yet aread to me,how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus ſtrongly ward the Caſtle of the ford.

40
His name,quoth he,if that thou liſt to learne,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*,one of mickle might,
And manhood rare,but terrible and ſterne
In all aſſayes to euery errant Knight,
Becauſe of one,that wrought him fowle deſpight.
Ill ſeemes,ſaid he,if he ſo valiant be,
That he ſhould be ſo ſterne to ſtranger wight:
For,ſeldome yet did liuing creature ſee,
That curteſie and manhood euer diſagree.

41
But goe thy wayes to him,and fro me ſay,
That here is at the gate an errant Knight,
That houſe-roome craues,yet would be loth t' aſſay
The proofe of battell,now in doubtfull night,
Or courteſie with rudeneſſe to requite:
Yet if he needs will fight,craue leaue till morne,
And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languiſheth forlorne,
That pitty craues,as he of woman was yborne.

42
The groome went ſtreightway in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the meſſage,which that Knight did moue;
Who,ſitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not onely did not his demand approue,
But both himſelfe reuil'd,and eke his Loue;
Albe his Lady,that *Blandina* hight,
Him of vngentle vſage did reproue
And earneſtly entreated that they might
Finde fauour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

43
Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame.
Which anſwer when the groome,returning,brought
To *Calepine*,his heart did inly flame
With wrathfull fury for ſo foule a ſhame,
That he could not thereof auenged bee:
But moſt for pitty of his deareſt Dame,
Whom now in deadly danger he did ſee;
Yet had no meanes to comfort,nor procure her glee.

44
But all in vaine; for why,no remedy
He ſawe,the preſent miſchiefe to redreſſe,
But th'vtmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addreſſe.
So downe he tooke his Lady in diſtreſſe,
And layd her vnderneath a buſh to ſleepe,
Couer'd with cold,and wrapt in wretchedneſſe,
Whiles he himſelfe all night did nought but weep,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keepe.

The

45
The morrow next, ſo ſoone as ioyous day
Did ſhew it ſelfe in ſunny beames bedight,
Serena full of dolorous dismay,
Twixt darkneſſe drad, and hope of liuing light,
Vprear'd her head to ſee that cheerfull ſight.
Then *Calepine*, how-euer inly wroth,
And greedy to auenge that vile deſpight;
Yet for the feeble Ladies ſake, full loth
To make there lenger ſtay, forth on his iourney goth.

46
He goth on foote all armed by her ſide,
Vpſtaying ſtill her ſelfe vpon her ſteed,
Being vnable elſe alone to ride;
So ſore her ſides, ſo much her wounds did bleed:
Till that at length, in his extreameſt need,
He chaunc't far off an armed Knight to ſpie,
Purſuing him apace with greedy ſpeed;
Whom well he wiſt to be ſome enemy,
That meant to make aduantage of his miſery.

47
Wherefore he ſtayd, till that he neerer drew,
To weet what iſſue would thereof betide.
Tho, when as he approched nigh in view,
By certaine ſignes he plainely him deſcride
To be the man, that with ſuch ſcornefull pride
Had him abuſde, and ſhamed yeſterday.
Therefore miſdoubting, leaſt he ſhould miſ-guide
His former malice to ſome new aſſay,
He caſt to keepe him ſelfe ſo ſafely as he may.

48
By this, the other came in place likewiſe;
And couching cloſe his ſpeare and all his powre,
As bent to ſome malicious enterpriſe,
He bad him ſtand, t' abide the bitter ſtoure
Of his ſore vengeance, or to make auoure
Of the lewd words and deeds, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would deuoure
His life attonce; who nought could do, but ſhun
The perill of his pride, or elſe be ouer-run.

49
Yet he him ſtill purſewd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill;
And like a wilde goate round about did chaſe,
Flying the fury of his bloudy will.
But his beſt ſuccour and refuge was ſtill
Behinde his Ladies backe; who to him cride,
And called oft with prayers loud and ſhrill,
As euer he to Lady was affide,
To ſpare her Knight, and reſt with reaſon pacifide.

50
But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felneſſe him purſew'd:
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Hauing by chance a cloſe aduantage vew'd,
He ouer-raught him, hauing long eſchew'd
His violence in vaine; and with his ſpeare
Strook through his ſhoulder, that the bloud enſew'd
In great aboundance, as a Well it were,
That forth out of an hill freſh guſhing did appeare.

51
Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruell wound,
But chac't him ſtill, for all his Ladies crie;
Not ſatisfide till on the fatall ground
He ſaw his life pourd forth deſpiteouſly:
The which was certes in great ieopardie,
Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,
And ſaued from his cruell villany.
Such chances oft exceed all humane thought:
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

Canto IIII.

Calepine by a ſaluage man
From ſ urpine reskewed is;
And whil'ſt an Infant from a Beare
He ſaues, his Loue doth miſſe.

1
Like as a ſhip with dreadfull ſtorme long toſt,
Hauing ſpent all her maſtes and her ground-hold,
Now farre from harbour likely to be loſt,
At laſt ſome fiſher barke doth neere behold,
That giueth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous Knight,
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remayned in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad Lady left in pittifull affright;

2

Till that by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſaluage man, which in thoſe woods did wonne,
Drawne with that Ladies loud and pitious ſhright,
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did ronne,
To vnderſtand what there was to be donne.
There he this moſt diſcourteous crauen found,
As fiercely yet, as when he firſt begonne,
Chaſing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grieuous wound.

3

The ſaluage man, that neuer till this houre
Did taſte of pitty, neyther gentleſſe knew,
Seeing his ſharpe aſſault and cruell ſtoure
Was much emmoued at his perils view;
That euen his ruder heart began to rew,
And feele compaſſion of his euill plight,
Againſt his foe, that did him ſo purſew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him auenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

4

Yet armes or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the vſe of warlike inſtruments,
Saue ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite;
But naked without needfull veſtiments,
To clad his corpſe with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of ſword nor ſpeare,
No more then for the ſtrokes of ſtrawes or bents:
For, from his mothers wombe, which him did beare,
He was invulnerable made by Magicke leare.

5

He ſtayd not to aduize, which way vvere beſt
His foe t'aſſaile, or how himſelfe to gard;
But with fierce fury and with force infeſt
Vpon him ran: who, being well prepar'd:
His firſt aſſault full warily did ward,
And with the puſh of his ſharpe pointed ſpeare
Full on the breaſt him ſtrook, ſo ſtrong and hard,
That forc't him backe recoyle, and reele areare;
Yet in his body made no wound nor bloud appeare.

6

With that, the wilde man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath miſt his pray,
And with mad mood againe vpon him flew,
Regarding neyther ſpeare that mote him ſlay,
Nor his fierce ſteed, that mote him much diſmay.
The ſaluage nation doth all dread deſpiſe:
Tho on his ſhield he griple hold did lay,
And held the ſame ſo hard, that by no wiſe
He could him force to looſe, or leaue his enterpriſe.

7

Long did he wreſt and wring it to and fro,
And euery way did try, but all in vaine:
For he would not his greedy gripe for-goe,
But hal'd and pull'd with all his might and maine,
That from his ſteed him nigh he drew againe.
Who hauing now no vſe of his long ſpeare,
So nigh at hand, nor force his ſhield to ſtraine,
Both ſpeare and ſhield, as things that needleſſe were,
He quite forſooke, and fled himſelfe away for feare.

8

But after him the wilde man ran apace,
And him purſewed with importune ſpeed:
(For, he was ſwift as any Bucke in chace)
And had he not in his extreameſt need,
Beene helped through the ſwiftneſſe of his ſteed,
He had him ouertaken in his flight.
Who, euer as he ſawe him nigh ſucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And ſhrieked out; a thing vncomely for a Knight.

9

But when the Saluage ſaw his labour vaine,
In following of him that fled ſo faſt,
He weary woxe, and back return'd againe
With ſpeed vnto the place, where as he laſt
Had left that couple, neere their vtmoſt caſt.
There he that Knight full ſorely bleeding found,
And eke the Lady fearefully aghaſt,
Both for the peril of the preſent ſtound,
And alſo for the ſharpeneſſe of her rankling wound.

10

For, though ſhe were full glad, ſo rid to bee
From that vile lozell, which her late offended;
Yet now no leſſe encombrace ſhe did ſee,
And perill by this ſaluage man pretended;
Gainſt whom ſhe ſaw no meanes to be defended,
By reaſon that her Knight was wounded ſore.
Therefore her ſelfe ſhe wholly recommended
To Gods ſole grace, whom ſhe did oft implore,
To ſend her ſuccour, being of all hope forlore.

11

But the wild man, contrary to her feare,
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appeare
His deepe compaſſion of her dolefull ſtound,
Kiſſing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For, other language had he none nor ſpeech,
But a ſoft murmure, and confuſed ſound
Of ſenſeleſſe words, which Nature did him teach,
T'expreſſe his paſſions, which his reaſon did empeach.

12

And comming likewiſe to the wounded Knight,
When he beheld the ſtreames of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh; as moued with the ſight,
He made great mone, after his ſaluage mood:
And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certaine herbe from thence vnto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by vſe well vnderſtood:
The iuice whereof into his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtanched thoght.

13

Then taking vp that Reereants ſhield and ſpeare,
Which earſt he left, he ſignes vnto them made,
With him to wend vnto his wonning neare:
To which he eaſily did them perſwade.
Farre in the forreſt by a hollow glade,
Couered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding broad
Did vnderneath them make a gloomy ſhade;
Where foot of liuing creature neuer troad, (bode.
Ne ſcarſe wild beaſts durſt come, there was this wights a-

Thither

14

Thither he brought these vnacquainted guests;
To whom faire semblance as he could, he shewed
By signes, by lookes and all his other gests.
But the bare ground, with hoary mosse bestrowed,
Must be their bed, their pillow was vnsowed,
And the fruits of the forrest was their feast:
For, their bad Stuard neyther plough'd nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne euer of wilde beast
Did taste the bloud, obeying Natures hest beheast.

15

Yet howsoeuer base and meane it were,
They tooke it well, and thanked God for all;
Which had them fre'ed from that deadly feare,
And sau'd from being to that cattive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themselues awhile to rest,
Glad of that easement, though it were but small;
That hauing there their wounds awhile redrest,
They mote the abler be to passe vnto the rest.

16

During which time, that wilde man did apply
His best endeuour, and his daily paine,
In seeking all the woods both farre and nye
For herbs to dresse their wounds; still seeming faine,
When ought he did, that did their liking gaine.
So as ere long he had that Knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole againe:
But that same Ladies hurt no herbe he found,
Which could redresse, for it was inwardly vnsound.

17

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen strong,
Vpon a day he cast abroad to wend,
To take the ayre, and heare the thrushes song,
Vnarm'd, as fearing neyther foe nor friend,
And without sword his person to defend.
There him befell, vnlooked for before,
An hard aduenture with vnhappy end,
A cruell Beare, the which an infant bore
Betwixt his blooody iawes, besprinkled all with gore.

18

The little babe did loudly scricke and squall,
And all the woods with pittious plaints did fill,
As if his crie did meane for helpe to call
To *Calepine*, whose eares those shrieches shrill
Pearcing his heart with pines point did thrill;
That after him, he ran with zealous haste,
To rescue th'infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he saw now somewhat ouer-past,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and pursewed fast.

19

Well then him chaunc't his heauy armes to want,
Whose burden mote impeach his needfull speed,
And hinder him from libertie to pant:
For, hauing long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to weare, and wend on foot for need;
Now wanting them he felt himselfe so light,
That like an Hauke, which feeling her selfe freed
From bels and iesses, which did let her flight,
Him seem'd his feet did fly, and in their speed delight.

20

So well he sped him, that the weary Beare
Ere long he ouer-tooke, and forc't to stay;
And without weapon him assayling neare,
Compeld him soone the spoyle adowne to lay.
Wherewith the beast enrag'd to lose his prey,
Vpon him turned, and with greedy force
And fury, to be crossed in his way,
Gaping full wide, did thinke without remorse
To be aueng'd on him, and to deuoure his corse.

21

But the bold Knight no whit thereat dismayd:
But catching vp in hand a ragged stone,
Which lay thereby (so fortune him did ayde)
Vpon him ran, and thrust it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaspe for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being vnable to digest that bone;
Ne could it vpward come, nor downeward pass:
Ne could he brook the coldnesse of the stony mass.

22

Whom when as he thus cumbred did behold,
Striuing in vaine that nigh his bowels brast,
He with him clos'd: and laying mighty hold,
Vpon his throte, did gripe his gorge so fast,
That wanting breath, him downe to ground he cast;
And then oppressing him with vrgent paine,
Ere long enforc't to breath his vtmost blast,
Gnashing his cruell teeth at him in vaine, (straine.
And threatning his sharpe clawes, now wanting powre to

23

Then tooke he vp betwixt his armes twaine
The little babe, sweet reliques of his pray;
Whom pitying to heare so sore complaine,
From his soft eyes the teares he wyp't away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray:
And euery little limbe he searcht around,
And euery part, that vnder sweath-bands lay,
Least that the beasts sharpe teeth had any wound
Made in his tender flesh; but whole them all he found.

24

So hauing all his bands againe vp-tyde,
He with him thought backe to returne againe:
But when he look't about on euery side,
To weet which way were best to entertaine,
To bring him to the place where he would faine,
He could no path nor tract of foot descry,
Ne by inquiry learne, nor ghesse by ayme.
For nought but woods and forrests farre and nye,
That all about did close the compasse of his eye.

25

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now West he went awhile,
Then North; then neyther, but as fortune fell.
So vp and downe he wandred many a mile,
With weary trauell and vncertaine toyle,
Yet nought the nearer to his iourneyes end;
And euermore his louely little spoyle
Crying for food did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainely he did spend.

26

At laſt, about the ſetting of the Sunne,
Himſelfe out of the foreſt he did winde,
And by good fortune the plaine Champain wonne:
Where looking all about, where he mote find
Some place of ſuccour to content his mind,
At length he heard vnder the forreſts ſide
A voyce, that ſeemed of ſome woman-kinde,
Which to her ſelfe lamenting loudly cride,
And oft complain'd of Fate, and Fortune oft defide.

27

To whom approching, when as ſhe perceiued
A ſtranger wight in place, her plaint ſhe ſtayd,
As if ſhe doubted to haue been deceiued,
Or loth to let her ſorrowes be bewrayed.
Whom when as *Calepine* ſaw ſo diſmayd,
He to her drew, and with faire blandiſhment
Her chearing vp, thus gently to her ſaid;
What be you wofull Dame, which thus lament?
And for what cauſe declare, ſo mote ye not repent.

28

To whom ſhe thus; What need me Sir to tell
That which your ſelfe haue earſt ared ſo right?
A wofull Dame ye haue me tearmed well;
So much more wofull, as my wofull plight
Cannot redreſſed be by liuing wight.
Nath'leſſe, quoth he, if need do not you bind,
Doe it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieued ſpright:
Oft-times it haps, that ſorrowes of the mind
Find remedy vnſought, which ſeeking cannot find.

29

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
Sith then ye needs will knowe the griefe I hoord,
I am th'vnfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The wife of bold Sir *Bruin*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
From a great Giant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did ouerthrowe by yonder foord,
And in three battailes did ſo deadly daunt,
That he dare not returne for all his daily vaunt.

30

So is my Lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
And in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to thoſe happy fortunes, cruell Fate
Hath ioyn'd one euill, which doth ouer-throwe
All theſe our ioyes, and all our bliſſe abate;
And like in time to further ill to growe,
And all this land with endleſſe loſſe to ouer-flowe.

31

For, th' heauens, enuying our proſperity,
Haue not vouchſaft to grant vnto vs twaine
The gladfull bleſſing of poſterity,
Which we might ſee after our ſelues remaine
In th' heritage of our vnhappy paine:
So that for want of heires it to defend,
All is in time like to returne againe
To that foule feend, who daily doth attend
To leape into the ſame after our liues end.

32

But moſt my Lord is grieued herewithall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does thinke
That all this land vnto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vaine did ſweat and ſwinke,
That now the ſame he greatly doth for-thinke.
Yet was it ſaid, there ſhould to him a ſonne
Be gotten, not begotten, which ſhould drinke
And drie vp all the water, which doth ronne
In the next brook, by whom that feend ſhould be fordon.

33

Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſide ſome noble childe ſhould riſe,
The which, through fame ſhould farre be magnifide,
And this proud Giant ſhould with braue empriſe
Quite ouerthrowe, who now ginnes to deſpiſe
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing farre in yeares;
Who thinkes from me his ſorrow all doth riſe.
Lo, this my cauſe of griefe to you appeares;
For which I thus do mourn, & poure forth ceaſeleſſe tears.

34

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her vnworthy griefe:
And when he had deuized of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceiue a fit reliefe
For all her paine, if pleaſe her make the prieſe.
And hauing cheared her, thus ſaid; Faire Dame,
In euils, counſell is the comfort chiefe:
Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
Yet as I well it meane, vouchſafe it without blame.

35

If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
Be lacke of children, to ſupply your place;
Lo, how good fortune doth to you preſent
This little babe, of ſweet and louely face,
And ſpotleſſe ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
What-euer formes ye liſt thereto apply,
Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him traine in cheualry,
Or nourſle vp in lore of learn'd Philoſophy.

36

And certes it hath often-times been ſeene,
That of the like whoſe lineage was vnknowne,
More braue and noble Knights haue raiſed beene
(As their victorious deeds haue often ſhowen,
Being with fame through many Nations blowen)
Then thoſe, which haue been dandled in the lap.
Therefore ſome thought, that thoſe braue imps were
Here by the gods, and fed with heauenly ſap, (ſowen
That made them grow ſo high t'all honorable hap.

37

The Lady, hearkning to his ſenſefull ſpeech,
Found nothing that he ſaid, vnmeet nor geaſon,
Hauing oft ſeene it tride, as he did teach.
Therefore inclining to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her owne by liuery and ſeiſin;
And hauing ouer it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and euer as her owne it kept.

Right

38

Right glad was *Calepine* to be so rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne she lesse glad; for, she so wisely did,
And with her husband vnder hand so wrought,
That when that infant vnto him she brought,
She made him thinke it surely was his owne,
And it in goodly thewes so well vp-brought,
That it became a famous Knight well knowne,
And did right noble deeds, the which elsewhere are shown.

39

But *Calepine*, now beeing lett alone
Vnder the green-woods side in sorry plight,
VVithouten armes or steed to ride vpon,
Or house to hide his head from heauens spight,
Albe that Dame (by all the meanes she might)
Him oft desired home with her to wend;
And offred him (his courtesie to requite)
Both horse and armes, and what-so else to lend;
Yet he them all refus'd, though thankt her as a friend.

40

And for exceeding griefe which inly grew,
That he his Loue so luckelesse now had lost,
On the cold ground, maugre himselfe he threw,
For fell despight, to be so sorely crost;
And there all night himselfe in anguish tost;
Vowing, that neuer he in bed againe
His limbes would rest, ne lig in ease embost,
Till that his Ladies sight he mote attaine,
Or vnderstand, that she in safety did remaine.

Canto V.

The Saluage serues Matilda well,
till she Prince Arthur find;
Who her together with his Squire
with th' Hermit leaues behind.

1

What an easie thing is to descrie
The gentle bloud, how-euer it be wrapt
In sad misfortunes foule deformity, (hapt?
And wretched sorrowes, which haue often
For, howsoeuer it may growe mis-shap't
(Like this wyld man, beeing vndisciplyn'd)
That to all vertue it may seeme vnapt,
Yet will it shewe some sparks of gentle mind,
And at the last breake forth in his owne proper kind.

2

That plainly may in this wyld man be red,
Who though he were still in this desert wood,
Mongst saluage beasts, both rudely borne and bred,
Ne euer sawe faire guize, ne learned good,
Yet shew'd some token of his gentle blood,
By gentle vsage of that wretched Dame.
For, certes he was borne of noble blood,
How-euer by hard hap he hither came:
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

3

VVho, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that farre was strayd,
Did wexe exceeding sorrowfull and sad,
As he of some misfortune were afrayd:
And leauing there this Lady all dismayd,
Went forth straight-way into the forrest wide,
To seeke, if he perchance asleepe were layd,
Or what-so else were vnto him betide:
He sought him far & neere, yet him no where he spyde.

4

Tho, back returning to that sory Dame,
He shewed semblant of exceeding mone,
By speaking signes, as he them best could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head vpon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.
By which she well perceiuing what was done,
Gan teare her hayre, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breast, and pitiously her selfe torment.

5

Vpon the ground her selfe she fiercely threw,
Regardlesse of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their bloud did all the floore imbrew,
As if her breast, new launc't with murdrous knife,
Would straight dislodge the wretched wearie life.
There she long grouelling, and deep groning lay,
As if her vitall powers were at strife
With stronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous assay.

6

Whom when the Saluage ſaw ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her vp from the bloudy ground,
And ſought by all the meanes that he could beſt
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet n'ould ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Ne ceaſe her ſorrowe and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vexe her carefull thought,
And euer more and more her owne affliction wrought.

7

At length, when as no hope of his returne
She ſawe now left, ſhe caſt to leaue the place,
And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorne,
To ſeeke ſome comfort in that ſory caſe.
His ſteed, now ſtrong through reſt ſo long a ſpace,
Well as ſhe could, ſhe got, and did bedight:
And beeing thereon mounted, forth did paſe,
VVithouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppreſſors might.

8

VVhom when her Hoſt ſaw ready to depart,
He would not ſuffer her alone to fare,
But gan himſelfe addreſſe to take her part.
Thoſe warlike armes, which *Calepine* whyleare
Had left behind, he gan eftſoones prepare,
And put them all about him ſelfe vnfit,
His ſhield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without ſword vpon his thigh to ſit:
Sir *Calepine* himſelfe away had hidden it.

9

So forth they traueld, an vneuen payre,
That mote to all men ſeem an vncouth ſight;
A ſaluage man matcht with a Lady fayre,
That rather ſeem'd the conqueſt of his might,
Gotten by ſpoile, then purchaſed aright.
But he did her attend moſt carefully,
And faithfully did ſerue both day and night,
VVithouten thought of ſhame or villeny,
Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of foule diſloyaltie.

10

Vpon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunc't ſome furniture about her ſteed
To be diſordered by ſome accident:
Which to redreſſe, ſhe did th'aſſiſtance need
Of this her groome: which he by ſignes did reed;
And ſtraight his combrous armes aſide did lay
Vpon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to aſſay
T'amend what was amiſſe, and put in right array.

11

Bout which whil'ſt he was buſied thus hard,
Lo, where a knight together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
VVhich ſeemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant knights, that did enquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Thoſe were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By ſtrange occaſion, that heere needs forth be ſet.

12

After that *Timias* had againe recured
The fauour of *Belphœbé*, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did ſtand againe aſſured,
To happy bliſſe he was full high vprear'd,
Neither of envy, nor of change afeard,
Though many foes did him maligne therefore,
And with vniuſt detraction him did beard;
Yet he himſelfe ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoueraine liking he dwelt euermore.

13

But of them all which did his ruine ſeeke,
Three mightie en'mies did him moſt deſpight;
Three mighty ones, and cruell minded eeke,
That him not onely ſought by open might
To ouerthrowe, but to ſupplant by ſlight.
The firſt of them by name was cald *Deſpetto*,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong, but wiſe, *Decetto*;
The third, nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt *Defetto*.

14

Oft-times their ſundry powers they did employ,
And ſeuerall deceits, but all in vaine:
For, neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſons ſubtill traine.
Therefore conſpiring all together plaine,
They did their counſells now in one compound;
Where ſingled forces faile, conioynd may gaine.
The *Blatant Beaſt* the fitteſt meanes they found,
To worke his vtter ſhame, and throughly him confound.

15

Vpon a day, as they the time did wait,
When he did range the wood for ſaluage game,
They ſent that *Blatant Beaſt* to be a baite,
To drawe him from his deare beloued Dame,
Vnwares vnto the danger of defame.
For, well they wiſt, that Squire to be ſo bold,
That no one beaſt in forreſt wild or tame,
Met him in chaſe, but he it challenge would,
And pluck the prey oft-times out of their greedy hold.

16

The hardy boy, as they deuiſed had,
Seeing the vgly Monſter paſſing by,
Vpon him ſet, of perill nought adrad,
Ne skilfull of the vncouth ieopardy;
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That (his great force vnable to endure)
He forced was to turne from him and flie:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſſe bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

17

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to ouertake his flight; (drew,
Who through thick wood & brakes and briers him
To weary him the more, and waſte his ſpight;
So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright.
Till that at length vnto a woody glade
He came, whoſe couert ſtopt his further ſight:
There his three foes, ſhrowded in guilefull ſhade,
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to inuade.

Sharply

18

Sharply they all attonce did him assayle.
Burning with inward rancour and despight,
And heaped strokes did round about him haile
VVith so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Beare off their blowes from pearcing thorough quite.
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite,
And all the while his back for best safegard,
He leant against a tree, that backward onset bard.

19

Like a wilde Bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiffe and a hound,
And a curre-dog: that doe him sharpe assay
On euery side, and beat about him round;
But most that curre, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him encomber,
That in his chauffe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, & bellowes like the thonder;
So did that Squire his foes disperse, and driue afonder.

20

Him well behoued so; for, his three foes
Sought to encompasse him on euery side,
And dangerously did round about enclose;
But most of all *Defetto* him annoyd,
Creeping behind, him stil to haue destroyd:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent:
But stout *Despetto*, in his greater pride,
Did front him face to face against him bent;
Yet he them all withstood, and often made relent.

21

Till that at length nigh tyr'd with former chace,
And weary now with carefull keeping ward,
He gan to shrinke, and somewhat to giue place,
Full like ere long to haue escaped hard;
When-as vnwares he in the forrest heard
A trampling steed, that with his neighing fast
Did warne his rider be vpon his gard;
With noise whereof the Squire, now nigh aghast,
Reuiued was, and sad despaire away did cast.

22

Eftsoones he spyde a Knight approching nie:
Who seeing one in so great danger set
Mongst many foes, himselfe did faster hie,
To reskue him, and his weak part abet,
For pitty so to see him ouer-set.
Whom soone as his three enemies did view,
They fled, and fast into the wood did get:
Him booted not to think them to pursew,
The couert was so thick, that did no passage shew.

23

Then turning to that swaine, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his owne true Squire:
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his armes entire,
Him thus bespake; My liefe, my lifes desire,
VVhy haue ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds despight, or heauens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft? (weft?
Where haue ye all this while bin wandring, where bin

24

With that, he sighed deep for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought answered againe;
But shedding few soft teares from tender eyne,
His deare affect with silence did restraine,
And shut vp all his plaint in priuie paine.
There they awhile some gracious speeches spent,
As to them seemed fit, time to entertaine.
After all which, vp to their steeds they went,
And forth together rode a comely couplement.

25

So now they be arriued both in sight
Of this wilde man, whom they full busie found
About the sad *Serena* things to dight,
With those braue armours lying on the ground,
That seem'd the spoyle of some right well renownd.
Which when the Squire beheld, he to them stept,
Thinking to take them from that hilding hound:
But he it seeing, lightly to him lept,
And sternely with strong hand it from his handling kept,

26

Gnashing his grinded teeth with griesly looke,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist vnwares on th'head he strooke,
That made him downe vnto the earth encline;
Whence soone vpstarting, much he gan repine.
And laying hand vpon his wrathfull blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith to haue him slaine;
VVho it perceiuing, hand vpon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his auengement stayd.

27

VVith that, aloud the faire *Serena* cryde
Vnto the Knight them to dispart in twaine:
VVho to them stepping did them soone diuide,
And did from further violence restraine,
Albe the wilde-man hardly would refraine.
Then gan the Prince, of her for to demaund,
VVhat and from whence she was, and by what traine
She fell into that saluage villaines hand,
And whether free with him she now were, or in band.

28

To whom she thus; I am, as now ye see,
The wretchedst Dame, that liues this day on ground;
VVho both in mind, the which most grieueth mee,
And body, haue receiv'd a mortall wound,
That hath me driuen to this drery stound.
I was erewhile, the Loue of *Calepine*:
Who whether he aliue be to be found,
Or by some deadly chance be done to pine,
Sith I him lately lost, vneath is to define.

29

In saluage forrest I him lost of late,
VVhere I had surely long ere this been dead,
Or else remained in most wretched state,
Had not this wilde man in that wofull stead
Kept, and deliuered me from deadly dread.
In such a saluage wight, of brutish kind,
Amongst wilde beasts in desert forrest bred,
It is most strange and wonderfull to find
So milde humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

30

Let me therefore this fauor for him finde,
That ye will not your wrath vpon him wreake,
Sith he cannot expreſſe his ſimple minde,
Ne yours conceiue, ne but by tokens ſpeake:
Small praiſe to proue your powre on wight ſo weake.
VVith ſuch faire words ſhe did their heat aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure breake,
That they to pitty turnd their former rage,
And each ſought to ſupply the office of her page.

31

So hauing all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceed;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Finde harbour fit to comfort her great need.
For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that ſame Monſter late, for lack of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not paſs
Through feebleneſſe, which all his limbes oppreſſed has.

32

So forth they rode together all in troupe,
To ſeek ſome place, the which mote yeeld ſome eaſe
To theſe ſicke twaine, that now began to droupe:
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharpe diſeaſe,
By all the courteous meanes he could inuent;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

33

Mongſt which, *Serena* did to him relate
The foule diſcourt'ſies and vnknightly parts,
VVhich *Turpine* had vnto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruell ſmarts:
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade, all that ſhee might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not onely her excluded late at night,
But alſo traiterouſly did wound her weary knight.

34

Wherewith the Prince ſore moued, there avoud,
That ſoone as he returned backe againe,
He would avenge th'abuſes of that proud
And ſhameleſſ knight, of whom ſhe did complaine.
This wize did they each other entertaine,
To paſſe the tedious trauell of the way;
Till toward night they came vnto a Plaine,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

35

And nigh thereto a little Chappell ſtood,
Which beeing all with Yuy ouer-ſpred,
Deckt all the roofe; and ſhadowing the rood,
Seem'd like a groue faire branched ouer-head:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In ſtraight obſeruance of religious vow,
VVas wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewiſe was praying now, (how?
When-as theſe knights arriv'd, they wiſt not where nor

36

They ſtayd not there, but ſtraight way in did paſs.
VVhom when the Hermite preſent ſawe in place,
From his deuotion ſtraight he troubled was;
VVhich breaking off, he toward them did pace,
With ſtayed ſteps, and graue beſeeming grace:
For, well it ſeem'd, that whylome he had beene
Some goodly perſon and of gentle race;
That could his good to all, and well did weene,
How each to entertaine with curt'ſie well beſeene.

37

And ſoothly it was ſaid by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had been a man of mickle name,
Renowmed much in armes and derring doe:
But being aged now and weary to
Of warres delight, and worlds contentious toyle,
The name of knighthood he did diſavow,
And hanging vp his armes and warlike ſpoile,
From all this worlds incombraunce did himſelfe aſſoile.

38

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their ſteeds to graze vpon the Green:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his owne turne, yet inly neat and cleane,
Deckt with greene boughes, and flowers gay beſeene.
Therein he them full faire did entertaine
Not with ſuch forged ſhowes, as fitter been
For courting fooles, that courteſies would faine,
But with intire affection and appearance plaine.

39

Yet was their fare but homely, ſuch as hee
Did vſe, his feeble body to ſuſtaine;
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complaine,
But beeing well ſuffiz'd, them reſted faine.
But faire *Serene* all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grieuous paine
Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beaſt*
Had giuen thē, whoſe grief throgh ſuffrance ſore increaſt.

40

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome allwagement of their painfull plight.
Then vp they roſe, and gan themſelues to dight
Vnto their iourney; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to trauell, nor one foot to frame; (lame.
Their harts were ſick, their ſides were ſore, their feet were

41

Therefore the Prince, whom great affaires in mind
Would not permit to make there lenger ſtay,
Was forced there to leaue them both behind,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Saluage (that whylere
Seeing his royall vſage and array,
Was greatly growne in loue of that braue pere)
Would needs depart, as ſhall declared be elſe-where.

Canto

Canto VI.

The Hermit heales both Squire & Dame
of their ſore maladies:
He Turpine doth defeate, and ſhame
for his late villanies.

1

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting, which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might
It euer can recured be againe:
Ne all the skill, which that immortall ſpright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retaine,
Can remedy ſuch hurts: ſuch hurts are helliſh paine.

2

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beaſt*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And beeing ſuch, were now much more increaſt,
For want of taking heed vnto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſſe they became:
How-be that carefull Hermite did his beſt,
With many kinds of medicines meet, to tame
The poyſnous humour, which did moſt infeſt
Their rankling wounds, & euery day them duely dreſt.

3

For, he right well in Leaches craft was ſeene;
And through the long experience of his daies,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed beene,
And paſt through many perillous aſſaies,
He knew the diuerſe went of mortall waies,
And in the mindes of men had great inſight;
Which, with ſage counſell, when they went aſtray,
He could enforme, and them reduce aright,
And al the paſſions heale, which would the weaker ſpright.

4

For, whylome, he had been a doughty Knight,
As any one that liued in his daies,
And proued oft in many perilous fight;
In which he grace and glory won alwaies,
And in all battels bore away the baies.
But beeing now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds vnquiet waies,
He tooke himſelfe vnto this Hermitage,
In which he liu'd alone, like careleſſe bird in cage.

5

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred priuily,
And rankling inward with vnruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt help of ſurgery;
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With wholeſome reede of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborne rage of paſſion blinde:
Giue ſalues to euery ſore, but counſell to the mind.

6

So, taking them apart into his Cell,
He to that point fit ſpeeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could doe, as well as ſay the ſame;
And thus he to them ſaid, Faire daughter Dame,
And you faire ſonne, which heere thus long now lie
In pittious languor, ſince ye hither came,
In vaine of me ye hope for remedie,
And I likewiſe in vaine doe ſalues to you apply.

7

For, in your ſelfe your onely helpe doth lie,
To heale your ſelues, and muſt proceed alone
From your owne will, to cure your maladie.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health yee ſeeke, obſerue this one;
Firſt, learne your outward ſenſes to refraine
From things that ſtirre vp fraile affection;
Your eyes, your eares, your tongue, your talk reſtrain,
From that they moſt affect, and in due termes contain.

8

For, from thoſe outward ſenſes ill affected,
The ſeed of all this euill firſt doth ſpring,
Which at the firſt before it had infected,
Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing:
But beeing growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient paine
In th'inner parts, and laſtly ſcattering
Contagious poyſon cloſe through euery vaine,
It neuer reſts, till it haue wrought his finall bane.

9

For, that beasts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
Are so exceeding venemous and keene,
Made all of rusty iron, rankling sore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to weene
With salue, or antidote, or other meane
It euer to amend: ne maruaile ought;
For, that same beast was bred of hellish strene,
And long in darksome *Stygian* den vp-brought,
Begot of foule *Echidna*, as in bookes is taught.

10

Echidna is a Monster direfull dred,
Whom Gods doe hate, and heauens abhor to see;
So hideous in her shape, so huge her head,
That euen the hellish fiends affrighted bee
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts profesſe
A faire young Maiden, full of comely glee:
But all her hinder parts did plaine expresſe
A monstrous Dragon, full of fearefull vglinesſe.

11

To her the Gods, for her so dreadfull face
(In fearefull darkenesſe, furthest from the skie,
And from the earth) appointed haue her place
Mongst Rocks and Caues, where she enrold doth lie
In hideous horrour and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortall age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company;
Cruell *Typhaon*, whose tempestuous rage
Make th'heauens tremble oft, & him with vowes asswage.

12

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This hellish dog, that hight the *Blatant Beast*;
A wicked Monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And poures his poysnous gall forth, to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne euer knight, that bore so lofty creast,
Ne euer Lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproche, or secret shame.

13

In vaine therefore it were, with medicine
To goe about to salue such kind of sore,
That rather needs wise read and discipline,
Then outward salues, that may augment it more.
Aye me! said then *Serena*, sighing sore,
What hope of helpe doth then for vs remaine,
If that no salues may vs to health restore?
But, sith we need good counsell, said the swaine,
Aread good sire, some counsell, that may vs sustaine.

14

The best, said he, that I can you aduise,
Is to auoide the occasion of the ill:
For, when the cause whence euill doth arise,
Removed is, th'effect surceaseth still.
Abstaine from pleasure, and restraine your will,
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight,
Vse scanted diet, and forbeare your fill,
Shun secrecie, and talke in open sight:
So shall you soone repaire your present euill plight.

15

Thus hauing said, his sickly Patients
Did gladly harken to his graue beheast,
And kept so well his wise commaundements,
That in short space their malady was ceast;
And eke the byting of that harmefull Beast
Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceaue
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreast,
Of that good Hermite both they tooke their leaue,
And went both on their way, ne each would other leaue:

16

But each the other vow'd t'accompany:
The Lady, for that she was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leaue alone in her great need.
So both together traueld, till they met
With a faire Maiden clad in mourning weed,
Vpon a mangy Iade vnmeetly set,
And a lewd foole her leading thorough dry and wet.

17

But by what meanes that shame to her befell,
And how thereof her selfe she did acquite,
I must awhile forbeare to you to tell;
Till that, as comes by course, I doe recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,
Pursuing that proud Knight, the which whyleare,
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* so foule despight;
And eke his Lady, though she sickly were,
So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately heare.

18

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which faire *Serene* to him deliuered had,
Pursu'd him straight, in mind to been ywroken
Of all the vile demeane, and vsage bad,
With which he had those two so ill bestad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wilde man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for beeing shent,
Would he restrained be from his attendement.

19

Arriuing there, as did by chaunce befall,
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
Ne stayd, till that he came into the hall:
Where soft dismounting like a weary lode,
Vpon the ground with feeble feete he trode,
As he vnable were for very need
To moue one foot, but there must make abode;
The whiles the saluage man did take his steed,
And in some stable neere did set him vp to feed.

20

Ere long, to him a homely groome there came,
That in rude wise him asked what he was,
That durst so boldly, without let or shame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to passe.
To whom, the Prince (him faining to embase)
Mild answer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble case,
Through many wounds, which lately he in fight,
Receiued had, and prayd to pitty his ill plight.

But

21

But he, the more outrageous and bold,
Sternely did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or deare aby; for why, his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them graunt:
And therefore lightly bade him packe away,
Not sparing him with bitter words to taunt:
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,
To thrust him out of doore, dooing his worst assay.

22

VVhich, when the Saluage comming now in place
Beheld, eftsoones he all enraged grew;
And running straight vpon that villaine base,
Like a fell Lion at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nailes, in present view
Him rudely rent, and all to peeces tore:
So, miserably him all helpelesse slew,
That with the noyse, whil'st he did loudly rore,
The people of the house rose forth in great vp-rore.

23

Who, when on ground they saw their fellow slaine,
And that same Knight and Saluage standing by,
Vpon them two they fell with might and maine,
And on them laid so huge and horribly,
As if they would haue slaine them presently.
But the bold Prince defended him so well,
And their assault withstood so mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whil'st many vnderneath him fell.

24

Yet he them still so sharply did pursew,
That few of them he left aliue, which fled,
Those euill tidings to their Lord to shew.
Who hearing how his people badly sped,
Came forth in haste: where, when as with the dead
He saw the ground all strow'd, and that same Knight
And Saluage with their bloud fresh steeming red,
He woxe nigh mad with wrath and fell despight,
And with reprochefull words him thus bespake on hight;

25

Art thou he, traytor, that with treason vile
Hast slaine my men in this vnmanly manner,
And now triumphest in the pittious spoile
Of these poore folk, whose soules with black dishonor
And foule defame, doe deck thy bloudy banner?
The meed whereof shall shortly be thy shame,
And wretched end, which still attendeth on her.
With that, him selfe to battell he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26

With dreadfull force they all did him assaile,
And round about with boystrous strokes oppresse,
That on his shield did rattle like to haile
In a great tempest; that in such distresse,
He wist not to which side him to addresse.
And euermore that crauen coward Knight,
VVas at his back with hartlesse heedinesse,
Waiting if he vnwares him murther might:
For, cowardize doth still in villany delight.

27

VVhereof when as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turnd with furious intent,
And him against his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being busie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling some curre behind his heeles to bite,
Turnes him about with fell auengement:
So likewise turnd the Prince vpon the Knight,
And layd at him amaine with all his will and might.

28

Who, when he once his dreadfull strokes had tasted,
Durst not the fury of his force abide,
But turnd aback, and to retire him hasted
Through the thick preace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainly eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him suffer once to stirr aside;
But ioyning close, huge lead at him did lay:
Who flying still did ward, and warding flie away.

29

But, when his foe he still so eager saw,
Vnto his heeles himselfe he did betake,
Hoping vnto some refuge to with-draw:
Ne would the Prince him euer foote forsake,
Where-so he went, but after him did make.
He fled from roome to roome, from place to place,
Whil'st euery ioynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chase:
That made him euermore increase his speedy pase.

30

At last, he vp into the chamber came,
VVhere-as his Loue was sitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folke became.
There did the Prince him ouer-take anone,
Crying in vaine to her, him to bemone;
And with his sword him on the head did smite,
That to the ground he fell in senseless swone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lite,
The tempred steele did not into his braine-pan bite.

31

VVhich when the Lady saw, with great affright
She starting vp, began to shrieke aloud;
And with her garment couering him from sight,
Seem'd vnder her protection him to shroud;
And falling lowely at his feet, her bow'd
Vpon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him besought, and pray'd, and vow'd;
That with the ruth of her so wretched case,
He staid his second stroake, and did his hand abase.

32

Her weed she then with-drawing, did him discouer:
Who now come to himselfe, yet would not rite,
But still did lie as dead, and quake and quiuer,
That euen the Prince his bateneſſe did despise;
And eke his Dame him seeing in such guise,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to reare.
VVho rising vp at last in ghastly wise,
Like troubled ghost did dreadfully appeare,
As one that had no life him left through former feare.

Whom

33
VVhom when the Prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmaid,
He for ſuch baſeneſſe ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharp words did bitterly vpbraid;
Vile coward dog, now doe I much repent,
That euer I this life vnto thee lent,
Whereof thou caitiue ſo vnworthy art;
That both thy Loue, for lack of hardiment,
And eke thy ſelfe, for want of manly hart, (part.
And eke all Knights haſt ſhamed with this knightleſſe

34
Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
And crime to crime, by this thy coward feare.
For, firſt it was to thee reprochefull blame,
To erect this wicked cuſtome, which I heare,
Gainſt errant Knights and Ladies thou dooſt reare;
Whom when thou maiſt, thou doſt of armes deſpoile,
Or of their vpper garment which they weare:
Yet dooſt thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintaine this euill vſe, thy foes thereby to foile.

35
And laſtly, in approuance of thy wrong,
To ſhew ſuch faintneſſe and foule cowardize,
Is greateſt ſhame: for oft it falles, that ſtrong
And valiant knights doe raſhly enterprize,
Either for fame, or elſe for exercize,
A wrongfull quarrell to maintaine by fight;
Yet haue, through proweſſe & their braue emprize,
Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight. (right.
For, greater force there needs to maintaine wrong then

36
Yet ſith thy life vnto this Lady faire
I giuen haue, liue in reproche and ſcorne;
Ne euer armes, ne euer knighthood dare
Hence to profeſſe: for, ſhame is to adorne
VVith ſo braue badges one ſo baſely borne;
But onely breathe, ſith that I did forgiue.
So, hauing from his crauen body torne
Thoſe goodly armes, he them away did giue,
And onely ſuffred him this wretched life to liue.

37
There, whil'ſt he thus was ſettling things aboue,
Atweene that Lady milde and recreant Knight,
To whom his life he granted for her Loue,
He gan bethinke him in what perillous plight
He had behind him left that ſaluage wight,
Amongſt ſo many foes, whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlaine in ſo vnequall fight:
Therefore, deſcending back in haſte, he ſought
If yet he were aliue, or to deſtruction brought.

38
There he him found environed about
With ſlaughtred bodies, which his hand had ſlaine;
And laying yet afreſh with courage ſtout
Vpon the reſt that did aliue remaine;
VVhom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtraine,
Like ſcattred ſheepe, to ſeeke for ſafety,
After he gotten had with buſie paine
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lie,
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flie.

39
VVhom when the Prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approching to him neere, his hand he ſtaid,
And ſought, by making ſignes, him to aſſwage:
Who, him perceiuing, ſtraight to him obaid,
As to his Lord, and downe his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts been trained.
Thence he him brought away, and vp conuaid
Into the chamber, where the Dame remained
With her vnworthy knight, who ill him entertained.

40
Whom, when the Saluage ſaw from danger free,
Sitting beſide his Lady there at eaſe,
He well remembred that the ſame was hee,
Which lately ſought his Lord for to diſpleaſe:
Tho, all in rage, he on him ſtraight did ſeaze,
As if he would in peeces him haue rent;
And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limbe of him vnrent:
But ſtraight he held his hand, at his commaundement.

41
Thus, hauing all things well in peace ordained,
The Prince himſelfe there all that night did reſt;
VVhere him *Blandina* fairely entertained,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt,
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt.
For, well ſhe knew the waies to win good will
Of euery wight, that were not too inſeſt;
And how to pleaſe the minds of good and ill, (skill.
Through tempering of her words & looks by wondrous

42
Yet were her words and lookes but falſe and fained,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings, whom ſhe trained
Into her trap vnto their owne decay:
There-to when needed, ſhe would weepe and pray:
And when her liſted, ſhe could fawne and flatter;
Now ſmiling ſmoothly, like to ſommers day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

43
VVhether ſuch grace were giuen her by kind,
As women wont their guilefull wits to guide;
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I doe not find.
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applide
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoone ſhe pacifide
The wrathfull Prince, & wrought her husbands peace:
VVho natheleſſe, not there-with ſatisfide,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell revenge ſurceaſſe.

44
For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did reſt
In careleſſe couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe await with weapons preſt,
Willing to worke his villainous intent
On him that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent:
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whil'ſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next, the Prince did early riſe,
And paſſed forth, to follow his firſt enterprize.

Canto

Canto VII.

Turpine is baffuld: his two knights
doe gaine their treaſons meed:
Faire Mirabellaes puniſhment
for loues diſdaine decreed.

1

LIke as a gentle hart it ſelfe bewraies,
In dooing gentle deeds with franke delight:
Euen ſo the baſer mind it ſelfe diſplayes,
In cancred malice and reuengefull ſpight.
For, to maligne, t'envie, t'vſe ſhifting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:
Which what it dare not doe by open might,
To worke by wicked treaſon wayes doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deeds diſcouering his baſe kind.

2

That well appeares in this diſcourteous knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
VVho notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life receiued late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan deuize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that ſhame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore, ſo ſoone as he was out of view,
Himſelfe in haſt he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

3

VVell did he tract his ſteps as he did ride,
Yet would not neere approche in dangers eye,
But kept aloofe, for dread to be deſcride,
Vntill fit time and place he mote eſpy,
VVhere he mote worke him ſcath and villeny.
At laſt, he met two knights, to him vnknowne,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, what-euer chaunce were blowne,
Betwixt them to diuide, and each to make his owne.

4

To whom falſe *Turpine* comming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchiefe which he inly ment,
Gan to complaine of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtrange knight, that neere afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his deere Lady ſhent:
VVhich, if they would afford him ayd at need,
For to avenge in time conuenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a knightly deed,
And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

5

The knights beleeu'd, that all he ſaid, was trew;
And beeing freſh, and full of youthly ſpright,
VVere glad to heare of that adventure new,
In which they mote make tryall of their might,
VVhich neuer yet they had approv'd in fight:
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,
That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed?

6

He rides, ſaid *Turpine*, there not farre afore,
VVith a wilde man ſoft footing by his ſide,
That if ye liſt to haſte a little more,
Ye may him ouer-take in timely tide:
Eftſoones they pricked forth with forward pride;
And ere that little while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not farre away they ſpide,
Riding a ſoftly paſe with portance ſad,
Deuizing of his Loue, more then of danger drad.

7

Then one of them aloud vnto him cride,
Bidding him turne againe, falſe traytor knight,
Foule woman-wronger; for, he him defide.
With that, they both attonce with equall ſpight
Did bend their ſpeares, and both with equall might
Againſt him ranne; but th'one did miſſe his marke:
And beeing carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by; like to that heauenly ſparke,
Which glyding through the aire, lights all the heauens (darke.

8

But th'other, ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield, with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in peeces ſhiuered quite,
And (ſcattered all about) fell on the flowre.
But the ſtout Prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre
Full on his beuer did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteele, through-pearcing, did deuoure
His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his owne bloody gore.

As

9

As when a caſt of Faulcons make their flight
At an Hernſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they ſtrike at him with heedleſſe might,
The wary fowle his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelfe quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth downe to ground like ſenſeleſſe thing;
But th'other, not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Failes of her ſouſe, and paſſing by, doth hurt no more.

10

By this, the other which was paſſed by,
Himſelfe recouering, was return'd to fight;
Where, when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſſe ly,
He much was daunted with ſo diſmall ſight;
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let driue at him with ſo malicious mind,
As if he would haue paſſed through him quight:
But the ſteele-head no ſtedfaſt hold could find,
But glauncing by, deceiu'd him of that he deſyn'd.

11

Not ſo the Prince: for, his well learned ſpeare
Tooke ſurer hold, and from his horſes backe
Aboue a launces length him forth did beare,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in peeces nigh hee brake.
VVhere ſeeing him to lie, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

12

The fearefull ſwaine, beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercy him to ſaue;
In lieu whereof, he would to him deſcry
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reaue.
The Prince ſoone harkned, and his life forgaue.
Then thus, ſaid he; There is a ſtranger Knight,
The which for promiſe of great meed, vs draue
To this attempt, to wreake his hid deſpight,
For that himſelfe thereto did want ſufficient might.

13

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villenie,
And ſaid; Now ſure ye well haue earn'd your meed:
For, th'one is dead, and th'other ſoone ſhall die,
Vnleſſe to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
The wretch, that hir'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake
The guilt on him, which did this miſchiefe breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor weeke
He would ſurceaſe, but him, where-ſo he were, would ſeek.

14

So, vp he roſe, and forth ſtraight way he went
Back to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloody gore,
And grieſly wounds that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid; How now, Sir knight?
What meaneth this which heere I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foule vncomely plight,
So different from that, which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?

15

Perdy, ſaid he, in euill houre it fell,
That euer I for meed did vndertake
So hard a taske, as life for hire to ſell;
The which I earſt adventur'd for your ſake.
VVitneſſe the wounds, and this wide bloudy lake,
Which yee may ſee yet all about me ſteeme.
Therefore now yield, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward; the which right well I deeme
I earned haue, that life ſo dearly did redeeme.

16

But where then is, quoth he, halfe wrathfully,
Where is the booty which therefore I bought;
That curſed caitiue, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
And where is eke your friend, which halfe it ſought?
He lies, ſaid he, vpon the cold bare ground,
Slaine of that errant knight, with whom he fought;
VVhom afterwards, my ſelfe with many a wound
Did ſley againe, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

17

Thereof falſe *Turpine* was full glad and faine,
And needs with him ſtraight to the place would ride,
VVhere he himſelfe might ſee his foe-man ſlaine;
For, elſe his feare could not be ſatisfide.
So, as they rode, he ſaw the way all dide
With ſtreames of bloud; which tracking by the traile,
Ere long they came, where-as in euill tide,
That other ſwaine, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18

Much did the Crauen ſeeme to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his deare life had forgone;
And, him bewailing with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pitty, where was none:
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence paſſing forth, not farre away he found,
VVhere-as the Prince himſelfe lay all alone,
Looſly diſplayd vpon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweet ſleepe, that luld him ſoft in ſwound.

19

VVeary of trauell in his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelfe had laid to reſt,
Hauing his armes and warlike things vndight,
Fearleſſe of foes that mote his peace moleſt;
The whiles his ſaluage Page, that wont be preſt,
VVas wandred in the wood another way,
To doe ſome thing that ſeemed to him beſt,
The whiles his Lord in ſiluer ſlumber lay,
Like to the Euening ſtarre, adorn'd with deawy ray.

20

Whom when as *Turpine* ſaw ſo looſely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other knight to him had ſaid:
But when he nigh approch't, he mote aread
Plaine ſignes in him of life and liuelihead.
Where-at much grieu'd a gainſt that ſtranger knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would haue back retired from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight.

21

But that ſame knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainly gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchiefe, and late luckleſſe ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
VVere vanquiſhed, and put to foule diſgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd vnto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where-ſo he went,
Till that he him deliuered to his puniſhment.

22

He, there-with much abaſhed and affraid,
Began to tremble euery limbe and vaine;
And ſoftly whiſpering him, entirely praid,
T'advize him better, then by ſuch a traine
Him to betray vnto a ſtranger ſwaine:
Yet rather counſeld him contrariwiſe,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtaine,
To ioyne with him and vengeance to deuiſe,
Whil'ſt time did offer meanes him ſleeping to ſurprize.

23

Nath'leſſe, for all his ſpeech, the gentle knight
VVould not be tempted to ſuch villeny,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
All were it to his mortall enemy,
Then to entrap him by falſe treachery:
Great ſhame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd,
Thus, whilſt they were debating diuerſly,
The Saluage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Back to the place, where-as his Lord he ſleeping view'd.

24

There, when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neere him ſtand,
Hee doubted much what mote their meaning bee:
And throwing downe his load out of his hand
(To weet, great ſtore of forreſt fruite, which hee
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himſelfe vnto his weapon he betooke,
That was an oaken plant, which lately hee
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternly ſhooke,
That like an hazell wand it quiuered and quooke.

25

VVhere-at, the Prince awaking, when he eſpide
The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,
He ſtarted vp; and ſnatching neere his ſide
His truſtie ſword, the ſeruaunt of his might,
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand vpon his collar laid.
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word vnto him ſaid,
But holding vp his hands, with ſilence mercy praid.

26

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay vpon the humbled graſs,
His foot he ſet on his vile necke, in ſigne
Of ſeruile yoke, that nobler harts repine.
Then, letting him ariſe like abiect thrall,
He gan to him obiect his hainous crime,
And to reuile, and rate, and recreant call,
And, laſtly, to deſpoile of knightly bannerall.

27

And after all, for greater infamy,
He by the heeles him hung vpon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by,
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned bee,
How euer they through treaſon doe treſpaſſe.
But turne we now back to that Lady free,
Whom late we left riding vpon an Aſſe,
Led by a Carle and foole, which by her ſide did paſſe.

28

She was a Lady of great dignitie,
And lifted vp to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faery,
Though of meane parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face,
The beames whereof did kindle louely fire
In th'harts of many a knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29

But ſhee thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthy thought to be her fere,
But ſcornd them all that loue vnto her ment:
Yet was ſhe lou'd of many a worthy pere;
Vnworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſſe aright.
For, beautie is more glorious, bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe, that ſerued is of nobleſt knight.

30

But this coy Damzell thought contrariwiſe,
That ſuch proud looks would make her praiſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all loue deſpiſe,
The more would wretched Louers her adore.
What cared ſhe who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did waile, or watch the weary night?
Let them that liſt, their luckleſſe lot deplore;
Shee was borne free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would euer liue, and loue her owne delight.

31

Through ſuch her ſtubborne ſtifnes, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
Did languiſh long in life-conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt, through dreare dolour die:
VVhil'ſt ſhee (the Lady of her liberty)
Did boaſt, her beauty had ſuch ſoueraine might,
That with the onely twinkle of her eye,
She could or ſaue, or ſpill, whom ſhe would hight.
What could the Gods do more, but do it more aright?

32

But loe, the Gods, that mortall follies view,
Did worthily reuenge this Maidens pride;
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her, that many did deride,
Whil'ſt ſhe did weepe, of no man mercifide.
For, on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Vnto the which all Lovers doe reſort,
That of their loues ſucceſſe they there may make report;

It

33
It fortun'd then, that when the rolles were read,
In which the names of all Loues folke were filed,
That many there were miſſing, which were dead,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loues exiled,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoiled.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguiled,
He bade his eyes to be vnblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

34
Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont doe ſuit and ſeruice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Iurie was impaneld ſtraight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force or ſleight,
Or their owne guilt, they were away conuaid.
To whom foule *Infamy* and fell *Deſpight*
Gaue euidence, that they were all betraid,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35
Faire *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crimes ſhe there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure, will'd a *Capias*
Should iſſue forth, t'attach that ſcornefull Laſſe.
The Warrant ſtraight was made, and there-withall
A Bailieffe errant forth in poſt did paſſe,
VVhom they by name their *Portamore* did call;
He which doth ſummõ Louers to Loues iudgement hall.

36
The Damzell was attach't, and ſhortly brought
Vnto the Barre, where-as ſhe was arraigned:
But ſhe there-to nould plead nor anſwere ought
Euen for ſtubborne pride, which her reſtrained.
So iudgement paſt, as is by law ordained
In caſes like; which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborne hart, which loue before diſdained,
Gan ſtoupe, and falling downe with humble awe,
Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

37
The ſonne of *Venus*, who is milde by kind
But where he is prouok't with peeuiſhneſſe,
Vnto her prayers pittiouſly enclin'd,
And did the rigour of his doome repreſſe;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſſe
He vnto her a penance did impoſe:
Which was, that through the worlds wide wildernes
She wander ſhould in company of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſau'd ſo many Loues as ſhe did loſe.

38
So now ſhee had been wandring two whole yeares
Throughout the world, in this vncomely caſe,
VVaſting her goodly hew in heauy teares,
And her good dayes in dolorous diſgrace:
Yet had ſhe not, in all theſe two yeares ſpace,
Saued but two; yet in two yeeres before,
Through her deſpiteous pride, whil'ſt loue lackt place,
She had deſtroied two and twenty more. (fore?
Aye me! how could her loue make halfe amends there-

39
And now ſhe was vpon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with faire *Serene*,
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foule array;
The whiles, that mighty man did her demeane
With all the euill tearmes and cruell meane
That he could make; And eeke that angry foole,
VVhich follow'd her, with curſed hands vncleane
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting toole
Oft whip her dainty ſelfe, and much augment her doole.

40
Ne ought it mote availe her to entreat
The one or th'other, better her to vſe:
For, both ſo wilfull were and obſtinate,
That all her pittious plaint they did refuſe,
And rather did the more her beat and bruſe.
But moſt, the former villaine, which did lead
Her tyreling Iade, was bent her to abuſe;
Who though ſhe were with wearineſſe nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor reſt a little ſtead.

41
For, he was ſterne, and terrible by nature,
And eke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of mans ſtature,
And rather like a Giant monſtruous.
For ſooth he was deſcended of the houſe
Of thoſe old Giants, which did warres darraine
Againſt the heauen in order battailous,
And ſib to great *Orgolio*, which was ſlaine
By *Arthur*, when as *Vnas* kuight he did maintaine.

42
His lookes were dreadfull, and his fiery eyes
(Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his overweening pride;
And ſtalking ſtately, like a Crane, did ſtride
At euery ſtep vpon the tip-toes hie:
And all the way he went, on euery ſide
He gaz'd about, and ſtared horribly,
As if he with his lookes would all men terrifie.

43
He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any liuing wight;
But in a Iacket quilted richly rare,
Vpon checklaton, he was ſtrangely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Moores of Malaber he wore:
With which, his locks, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voyded from before,
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44
This was *Diſdaine*, who led that Ladies horſe
Through thick & thin, through mountains & through
Cõpelling her, where ſhe would not by force (Plaines,
Haling her Palfrey by the hempen reines.
But that ſame foole, which moſt increaſt her paines,
Was *Scorne*, who having in his hand a whip,
Her there-with yirks, and ſtill when ſhe complaines,
The more he laughes, and does her ſlofely quip,
To ſee her ſore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whoſe

45

Whose cruell handling when that Squire beheld,
And saw those villaines her so vilely vse,
His gentle hart with indignation sweld,
And could no longer beare so great abuse,
As such a Lady so to beate and bruse;
But, to him stepping, such a stroke him lent,
That forc't him th' halter from his hand to loose,
And mauger all his might, backe to relent:
Else had he surely there beene slaine, or foully shent.

46

The villaine, wroth for greeting him so sore,
Gathered himselfe together soone againe;
And with his iron batton which he bore,
Let driue at him so dreadfully amaine,
That for his safety he did him constraine
To giue him ground, and shift to euery side,
Rather then once his burden to sustaine:
For, bootlesse thing him seemed to abide
So mighty blowes, or proue the puissance of his pride.

47

Like as a Mastiffe, hauing at a bay
A saluage Bull, whose cruell hornes do threat
Desperate danger, if he them assay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To spy where he may some aduantage get;
The whiles the beast doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his disdainefull mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

48

Nath'lesse, so sharply still he him pursew'd,
That at aduantage him at last he tooke,
When his foot slipt (that slip he dearely rew'd)
And with his iron club to ground him strooke;
Where still he lay, ne out of swoune awooke,
Till heauy hand the Carle vpon him layd,
And bound him fast: Tho, when he vp did looke,
And saw himselfe captiu'd, he was dismaid,
Ne powre had to withstand, ne hope of any ayd.

49

Then vp he made him rise, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
Ne ought that foole for pitty did him spare;
But with his whip him following behind,
Him often scourg'd, and forc't his feet to find:
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mowes
He would him scorne, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grieuous then the others blowes:
Words sharpely wound, but greatest griefe of scorning growes.

50

The faire *Serena*, when she saw him fall
Vnder that villaines club, then surely thought
That slaine he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the speed she mought,
To seeke for safety, which long time she sought;
And past through many perils by the way,
Ere she againe to *Calepine* was brought:
The which discourse as now I must delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I dos further say.

Canto VIII.

Prince Arthur ouercomes Disdaine,
quites Mirabell from dreed:
Serena, found of Saluages,
by Calepine is freed.

1

YE gently Ladies, in whose soueraine powre
Loue hath the glory of his Kingdome left,
And th' harts of men, as your eternall dowre,
In iron chaynes, of liberty bereft,
Deliuered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the same do vse,
That pride do not to tyranny you lift;
Least if men you of cruelty accuse,
He from you take that chiefedome which ye doe abuse.

2

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye soft and tender eke in mind,
But cruelty and hardnesse from you chace,
That all your other praises will deface,
And from you turne the loue of men, to hate.
Ensample take of *Mirabellaes* case,
Who from the high degree of happy state,
Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

3

Who after thraldome of the gentle Squire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery:
Which booted not for prayers, nor for threat,
To hope for to releaſe or mollifie;
For, aye the more that ſhe did them intreat,
The more they him miſus'd, and cruelly did beat.

4

So as they forward on their way did paſs,
Him ſtill reuiling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was that courteous Knight, whom he before
Hauing ſubdew'd, yet did to life reſtore)
To whom as they approch't, they gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them ſhould grieue to ſee his puniſhment.

5

The Squire himſelfe, when as he ſaw his Lord,
The witneſſe of his wretchedneſſe, in place,
Was much aſham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captiue caſe;
And did his head for baſhfulneſſe abaſe,
As loth to ſee, or to be ſeene at all:
Shame would be hid. But when as *Enias*
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villaines thrall,
His manly mind was much emmoued there-withall,

6

And to the Prince thus ſaid; See you, Sir Knight,
The greateſt ſhame that euer eye yet ſaw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foule deſpight
Abus'd, againſt all reaſon and all law,
Without regard of pitty or of awe.
See how they doe that Squire beat and reuile;
See how they doe the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye pleaſe to lend me leaue awhile,
I will them ſoone acquite, and both of blame aſſoile.

7

The Prince aſſented: and then he ſtraightway
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he gan to ſay;
Abide ye caytiue treacheours vntrew,
That haue with treaſon thralled vnto you
Theſe two, vnworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purſew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or elſe abide the death, that hard before you ſtands.

8

The villaine ſtaid not, anſwere to inuent,
But with his iron club preparing way,
His mindes ſad meſſage backe vnto him ſent;
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadfull ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay:
No more then lightning from the lofty ſky.
Ne liſt the Knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doome was death; but lightly ſlipping by,
Vnwares defrauded his intended deſtiny.

9

And to requite him with the like againe,
With his ſharpe ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrooke ſo ſtrongly, that the Carle with paine
Saued himſelfe, but that he there him ſlew:
Yet ſav'd not ſo, but that the bloud it drew,
And gaue his foe good hope of victory.
Who there-with fleſht, vpon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke, thought certainly
To haue ſupplide the firſt, and paid the vſury.

10

But Fortune anſwerd not vnto his call;
For, as his hand was heaued vp on hight,
The villaine met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet backe his brandiron bright;
So forcibly, that with his owne hands might
Rebeaten backe vpon himſelfe againe,
He driuen was to ground in ſelfe deſpight;
From whence ere he recouery could gaine,
He in his necke did ſet his foote with fell diſdaine.

11

With that, the foole, which did that end await,
Came running in; and whil'ſt on ground he lay,
Laid heauy hands on him, and held ſo ſtrait,
That downe he kept him with his ſcornefull ſway,
So as he could not wield him any way.
The whiles, that other villaine went about
Him to haue bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles, the foole did him reuile and flout, (ſtout,
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courage

12

As when a ſturdy Plough-man with his hinde
By ſtrength haue ouerthrowne a ſtubborne ſteare,
They downe him hold, and faſt with cords do binde
Till they him force the buxome yoke to beare:
So did theſe two this Knight oft tug and teare.
Which when the Prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteed to aide him neare;
And buckling ſoone himſelfe, gan fiercely fly
Vpon that Carle, to ſaue his friend from icopardie.

13

The villaine, leauing him vnto his mate
To be captiu'd, and handled as he liſt,
Himſelfe addreſt vnto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turne him ſcarcely wiſt:
Some-times aloft he laid, ſome-times alowe;
Now here, now there, and oft him neere he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could knowe
Whether more wary were to giue or ward the blowe.

14

But yet the Prince ſo well enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approued oft in fight,
That way to them he gaue forth-right to paſs;
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But wait advantage, when they downe did light.
At laſt, the caytiue after long diſcourſe,
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoided quite,
Reſolv'd in one t'aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruthe or remorſe.

His

15

His dreadfull hand he heaued vp aloft;
And with his dreadfull inſtruments of ire,
Thought ſure haue pownd him to powder ſoft,
Or deepe emboweld in the earth entire:
But Fortune did not with his will conſpire,
For, ere his ſtroke attained his intent,
The noble child preuenting his deſire,
Vnder his club with wary boldneſſe went,
And ſmote him on the knee, that neuer yet was bent.

16

It neuer yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg which did his body beare,
It crakt through-out, yet did no bloud appeare;
So as it was vnable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken geare,
But fell to ground, like to a lumpe of durt;
Whence he aſſaid to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

17

Eftſoones the Prince to him full nimbly ſtept;
And, leaſt he ſhould recouer foot againe,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to haue ſwept.
Which when the Lady ſawe, ſhe cride amaine;
Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight, for loue of God abſtaine,
From that vnwares yee weetleſſe doe intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be ſlaine:
For, more on him doth then himſelfe depend;
My life will by his death haue lamentable end.

18

He ſtaid his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to ariſe;
But ſtill ſuppreſſing, gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe vncouth words compriſe,
That in that villaines health her ſafety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor hart in Knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reakew enterprize,
Yet heauens themſelues, that fauour feeble rights,
Would for it ſelfe redreſſe, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

19

Then, burſting forth in teares, which guſhed faſt
Like many water ſtreames, awhile ſhe ſtaid;
Till the ſharpe paſſion beeing ouer-paſt,
Her tongue to her reſtor'd, then thus ſhe ſaid;
Nor heauens, nor men, can me moſt wretched maid
Deliuer from the doome of my deſart;
The which the God of Loue hath on me laid,
And damned to endure this direfull ſmart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20

In prime of youthly yeares, when firſt the flowre
Of beauty gan to bud, and bloſme delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowre
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each liuing ſight,
I was belou'd of many a gentle Knight,
And ſude and ſought with all the ſeruice dew:
Full many a one for me deep groand, and ſigh't,
And to the doore of death for ſorrow drew,
Complayning out on me, that would not on them rew.

21

But let them loue that liſt, or liue or die:
Me liſt not die for any Louers doole:
Ne liſt me leaue my loued liberty,
To pity him that liſt to play the foole:
To loue my ſelfe I learned had in ſchoole.
Thus I triumphed long in Louers paine,
And ſitting careleſſe on the ſcorners ſtoole,
Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plaine:
But all is now repaid with intereſt againe.

22

For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Cauſ'd me be called to account therefore;
And for reuengement of thoſe wrongfull ſmarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penaunce ſore;
That in this wiſe, and this vnmeet array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdaine and *Scorne*, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I haue ſau'd ſo many as I earſt did ſlay.

23

Certes, ſaid then the Prince, the God is iuſt,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples ſpoyle:
For, were no law in loue, but all that luſt
Might them oppreſſe, and painfully turmoile,
His kingdome would continue but a while.
But tell me Lady, wherefore doe you beare
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toyle,
And eke this wallet at your backe areare,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more comely were?

24

Heere, in this bottle, ſaid the ſory Maid,
I put the teares of my contrition,
Till to the brim I haue it full defraid:
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things paſt and gon.
Yet is the bottle leake, and bag ſo torne,
That all which I put in, fals out anon;
And is behind me trodden downe of *Scorne*,
Who mocketh all my paine, & laughs the more I mourn.

25

The Infant harkned wiſely to her tale,
And wondred much at *Cupids* iudgement wiſe,
That could ſo meekly make proud harts auale,
And wreake himſelfe on them that him deſpiſe.
Then ſuffred he *Diſdaine* vp to ariſe,
Who was not able vp himſelfe to reare,
By meanes his leg, through his late luckleſſe priſe,
Was crackt in twaine; but by his fooliſh feere
Was holpen vp, who him ſupported ſtanding neere.

26

But, beeing vp, he look't againe aloft,
As if he neuer had receiued fall;
And with ſterne eye-browes ſtared at him oft,
As if he would haue daunted him with-all:
And, ſtanding on his tip-toes to ſeeme tall,
Downe on his golden feet he often gazed,
As if ſuch pride the other could apall;
Who was ſo far from being ought amazed,
That he his lookes deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſpraiſed.

27

Then, turning backe vnto that captiue thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Vnwilling to be knowne, or ſeene at all,
Hee from thoſe bands weend him to haue vnwound.
But when approching neare, he plainly found,
It was his owne true groome, the gentle Squire,
He there at wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;
Ne could, with ſeeing, ſatisfie his great deſire.

28

Meane-while, the ſauage man, when he beheld
That huge great foole oppreſſing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight vnwieldy downe he held,
He flew vpon him, like a greedy Kight
Vnto ſome carrion offered to his ſight:
And downe him plucking, with his nailes and teeth
Gan him to hale and teare, and ſcratch, and bite;
And from him taking his owne whip, there-with
So ſore him ſcourgeth, that the blood down followeth.

29

And ſure, I weene, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruell hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping, him haue done to die:
But beeing checkt, he did abſtaine ſtraightway,
And let him riſe. Then thus the Prince gan ſay;
Now Lady ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
That if ye liſt haue liberty, ye may,
Vnto your ſelfe I freely leaue to choſe,
Whether I ſhall you leaue, or from theſe villaines loſe.

30

Ah! nay, Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, it may not be,
But that I needs muſt by all meanes fulfill
This penance, which enioyned is to me,
Leaſt vnto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no leſſe thankes to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leaue, ſhe turn'd aſide:
But *Arthur*, with the reſt, went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt: in which did him betide
A great aduenture, which did him from them diuide.

31

But firſt, it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of faire *Serena*: who as earſt you heard,
When firſt the gentle Squire at variance fell
With thoſe two Carles, fled faſt away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That euery foot did tremble, which did tread;
And euery body two, and two ſhe foure did read.

32

Through hils & dales, through buſhes, & through breres
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Her ſelfe now paſt the perill of her feares.
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought,
Which doubt of danger to her offer mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plaine;
And ſitting downe, her ſelfe awhile bethought
Of her long trauell, and turmoyling paine;
And often did of loue, and oft of luckе complaine.

33

And euermore, ſhe blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her owne true Knight,
As th'onely author of her wofull tine:
For being of his loue to her ſo light,
As her to leaue in ſuch a pitious plight.
Yet neuer Turtle truer to his Make,
Then he was tride vnto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured, for her ſake,
Great perill of his life, and reſtleſſe paines did take.

34

Tho, when as all her plaints ſhe had diſplayd,
And well diſburdened her engrieued breſt,
Vpon the graſſe her ſelfe adowne ſhe laid;
Where being tyrde with trauell, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betooke her ſelfe to reſt.
There, whil'ſt in *Morpheus* boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Feareleſſe of ought that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray,
Vnto a ſtrange miſchaunce, that menac't her decay.

35

In theſe wilde deſerts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſauage Nation, which did liue
Of ſtealth and ſpoyle, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders; ne did giue
Themſelues to any trade (as for to driue
The painefull plough, or cattell for to breed,
Or by aduenturous merchandize to thriue)
But on the labours of poore men to feed,
And ſeruе their owne neceſſities with others need.

36

There-to they vs'd one moſt accurſed order,
To eate the fleſh of men, whom they mote find,
And ſtrangers to deuour, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckfull wind;
A monſtrous cruelty gainſt courſe of kind.
They towards euening wandring euery way,
To ſeeke for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
Where as this Lady, like a ſheepe aſtray,
Now drowned in the depth of ſleepe all feareleſſe lay.

37

Soone as they ſpide her, Lord what gladfull glee
They made amongſt themſelues! but when her face
Like the faire Iuory ſhining they did ſee,
Each gan his fellow ſolace and embrace,
For ioy of ſuch good hap by heauenly grace.
Then gan they to deuiſe what courſe to take:
Whether to ſlay her there vpon the place,
Or ſuffer her out of her ſleepe to wake,
And then her eate attonce; or many meales to make.

38

The beſt aduizement was of bad, to let her
Sleepe out her fill, without encomberment:
For, ſleepe (they ſaid) would make her battill better.
Then, when ſhe wak't, they all gaue one conſent,
That ſith by grace of God ſhe there was ſent,
Vnto their God they would her ſacrifize;
Whoſe ſhare, her guiltleſſe bloud they would preſent:
But, of her dainty fleſh they did deuize
To make a common feaſt, and feed with gurmandize.

So

39

So, round about her they themselues did place
Vpon the grasse, and diuersly dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingring space.
Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose;
Some praise her paps, some praise her lips and nose;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elbowes bare:
The Priest himselfe a garland doth compose
Of finest flowres, and with full busie care
His bloudy vessels wash, and holy fire prepare.

40

The Damzell wakes: then all attonce vp-start,
And round about her flocke, like many flies,
Whooping, and hollowing on euery part,
As if they would haue rent the brasen skies.
Which when she sees with ghastly grieffull eyes,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbes her cheekes: Then out aloud she cries,
Where none is nigh to heare, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and snowy breasts embrew.

41

But all boots not: they hands vpon her lay;
And first they spoyle her of her iewels deare,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongst them they in peeces teare,
And of the prey each one a part doth beare.
Now being naked to their sordid eyes
The goodly threasures of Nature appeare:
Which as they view with lustfull fantasies,
Each wisheth to himselfe, and to the rest envies.

42

Her yuory necke, her alabaster breast,
Her paps, which like white silken pillowes were,
For Loue in soft delight thereon to rest;
Her tender sides, her belly white and cleare,
Which like an Altar did it selfe vp-reare,
To offer sacrifice diuine thereon;
Her goodly thighes, whose glory did appeare
Like a triumphall Arch, and thereupon
The spoyls of Princes hangd, which were in battell won:

43

Those dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,
Those villeins view'd with loose lasciuious sight,
And closely tempted with their crafty spies;
And som of them gin mongst themselues deuise,
Thereof by force to take their beastly pleasure.
But them the Priest rebuking did aduise
To dare not to pollute so sacred threasure,
Vow'd to the gods: religion held euen theeues in measure.

44

So being stayd, they her from thence directed
Vnto a little groue not farre aside,
In which an altar shortly they erected,
To slay her on. And now the euentide
His broad black wings had through the heauens wide
By this dispred, that was the time ordained
For such a dismall deed, their guilt to hide:
Of few greene turfes an altar soone they fayned,
And deckt it al with flowrs, wch they nigh hand obtained.

45

Tho, when as all things ready were aright,
The Damzell was before the Altar set,
Being already dead with fearefull fright.
To whom the Priest with naked armes full net
Approaching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
Gan mutter close a certaine secret charme,
With other diuelish ceremonies met:
Which doen, he gan aloft t'aduance his arme,
Whereat they shouted all, and made aloud alarme.

46

Then gan the bag-pipes and the hornes to shrill,
And shrieke aloud, that with the peoples voyce
Confused, did the ayre with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noyce:
The whyles she wayld, the more they did reioyce.
Now mote ye vnderstand that to this groue
Sir *Calepine* by chance, more then by choyce,
The selfe same euening fortune hither droue,
As he to seek *Serena* through the woods did roue.

47

Long had he sought her, and through many a soyle
Had traueld still on foot in heauy armes,
Ne ought was tyred with his endlesse toyle,
Ne ought was feared of his certaine harmes:
And now all weetlesse of the wretched stormes,
In which his Loue was lost, he slept full fast,
Till being waked with these loud alarmes,
He lightly started vp like one aghast,
And catching vp his armes, streight to the noise forth past.

48

There by th'vncertaine glimse of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceiue a little dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom, a woman spoyld of all attire
He spide lamenting her vnlucky strife,
And groning sore from grieued heart entire;
Eftsoones he sawe one with a naked knife
Ready to launce her breast, and let out loued life.

49

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng,
And euen as his right hand adowne descends,
He him preuenting, layes on earth along,
And sacrificeth to th'infernall feends.
Then to the rest his wrathfull hand he bends:
Of whom he makes such hauocke and such hew,
That swarmes of damned soules to hell he sends:
The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
Fly like a flocke of doues before a Faulcons view.

50

From them returning to that Ladie backe,
Whom by the Altar he doth sitting finde,
Yet fearing death, and next to death the lacke
Of clothes to couer what shee ought by kinde,
He first her hands beginneth to vnbinde;
And then to question of her present woe;
And afterwards to cheare with speeches kind.
But she, for nought that he could say or doe,
One word durst speake, or answer him awhit thereto,

51

So inward shame of her vncomely case
She did conceiue, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did couer her disgrace,
Yet she in so vnwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the state in which shee stood.
So, all that night to him vnknowen she past.
But day that doth discouer bad and good,
Ensewing, made her knowen to him at last:
The end whereof I le keep vntill another cast.

Canto IX.

Calidore hostes with Melibee,
and loues faire Pastorell;
Coridon enuies him, yet he
for ill rewards him well.

1

NOw turne again my teme thou iolly swain,
Backe to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twaine (cleft:
Vnplough'd, the wch my coulter hath not
Yet seem'd the soile both fair & fruitful eft,
As I it past; that were too great a shame,
That so rich fruit should be from vs bereft;
Besides the great dishonour and defame,
Which should befall to *Calidores* immortall name.

2

Great trauell hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toyle endured, sith I left him last
Sewing the *Blatant Beast*; which I forbore
To finish then, for other present haste.
Full many paths, and perils he hath past, (Plains,
Through hils, through dales, throgh forrests & throgh
In that same quest, which Fortune on him cast;
Which he atchieued to his owne great gaines,
Reaping eternall glory of his restlesse paines.

3

So sharply he the monster did pursew,
That day nor night he suffred him to rest:
Ne rested he himselfe (but Natures dew)
For dread of danger, not to be redrest,
If he for slouth forslackt so famous quest.
Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the cities to the townes him prest,
And from the townes into the country forced,
And from the country back to priuate farms he scorsed.

4

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heards were keeping of their neat,
And shepheards singing to their flockes, that fed,
Layes of sweet loue and youthes delightfull heat:
Him thither eke (for all his fearefull threat)
He followed fast, and chaced him so nie,
That to the folds, where sheep at night do seat,
And to the little cotes, where shepheards lie
In winters wrathfull time, he forced him to flie.

5

There on a day as he pursew'd the chace,
He chaunc't to spy a sort of shepheard groomes,
Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
The whiles their beasts there in the budded broomes
Beside them fed, and nipt the tender bloomes:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet sweating comes,
And them to tell him curteously besought,
If such a beast they saw, which he had thither brought.

6

They answer'd him, that no such beast they sawe,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happy flockes, nor danger to them drawe:
But if that such there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God him farre from them to send.
Then one of them him seeing so to sweat,
After his rusticke wise (that well he weend)
Offred him drinke, to quench his thirsty heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

7

The Knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And tooke their gentle offer: so adowne
They prayd him sit, and gaue him for to feed
Such homely what, as serues the simple clowne,
That doth despise the dainties of the towne.
Tho, hauing fed his fill, he there beside
Sawe a faire damzell which did weare a crowne
Of sundry flowres, with silken ribbands tyde,
Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had dyde.

Vpon

8

Vpon a little hillocke she was placed
Higher then all the rest, and round about
Enuiron'd with a girlond, goodly graced,
Of louely lasses: and them all without
The lusty shepheard swaines sate in a rout,
The which did pipe and sing her prayses dew,
And oft reioyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heauenly hew
Were downe to them descended in that earthly view.

9

And soothly sure she was full faire of face,
And perfectly well shap't in euery lim;
Which she did more augment with modest grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heauenly wight,
Did for their soueraine goddesse her esteeme,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The fairest *Pastorella* her by name did hight.

10

Ne was there Heard, ne was there shepheards swaine
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her loue, and with sweet pleasing paine
Full many a night for her did sigh and grone:
But most of all the shepheard *Coridon*
For her did languish, and his deare life spend;
Yet neyther she for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though meane her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

11

Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him seemed
So farre the meane of shepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed,
To be a Princes Paragone esteemed;
He was vnwares surpriz'd in subtill bands
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeemed
By any skill out of his cruell hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing still on others stands.

12

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to moue away,
Although his quest were farre afore him gone:
But after he had fed, yet did he stay,
And sate there still, vntill the flying day
Was farre-forth spent, discoursing diuersly
Of sundry things, as fell, to worke delay;
And euermore his speech he did apply
To th' heards, but meant them to the damzels fantasie.

13

By this the moystie night approching fast,
Her deawy humour gan on th' earth to shed,
That warn'd the shepheards to their homes to haste
Their tender flockes, now being fully fed,
For feare of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good olde aged Syre,
Whose siluer locks bedeckt his beard and head,
With shepheards hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the Damzell rise; the day did now expire.

14

He was to weet by common voyce esteemed
The father of the fairest *Pastorell*,
And of her selfe in very deed so deemed;
Yet was not so, but as old stories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th' open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking vp brought home, and noursed well
As his owne childe; for other he had none,
That she in tract of time accounted was his owne.

15

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And streight vnto her little flocke did fare:
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with seuerall care
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:
Whilst euery one with helping hands did striue
Amongst themselues, and did their labours share,
To helpe faire *Pastorella* home to driue
Her fleecy flocke; but *Coridon* most helpe did giue.

16

But *Melibee* (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arriued hard at hand, began
Him to inuite vnto his simple home:
Which though it were a cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein meane; yet better so
To lodge, then in the saluage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly soone agreed thereto,
Being his hearts owne wish, and home with him did goe.

17

There he was welcom'd of that honest Syre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him beseught himselfe to disattyre,
And rest himselfe, till supper time befell:
By which, home came the fairest *Pastorell*,
After her flock she in their fold had tyde:
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small adoe, and nature satisfide,
The which doth little craue, contented to abide.

18

Tho, when they had their hunger sliked well,
And the faire mayd the table ta'ne away;
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell
In courtelie, and well could doe and say,
For so great kindnesse as he found that day,
Gan greatly thanke his host and his good wife;
And drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life,
Which Shepheards lead, without debate or bitter strife.

19

How much, said he, more happy is the state,
In which ye father here doe dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate,
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which tosse the rest in dangerous disease?
Where warres, and wreckes, and wicked enmitie
Doe them afflict, which no man can appease;
That certes I your happinesse enuie,
And wish my lot were plac't in such felicitie.

Surely

20

Surely my ſonne (then anſwer'd he againe)
If happy, then it is in this intent,
That hauing ſmall, yet doe I not complaine
Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
But doe my ſelfe, with that I haue, content;
So taught of Nature, which doth little need
Of forreine helps to lifes due nouriſhment.
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;
No better do I weare, no better do I feed.

21

Therefore I doe not any one enuy,
Nor am enuide of any one therefore;
They that haue much, feare much to loſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares doth follow riches ſtore.
The little that I haue growes daily more
Without my care, but onely to attend it.
My lambs do euery yeare increaſe their ſcore,
And my flockes father daily doth amend it.
What haue I, but to praiſe th'Almighty, that doth ſend it?

22

To them, that liſt, the worlds gay ſhowes I leaue,
And to great ones ſuch follies do forgiue,
Which oft through pride do their owne peril weaue,
And through ambition downe themſelues do driue
To ſad decay, that might contented liue.
Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds vnmoued quiet grieue;
But all the night in ſiluer ſleepe I ſpend,
And all the day, to what I liſt, I doe attend.

23

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Vnto my lambes, and him diſlodge away;
Sometime the Fawne I practice, from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kidde how to conuay;
Another while I baits and nets diſplay,
The birds to catch or fiſhes to beguile:
And when I weary am, I downe do lay
My limbs in euery ſhade, to reſt from toyle, (boile.
And drinke of euery brooke, when thirſt my throte doth

24

The time was once, in my firſt prime of yeeres,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
That I diſdain'd among mine equall peeres
To follow ſheepe and ſhepheards baſe attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leauing home, to royall court I ſought;
Where I did ſell my ſelfe for yearly hire,
And in the Princes garden daily wrought:
There I beheld ſuch vaineneſſe, as I neuer thought.

25

With ſight whereof ſoone cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them do entertaine,
After I had ten yeares my ſelfe excluded
From natiue home, and ſpent my youth in vaine,
I gan my follies to my ſelfe to plaine,
And this ſweet peace, whoſe lacke did then appeare,
Tho, backe returning to my ſheep againe,
I from thenceforth haue learn'd to loue more deare
This lowely quiet life, which I inherite here.

26

Whil'ſt thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong ſtill vpon his melting mouth attent;
Whoſe ſenſefull words empierc't his heart ſo neare,
That he was rapt with double raviſhment,
Both of his ſpeech that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the obiect of his view,
On which his hungry eye was alwayes bent;
That twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her faire hew,
He loſt himſelfe, and like one halfe entranced grew.

27

Yet to occaſion meanes, to worke his minde,
And to inſinuate his hearts deſire,
He thus replide; Now ſurely ſyre I finde,
That all this worlds gay ſhowes, which we admire,
Be but vaine ſhadowes to this ſafe retire
Of life, which here in lowlineſſe ye lead,
Feareleſſe of foes, or Fortunes wrackfull yre,
Which toſſeth ſtates, and vnder foot doth tread
The mighty ones, affraid of euery changes dread.

28

That euen I which daily do behold
The glory of the great, mongſt whom I won;
And now haue prov'd, what happineſſe ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordſhip and ambition;
And wiſh the heauens ſo much had graced me,
As grant me liue in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might tranſpoſed be
From pitch of higher place, vnto this lowe degree.

29

In vaine, ſaid then old *Melibee*, doe men
The heauens of their fortunes fault accuſe;
Sith they know beſt, what is the beſt for them:
For, they to each ſuch fortune doe diffuſe,
As they do knowe each can moſt aptly vſe.
For, not that, which men couet moſt, is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe:
But heteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

30

It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore:
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
And other, that hath little, aſkes no more,
But in that little is both rich and wiſe.
For, wiſedome is moſt riches; fooles therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vowes deuize,
Sith each vnto himſelfe his life may fortunize.

31

Since then in each mans ſelfe, ſaid *Calidore*,
It is, to faſhion his owne lifes eſtate,
Giue leaue awhile, good father, in this ſhore
To reſt my barke, which hath been beaten late
With ſtormes of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
In ſeas of troubles and of toyleſome paine;
That whether quite from them for to retreate
I ſhall reſolue, or backe to turne againe,
I may here with your ſelfe ſome ſmall repoſe obtaine.

Not

32

Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargefull be, or change to you at all;
For, your meane food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Beſides, for recompence hereof, I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon giue,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer liue.
So, forth he drew much golde, and toward him it driue;

33

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it farre away,
And thus beſpake; Sir Knight, your bountious proffer
Be farre fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſſe, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empayre my peace with dangers dread.
But if ye algates couet to aſſay
This ſimple ſort of life, that Shepheards lead,
Be it your owne: our rudeneſſe to your ſelfe aread.

34

So there that night Sir *Calidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whil'ſt him liſt remaine,
Daily beholding the faire *Paſtorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his owne bane.
During which time, he did her entertaine
With all kinde courteſies, he could inuent;
And euery day her company to gaine,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went:
So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

35

But ſhe that neuer had acquainted beene
With ſuch queint vſage, fit for Queenes and Kings,
Ne euer had ſuch knightly ſeruice ſeene
(But being bred vnder baſe Shepheards wings,
Had euer learn'd to loue the lowely things)
Did little whit regard his courteous guize:
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Then all that he could doe, or cv'r deuize:
His layes, his loues, his lookes ſhe did them all deſpize.

36

Which *Calidore* perceyuing, thought it beſt
To change the manner of his lofty looke;
And doffing his bright armes, himſelfe addreſt
In Shepheards weed, and in his hand he took,
In ſtead of ſteele-head ſpeare, a Shepheards hook;
That who had ſeene him then, would haue bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,
When he the loue of faire *Benoné* ſought,
What time the golden apple was vnto him brought.

37

So being clad, vnto the fields he went
With the faire *Paſtorella* euery day,
And kept her ſheep with diligent attent,
Watching to driue the rauenous Wolfe away,
The whil'ſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And euery euening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for need, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſſe the milk: loue ſo much could.

38

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop't her loue to gaine,
He much was troubled at that ſtrangers guize,
And many iealous thoughts conceiu'd in vaine,
That this of all his labour and long paine
Should reap the hareſt, ere it ripened were;
That made him ſcoule, and pout, and oft complaine
Of *Paſtorell* to all the ſhepheards there,
That ſhe did loue a ſtranger ſwaine then him more dere.

39

And euer when he came in company,
Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would loure,
And byte his lip, and euen for iealouſie
Was ready oft his owne heart to deuoure,
Impatient of any Paramoure:
Who on the other ſide did ſeem ſo farre
From malicing, or grudging his good houre,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne euer ſhewed ſigne of rancour or of iarre.

40

And oft, when *Coridon* vnto her brought
Or little ſparrowes, ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrils, in the woods farre ſought,
Or other dainty thing for her addreſt;
He would commend his gift, and make the beſt:
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could finde to fancy in her breaſt:
This new come ſhepheard had his market mard.
Old loue is little worth, when new is more prefard.

41

One day when as the ſhepheard ſwaynes together
Were met, to make their ſports and merry glee,
As they are wont in faire ſun-ſhiny weather,
The whiles their flockes in ſhadowes ſhrouded be,
They fell to dance: then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
And *Calidore* ſhould lead the ring, as he
That moſt in *Paſtorellaes* grace did ſit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

42

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
Took *Coridon*, and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the dance, as was his faſhion;
For, *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.
And when as *Paſtorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garland tooke from her owne head,
And plac't on his, he did it ſoone diſplace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
Then *Coridon* woxe frollicke, that earſt ſeemed dead.

43

Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
To practice games, and muſteries to trie,
They for their iudge did *Paſtorella* chooſe;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon*, forth ſtepping openly,
Did challenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
For, he through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practiſed was, and in the ſame (ſhame.
Thought ſure t'auenge his grudge, & work his foe great

But

44

But *Calidore* he greatly did miſtake;
For, he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiffe pight,
That with one fall his necke he almoſt brake:
And had he not vpon him fallen light,
His deareſt ioynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crowne by *Paſtorell*
Giuen to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gaue it to *Coridon*, and ſaid he wonne it well.

45

Thus did the gentle Knight himſelfe abeare
Amongſt that ruſticke rout in all his deeds,
That euen they the which his riuals were,
Could not maligne him, but commend him needs:
For, courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and fauour. So it ſurely wrought
With this faire Mayd, and in her mind the ſeeds
Of perfect loue did ſowe, that laſt forth brought
The fruit of ioy & bliſs, though long time dearly bought.

46

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To win the loue of the faire *Paſtorell*;
Which hauing got, he vſed without crime
Or blamefull blot; but menaged ſo well,
That he of all the reſt, which there did dwell,
Was fauoured, and to her grace commended.
But what ſtrange fortunes vnto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conueniently in other place be ended.

Canto X.

Calidore ſees the Graces daunce,
to Colins melody:
The whiles his Paſtorell is led,
into captiuitie.

1

WHo now does follow the foule *Blatant Beaſt*,
Whil'ſt *Calidore* does follow that faire Mayd,
Vnmindfull of his vowe and high beheaſt,
Which by the Faery Queen was on him layd,
That he ſhould neuer leaue, nor be delayed
From chaſing him, till he had it atchieued?
But now, entrapt of loue, which him betrayd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieued (grieued;
With grace from her, whoſe loue his heart hath ſore en-

2

That from henceforth he meanes no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toyle and paine;
Another queſt, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his loue to gaine:
With whom he mindes for euer to remaine,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſticke ſort,
Rather then hunt ſtill after ſhadowes vaine
Of courtly fauour, fed with light report
Of euery blaſte, and ſayling alwayes in the port.

3

Ne certes mote he greatly blamed be,
From ſo high ſtep to ſtoupe vnto ſo lowe.
For, who had taſted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth ouer-flowe,
And prov'd the perfect pleaſures which do growe
Amongſt poore hindes, in hils, in woods, in dales,
Would neuer more delight in painted ſhowe
Of ſuch falſe bliſſe, as there is ſet for ſtales,
T' entrap vnwary fooles in their eternall bales.

4

For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one ſight, which *Calidore* did view?
The glaunce whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That neuer more they ſhould endure the ſhew
Of that ſunne-ſhine, that makes them looke askew:
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Saue onely *Glorianaes* heauenly hew;
To which what can compare? can it compare;
The which, as commeth now by courſe, I will declare.

5

One day as he did range the fields abroad,
Whil'ſt his faire *Paſtorella* was elſewhere,
He chaunc't to come, far from all peoples troad,
Vnto a place, whoſe pleaſance did appeare
To paſſe all others, on the earth which were:
For, all that euer was by natures skill
Deuiz'd to worke delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were poured forth at will,
As if this to adorne, ſhe all the reſt did pill.

It

6

It was an hill, plac't in an open Plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood,
Of matchleſſe height, that ſeem'd th' earth to diſdaine;
In which all trees of honour ſtately ſtood,
And did all winter as in ſommer bud,
Spredding pauilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches ſung aloud,
And in their tops the ſoaring hauke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles, in maieſtie and powre.

7

And at the foote thereof, a gentle flud
His ſiluer waues did ſoftly tumble downe,
Vnmard with ragged moſſe or filthy mud;
Ne mote wilde beaſts, ne mote the ruder clowne
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drowne:
But Nymphes and Faeries by the banks did ſit,
In the woods ſhades, which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noyſome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8

And on the top thereof a ſpacious Plaine
Did ſpred it ſelfe, to ſerue to all delight,
Eyther to dance, when they to dance would faine,
Or elſe to courſe about their baſes light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleaſure might
Deſired be, or thence to baniſh bale:
So pleaſantly the hill, with equall hight,
Did ſeeme to ouer-look the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

9

They ſay that *Venus*, when ſhe did diſpoſe
Her ſelfe to pleaſance, vſed to reſort
Vnto this place, and therein to repoſe
And reſt her ſelfe as in a gladſome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and ſport;
That euen her owne Cytheron, though in it
She vſed moſt to keepe her royall Court,
And in her ſoueraine maieſty to ſit,
She in regard hereof refuſde and thought vnfit.

10

Vnto this place when as the Elfin knight
Approacht, him ſeemed that the merry ſound
Of a ſhrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feet faſt thumping th' hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it bee;
There he a troupe of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladſull glee,
And in the midſt a Shepheard piping he did ſee.

11

He durſt not enter into th' open Greene,
For dread of them vnwares to be deſcride,
For breaking of their dance, if he were ſeene;
But in the couert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all, yet of them vneſpide.
There he did ſee, that pleaſed much his ſight,
That euen he himſelfe his eyes enuide,
An hundred naked maydens lilly white,
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12

All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midſt of them
Three other Ladies did both dance and ſing,
The whil'ſt the reſt them round about did hemme,
And like a girlond did in compaſſe ſtemme:
And in the midſt of thoſe ſame there was placed
Another Damzell, as a precious gemme
Amidſt a ring moſt richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly preſence all the reſt much graced.

13

Looke how the Crowne, which *Ariadne* wore
Vpon her ywory forehead that ſame day
That *Theſeus* her vnto his bridale bore
(When the bold *Centaures* made that bloudy fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did him diſmay)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heauen doth her beams diſplay,
And is vnto the ſtars an ornament,
Which round about her moue in order excellent:

14

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whoſe ſundry parts were here too long to tell:
But ſhe that in the midſt of them did ſtand,
Seem'd all the reſt in beauty to excell,
Crowned with a roſie girlond, that right well
Did her beſeeme. And euer, as the crew
About her daunc't, ſweet flowres, that far did ſmell,
And fragrant odours they vpon her threw;
But moſt of all, thoſe three did her with gifts endew.

15

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmayds of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Vpon this hill, and dance there day and night:
Thoſe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that *Venus* in her ſelfe doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that faire one,
That in the midſt was placed paravant,
Was ſhe to whom that ſhepheard pyp't alone,
That made him pipe ſo merrily, as neuer none.

16

She was to weet that iolly Shepheards laſſe,
Which piped there vnto that merry rout:
That iolly ſhepheard, which there pipèd, was
Poore *Colin Clout* (who knowes not *Colin Clout*?)
He pyp't apace, whil'ſt they him daunc't about.
Pype iolly ſhepheard, pype thou now apace
Vnto thy Loue, that made thee low to lout;
Thy Loue is preſent there with thee in place,
Thy Loue is there aduaunc't to be another Grace.

17

Much wondred *Calidore* at this ſtrange ſight,
Whoſe like before his eye had neuer ſeene:
And ſtanding long aſtonished in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſance, wiſt not what to weene;
Whether it were the traine of beauties Queene,
Or Nymphes, or Faeries, or enchanted ſhowe,
With which his eyes mote haue deluded beene.
Therefore reſoluing, what it was to knowe,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go.

But

18

But ſoone as he appeared to their view,
They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And cleane were gone, which way he neuer knew;
All ſaue the Shepheard, who for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that vnhappy turne.
But *Calidore*, though no leſſe ſory wight,
For that miſ-hap, yet ſeeing him to mourne,
Drew neere, that he the truth of all by him mote learne.

19

And firſt him greeting, thus vnto him ſpake;
Haile iolly Shepheard, which thy ioyous dayes
Here leadeſt in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of theſe gentle Nymphes alwayes,
Which to thee flocke, to heare thy louely layes;
Tell me, what mote theſe dainty Damzels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleaſant playes?
Right happy thou, that maiſt them freely ſee:
But why, when I them ſawe, fled they away from me?

20

Not I ſo happy, anſwerd then that ſwaine,
As thou vnhappy, which them thence didſt chace,
Whom by no meanes thou canſt recall againe.
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themſelues liſt ſo to grace.
Right ſory I, ſaid then Sir *Calidore*,
That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace.
But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore, (ſore.
Tell me, what were they all, whoſe lacke thee grieues ſo

21

Tho, gan that Shepheard thus for to dilate;
Then wote thou Shepheard, whatſoeuer thou be,
That all thoſe Ladies, which thou ſaweſt late,
Are *Venus* Damzels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They all are Graces which on her depend,
Beſides a thouſand more, which ready be
Her to adorne, when-ſo ſhe forth doth wend:
But thoſe three in the midſt do chiefe on her attend.

22

They are the daughters of ſky-ruling Ioue,
By him begot of faire *Eurynomé*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleaſant groue,
As he this way comming from feaſtfull glee
Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aeacidee*,
In ſommers ſhade himſelfe here reſted weary.
The firſt of them hight mylde *Euphroſyné*,
Next faire *Aglaia*, laſt *Thalia* merry,
Sweet goddeſſes all three which me in mirth do cherry.

23

Theſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtowe,
Which decke the body or adorne the minde,
To make them louely or well fauoured ſhowe:
As, comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet ſemblant, friendly offices that binde,
And all the complements of courteſie:
They teach vs, how to each degree and kinde
We ſhould our ſelues demeane, to lowe, to hie;
To friends, to foes: which skill men call Ciuility.

24

Therefore they alwayes ſmoothly ſeeme to ſmile,
That we likewiſe ſhould milde and gentle be;
And alſo naked are, that without guile
Or falſe diſſemblance all them plaine may ſee,
Simple and true from couert malice free:
And eke themſelues ſo in their dance they bore,
That two of them ſtill froward ſeem'd to be,
But one ſtill towards ſhew'd her ſelfe afore;
That good ſhould from vs go, then com in greater ſtore.

25

Such were thoſe goddeſſes, which ye did ſee;
But that fourth Maid, which there amidſt them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote ſhe be,
Whether a creature or a goddeſſe graced
With heauenly gifts from heauen firſt enraced?
But what-ſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
To be the fourth, with thoſe three other placed:
Yet was ſhe certes but a country laſſe,
Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes farre did paſſe.

26

So farre as doth the daughter of the day,
All other leſſer lights in light excell,
So farre doth ſhe in beautifull array,
Aboue all other laſſes beare the bell:
Ne leſſe in vertue that beſeemes her well,
Doth ſhe exceed the reſt of all her race;
For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Haue for more honour brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

27

Another Grace ſhe well deſerues to be,
In whom ſo many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the meane of her degree;
Diuine reſemblance, beauty ſoueraine rare,
Firme Chaſtitie, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare;
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when ſhe is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

28

Sunne of the world, great glory of the ſkie,
That all the earth do'ſt lighten with thy rayes,
Great *Gloriana*, greateſt Maieſty,
Pardon thy Shepheard mongſt ſo many layes,
As he hath ſung of thee in all his dayes,
To make one minime of thy poore handmayd,
And vnderneath thy feet to place her praiſe;
That when thy glory ſhall be farre diſplayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made.

29

When thus that Shepheard ended had his ſpeech,
Said *Calidore*; Now ſure it yrketh mee,
That to thy bliſs I made this luckleſſe breach,
As now the Authour of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereaue thy Loues deare ſight from thee:
But gentle Shepheard pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that, which I mote not ſee.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely meanes did frame.

In

29

In such discourses they together spent
Long time, as fit occation forth them led;
With which, the Knight himselfe did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancie fed,
Both of his words, which he with reason red;
And also of the place, whose pleasures rare
With such regard his sences ravished,
That thence he had no will away to fare, (share.
But wisht, that with that shepheard hee mote dwelling

30

But that envenimd sting, the which of yore,
His poysnous point deep fixed in his heart
Had left, now gan afresh to rankle sore,
And to renue the rigour of his smart:
VVhich to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him availe, but to returne againe
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breast, had bred his restlesse paine,
Like as the wounded VVhale to shore flies frō the maine.

31

So, taking leave of that same gentle swaine,
He back returned to his rustick wonne,
VVhere his faire *Pastorella* did remaine:
To whom in sort, as he at first begonne,
He daily did apply himselfe to donne
All dewfull service, void of thoughts impure:
Ne any paines ne perill did he shonne,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet vntamed heart procure.

32

And euermore the Shepheard *Coridon*,
VVhat-euerthing he did to her aggrate,
Did strive to match, with strong contention,
And all his paines did closely emulate;
VVhether it were to caroll, as they sate
Keeping their sheepe, or games to exercise,
Or to present her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chaunc't to arize
To him, the Shepheard streight with iealousie did frize.

33

One day, as they all three together went
To the greene wood, to gather strawberies,
There chaunc't to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did rise,
That with fell clawes full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did runne at *Pastorell*, her to surprize:
Whom she beholding, now all desolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to helpe her all too late.

34

VVhich *Coridon* first hearing, ran in haste
To rescue her: but when he sawe the feend,
Through coward feare he fled away as fast,
Ne durst abide the danger of the end;
His life he steemed dearer then his friend.
But *Calidore* soone comming to her ayde,
When he the beast sawe ready now to rend
His Loues deare spoile, in which his hart was praide,
He ran at him enrag'd, in stead of beeing fraide.

35

Hee had no weapon, but his shepheards hooke,
To serue the vengeance of his wrathfull will;
With which so sternely he the monster strooke,
That to the ground astonished he fell:
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell;
And hewing off his head, it presented
Before the feet of the faire *Pastorell*;
VVho, scarcely yet from former feare exempted,
A thousand times him thankt, that had her death preuen- (ted.

36

From that day forth she gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But *Coridon* for cowardize reiect,
Fit to keepe sheepe, vnfit for loues content:
The gentle hart scornes base disparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not despise him quight,
But vsde him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowship, he colour might
Both his estate, and loue, from skill of any wight.

37

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily suit,
That at the last vnto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his loue he reapt the timely fruit,
And ioyed long in close felicity;
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
That envies Louers long prosperitie,
Blew vp a bitter storme of foule aduersity.

38

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawlesse people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That neuer vsde to liue by plough nor spade,
But fed on spoile and booty, which they made
Vpon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of these shepheards did invade,
And spoild their houses, and themselues did murder;
And droue away their flocks with other much disorder.

39

Amongst the rest, the which they then did pray,
They spoyld old *Melibœ* of all he had,
And all his people captiue led away;
Mongst which this luckelesse mayd away was lad,
Faire *Pastorella*, sorrowfull and sad,
Most sorrowfull, most sad, that euer sigh't,
Now made the spoile of thieues and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest Knight,
That euer liv'd, and th'onely glory of his might.

40

With them also was taken *Coridon*,
And caried captiue by those thieues away;
Who in the couert of the night, that none,
Mote them descry, nor rescue from their prey,
Vnto their dwelling did them close conuay.
Their dwelling in a little Iland was,
Couered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeard for people in nor out to passe,
Nor any footing find for ouer-growen grasse.

41

For vnderneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow Caues, that no man mote diſcouer
For the thick ſhrubs, which did them alwaies ſhade
From view of liuing wight, and couered ouer:
But darkneſſe drad and daily night did houer
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lighted was with window, nor with louer,
But with continuall candle-light, which dealt
A doubtfull ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeene, as felt.

42

Hither thoſe *Brigants* brought their preſent pray,
And kept them with continuall watch and ward;
Meaning ſo ſoone, as they conuenient may,
For ſlaues to ſell them for no ſmall reward,
To Merchants, which them kept in bondage hard,
Or ſold againe. Now when faire *Paſtorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grieſly thieues, ſhe thought her ſelfe in hell,
Where with ſuch damned fiends ſhe ſhould in darkneſs (dwell.

43

But for to tell the dolefull dreriment,
And pittifull complaints which there ſhe made
(VVhere day & night ſhe nought did but lament
Her wretched life, ſhut vp in deadly ſhade,
And waſte her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre, that feeles no heat of ſunne,
VVhich may her feeble leaues with comfort glade)
And what befell her in that theeuiſh wonne,
VVill in another Canto better be begonne.

Canto XI.

The thieues fall out for Paſtorell,
Whileſt Melibœ is ſlaine:
Her, Calidore from them redeemes,
And bringeth backe againe.

1

HE ioyes of loue, if they ſhould euer laſt,
VVithout affliction or diſquietneſſe,
That worldly chances do amongſt thē caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſednes,
Liker to heauen then mortall wretchednes.
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet,
That heere on earth is no ſure happineſs,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
To make it ſeem more deare and dainty, as is meet.

2

Like as is now befalne to this faire maide,
Faire *Paſtorell*, of whom is now my ſong:
VVho beeing now in dreadfull darknes layd,
Amongſt thoſe thieues, which her in bondage ſtrong
Detaind; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchiefe on her threw,
And ſorrowes heapt on her in greater throng;
That who-ſo heares her heauineſſe, would rew
And pitty her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſant hew.

3

VVhil'ſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dennes remained,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts vnreſt,
It ſo befell (as Fortune had ordained)
That he, which was their Capitaine profeſt,
And had the chiefe commaund of all the reſt,
One day as he did all his priſoners view,
VVith luſtfull eyes beheld that louely gueſt,
Faire *Paſtorella*; whoſe ſad mournfull hew
Like the faire Morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

4

At ſight whereof his barbarous hart was fired,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging hot,
That her alone he for his part deſired
Of all the other prey, which they had got,
And her in minde did to him ſelfe allot.
From that day forth he kindeneſſe to her ſhewed,
And ſought her loue, by all the meanes he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
And mixed threats among, and much vnto her vowed.

5

But all that euer he could doe or ſay,
Her conſtant mind could not a whit remoue,
Nor draw vnto the lure of his lewd lay,
To grant him fauour, or afford him loue.
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew and all waies proue,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behoue:
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

At

6

At laſt, when him ſhe ſo importune ſawe,
Fearing leaſt he at length the reanes would lend
Vnto his luſt, and make his will his lawe,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or friend;
She thought it beſt, for ſhadow to pretend
Some ſhew of fauour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall;
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

7

So from thenceforth, when loue he to her made,
VVith better tearmes ſhee did him entertaine:
Which gaue him hope, and did him halfe perſwade,
That he in time her ioyance ſhould obtaine.
But when ſhe ſawe, through that ſmall fauours gaine,
That further then ſhe willing was, he preſt:
She found no meanes to barre him, but to faine
A ſodaine ſickneſſe, which her ſore oppreſt,
And made vnfit to ſerue his lawleſſe minds beheaſt.

8

By meanes whereof, ſhe would not him permit
Once to approach to her in priuity,
But onely mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady,
And ſeeking all things meet for remedy.
But ſhe reſolv'd no remedy to finde,
Nor better cheare to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captiue bonds vnbinde.
Her ſickneſſe was not of the body, but the minde.

9

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſick did ly,
It chaunc't a ſort of Merchants which were wont
To skim thoſe coaſtes, for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch traffique after gaines to hunt,
Arriued in this Ile (though bare and blunt)
T'inquire for ſlaues; where beeing ready met
By ſome of theſe ſame thieues at th'inſtant brunt,
Were brought vnto their Captaine, who was ſet
By his faire Patients ſide with ſorrowfull regret.

10

To whom they ſhewed, how thoſe Merchants were
Arriu'd in place, their bondſlaues for to buy;
And therefore pray'd, that thoſe ſame captiues there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.
This their requeſt the Captaine much appalled;
Yet could he not their iuſt demaund deny,
And willed ſtraight the ſlaues ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt aduantage not to be forſtalled.

11

Then forth the good old *Melibœ* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diuerſe ſpoiles had caught:
All which he to the Merchants ſale did ſhowe;
Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners knowe,
Gan to inquire for the faire Shepherdeſſe,
Which with the reſt they tooke not long agoe,
And gan her forme and feature to expreſſe, (neſs.
The more t'augment her price, through praiſe of comli-

12

To whom the Captaine in full angry wize
Made anſwere, that the Mayd of whom they ſpake,
Was his owne purchaſe and his onely prize:
VVith which none had to doe, ne ought partake,
But he himſelfe which did that conqueſt make;
Little for him to haue one ſilly laſſe:
Beſides, through ſickneſſe now ſo wan and weake,
That nothing meet in merchandiſe to paſs.
So ſhew'd them her, to proue how pale & weake ſhe was.

13

The ſight of whom, though now decayd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeene by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtfull ſhadow of the darkſome night,
VVith ſtarry beames about her ſhining bright,
Theſe Merchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, & what through delight,
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praize.

14

At laſt, when all the reſt them offred were,
And prices to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how-euer pris'd with meaſure,
VVithouten her, whoſe worth aboue all threaſure
They did eſteeme, and offred ſtore of gold.
But then the Captaine fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bade them be ſtill, his Loue ſhould not be ſold:
The reſt take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15

Therewith, ſome other of the chiefeſt thieues
Boldly him bade ſuch iniury forbeare;
For, that ſame maid, how-euer it him grieues,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him there,
To make the prices of the reſt more deare.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſweare,
That who-ſo hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearely ſhall aby, and death for handſell pay.

16

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the fruit of too much talke:
And the mad ſteele about doth freely flie,
Not ſparing wight, ne leauing any balke,
But making way for death at large to walke;
Who, in the horror of the grieſly night,
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalke,
And makes huge hauock, whiles the candle light
Out-quenched, leaues no skill nor difference of wight.

17

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs ymet
About ſome carcaſſe by the common way,
Doe fall together, ſtriuing each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedy prey;
All on confuſed heapes themſelues aſſay,
And ſnatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and teare;
That who them ſees, would wonder at their fray;
And who ſees not, would be afraid to heare:
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruell *Brigants* there.

18

But first of all, their captiues they do kill,
Least they should ioyne against the weaker side,
Or rise against the remnant at their will:
Old *Melibee* is slaine, and him beside
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon*, escaping craftily,
Creeps forth of dores, whilst darknes him doth hide,
And flies away as fast as he can hie,
Ne stayeth leaue to take, before his friends doe die.

19

But *Pastorella*, wofull wretched Elfe,
VVas by the Captaine all this while defended:
Who minding more her safety then himselfe,
His target alwaies ouer her pretended;
By meanes whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was slaine, and layd on ground;
Yet holding fast twixt both his armes extended
Faire *Pastorell*, who with the selfe same wound
Lanc't through the arme, fell downe with him in drery (swound.

20

There lay she couered with confused preasse
Of carcases, which dying on her fell.
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan ceasse,
And each to other calling, did compell
To stay their cruell hands from slaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cause of all, were gone.
Thereto they all at once agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan search anone,
How many of their friends were slaine, how many fone.

21

Their Captaine there they cruelly found kild,
And in his armes the drery dying maid,
Like a sweet Angell twixt two clowds vp-held:
Her louely light was dimmed and decayd,
VVith clowd of death vpon her eyes displaid:
Yet did the clowd make euen that dimmed light
Seeme much more louely in that darknes layd,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
To sparke out little beames, like starres in foggy night.

22

But when they mou'd the carcases aside,
They found that life did yet in her remaine:
Then all their helps they busily applide,
To call the soule back to her home againe;
And wrought so well with labour and long paine,
That they to life recouered her at last.
VVho sighing sore, as if her hart in twaine
Had riuen been, and all her hart-strings brast,
With drery drouping eyne lookt vp like one aghast.

23

There she beheld, that sore her griev'd to see,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her selfe sole left, a second spoile to be
Of those, that hauing saued her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her but to waile and weepe,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared she her wound in teares to steepe
Albe with all their might those *Brigants* her did keepe.

24

But when they sawe her now reviu'd againe,
They left her so, in charge of one the best
Of many worst, who with vnkind disdaine
And cruell rigour her did much molest;
Scarce yeelding her due foode, or timely rest,
And scarcely suffring her infestred wound,
That sore her payn'd, by any to be drest.
So leaue we her in wretched thraldome bound,
And turne we back to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25

Who when he backe returned from the wood,
And saw his shepheards cottage spoiled quight,
And his Loue reft away, he wexed wood,
And halfe enraged at that ruefull sight;
That euen his hart for very fell despight,
And his owne flesh he ready was to teare:
He chaust, he griev'd, he fretted, and he sigh't,
And fared like a furious wilde Beare,
Whose whelps are stolne away, she being other-where.

26

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complaine,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increast the anguish of his paine.
He sought the woods; but no man could see there:
He sought the Plaines; but could no tydings heare.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vaine rebound;
The Plaines all waste and empty did appeare:
Where wont the shepheards oft their pipes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27

At last, as there he romed vp and downe,
He chanc't one comming towards him to spy,
That seem'd to be some sory simple clowne,
With ragged weeds, and locks vp-staring hie,
As if he did from some late danger flie,
And yet his feare did follow him behind:
VVho as he vnto him approched nie,
He mote perceiue by signes, which he did finde,
That *Coridon* it was, the silly shepheards hind.

28

Tho, to him running fast, he did not stay
To greet him first, but askt where were the rest:
Where *Pastorell*? who full of fresh dismay,
And gushing forth in teares, was so oppresst,
That he no word could speak, but smit his brest,
And vp to heauen his eyes fast streaming threw.
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not rest,
But askt againe, what meant that ruefull hew:
Where was his *Pastorell*? where all the other crew?

29

Ah well away, said he then sighing sore,
That euer I did liue, this day to see,
This dismall day, and was not dead before,
Before I sawe faire *Pastorella* die.
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
How could the death dare euer her to quell?
But read thou shepheard, read what destiny,
Or other direfull hap from heauen or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: doe feare away, and tell.

Tho

30

Tho, when the ſhepheard breathed had awhile,
He thus began: VVhere ſhall I then commence
This wofull tale? or how thoſe *Brigants* vile,
With cruell rage, and dreadfull violence
Spoild all our cots, and carried vs from hence?
Or how faire *Paſtorell* ſhould haue been ſold
To Marchants, but was ſau'd with ſtrong defence?
Or how thoſe thieues, whil'ſt one ſought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31

In that ſame conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatall chaunce, this dolefull accident,
Whoſe heauy tydings now I haue to tell.
Firſt, all the captiues which they here had hent,
VVere by them ſlaine by generall conſent;
Old *Melibœ*, and his good wife withall
Theſe eyes ſawe die, and dearely did lament:
But when the lot to *Paſtorell* did fall,
Their Captaine long withſtood, & did her death forſtall.

32

But what could he gainſt all them doe alone?
It could not boote; needs mote ſhe die at laſt:
I onely ſcap't through great confuſion
Of cries and clamors, which amongſt them paſt,
In dreadfull darkneſs, dreadfully aghaſt;
That better were with them to haue been dead,
Then here to ſee all deſolate and waſte,
Deſpoiled of thoſe ioyes and iollyhead
Which with thoſe gentle ſhepheards here I wont to lead.

33

VVhen *Calidore* theſe ruefull newes had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguiſh great,
And all his wits with doole were nigh diſtraught;
That he his face, his head, his breaſt did beat,
And death it ſelfe vnto himſelfe did threat;
Oft curſing th'heauens, that ſo cruell were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft, that he were preſent there,
VVhen ſhe was ſlaine, or had been to her ſuccour nere.

34

But after griefe awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent it ſelfe in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſourſe,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt,
How he might ſaue her life, if life did laſt;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreake,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or if it to reuenge he were too weake,
Then for to die with her, & his liues threed to breake.

35

Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, ſith he well knew
The ready way vnto that thieuiſh wonne,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Vnto the place, to ſee what ſhould be donne.
But he, whoſe hart through feare was late fordonne,
Would not for ought be drawne to former dreed;
But by all meanes the danger knowne did ſhonne:
Yet *Calidore*, ſo well him wrought with meed,
And faire beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

36

So, forth they goe together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepheards weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepheards hookes: But *Calidore*
Had vnderneath, him armed priuily.
Tho, to the place when they approched nie,
They chaunc't vpon an hill, not farre away,
Some flocks of ſheepe and ſhepheards to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there newes to learne, how they mote beſt aſſay.

37

There did they find, that which they did not feare,
The ſelfe ſame flocks, the which thoſe thieues had reft
From *Melibœ* and from themſelues whyleare,
And certaine of the thieues there by them left,
The which for want of heards themſelues then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his owne late ſheepe,
And ſeeing them, for tender pitty wept:
But when he ſaw the thieues which did them keepe,
His hart gan faile, albe he ſaw them all aſleepe.

38

But *Calidore* recomforting his griefe,
Though not his feare: for, nought may fear diſſwade;
Him hardly forward drew, wher-as the thiefe
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom *Coridon* him counſeld to inuade
Now all vnwares, and take the ſpoyle away:
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not ſo them ſlay,
But gently waking them, gaue them the time of day.

39

Tho, ſitting downe by them vpon the Greene,
Of ſundry things he purpoſe gan to faine;
That he by them might certaine tydings weene
Of *Paſtorell*, were ſhe aliue or ſlaine.
Mongſt which, the thieues them queſtioned againe,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertaine,
That they were poore heard-grooms, the which whilere
Had frō their maiſters fled, & now ſought hire elſewhere.

40

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hire them well, if they their flocks would keepe:
For, they themſelues, were euill groomes, they ſaid,
Vnwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheepe,
But to forray the Land, or ſcoure the deepe.
There-to they ſoone agreed, and earneſt tooke,
To keepe their flocks for little hire and chepe:
For, they for better hire did ſhortly looke:
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſooke.

41

Tho, when as towards darkſome night it drew,
Vnto their helliſh dennes thoſe thieues the brought;
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrailes ſought.
There did they find (contrary to their thought)
That *Paſtorell* yet liu'd; but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blithe did reſt,
But chiefely *Calidore*, whom griefe had moſt poſſeſt.

42

At length, when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night, when all the theeues did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought beſt,
Hauing of late (by diligent inqueſt)
Prouided him a ſword of meaneſt ſort:
With which he ſtraight went to the Captaines neſt.
But *Coridon* durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind, for dread of worſe effort.

43

VVhen to the Caue they came, they found it faſt:
But *Calidore*, with huge reſiſtleſſe might,
The dores aſſailed, and the locks vp-braſt.
With noyſe whereof the theefe awaking light,
Vnto the entrance ran: where the bold Knight
Encountring him with ſmall reſiſtance ſlew;
The whiles faire *Paſtorell* through great affright
VVas almoſt dead, miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some vp-rore were like that, which lately ſhe did view.

44

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Paſtorell* to call:
Knowing his voice (although not heard long ſin)
She ſuddaine was reuiued there-withall,
And wondrous ioy felt in her ſpirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each howre into deaths mouth to fall,
At length, eſpies at hand the happy coaſt,
On which he ſafety hopes, that earſt feard to be loſt.

45

Her gentle hart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had neuer ioyance felt, nor chearefull thought,
Began ſome ſmack of comfort now to taſte,
Like lifefull heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feele, that long for death had ſought;
Ne leſſe in hart reioyced *Calidore*
When he her found; but like to one diſtraught
And robd of reaſon, towards her him bore,
A thouſand times embrac't, and kiſt a thouſand more.

46

But now by this, with noyſe of late vp-rore,
The hue and cry was raiſed all about:
And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great ſtore,
Vnto the Caue gan preace, nought hauing doubt
Of that was done, and entred in a rout.
But *Calidore*, in th'entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertaining them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt that came firſt to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

47

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approche,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day:
Which when he ſpide vpon the earth t'encroche,
Through the dead carcaſſes he made his way;
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th'open light;
Where all the reſt for him did ready ſtay,
And fierce aſſailing him, with all their might
Gan all vpon him lay: there gan a dreadfull fight.

48

How many flies in hotteſt Sommers day
Doe ſeize vpon ſome beaſt, whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarmes doe ouer-lay,
And with their little ſtings right felly fare;
So many thieues about him ſwarming are,
All which doe him aſſaile on euery ſide,
And ſore oppreſſe, ne any him doth ſpare:
But hee doth with his raging brond diuide
Their thickeſt troups, and round about him ſcattereth (wide.

49

Like as a Lion mongſt an heard of Dere,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choiceſt pray;
So did he flie amongſt them here and there,
And all that neere him came, did hewe and ſlay,
Till he had ſtrow'd with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelues conuay
Into their Caues, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victory to him enuide.

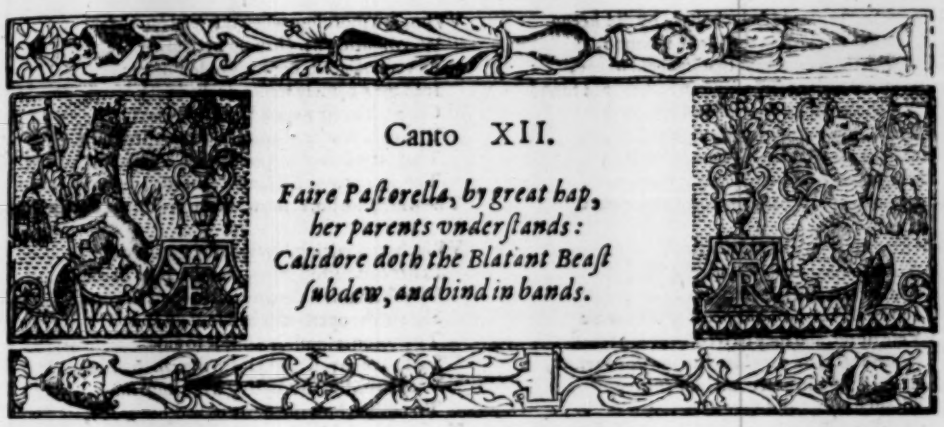
50

Then back returning to his deareſt Deare,
He her gan to recomfort all he might,
With gladfull ſpeeches, and with louely cheare;
And forth her bringing to the ioyous light,
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhfull ſight,
Deuiz'd all goodly meanes, from her to driue
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So, her vneath at laſt he did reuiue,
That long had lien dead, and made againe aliue.

51

This doen, into thoſe theeuiſh dennes he went,
And thence did all the ſpoiles and threaſures take,
Which they from many long had robd and rent,
But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
Of which the beſt he did his Loue betake:
And alſo all thoſe flocks, which they before
Had reft from *Melibee*, and from his Make,
He did them all to *Coridon* reſtore.
So, droue them all away, and his Loue with him bore.

Canto



Canto XII.

Faire Paſtorella, by great hap,
her parents vnderſtands:
Calidore doth the Blatant Beaſt
ſubdew, and bind in bands.

1

Like as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wide
Directs her courſe vnto one certaine coaſt,
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged ſpeed is let & croſt,
And ſhe her ſelfe in ſtormie ſurges toſt:
Yet making many a borde, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſſe loſt:
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is often ſtaid, yet neuer is aſtray.

2

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight, from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not been miſ-laid,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Euen vnto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come vnto my courſe againe,
To his atchiuement of the *Blatant Beaſt*;
Who all this while at will did range and raine,
Whil'ſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtraine.

3

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught
Faire *Paſtorella* from thoſe *Brigants* powre,
Vnto the Caſtle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamoure*;
Who whylome was in his youths freſhes flowre
A luſtie Knight, as euer wielded ſpeare,
And had endured many a dreadfull ſtoure
In bloudy battell for a Lady deare,
The faireſt Lady then of all that liuing were.

4

Her name was *Caribell*: whoſe father hight
The Lord of *Many Ilands*, farre renownd
For his great might, and his greater might,
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlock to haue bound
Vnto the Prince of *Picteland*, bordering nere;
But ſhee, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of loue to *Bellamoure* empearced were,
By all meanes ſhunned to match with any forraine feere.

5

And *Bellamoure* againe ſo well her pleaſed,
With daily ſeruice and attendance dew,
That of her loue he was entirely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but knowne to few:
Which when her father vnderſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dungeon deepe
VVithout compaſſion cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtraightly them aſunder keepe,
That neither could to company of th'other creepe.

6

Nath'leſſe, Sir *Bellamoure*, whether through grace
Or ſecret gifts, ſo with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Loue ſometimes he came in place;
VVherof, her wombe vnwiſt to wight was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.
Which ſhe ſtraight way (for dread leaſt if her Sire
Should know thereof, to ſley he would haue ſought)
Deliuer'd to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She ſhould it cauſe be noſtred vnder ſtrange attire.

7

The truſtie Damzell, bearing it abroad
Into the emptie fields, where liuing wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her lode,
She forth gan lay vnto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a ſight.
VVhom, whil'ſt ſhe did with watry eyne behold,
Vpon the little breaſt (like cryſtall bright)
She mote perceiue a little purple mold,
That like a Rote, her ſilken leaues did faire vnfold.

8

VVell ſhe it markt, and pitied the more,
Yet could not remedie her wretched caſe;
But cloſing it againe like as before,
Bedeaw'd with teares there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a little ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hide,
To weet what mortall hand, or heauens grace
Would for the wretched infants helpe prouide,
For which it loudly cald, and pitifully cride.

9

At length, a Shepheard, which there-by did keepe
His fleecie flock vpon the Plaines around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weepe,
Came to the place; where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond spoile, he softly it vnbound:
And seeing there that did him pitty sore,
He tooke it vp, and in his mantle wound;
So, home vnto his honest wife it bore,
Who as her owne it nurst, and named euermore.

10

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamoure* in bands, till that her sire
Departed life, and left vnto them all.
Then all the stormes of Fortunes former ire
VVere turnd, and they to freedome did retire.
Thence-forth, they ioy'd in happinesse together,
And liued long in peace and loue entire,
Without disquiet or dislike of either,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Pastorella* thither.

11

Both whom they goodly well did entertaine;
For, *Bellamoure* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loued for his prowesse, sith they twaine
Long since had fought in field. Als *Claribell*,
No lesse did tender the faire *Pastorell*,
Seeing her weake and wan, through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many ioyes among,
Vntill the damzell gan to wex more sound and strong.

12

Tho, gan Sir *Calidore* him to aduise
Of his first quest, which he had long forlore;
Asham'd to thinke, how he that enterprise,
The which the Faery Queene had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forslacked had so sore;
That much he feared, least reprocheful blame,
With foule dishonour him mote blot therefore;
Besides the losse of so much praise and fame,
As through the world there-by should glorifie his name.

13

Therefore resoluing to returne in haste
Vnto so great atchieuement, he bethought
To leaue his Loue, now perill beeing past,
VVith *Claribell*, whil'st he that monster sought
Throughout the world, & to destruction brought.
So taking leaue of his faire *Pastorell*
(Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought)
VVith thanks to *Bellamoure* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his quest, and did that him befell.

14

But first, ere I doe his aduentures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
VVhat did betide to the faire *Pastorell*,
During his absence left in beauy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that auncient Matrone all she might,
To cherish her with all things choice and rare;
And her owne hand-maid, that *Melissa* hight,
Appointed to attend her duely day and night.

15

VVho, in a morning, when this Maiden faire
Was dighting her (hauing her snowie breast
As yet not laced, nor her golden haire
Into their comely tresses duely drest)
Chaunc't to espy vpon her Ivorie chest
The rosie marke, which she remembred well
That little Infant had, which forth she kest,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which she bore, the whiles in prison she did dwell.

16

VVhich well avizing, straight she gan to cast
In her conceitfull mind, that this faire Maid,
Was that same infant, which so long since past
Shee in the open fields had loosely laid
To Fortunes spoile, vnable it to aide.
So, full of ioy, straight forth she ran in haste
Vnto her Mistresse, beeing halfe dismaid,
To tell her, how the heauens had her grac't,
To saue her child, which in misfortunes mouth was (plac't.

17

The sober mother, seeing such her mood
(Yet knowing not what meant that suddaine thro)
Askt her, how mote her words be vnderstood,
And what the matter was that moou'd her so.
My liefe, said she, ye know, that long ygo,
Whil'st yee in durance dwelt, ye to me gaue
A little maid, the which ye childed tho:
The same againe if now ye list to haue,
The same is yonder Lady, whom high God did saue.

18

Much was the Lady troubled at that speach,
And gan to question streight how she it knew.
Most certaine marks, said she, doe me it teach;
For, on her brest I with these eyes did view
The little purple rose, which there-on grew,
VVhere-of her name ye then to her did giue.
Besides, her countenaunce, and her likely hew,
Matched with equall yeeres, doe surely prieue,
That yond same is your daughter sure, which yet doth (liue.

19

The Matron staid no lenger to enquire,
But forth in haste ran to the stranger Maid;
VVhom catching greedily for great desire,
Rent vp her brest, and bosome open layd;
In which that Rose she plainly saw displaid,
Then her embracing twixt her armes twaine,
She long so held, and softly weeping said;
And liuest thou my daughter now againe?
And art thou yet aliue, whom dead I long did faine?

20

Tho, further asking her of sundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at last, by very certaine signes,
And speaking markes of passed monuments,
That this young Maid, whom chance to her presents,
Is her owne daughter, her owne infant deare.
Tho, wondring long at those so strange euents,
A thousand times she her embraced neare,
With many a ioyfull kis, and many a melting teare.

VVho

21

VVho-euer is the mother of one child,
Which hauing thought long dead, she findes aliue,
Let her by proofe of that which she hath filde
In her owne breast, this mothers ioy descriue:
For, other none such passion can contriue
In perfect forme, as this good Lady felt,
When she so faire a daughter sawe survive,
As *Pastorella* was, that nigh she swelt
For passing ioy, which did all into pitty melt.

22

Thence running forth vnto her loued Lord,
She vnto him recounted all that fell:
Who, ioyning ioy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his owne faire *Pastorell*.
There leaue we them in ioy, and let vs tell
Of *Calidore*: who seeking all this while
That monstrous Beast by finall force to quell,
Through euery place, with restlesse paine and toile
Him follow'd, by the track of his outrageous spoile.

23

Through all estates he found that he had past,
In which he many massacres had left,
And to the Clergie now was come at last;
In which such spoile, such hauock, and such theft
He wrought, that thence all goodnes he bereft,
That endlesse were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place besides vnsought had left,
At length into a Monastere did light,
Where he him found despoiling all with maine & might.

24

Into their Cloysters now he broken had,
Through which the Monkes he chaced here & there,
And them pursu'd into their dortours sad,
And searched all their Cels and secrets neare;
In which, what filth and ordure did appeare,
VVere irkesome to report; Yet that foule Beast,
Nought sparing them, the more did tosse and teare,
And ransack all their dennes from most to least,
Regarding nought religion, nor their holy heast.

25

From thence, into the sacred Church he broke,
And robd the Chancell, and the deskes downe threw,
And Altars fouled, and blasphemy spoke;
And th' Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did cast to ground, whil'st none was them to rew;
So all confounded and disordered there.
~~But seeing *Calidore*, away he flew,~~
Knowing his fatall hand by former feare;
But he him fast pursuing, soone approched neare.

26

Him in a narrow place he ouertooke,
And fierce assayling, forc't him turne againe:
Sternely he turnd againe, when he him strooke
VVith his sharpe steele, and ran at him amaine
VVith open mouth, that seemed to containe
A full good peck within the vtmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in ranges twaine,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, grisly grim.

27

And therein were a thousand tongues empight,
Of sundry kindes, and sundry quality:
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And some of cats, that wrawling still did cry:
And some of Beares, that groynd continually;
And some of Tigres, that did seeme to gren,
And snar at all, that euer passed by:
But most of them were tongues of mortall men,
Which spake reprochefully, not caring where nor when.

28

And them amongst, were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked stings,
That spat out poyson and gore bloudy gere
At all that came within his rauenings,
And spake licentious words, and hatefull things
Of good and bad alike, of lowe and hie;
Ne Kesar spared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his banefull teeth of iniury.

29

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
Re'ncountred him with so impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he staid,
And bet abacke, threatning in vaine to bite,
And spetting forth the poyson of his spight,
That fomed all about his bloudy iawes.
Tho, rearing vp his former feet on hight,
He rampt vpon him with his rauenous pawes,
As if he would haue rent him with his cruell clawes.

30

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,
Did cast his shield atweene; and there-withall,
Putting his puissance forth, pursu'd so hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall:
And beeing downe, ere he new helpe could call,
His shield he on him threw, and fast downe held;
Like as a bullock, that in bloudy stall
Of butchers balefull hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept downe, till he be throughly queld.

31

Full cruelly the Beast did rage and rore,
To be downe held, and maistred so with might,
That he gan fret and fome out bloudy gore,
Striuing in vaine to reare himselfe vp-right.
For, still the more he stroue, the more the Knight
Did him surpasse, and forcibly subdew;
That made him almost mad for fell despight.
He grind, he bit, he scratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a fiend, right horrible in hew.

32

Or like the hell-borne *Hydra*, which they faine
That great *Alcides* whylome ouerthrew,
After that he had labourd long in vaine,
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish Beast,
Whil'st *Calidore* him vnder him downe threw;
Who nathemore his heauy load releast;
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increast.

Tho,

33

Tho, when the Beast saw he mote nought availe
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And sharply at him to revile and raile,
With bitter tearmes of shamefull infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
VVhose like he neuer once did speake, nor heare,
Nor euer thought thing so vnworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbeare,
But strained him so straightly, that he choakt him neare.

34

At last, when-as he found his force to shrinke,
And rage to quaile, he tooke a muzzell strong
Of surest iron, made with many a linke;
There-with he mured vp his mouth along,
And therein shut vp his blasphemous tong,
For neuer more defaming gentle Knight,
Or any louely Lady dooing wrong:
And there-vnto a great long chaine he tight,
With which he drew him forth, euen in his own despight.

35

Like as whylome that strong *Tirynthian* swaine,
Brought forth with him the dreadfull dog of hell,
Against his will fast bound in iron chaine;
And roring horribly, did him compell
To see the hatefull sunne; that he might tell
The griesly *Pluto*, what on earth was donne,
And to the other damned ghosts, which dwell
For aye in darknesse, which day light doth shonne:
So led this Knight his captiue, with like conquest wonne.

36

Yet greatly did the Beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he neuer bore,
Ne euer any durst till then impose,
And chaufed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durst he not draw back; nor once withstand
The proued powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled vnderneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearfull dog him followed through the land.

37

Him through all Faery Land he follow'd so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where-so he did goe,
Out of their townes did round about him throng,
To see him lead that Beast in bondage strong;
And seeing it, much wondred at the sight:
And all such persons, as he earst did wrong,
Reioyced much to see his captiue plight, (Knight.
And much admir'd the Beast, but more admir'd the

38

Thus was this Monster, by the maistring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, supprest and tamed,
That neuer more he mote endamage wight
VVith his vile tongue, which many had defamed,
And many causelesse caused to be blamed:
So did he eke long after this remaine,
Vntill that (whether wicked fate so framed,
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chaine,
And got into the world at liberty againe.

39

Thence-forth, more mischiefe & more scathe he wrought
To mortall men, then he had done before;
Ne euer could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maistred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him tooke in hand;
And after him, Sir *Lamoracke* of yore,
And all his brethren borne in Britaine land;
Yet none of them could euer bring him into band.

40

So now he raungeth through the world againe,
And rageth sore in each degree and state;
Ne any is that may him now restraine,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking, and byting all that him doe bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or cleare of crime:
Ne spareth he most gentle wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of person or of time.

41

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venemous despite,
More then my former writs, all were they cleerest
From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mightie Peeres displeasure,
That neuer so deserued to endite.
Therfore do you my rimes keep better measure, (sure.
And seeke to please, that now is counted wise mens trea-

The end of the Sixt Booke.

TWO

TWO CANTOS OF *MVTABILITIE:*

VVhich, both for Forme and Matter, appeare to be parcell of ſome following Booke of the *Faerie Queene,*

VNDER THE LEGEND OF *Conſtancie.*

Neuer before imprinted.

Canto VI.

Proud Change (*not pleaſd, in mortall things, beneath the Moone, to raigne*) *Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men, to be the Soueraine.*

1

WHat man that ſees the euer-whirling wheele
Of *Change*, the which all mortall things doth sway,
But that therby doth find, & plainly feele,
How MVTABILITY in them doth play
Her cruell ſports, to many mens decay?
VVhich that to all may better yet appeare,
I will rehearſe that whylome I heard say,
How ſhee at firſt her ſelfe began to reare, (beare.
Gainſt all the Gods, and th'empire ſought from them to

2

But firſt, here falleth fitteſt to vnfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I haue found it regiſtred of old,
In *Faery* Land mongſt records permanent:
She was, to weet, a daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old *Titans*, that did whylome ſtriue
With *Saturnes* ſonne for heauens regiment.
Whom, though high *Ioue* of kingdome did depriue,
Yet many of their ſtemme long after did ſurviue.

And

3

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Ioue*, and high authority;
As *Hecaté*, in whose almighty hand,
He plac't all rule and principalitie,
To be by her dispoled diuerſly,
To Gods, and men, as ſhe them liſt diuide:
And dread *Bellona*, that doth ſound on hie
VVarres and allarums vnto Nations wide,
That makes both heauen & earth to tremble at her pride.

4

So likewiſe did this *Titaneſſe* aſpire,
Rule and dominion to her ſelfe to gaine;
That as a Goddeſſe, men might her admire,
And heauenly honors yeeld, as to them twaine.
And firſt, on earth ſhe ſought it to obtaine;
Where ſhee ſuch proofe and ſad examples ſhewed
Of her great power, to many ones great paine,
That not men onely (whom ſhe ſoone ſubdewed)
But eke all other creatures, her bad doings rewed.

5

For, ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all which Nature had eſtabliſſt firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt:
And all the worlds fair frame (which none yet durſt
Of Gods or men to alter or miſguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurſt
That God had bleſt, and did at firſt prouide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for euer to abide.

6

Ne ſhee the lawes of Nature onely brake,
But eke of Iuſtice, and of Policie;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhlie:
Since which, all liuing wights haue learn'd to die,
And all this wold is woxen daily worſe.
O pittious worke of MVTABILITY!
By which, we all are ſubiect to that curſe,
And death in ſtead of life haue ſucked from our Nurſe.

7

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt, and thralled to her might,
She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought,
T'attempt the empire of the heauens hight,
And *Ioue* himſelfe to ſhoulder from his right.
And firſt, ſhe paſt the region of the ayre,
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight,
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contraire,
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepaire.

8

Thence, to the Circle of the Moone ſhe clambe,
Where *Cynthia* raignes in euerlaſting glory:
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairely deckt with heauens goodly ſtorie;
Whoſe ſiluer gates (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged Sire, with hower-glaſſe in hand,
Hight *Time*) ſhe entred, were he liefe or ſory:
Ne ſtaide till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,
Where *Cynthia* did ſit, that neuer ſtill did ſtand.

9

Her ſitting on an Iuory throne ſhe found,
Drawne of two ſteeds, th'one black, the other white,
Environd with tenne thouſand ſtarres around,
That duly her attended day and night:
And by her ſide, there ran her Page, that hight
Veſper, whom we the Euening-ſtarre intend,
That with his Torch, ſtill twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend,
And ioy to weary wandring trauailers did lend:

10

That when the hardy *Titaneſſe* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heauens ſubſtance, and vp-held
With thouſand Cryſtall pillors of huge hight,
She gan to burne in her ambitious ſpright,
And t'envy her that in ſuch glory raigned.
Eftſoones ſhe caſt by force and fortious might,
Her to diſplace, and to her ſelfe to haue gained
The kingdome of the Night, and waters by her wained.

11

Boldly ſhe bid the Goddeſſe downe deſcend,
And let her ſelfe into that Ivory throne;
For, ſhe her ſelfe more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone;
Whether to men, whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or vnto Gods, whoſe ſtate ſhe did maligne,
Or to th'infernall Powers, her need giue lone
Of her faire light, and bounty moſt benigne,
Her ſelfe of all that rule ſhe deemed moſt condigne.

12

But ſhe that had to her that ſoueraigne ſeat
By higheſt *Ioue* aſſign'd, therein to beare
Nights burning lampe, regarded not her threat,
Ne yeelded ought for fauour or for feare;
But with ſterne count'naunce and diſdainfull cheare,
Bending her horned browes, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for comming there,
Bade her attonce from heauens coaſt to pack,
Or at her peril bide the wrathfull Thunders wrack.

13

Yet nathemore the *Gianteſſe* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her downe perforce from off her chaire;
And there-with lifting vp her golden wand,
Threatned to ſtrike her if ſhe did with-ſtand.
Where-at the ſtarres which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moones bright wagon, ſtill did ſtand,
All beeing with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her vncouth habit and ſterne looke ſtill gazed.

14

Meane-while, the lower World, which nothing knew
Of all that chaunced heere, was darkned quite;
And eke the heauens, and all the heauenly crew
Of happy wights, now vnpurvaid of light,
VVere much afraid, and wondred at that ſight;
Fearing leaſt *Chaos* broken had his chaine,
And brought againe on them eternall night:
But chiefely *Mercury*, that next doth raigne,
Ran forth in haſte, vnto the king of Gods to plaine.

All

15

All ran together with an egre outcry,
To *Ioues* faire Palace, fit for heauenly wight;
And beating at his gate full earnestly,
Gan call to rouze the vtmost of his might,
To know what vnaduisd or vndiscreet vprore
The father of the Gods and men thus did heare,
Was troubled much that their so sodaine stirre,
Doubting least *Typhon* were againe vprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him sorely feard.

16

Eftsoones the speare of Starres forth he hent,
Downe to the Circle of the Moone to moue,
The cause of their so strange astonishment,
And why they did her quiet rest reproue;
And if that any wight on earth beloue,
That did with charmes or Magicke her molest,
Him to attache, and downe to hell to throwe:
But, if from heauen it were, then to arrest
The Author, and him bring before his presence prest.

17

The winged-foot God, so fast his plumes did beat,
That soone he came where-as the *Thunderer*
Was striuing with faire *Cynthia* for her seat:
At whose strange sight, and haughty hardinesse,
He wondred much, and feared her no lesse.
Yet laying feare aside to doe his charge,
At last, he bade her (with bold stedfastnesse)
Ceasse to molest the Moone to walke at large,
Or come before high *Ioue*, her doings to discharge.

18

And there-with all, he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed Mace, whose awfull power
Doth make both Gods and hellish fiends affraid:
Where-at the *Titanesse* did sternly lower,
And stoutly answer'd, that in euill hower
He from his *Ioue* such message to her brought,
To bid her leaue faire *Cynthia's* siluer bower;
Sith shee his *Ioue* and him effeemed nought, (sought,
No more then *Cynthia's* selfe; but all their Kingdoms

19

The Heauens Herald staid not to reply,
But past away, his doings to relate
Vnto his Lord; who now in th' highest sky,
Was placed in his principall Estate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his message told,
It did them all exceedingly amate, (bold,
Saue *Ioue*; who, changing nought his count'nance
Did vnto them at length these speeches wise vnfold;

20

Harken to mee awhile yee heauenly Powers.
Ye may remember since th' Earths cursed seed
Sought to assaile the heauens eternall towers,
And to vs all exceeding feare did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Yee all do knowe, and them destroyed quite;
Yet not so quite, but that there did succeed
An off-spring of their bloud, which did alite
Vpon the fruitfull earth, which doth vs yet despite.

21

Of that bad seed in this bold woman bred,
That now with bold presumption doth aspire
To thrust faire *Phebe* from her siluer bed,
And eke vsurpe from heauens high Empire,
If that her might were egall to her desire:
Wherefore, I now behoues vs to aduise
What way is best to driue her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counsell wise,
Are vs soone rid of God, as first ye can deuise.

22

So hauing said, he ceast; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whole doomefull dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world vnto his vow,
And euen the highest Powers of heauen to check)
Made signe to them in these degrees to speak:
Who straight gan cast their counsell graue and wise.
Mean-while th' Earths daughter, though she nought did
Of *Hermes* message; yet gan now aduise, (reck
What course were best to take in this hot bold emprize.

23

Eftsoones she thus resolu'd; that whil'st the Gods
(After returne of *Hermes* Embassie)
Were troubled, and amongst themselues at ods,
Before they could new counsels re-alsie,
To support her in that exercise;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So, forth she rose, and through the purest sky
To *Ioues* high Palace straight cast to ascend,
To prosecute her plot: Good on-set boads good end.

24

Shee there arriuing, boldly in did pas;
Where all the Gods she found in counsell close,
All quite vnarm'd, as then their manner was.
At sight of her they suddaine all arose,
In great amaze, ne wist what way to chose,
But *Ioue*, all fearelesse, fore't them to aby;
And in his soueraine throne, gan straight dispose
Himselfe more full of grace and Maiestie,
That more encheare his friends, and foes more terrifie.

25

That, when the haughty *Titanesse* beheld,
All were she fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the sight thereof was almost queld;
And inly quaking, seem'd as rest of sense,
And voyd of speech in that drad audience;
Vntill that *Ioue* himselfe, her selfe bespake:
Speake thou fraile woman, speake with confidence,
Whence art thou, & what doost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou, earths mansion to forsake?

26

She, halfe confused with his great commaund,
Yet gathering spirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly answer'd thus to his demaund:
I am a daughter, by the mothers side,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the fathers (be it not enuide)
I greater am in bloud (whereon I build)
Then all the Gods, though wrongfully fro heauen exil'd.

27

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge muſt)
Was *Saturnes* elder brother by birth-right;
Both, ſonnes of *Vranus*: but by vniuſt
And guileſull meanes, through *Corybantes* ſlight,
The younger thruſt the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Ioue*, inſtalled haſt held
The Heauens rule from *Titan* ſonnes by might;
And them to hellish dungeon downe haſt feld:
Witneſſe ye Heauens the truth of all that I haue teld.

28

Whil'ſt ſhe thus ſpake, the God that gaue good eare
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Beeing of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautifull of face,
As any of the Goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied, like a ſort of Steeres,
Mongſt whom, ſome beaſt of ſtrange & forraine race,
Vnwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peeres:
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden feares.

29

Till hauing pauz'd awhile, *Ioue* thus beſpake;
Will neuer mortall thoughts ceaſſe to aſpire,
In this bold ſort, to Heauen claime to make,
And touch celeſtiall ſeats with earthly mire?
I would haue thought, that bold *Procuſtes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* paine,
Or great *Prometheus*, taſting of our ire,
Would haue ſuffic'd, the reſt for to reſtraine;
And warn'd all men by their example to refraine:

30

But now, this off-ſcum of that curſed fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th' heritage of this our ſkie;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-driue to hell? With that, he ſhooke
His Nectar-deawed locks, with which the ſkyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

31

But, when he looked on her louely face,
In which, faire beames of beauty did appeare,
That could the greateſt wrath ſoone turne to grace
(Such ſway doth beauty euen in Heauen beare)
He ſtaid his hand: and hauing chang'd his cheare,
He thus againe in milder wiſe began;
But ah! if Gods ſhould ſtriue with fleſh yfere,
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *Ioue* ſhould do ſtill what he can.

32

But thee faire *Titans* child, I rather weene,
Through ſome vaine errour or inducement light,
To ſee that mortall eyes haue neuer ſeene;
Or through enſample of thy ſiſters might,
Bellona; whoſe great glory thou dooſt ſpight,
Since thou haſt ſeene her dreadfull power belowe,
Mongſt wretched men (diſmaide with her affright)
To bandie Crownes, and Kingdoms to beſtowe:
And ſure thy worth, no leſs then hers, doth ſeem to ſhowe.

33

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titaneſſe*,
That not the worth of any liuing wight
May challenge ought in Heaneps intereſſe;
Much leſſe the Title of old *Titans* Right:
For, we by conqueſt of our ſouraine might,
And by eternall doome of Fates decree,
Haue wonne the Empire of the Heauens bright;
Which to our ſelues we bold, and to whom wee
Shall worthy deeme partakers of our bliſſe to bee.

34

Then ceaſſe thy idle claime thou fooliſh gerle,
And ſeeke by grace and goodneſſe to obtaine
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
There-to thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou faine
Haue *Ioue* thy gracious Lord and Soueraine.
So, hauing ſaid, ſhe thus to him replide;
Ceaſſe *Saturnes* ſonne, to ſeeke by proffers vaine
Of idle hopes t'allure me to thy ſide,
For to betray my Right, before I haue it tride.

35

But thee, O *Ioue*, no equall Iudge I deeme
Of my deſert, or of my dewfull Right;
That in thine owne behalfe maiſt partiall ſeeme:
But to the higheſt him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equall might;
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeale.
There-at *Ioue* wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceale,
And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation ſeale.

36

Eftſoones the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both heauenly Powers, and earthly wights,
Before great Natures preſence ſhould appeare,
For triall of their Titles and beſt Rights:
That was, to weet, vpon the higheſt hights
Of *Arlo-hill* (Who knowes not *Arlo hill*?)
That is the higheſt head (in all mens ſights)
Of my old father *Mole*, whom Shepheards quill
Renowmed hath with hymnes fit for a rurall skill.

37

And, were it not ill fitting for this file,
To ſing of hilles & woods, mongſt warres & Knights,
I would abate the ſterneneſſe of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſterne ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* ſpights
(Beeing of old the beſt and faireſt Hill
That was in all this holy-Iſlands hights)
Was made the moſt vnpleaſant, and moſt ill.
Meane while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

38

Whylome, when IRELAND floriſhed in fame
Of wealths and goodneſſe, far aboue the reſt
Of all that beare the *Britiſh* Iſlands name,
The Gods then vs'd (for pleaſure and for reſt)
Oft to reſort there-to, when ſeem'd them beſt:
But none of all there-in more pleaſure found,
Then *Cynthia*; that is ſoueraine Queene profeſt
Of woods and forreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled wᵗʰ wholſom waters, more thē moſt on ground

But

39

But mongst them all, as fittest for her game,
Eyther for chace of beasts with hound or bowe,
Or for to shrowde in shade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bathe in fountaines that do freshly flowe,
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe,
She chose this *Arlo*; where she did resort
With all her Nymphes enranged on a rowe,
With whom the woody Gods did oft consort:
For, with the Nymphes, the Satyres loue to play & sport.

40

Amongst the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; daughter of old father *Mole*,
And sister vnto *Mulla* faire and bright:
Vnto whose bed false *Bregog* whylome stole,
That Shepheard *Colin* dearely did condole,
And made her luckelesse loues well knowne to be.
But this *Molanna*, were she not so shole,
Were no lesse faire and beautifull then shee:
Yet as she is, a fayrer flood may no man see.

41

For, first she springs out of two marble Rocks,
On which, a groue of Oakes high mounted growes;
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks (showes
Of some faire Bride, brought forth with pompous
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes:
So, through the flowry Dales she tumbling downe,
Through many woods, and shady couerts flowes
(That on each side her siluer channell crowne),
Till to the Plaine she come, whose Valleyes she doth (drowne.

42

In her sweet streames, *Diana* vsed oft
(After her sweaty chace and toylesome play)
To bathe her selfe: and after, on the soft
And downy grasse, her dainty limbes to lay
In couert shade, where none behold her may:
For, much she hated sight of liuing eye.
Foolish God *Faunus*, though full many a day
He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked mongst her Nymphes in priuity.

43

No way he found to compasse his desire,
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to discouer for some secret hire:
So, her with flattering words he first assaid;
And after, pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
Queene-apples, and red Cherries from the tree,
With which he her allured and hetrayd,
To tell what time he might her Lady see
When she her selfe did bathe, that he might secret bee.

44

There-to he promist, if shee would him pleasure
With this small boone, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as shee had out of measure
Long lou'd the *Faunus*, who by nought did set her,
That he would vndertake, for this to get her
To be his Loue, and of him liked well:
Besides all which, he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turnes then he would tell;
The least of which, this little pleasure should excell.

45

The simple mayd did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he close might view
That neuer any saw, saue onely one;
Who, for his hire to so foole-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds deuour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her Nymphes about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bath'd her louely limbes, for *Ioue* a likely pray.

46

There *Faunus* saw that pleased much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his brest,
That for great ioy of some-what he did spy,
He could him not containe in silent rest;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profest
His foolish thought. A foolish *Faune* indeed,
That couldst not hold thy selfe so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine owne conceit areed.
Babblers vnworthy been of so diuine a meed.

47

The Goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
In hast forth started from the guilty brooke;
And running straight where-as she heard his voyce,
Enclos'd the bush about, and there him tooke,
Like darred Larke; not daring vp to looke
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence, forth they drew him by the hornes, & shooke
Nigh all to peeces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

48

Like as an huswife, that with busie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gaine,
Finding where-as some wicked beast vnware
That breakes into her Dayr'house, there doth draine
Her creaming pannes, and frustrate all her paine;
Hath in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her traine,
Then thinkes what punishment were best assign'd,
And thousand deathes deuiseth in her vengefull mind:

49

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Vse silly *Faunus*, now within their baile:
They mocke and scorne him, and him foule miscall;
Some by the nose him pluckt, some by the taile,
And by his goatish beard some did him haile:
Yet he (poore soule) with patience all did beare;
For, nought against their wils might countervaile:
Ne ought he said what-euer he did heare;
But hanging downe his head, did like a Mome appeare.

50

At length, when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to cast what penaunce him to giue.
Some would haue gelt him, but that same would spill
The Wood-gods breed, which must for euer liue:
Others would through the riuer him haue driue,
And ducked deepe: but that seem'd penaunce light;
But most agreed and did this sentence giue,
Him in Deares skin to clad; & in that plight, (might.
To hunt him with their hounds, him selfe saue how hee

51

But *Cynthia's* ſelfe more angry then the reſt,
Thought not enough, to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſome ieſt;
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her Nymphes, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betraid.
He, much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort,
That 't was *Molanna* which her ſo bewrayd.
Then all attonce their hands vpon *Molanna* laid.

52

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deeres-skin they couered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds, that after him did ſpeed;
But he more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Then any Deere: ſo ſore him dread aghaſt,
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heauens would haue braſt:
That all the woods and dales where he did flie,
Did ring againe, and loud reecho to the skie.

53

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When, back returning to *Molanna* againe,
They, by command'ment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with ſtones. Yet *Faunus* (for her paine)
Of her beloued *Fanchin* did obtaine,
That her he would receiue vnto his bed.
So now her waues paſſe through a pleaſant Plaine,
Till with the *Fanchin* ſhe her ſelfe do wed,
And (both combin'd) themſelues in one faire riuet ſpred.

54

Nath'leſſe, *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandond her delicious brooke;
In whoſe ſweet ſtreame, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bathe her limbes ſhe tooke:
Ne onely her, but alſo quite forſooke
All thoſe faire forreſts about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Mountaine, which doth ouer-looke
The richeſt champain that may elſe be rid,
And the faire *Shure*, in which are thouſand Salmons bred.

55

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo deare did way,
Thence-forth ſhe left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heauy hapleſſe curſe did lay,
To weet, that Wolues, where ſhe was woont to ſpace,
Should harbour'd be, and all thoſe Woods deface,
And Thieues ſhould rob and ſpoile that Coaſt around.
Since which, thoſe Woods, and all that goodly Chaſe,
Doth to this day with Wolues and Thieues abound:
Wch too-too true that lands in-dwellers ſince haue found

Canto VII.

Pealing, from Ioue, *to* Nature's *Bar*,
bold Alteration *pleades*
Large Euidence: but Nature *ſoone*
her righteous Doome areads.

1

AH! whither doſt thou now thou greater Muſe
Me frō theſe woods & pleaſing forreſts bring?
And my fraile ſpirit (that dooth oft refuſe
This too high flight, vnfit for her weak wing)
Lift vp aloft, to tell of heauens King
(Thy ſoueraine Sire) his fortunate ſucceſſe,
And victory, in bigger notes to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that *Titanneſſe*,
That him of heauens Empire ſought to diſpoſſeſſe?

2

Yet ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inſpire,
Fit for this turne; and in my ſable breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortall fire,
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heauenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborne of heauen and heauenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heauen ſo long ygone;
So farre paſt memory of man that may be knowne.

3

Now, at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods aſſembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heauenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world do fill,
And rule both ſea and land vnto vnto their will:
Onely th' infernall Powers might not appeare;
Aſwell for horror of their counſnance ill,
As for th' vnruly fiends which they did feare;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* were preſent there.

And

4

And thither also came all other creatures,
What-euer life or motion do retaine,
According to their sundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* scarsly could them all containe;
So full they filled euery hill and Plaine:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well disposed by his busie paine,
And raunged faire abroad in euery border,
They would haue caused much confusion and disorder.

5

Then forth issewed (great goddesse) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Maiesty;
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Then any of the gods or Powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry:
For, with a veile that wimpled euery where,
Her head and face was hid, that more to none appeare.

6

That some do say was so by skill deuized,
To hide the terror of her vncouth hew,
From mortall eyes that should be sore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lion shew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it so beautious was,
And round about such beames of splendor threw,
That for the Sonne a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seene, but like an image in a glass.

7

That well may seemen true: for well I weene
That this same day, when she on *Arlo* sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheene,
That my fraile wit cannot deuize to what
It to compare, nor find like stuffe to that,
As those three sacred *Saints*, though else most wise,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in strange disguise
Transfigur'd saw; his garments so did daze their eyes.

8

In a faire Plaine vpon an equall Hill,
She placed was in a pauilion;
Not such as Craftes-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes states to fashion:
But th' earth her selfe of her owne motion,
Out of her fruitfull bosome made to growe
Most dainty trees; that, shooting vp anon,
Did seeme to bow their blossming heads full lowe,
For homage vnto her, and like a throne did showe.

9

So hard it is for any liuing wight,
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
The pure well head of Poesie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durst not with it mell,
But it transferd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kindes* describ'd it well:
Which who list read set forth so as it ought,
Go seeke he out that *Alane* where he may be sought.

10

And all the earth far vnderneath her feete
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet,
Tenne thousand mores of sundry sent and hew,
That might delight the smell, or please the view:
The which, the Nymphes, from all the brooks therby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-stoole threw;
That richer seem'd then any tapestry,
That Princes bowres adorne with painted imagery.

11

And *Mole* himselfe, to honour her the more,
Did deck himselfe in freshest faire attire,
And his high head, that seemeth alwayes hore
With hardned frosts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the loue of some new Nymph late seene,
Had in him kindled youthfull fresh desire,
And made him change his gray attire to greene;
Ah gentle *Mole!* such ioyance hath thee well beseene.

12

Was neuer so great ioyance since the day
That all the gods whylome assembled were,
On *Hæmus* hill in their diuine array,
To celebrate the solemne bridall cheare,
Twixt *Peleus*, and dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* selfe, that god of Poets highe,
They say did sing the spousall hymne full cleere,
That all the gods were rauisht with delight
Of his celestiall song, and Musicks wondrous might.

13

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, euer young yet full of eld,
Still mouing, yet vnmoued from her sted;
Vnseene of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus sitting in her throneon I haue teld,
Before her came dame *Mutabilitie*;
And being lowe before her presence feld,
With meek obeysance and humilitie,
Thus gan her plaintiff Plea, with words to amplifie;

14

To thee O greatest goddesse, onely great,
An humble suppliant loe, I lowely fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all dost deale indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Iniurie,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppressing them with power, vnequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equall mother,
And knittest each to each, as brother vnto brother.

15

To thee therefore of this same wrong I plaine,
And of his fellow gods that same to be,
That challenge to themselues the whole worlds raign;
Of which, the greatest part is due to me,
And heauen itselfe by heritage in fee:
For, heauen and earth are both alike to deeme,
Sith heauen and earth are both alike to thee;
And, gods no more then thou doest esteeme:
For, euen the gods to thee, as vnto gods do seeme.

16

Then weigh, O ſouereigne goddeſſe, by what right
These gods do claime the worlds whole ſouerainty;
And that is onely due vnto my might
Arrogate to themſelues ambitiouſly:
As for the gods owne principality,
Which *Ioue* vſurpes vniuſtly; that to be
My heritage, *Ioue's* ſelfe cannot denie,
From my great Grandſire *Titan*, vnto mee,
Deriu'd by dew deſcent; as is well knowen to thee.

17

Yet maugre *Ioue*, and all his gods beſide,
I do poſſeſſe the world moſt regiment;
As, if ye pleaſe it into parts diuide,
And euery parts inholders to conuent,
Shall to your eyes appeare incontinent.
And firſt, the Earth (great mother of vs all)
That only ſeemes vnmou'd and permanent,
And vnto *Mutabilitie* not thrall;
Yet is ſhe chang'd in part, and eeke in generall.

18

For, all that from her ſprings, and is ybredde,
How-euer faire it flouriſh for a time,
Yet ſee we ſoone decay; and, being dead,
To turne againe vnto their earthly ſlime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortall crime,
We daily ſee new creatures to arize;
And of their Winter ſpring another Prime,
Vnlike in forme, and chang'd by ſtrange diſguiſe:
So turne they ſtill about, and change in reſtleſſe wiſe.

19

As for her tenants; that is, man and beaſts,
The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy,
As thralls and vaſſals vnto mens behaeſts:
And men themſelues do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to pouerty,
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all.
Ne doe their bodies onely flit and fly:
But eeke their minds (which they immortall call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occaſions fall.

20

Ne is the water in more conſtant caſe;
Whether thoſe lame on high, or theſe belowe.
For, th' Ocean moueth ſtill, from place to place;
And euery Riuer ſtill doth ebbe and flowe:
Ne any Lake, that ſeemes moſt ſtill and ſlowe,
Ne Poole ſo ſmall, that can his ſmoothneſſe holde,
When any winde doth vnder heauen blowe;
With which, the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd;
Now like great Hills; &, ſtreight, like ſluces, them vnfold.

21

So likewiſe are all watry liuing wights
Still toſt, and turned, with continuall change,
Neuer abiding in their ſtedfaſt plights.
The fiſh, ſtill floting, doe at random range,
And neuer reſt; but euermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the ſtreames them carrie;
Ne haue the watry foules a certaine grange,
Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead do tarry:
But flitting ſtill do flie, and ſtill their places vary.

22

Next is the Ayre: which who feeles not by ſenſe
(For, of all ſenſe it is the middle meane)
To flit ſtill? and, with ſubtill influence
Of his thin ſpirit, all creatures to maintaine,
In ſtate of life? O weake life! that does leane
On thing ſo tickle as th' vnſteady ayre;
Which euery howre is chang'd, and altred cleane
With euery blaſt that bloweth fowle or faire:
The faire doth it prolong; the fowle doth it impaire.

23

Therein the changes infinite beholde,
Which to her creatures euery minute chaunce;
Now, boyling hot: ſtreight, friezing deadly cold:
Now, faire ſun-ſhine, that makes all skip and daunce:
Streight, bitter ſtormes and balefull countenance,
That makes them all to ſhiuer and to ſhake:
Raine, haile, and ſnowe do pay them ſad penance,
And dreadfull thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flaſhing lights that thouſand changes make.

24

Laſt is the fire: which, though it liue for euer,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet, euery day,
We ſee his parts, ſo ſoone as they do ſeuer,
To loſe their heat, and ſhortly to decay;
So, makes himſelf his owne conſuming pray.
Ne any liuing creatures doth he breed:
But all, that are of others bredd, doth ſlay;
And, with their death, his cruell life doth feed;
Nought leauing, but their barren aſhes, without ſeede.

25

Thus, all theſe fower (the which the ground-work bee
Of all the world, and of all liuing wights)
To thouſand ſorts of *Change* we ſubiect ſee:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous ſlights)
Into themſelues, and loſe their natiue mights;
The Fire to Ayre, and th' Ayre to Water ſheere,
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayre with Earth approaching neere:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appeare.

26

So, in them all raignes *Mutabilitie*;
How-euer theſe, that Gods themſelues do call,
Of them do claime the rule and ſouerainty:
As, *Veſta*, of the fire as the all;
Vulcan, of this, with vs ſo vſuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Iuno* of the Ayre;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphes, of Riuers all.
For, all thoſe Riuers to me ſubiect are:
And all the reſt, which they vſurp, be all my ſhare.

27

Which to approuen true, as I haue told,
Vouchſafe, O goddeſſe, to thy preſence call
The reſt which doe the world in being hold:
As, times and ſeaſons of the yeare that fall:
Of all the which, demand in generall,
Or iudge thy ſelfe, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not ſubiect all.
Nature did yeeld thereto; and by-and-by,
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Maieſty.

So,

28

So, forth issew'd the Seasons of the yeare;
First, lusty *Spring*, all dight in leaues of flowres
That freshly budded and new bloosmes beare
(In which a thousand birds had built their bowres,
That sweetly sung, to call forth Paramours):
And in his hand a iauelin he did beare,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engrauen morion he did weare;
That as some did him loue, so others did him feare.

29

Then came the iolly *Sommer*, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured greene,
That was vnlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beseene
He wore, from which as he had chaufed been
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A boawe and shafts, as he in forrest greene
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bathe his limbes, with labor heated sore.

30

Then came the *Autumne* all in yellow clad,
As though he ioyed in his plentious store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banisht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore.
Vpon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With eares of corne of euery sort, he bore:
And in his hand a sickle he did holde,
To reape the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31

Lastly came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freese;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adowne distill.
In his right hand a tipped staffe he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still:
For, he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarse his loosed limbes he able was to weld.

32

These marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them, the Months all riding came;
First, sturdy *March* with brows full sternly bent,
And armed strongly, rode vpon a Ram,
The same which ouer *Hellespontus* swam:
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,
Which on the earth he strowed as he went,
And fild her wombe with fruitfull hope of nourishment.

33

Next came fresh *Aprill* full of lustyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whose horne new buds:
Vpon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floting through th' *Argolick* fluds:
His hornes were gilden all with golden studs
And garnished with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowres and freshest buds
Which th' earth brings forth, & wet he seem'd in sight
With waues, through wch he waded for his loues delight.

34

Then came faire *May*, the fayrest maid on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Vpon two brethrens shoulders she did ride,
The twinnes of *Leda*; which on eyther side
Supported her like to their soueraigne Queene.
Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
And leapt and dauncte, as they had rauisht beene!
And *Cupid* selfe about her fluttred all in greene.

35

And after her, came iolly *Iune*, arrayd
All in greene leaues, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as playd,
That by his plough-yrons mote right well appeare:
Vpon a Crab he rode, that him did beare
With crooked crawling steps an vncouth pase,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that vngracious crew which faines demurest grace.

36

Then came hot *Iuly*, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Vpon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obay:
It was the beast that whylome did forray
The Nemæan forrest, till th' *Amphytrionide*
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:
Behinde his back a sithe, and by his side
Vnder his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

37

The sixt was *August*, being rich arrayd
In garment all of gold downe to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a louely Mayd
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was crownd
With eares of corne, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Iustice solde,
She left th' vnrighteous world and was to heauen extold.

38

Next him, *September* marched eeke on foot;
Yet was he heauy laden with the spoyle
Of harueSts riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the soyle:
In his ope hand, as fit for harueSts toyle,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A paire of waights, with which he did assoyle
Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
And equall gaue to each as Iustice duly scann'd.

39

Then came *October* full of merry glee:
For, yet his noule was totty of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats see,
And of the ioyous oyle, whose gentle gust
Made him so frollick and so full of lust:
Vpon a dreadfull Scorpion he did ride,
The same which hy *Dianaes* doom vniust
Slew great *Orion*: and eeke by his side
He had his ploughing share, and coulter ready tyde.

Next

40

Next was *November*, he full groſſe and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeeme;
For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with ſweat, did reek and ſteem,
And yet the ſeaſon was full ſharp and breem;
In planting eeke he tooke no ſmall delight:
Whereon he rode, not eaſie was to deeme;
For it a dreadfull *Centaure* was in ſight,
The ſeed of *Saturne*, and faire *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

41

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
Yet he through merry feaſting which he made,
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Sauiours birth his mind ſo much did glad:
Vpon a ſhaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The ſame wherewith *Dan Ioue* in tender yeares,
They ſay, was nouriſht by th' *Iean* mayd;
And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares;
Of which, he freely drinks an health to all his peeres.

42

Then came old *Ianuary*, wrapped well
In many weeds to keepe the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiuer like to quell,
And blowe his nayles to warme them if he may:
For, they were numbd with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needleſſe ſpray:
Vpon an huge great Earth-pot ſteane he ſtood; (ſtoud.
From whoſe wide mouth, there flowed forth the Roman

43

And laſtly, came cold *February*, ſitting
In an old wagon, for he could not ride;
Drawne of two fiſhes for the ſeaſon fitting,
Which through the flood before did ſoftly ſlyde
And ſwim away: yet had he by his ſide
His plough and harneſſe fit to till the ground,
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
Of haſting Prime did make them burgein round:
So paſt the twelue months forth, & their dew places found

44

And after theſe, there came the *Day* and *Night*,
Riding together both with equall pace,
Th' one on a Palfrey blacke, the other white;
But *Night* had couered her vncomely face
With a blacke veile, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and ſtars were pight,
And ſleep and darkneſſe round about did trace:
But *Day* did beare, vpon his ſcepters hight,
The goodly Sun, encompaſt all with beames bright.

45

Then came the *Howres*, faire daughters of high *Ioue*,
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle loue;
But they were Virgins all, and loue eſchewed
That might forſlack the charge to them foreſhewed
By mighty *Ioue*; who did them Porters make
Of heauens gate (whence all the gods iſſued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By euen turnes, ne euer did their charge forſake.

46

And after all came *Life*, and laſtly *Death*;
Death with moſt grim and grieſly viſage ſeene,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to ſee, but like a ſhade to weene,
Vnbodied, vnſoul'd, vnheard, vnſeene.
But *Life* was like a faire young luſty boy,
Such as they faine *Dan Cupid* to haue beene,
Full of delightfull health and liuely ioy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

47

When theſe were paſt, thus gan the *Titaneſſe*;
Lo, mighty mother, now be iudge and ſay,
Whether in all thy creatures more or leſſe
CHANGE doth not raign & beare the greateſt ſway:
For, who ſees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and moue continually.
So nothing heere long ſtandeth in one ſtay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be ſubiect ſtill to *Mutability*?

48

Then thus gan *Ioue*; Right true it is, that theſe
And all things elſe that vnder heauen dwell
Are chaung'd of *Time*, who doth them all diſſeiſe
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himſelfe doth moue and ſtill compell
To keepe his courſe? Is not that namely wee
Which poure that vertue from our heauenly cell,
That moues them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them alſo thee.

49

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
Which we ſee not how they are mov'd and ſwayd,
Ye may attribute to your ſelues as Kings,
And ſay they by your ſecret powre are made:
But what we ſee not, who ſhall vs perſwade?
But were they ſo, as ye them faine to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your ayde;
Yet what if I can proue, that euen yee
Your ſelues are likewiſe chang'd, and ſubiect vnto mee?

50

And firſt, concerning her that is the firſt,
Euen you faire *Cynthia*, whom ſo much ye make
Ioues deareſt darling, ſhe was bred and nurſt
On *Cynthus* hill, whence ſhe her name did take:
Then is ſhe mortall borne, how-ſo ye crake;
Beſides, her face and countenance euery day
We changed ſee, and ſundry formes partake, (gray:
Now horned, now round, now bright, now browne and
So that *as changefull as the Moone* men vſe to ſay.

51

Next, *Mercury*, who though he leſſe appeare
To change his hew, and alwayes ſeeme as one;
Yet, he his couſſe doth alter euery yeare,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So *Venus* eeke, that goodly Paragone,
Though faire all night, yet is ſhe darke all day;
And *Phœbus* ſelfe, who lightſome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipſed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and diſmay.

Now

52
Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed moſt:
For, he ſometimes ſo far runnes out of ſquare,
That he his way doth ſeem quite to haue loſt,
And cleane without his vſuall ſpheere to fare;
That euen theſe Star-gazers ſtonisht are
At ſight thereof, and damne their lying bookes:
So likewiſe, grim Sir *Saturne* oft doth ſpare
His ſterne aſpect, and calme his crabbed lookes:
So many turning cranks theſe haue, ſo many crookes.

53
But you *Dan Ioue*, that onely conſtant are,
And King of all the reſt, as ye doe clame,
Are you not ſubiect eeke to this miſfare?
Then let me aske you this without en blame,
Where were ye borne? Some ſay in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where:
But whereſoeuer they comment the ſame,
They all conſent that ye begotten were,
And borne here in this world, ne other can appeare.

54
Then are ye mortall borne, and thrall to me,
Vnleſſe the Kingdome of the ſky yee make
Immortall, and vnchangeable to be;
Beſides, that power and vertue which ye ſpake,
That ye here worke, doth many changes take,
And your owne natures change; for, each of you
That vertue haue, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

55
Beſides, the ſundry motions of your Spheares,
So ſundry wayes and faſhions as clerkes faine,
Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer yeares;
What is the ſame but alteration plaine?
Onely the ſtarry skie doth ſtill remaine:
Yet doe the Starres and Signes therein ſtill moue,
And euen it ſelfe is mov'd, as wizards faine.
But all that moueth, doth mutation loue:
Therefore both you and them to me I ſubiect proue.

56
Then ſince within this wide great *Vniuerſe*
Nothing doth firme and permanent appeare,
But all things toſt and turned by tranſuerſe:
What then ſhould let, but I aloft ſhould reare
My Trophee, and from all, the triumph beare?
Now iudge then (O thou greateſt goddeſſe trew!)
According as thy ſelfe doeſt ſee and heare,
And vnto me addoom that is my dew;
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57
So hauing ended, ſilence long enſewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firme eyes affixt, the ground ſtill viewed.
Meane while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this ſo doubtfull caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoueraine place:
At length, ſhe looking vp with chearefull view,
The ſilence brake, and gaue her doome in ſpeeches few.

58
I well conſider all that ye haue ſaid,
And find that all things ſtedfaſtneſſe do hate
And changed be: yet being rightly wayd
They are not changed from their firſt eſtate;
But by their change their being do dilate:
And turning to themſelues at length againe,
Do worke their owne perfection ſo by fate:
Then ouer them Change doth not rule and raigne;
But they raigne ouer change, & do their ſtates maintaine.

59
Ceaſe therefore daughter further to aſpire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by mee:
For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire;
But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed bee,
And from thenceforth, none no more change ſhal ſee.
So was the *Titanesſe* put downe and whiſt,
And *Ioue* confirm'd in his imperiall ſee.
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And *Natur*'ſelfe did vaniſh; whither, no man wiſt.

The VIII. Canto, vnperfite.

1
When I bethinke me on that ſpeech whyleare,
Of *Mutabilitie*, and well it way:
Me ſeemes, that though ſhe all vnworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe beares the greateſt ſway.
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And loue of things ſo vaine and caſt away;
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short *Time* ſhall ſoon cut down with his cõſuming ſickle.

2
Then gin I thinke on that which Nature ſaid,
Of that ſame time when no more *Change* ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things firmely ſtayd
Vpon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to *Mutabilitie*:
For, all that moueth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thence-forth all ſhall reſt eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight: (ſight.
O that great Sabaoth God, graunt me that Sabaoths

FINIS.



1601 2.



LONDON,
Printed by *H.L.* for *Matthew Lownes*.



A LETTER OF THE AVthors, expounding his whole intention in the *course of this worke: which for that it giueth great* light to the Reader, for the better vnderstanding is herevnto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, Sir *Walter Raleigh, Knight, Lo: Wardein of the Stanneries, & her Maiesties Lieutenaunt of the Countie of Cornewayll.*



IR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled *The Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegorie, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for auoyding of iealous opinions & misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commaunded) to discouer vnto you the generall intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceiued should be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varietie of matter, then for profit of the ensample: I chose the historie of King *Arthure*, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of enuie, and suspicion of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique Poets historicall: first *Homer*, who in the persons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlysses*, hath ensampled a good Gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his *Iliads*,

the other in his *Odyſſeis*: then *Virgil*, whoſe like intention was to doe in the perſon of *Aeneas*: after him *Arioſto* compriſed them both in his *Orlando:* and lately *Taſſo* diſſeuered them againe, and formed both parts in two perſons, namely, that part which they in Philoſophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a priuate man, coloured in his *Rinaldo:* The other named *Politice* in his *Godfredo*. By enſample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthure*, before he was King, the image of a braue Knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as *Ariſtotle* hath deuiſed, the which is the purpoſe of theſe firſt twelue bookes: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged, to frame the other part of politike vertues in his perſon, after that he came to bee King.

To ſome I knowe this method will ſeeme diſpleaſant, which had rather haue good diſcipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or ſermoned at large, as they vſe, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall deuiſes. But ſuch, mee ſeeme, ſhould be ſatisfied with the vſe of theſe dayes, ſeeing all things accounted by their ſhowes, and nothing eſteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleaſing to common ſenſe. For this cauſe is *Xenophon* preferred before *Plato*, for that the one in the exquiſite depth of his iudgement, formed a Common-wealth ſuch as it ſhould be; but the other, in the perſon of *Cyrus* and the *Perſians*, faſhioned a gouernment ſuch as might beſt be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by enſample, then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the perſon of *Arthure:* whom I conceiue, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom hee was by *Merlin* deliuered to be brought vp, ſo ſoone as hee was borne of the Lady *Igrayne*) to haue ſeene in a dreame or viſion the *Faerie Queene*, with whoſe excellent beautie rauiſhed, hee awaking, reſolued to ſeeke her out: and ſo beeing by *Merlin* armed, and by *Timon* throughly inſtructed, he went to ſeek her forth in *Faery Land*. In that *Faery Queene*, I meane glory in my generall intention: but in my particular, I conceiue the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our ſoueraigne the Queene, and her kingdome in *Faery Land*. And yet in ſome places elſe, I doe otherwiſe ſhadow her. For conſidering ſhee beareth two perſons, the one of a moſt royall Queene or Empreſſe, the other of a moſt vertuous and beautifull Lady, this latter part in ſome places I doe expreſſe in *Belphœbe*, faſhioning her Name according to your owne excellent conceit of *Cynthia*, (*Phœbe* and *Cynthia* beeing both names of *Diana*.) So in the perſon of Prince *Arthure*, I ſette foorth *Magnificence* in particular, which vertue, for that (according to *Ariſtotle* and the reſt) it is the perfection of all the reſt, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole courſe I mention the deedes of *Arthure* appliable to that vertue, which I write of in that Booke. But of the twelue other vertues, I make xii other Knights the Patrons, for the more varietie of the hiſtorie: Of which theſe three bookes containe three. The firſt, of the Knight of the *Redcroſſe*, in whō I expreſſe *Holineſſe:* The ſecond of Sir *Guyon*, in whom I ſet foorth

Temperance:

Temperance: The third of *Britomartis*, a Lady Knight, in whom I picture *Chaſtitie*. But becauſe the beginning of the whole worke ſeemeth abrupt, and as depending vpon other antecedents, it needs that yee know the occaſion of theſe three Knights ſeuerall aduentures. For the methode of a Poet hiſtoricall, is not ſuch as of an Hiſtoriographer. For an Hiſtoriographer diſcourſeth of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thruſteth into the middeſt, euen where it moſt concerneth him, and there recourſing to the things forepaſt, and diuining of things to come, maketh a pleaſing Analyſis of all. The beginning therefore of my hiſtorie, if it were to be told by an Hiſtoriographer, ſhould be the twelfth booke, which is the laſt; where I deuiſe that the *Faery Queene* kept her Annuall feaſt twelue daies: vpon which twelue ſeuerall dayes, the occaſions of the twelue ſeuerall aduentures hapned, which beeing vndertaken by twelue ſeuerall Knights, are in theſe twelue books ſeuerally handled and diſcourſed.

The firſt was this: In the beginning of the feaſt, there preſented himſelfe a tall clowniſh young man, who falling before the *Queen of Faeries*, deſired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaſt ſhe might not refuſe: which was, that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduenture, which during that feaſt ſhould happen; that beeing granted, he reſted himſelfe on the floore, vnfit through his ruſticitie for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladie in mourning weedes, riding on a white Aſſe, with a Dwarfe behind her leading a warlike ſteed, that bore the armes of a Knight, and his ſpeare in the Dwarfes hand. She falling before the *Queene of Faeries*, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King & Queene, had been by an huge Dragon many yeeres ſhut vp in a brazen Caſtle, who thence ſuffered them not to iſſue: and therfore beſought the *Faery Queene* to aſsigne her ſome one of her Knights to take on him that exployt. Preſently that clowniſh perſon vpſtarting, deſired that aduenture: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-ſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end, the Lady told him, vnleſſe that Armour which ſhee brought, would ſerue him (that is, the armour of a Chriſtian man ſpecified by Saint Paul, v. Epheſ.) that hee could not ſucceed in that enterpriſe: which beeing forth-with put vpon him with due furnitures therevnto, he ſeemed the goodlieſt man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftſoones taking on him knighthood, & mounting on that ſtrange Courſer, hee went forth with her on that aduenture: vvhere beginneth the firſt booke, viz.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plaine, &c.

The ſecond day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloodie hands, whoſe Parents he complained to haue been ſlaine by an Enchauntereſſe called *Acraſia*: and therefore craued of the *Faery Queene*, to appoint him ſome Knight, to performe that aduenture, which beeing aſsigned to

Sir *Guyon*, he preſently went foorth with that ſame Palmer: which is the beginning of the ſecond booke and the whole ſubiect thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the *Faery Queene*, that a vile Enchaunter called *Buſirane*, had in hand a moſt faire Lady called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in moſt grieuous torment, becauſe ſhe would not yeeld him the pleaſure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamour* the louer of that Lady preſently tooke on him that aduenture. But beeing vnable to performe it by reaſon of the hard Enchauntments, after long ſorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who ſuccoured him, and reskewed his loue.

But by occaſion heereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the loue of *Britomart*, the ouerthrow of *Marinell*, the miſerie of *Florimell*, the vertuouſneſſe of *Belphœbe*, the laſciuiouſnes of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I haue briefely ouer-run to direct your vnderſtanding to the wel-head of the Hiſtory, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the diſcourſe, which otherwiſe may happely ſeeme tedious and confuſed. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th'eternall eſtabliſhment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Ianuarie. 1589.

Yours moſt humbly affectionate,

Edm. Spenſer.

A VISION VPON THIS conceit of the *Faery Queene*.

ME thought I ſaw the graue where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Veſtall flame
Was wont to burne; and paſsing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of liuing fame,
Whoſe tombe faire loue, and fairer vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſaw the *Faery Queene*:
At whoſe approach the ſoule of *Petrarch* wept,
And from thence-forth thoſe Graces were not ſeene.
For they this Queene attended; in whoſe ſteed
Obliuion laid him downe on *Lauras* herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeene to bleed,
And grones of buried ghoſts the heauens did perſe.
Where *Homers* ſpright did tremble all for griefe,
And curſt th'acceſſe of that celeſtiall thiefe.

Another of the ſame.

THE praiſe of meaner wits this worke like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes ſong delight when Philumena *ſings.*
If thou haſt formed right true vertues face heerein:
Vertue her ſelfe can beſt diſcerne, to whom they written bin.
If thou haſt beauty praiſd, let herſole lookes diuine,
Iudge if ought therein be amiſſe, and mend it by her eyne.
If Chaſtitie want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queene anew.
Meane-while ſhe ſhall perceiue, how far her vertues ſore
Aboue the reach of all that liue, or ſuch as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuſe and fauour thy good will:
Whoſe vertue cannot be expreſt, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeake our Engliſh tongue, but thoſe of thy deuice.

W. R.

To the learned Shepheard.

COLLIN, I ſee by thy new taken taske,
ſome ſacred fury hath enricht thy braines,
That leades thy Muſe in haughty verſe to maske,
and loathe the laies that long to lowely ſwaines.
That lifts thy notes from Shepheards vnto Kings,
So like the liuely Larke that mounting ſings.
Thy louely ROSALIND ſeemes now forlorne,
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in ſcorne,
thoſe prety pipes that did thy mates delight;
Thoſe truſtie mates, that loued thee ſo well,
Whom thou gau'ſt mirth: as they gaue thee the bell.

To the learned Shepheard.

Yet as thou earſt with thy ſweete roundelayes,
didſt ſtirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers:
So moughteſt thou now in theſe refined layes,
delight the daintie eares of higher powers.
And ſo mought they in their deepe skanning skill,
Allow and grace our COLLINS flowing quill.

And faire befal that *Faerie Queene* of thine,
in whoſe faire eyes loue linkt with vertue ſits:
Enfuſing by thoſe beauties fiers diuine,
ſuch high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raiſed hath poore paſtors oaten reedes,
From ruſtick tunes, to chaunt heroick deedes.

So mought thy *Redcroſſe-Knight* with happy hand
victorious be in that faire Ilands right:
Which thou dooſt veile in Type of *Faery Land*,
ELYZAS bleſſed field, that *Albyon* hight.
That ſhields her friends, and warres her mighty foes,
Yet ſtill with people, peace, and plenteous floes.

But (iolly ſhepheard) though with pleaſing ſtile,
thou feaſt the humour of the Courtly traine:
Let not conceit thy ſetled ſenſe beguile,
ne daunted be through enuy or diſdaine.
Subiect thy doome to her Empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe, and all the world takes light.

Hobbynoll.

FAyre *Thamis* ſtreame, that from LVDS ſtately towne,
vnſt paying tribute to the Ocean ſeas,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be ſilent, while this Brytane ORPHEVS playes:
Neere thy ſweet banks, there liues that ſacred crowne,
Whoſe hand ſtrowes Palme and neuer-dying bayes,
Let all at once, with thy ſoft murmuring ſowne
Preſent her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught hie drifts in ſhepheards weeds,
And deepe conceits now ſings in *Faeries* deeds.

R. S.

GRaue Muſes, march in tryumph and with praiſes,
Our Goddeſſe heere hath giuen you leaue to land:
And bids this rare diſpenſer of your graces
Bow downe his brow vnto her ſacred hand.
Deſerts finds due in that moſt princely doome,
In whoſe ſweet breſt are all the Muſes bredde:
So did that great AVGVSTVS earſt in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his Poets heddes.
Faire be the guerdon of your *Faery Queene*,
Euen of the faireſt that the world hath ſeene.

H. B.

WHen ſtout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape,
And what reuenge the States of Greece deuis'd:
Thinking by ſleight the fatall warres to ſcape,
In womans weedes himſelfe he then diſguis'd:
But this deuiſe *Vlyſſes* ſoone did ſpy,
And brought him forth, the chance of war to try.

When *Spenſer* ſaw the fame was ſpred ſo large,
Through *Faery-Land*, of their renowned Queene:
Loth that his Muſe ſhould take ſo great a charge,
As in ſuch haughty matter to be ſeene,
To ſeeme a ſhepheard then he made his choice,
But *Sidney* heard him ſing, and knew his voice.

And as *Vlyſſes* brought faire *Thetis* ſonne
From his rectyred life to menage armes:
So *Spenſer* was by *Sidneys* ſpeeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes:
For well he knew, his Muſe would ſoone be tyred
In her high praiſe, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in thoſe warlike frayes,
Did win the Palme from all the Grecian Peeres:
So *Spenſer* now to his immortall praiſe,
Hath wonne the Laurell quite from all his feeres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine wit,
He is excus'd, ſith *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

TO looke vpon a worke of rare deuiſe
The which a workman ſetteth out to view,
And not to yeeld it the deſerued priſe,
That vnto ſuch a workmanſhip is dew,
Doth either proue the iudgement to be naught,
Or elſe doth ſhew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to diſcommend,
Would raiſe a iealous doubt, that there did lurke
Some ſecret doubt, whereto the praiſe did tend.
For when men know the goodnes of the wine,
T'is needleſſe for the hoaſt to haue a ſigne.

Thus then to ſhew my iudgement to be ſuch
As can diſcerne of colours black, and white,
As alls to free my mind from enuies tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I heere pronounce this workmanſhip is ſuch,
As that no pen can ſet it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to ſhew the goodnes of the ware:
But ſuch hath been the cuſtome heeretofore,
And cuſtomes very hardly broken are.
And when your taſte ſhall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you giue your hoaſt his vtmoſt dew.

Ignoto.

To the right honourable Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*,

Lord high Chauncelor of England, &c.

(*.*)

THoſe prudent heads, that with their counſels wiſe
Whilome the pillours of th'earth did ſuſtaine,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyrannize,
And in the neck of all the world to raine,
Oft from thoſe graue affaires were wont abſtaine,
With the ſweet Lady Muſes for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder Africane,
So *Maro* oft did *Caſars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counſell ſway
The burden of this kingdome mightily,
With like delights ſometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policie:
And to theſe idle rimes lend little ſpace,
Which for their titles ſake may find more grace.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. *Burleigh*, Lord high Treaſurer of England.

TO you right noble Lord, whoſe carefull breſt
To menage of moſt graue affaires is bent,
And on whoſe mightie ſhoulders moſt doth reſt
The burden of this kingdomes gouernment,
As the wide compaſſe of the firmament,
On Atlas *mighty ſhoulders is vpſtaid;*
Vnfitly I theſe idle rimes preſent,
The labour of loſt time, and wit vnſtaid:
Yet if their deeper ſenſe be inly waid,
And the dim veile, with which from common view
Their fairer parts are hid, aſide be laid,
Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
Such as they be, vouchſafe them to receaue,
And wipe their faults out of your cenſure graue.

E. S.



To the right honourable the Earle of *Oxenford*, *Lord high Chamberlaine of England.*

REceiue moſt noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The vnripe fruite of an vnready wit:
Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
Defended from foule Enuies poyſnous bit.
Which ſo to doe may thee right well beſit,
Sith th'antique glory of thine anceſtry
Vnder a ſhady veile is therein writ,
And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And alſo for the loue, which thou dooſt beare
To th'*Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;
They vnto thee, and thou to them moſt deare:
Deare as thou art vnto thy ſelfe, ſo loue
That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of *Northumberland.*

THe ſacred Muſes haue made alwaies clame
To be the Nourſes of Nobility,
And Regiſtres of euerlaſting fame,
To all that armes profeſſe and chevalry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them ſucceed in fame and worth, are tyde
T'embrace the ſeruice of ſweet Poetry,
By whoſe endeuours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the authour of their praiſe,
Which giues them life, that elſe would ſoone haue dide,
And crownes their aſhes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I ſend
This preſent of my paines, it to defend.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

RFdoubted Lord, in whoſe courageous mind
The flowre of cheualry now blooſming faire,
Doth promiſe fruit worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praiſes haue left you the haire;
To you this humble preſent I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of Martiall praiſe.
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodly well ye ſhewd in late aſſaies,
Yet braue enſample of long paſſed daies,
In which true honour ye may faſhiond ſee;
To like deſire of honour may ye raiſe,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receiue it Lord therefore as it was ment,
For honor of your name and high deſcent.

E. S.

To the moſt honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle of Eſſex, Great Maiſter of the Horſe to her Highneſſe, and Knight of the Noble order of the Garter, &c.

MAgnificke Lord, whoſe vertues excellent
Doe merit a moſt famous Poets wit,
To be thy liuing praiſes inſtrument
Yet doe not ſdeigne, to let thy name be writ
In this baſe Poëme, for thee far vnfit.
Nought is thy worth diſparaged thereby:
But when my Muſe, whoſe feather is nothing flit
Doe yet but flagge, and lowly learne to fly
With bolder wing ſhall dare aloft to ſty
To the laſt praiſes of this Faery Queene,
Then ſhall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroïcke parts, ſuch as they beene.
Till then vouchſafe thy noble countenaunce,
To theſe firſt labours needed furtherance.

E. S.



To the right honourable the Earle of *Ormond and Oſſorie*.

REceiue moſt noble Lord a ſimple taſte
Of the wilde fruit, which ſauage ſoyle hath bred,
Which beeing through long wars left almoſt waſte,
With brutiſh barbariſme is ouerſpred:
And in ſo faire a Land, as may be red,
Not one *Parnaſſus*, nor one *Helicon*
Left for ſweet Muſes to be harboured,
But where thy ſelfe haſt thy braue manſion;
There in deed dwell faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy perſon without Paragone
All goodly bounty and true honour ſits.
Such therefore, as that waſted ſoyle doth yield,
Receiue deare Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lo. Ch. Howard, *Lo.* high Admirall of England, Knight of the noble order of the Garter, and one of her Maieſties priuie Councell, &c.

ANd yee, braue Lord, whoſe goodly perſonage,
And noble deeds each other garniſhing,
Make you enſample to the preſent age,
Of th'old Heroës, whoſe famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont ſo much to ſing,
In this ſame Pageant haue a worthy place,
Sith thoſe huge caſtles of Caſtilian *king,*
That vainly threatned kingdoms to diſplace,
Like flying Doues ye did before you chace;
And that proud people woxen inſolent
Through many victories, didſt firſt deface:
Thy praiſes euerlaſting monument
Is in this verſe engraued ſemblably,
That it may liue to all poſterity.

E. S.



To the right honourable the Lord of *Hunſdon*, *High Chamberlaine to her Maieſtie.*

RE nowned Lord, that for your worthineſſe
And noble deeds haue your deſerued place,
High in the fauour of that Empereſſe,
The worlds ſole glory, and her ſexes grace,
Heere eke of right haue you a worthy place,
Both for your neerneſs to that *Faery Queene*,
And for your owne high merit in like caſe:
Of which, apparant proofe was to be ſeene,
When that tumultuous rage and fearefull deene
Of Northerne rebels ye did pacifie,
And their diſloyall powre defaced clene,
The record of enduring memory.
Liue Lord for euer in this laſting verſe,
That all poſteritie thy honor may reherſe.

E. S.

To the moſt renowned and valiant Lord, the *Lord Grey of Wilton, Knight of the noble* order of the Garter, &c.

MOſt noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patrone of my Muſes pupillage,
Through whoſe large bountie poured on me rife,
In the firſt ſeaſon of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound yours by vaſſalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reaue
Out of your endleſſe debt ſo ſure a gage,
Vouchſafe in worth this ſmall gift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the reſt, that I am tyde t'account:
Rude rimes, the which a ruſtick Muſe did weaue
In ſauage ſoyle, far from Parnaſſo *mount,*
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned Loome:
The which vouchſafe, deere Lord, your fauourable doome.

E. S.



To the right honourable the Lord of *Buckhurſt*, *one of her Maieſties priuie Councell.*

IN vaine I thinke (right honourable Lord)
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
Whoſe learned Muſe hath writ her owne record,
In golden verſe, worthy immortall fame:
Thou much more fit, (were leiſure to the ſame)
Thy gracious Soueraignes praiſes to compile.
And her imperiall Maieſtie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroïck ſtile.
But ſith thou maiſt not ſo, giue leaue a while
To baſer wit, his power therein to ſpend,
Whoſe groſſe defaults thy daintie pen may file,
And vnaduiſed ouerſights amend.
But euermore vouchſafe it to maintaine
Againſt vile *Zoylus* backbitings vaine.

E. S.

¶ To the right honourable Sir *Fr. Walſingham*, *Knight, principall Secretarie to her Maieſtie, and* of her honourable priuie Councell.

THat Mantuane *Poets incompared ſpirit,*
Whoſe girland now is ſet in higheſt place,
Had not Mecœnas *for his worthy merit,*
It firſt aduaunſt to great Auguſtus *grace,*
Might long (perhaps) haue lien in ſilence bace,
Ne been ſo much admir'd of later age.
This lowely Muſe, that learnes like ſteps to trace,
Flies for like aide vnto your Patronage,
That are the great Mecœnas *of this age;*
As well to all that ciuill artes profeſſe,
As thoſe that are inſpir'd with Martiall rage,
And craues protection of her feebleneſſe:
Which if ye yeeld, perhaps ye may her raiſe
In bigger tunes to ſound your liuing praiſe.

E. S.



TO THE RIGHT NOBLE Lord and moſt valiant Captaine, Sir *Ioh. Norris*, Knight, Lord Preſident of Mounſter.

WHo euer gaue more honourable prize
To the ſweet Muſe, then did the Martiall crew;
That their braue deeds ſhe might immortalize
In her ſhrill tromp, and ſound their praiſes dew?
Who then ought more to fauour her, then you
Moſt noble Lord, the honor of this age,
And Precedent of all that Armes enſue?
Whoſe warlike proweſſe and manly courage,
Tempred with reaſon and aduizement ſage
Hath fild ſad *Belgick* with victorious ſpoile,
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately ſhak't the *Luſitanian* ſoile.
Sith then each where thou haſt diſſpred thy fame,
Loue him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the noble and valorous Knight, Sir Wal. Raleigh, Lo. Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieutenaunt of Cornwaile.

TO thee that art the Sommers Nightingale,
Thy ſoueraigne Goddeſſes moſt deare delight,
Why doe I ſend this ruſtick Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare vnſeaſon quite?
Thou onely fit this Argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,
And dainty loue learnd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I knowe vnſauory and ſowre,
To taſte the ſtreames, that like a golden ſhowre
Flowe from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loues praiſe,
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martiall ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy loftie Muſe to raiſe:
Yet till that thou thy Poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias *praiſes be thus rudely ſhowne.*

E. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONORA-ble and moſt vertuous Lady, the Counteſſe *of Penbroke*.

REmembrance of that moſt Heroick ſpirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with laſting baies
Of heauenly bliſs and euerlaſting praies;
Who firſt my Muſe did lift out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowlie laies;
Bids me moſt noble Lady to adore
His goodly image liuing euermore,
In the diuine reſemblance of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embelliſh more,
And natiue beautie deck with heauenly grace:
For his, and for your owne eſpeciall ſake,
Vouchſafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDER:

CONTAINING

TVVELVE ÆGLOGVES, PROPORTIONABLE TO THE TWELVE MONETHS.

ENTITVLED,

To the Noble and vertuous Gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalrie, Maſter Philip Sidney.



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*, and are to be ſold at the ſigne of the Biſhops head in Paules Church-yard. 1611.

TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe, little Booke: thy ſelfe preſent,
As child whoſe parent is vnkent,
To him that is the preſident
Of nobleneſſe and chiualrie:
And if that Enuy barke at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccour flee
Vnder the ſhadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A ſhepheards ſwaine ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying ſloeke he fedde;
And when his honor hath thee redde,
Craue pardon for thy hardy-head.
But if that any aske thy name,
Say thou wert baſe-begot with blame:
For why thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt ieopardie,
Come tell me what was ſaid of mee,
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immeritò.

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT and learned, both Oratour and Poet, maſter *Gabriel Haruey*, his verie ſpeciall and ſingular good friend, *E. K.* commendeth the good liking of this his good labour, and the patronage of the new Poet.

VNcouth, *vnkiſt*, ſaide the old famous Poet *Chaucer*: whom for his excellencie and wonderfull skill in making, his ſcholler *Lidgate*, a woorthy ſcholler of ſo excellent a maſter, calleth the loadſtarre of our language: and whom our *Colin Clout* in his Eglogue calleth *Tytirus*, the God of Shepheards; comparing him to the worthineſs of the Roman *Tytirus*, *Virgil*. Which prouerbe, mine owne good friend M. *Haruey*, as in that good old poet, it ſerued well *Pindarus* purpoſe, for the bolſtering of his bawdie brocage, ſo very wel taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is vncouth (as ſaid *Chaucer*) is vnkiſt; and vnknown to moſt men, is regarded but of a fewe. But I doubt not, ſo ſoone as his name ſhall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthineſſe be ſounded in the trumpe of Fame, but that he ſhall be not onely kiſt, but alſo beloued of all, embraced of the moſt, and wondred at of the beſt. No leſſe, I thinke, deſerueth his wittineſſe in deuiſing, his pithineſſe in vttering, his complaint of loue ſo louely, his diſcourſes of pleaſure ſo pleaſantly, his paſtorall rudeneſſe, his morall wiſeneſſe, his due obſeruing of *Decorum* euerie where, in perſonages, in ſeaſons, in matter, in ſpeech, and generally, in all ſeemelie ſimplicitie of handling his matters, and framing his words: the which of many things that in him be ſtrange, I know will ſeeme the ſtrangeſt; the wordes themſelues beeing ſo ancient, the knitting of them ſo ſhort and intricate, and the whole period and compaſſe of his ſpeech ſo delightſome for the roundneſſe, and ſo graue for the ſtrangeneſſe. And firſt of the words to ſpeake, I grant they be ſomething hard, and of moſt men vnvſed, yet both Engliſh, and alſo vſed of moſt excellent Authours, and moſt famous poets. In whom, when as this our poet hath beene much trauailed and throughly read, how could it be (as that worthy Oratour ſaid) but that walking in the Sunne, although for other cauſe hee walked, yet needes hee muſt be ſunne-burnt; and hauing the ſound of thoſe ancient poets ſtill ringing in his eares, hee mought needs in ſinging, hit out ſome of their tunes. But whether hee vſeth them by ſuch caſualtie and cuſtome, or of ſet purpoſe

and choiſe, as thinking thē fitteſt for ſuch ruſticall rudeneſſe of Shepheards; either for that their rough ſound would make his rimes more ragged and ruſticall: or elſe becauſe ſuch old and obſolete words are moſt vſed of Country folke; ſure I thinke, and thinke I thinke not amiſſe, that they bring great grace, and as one would ſay, authoritie to the verſe. For albe, amongſt many other faults, it ſpecially be obiected of *Valla*, againſt *Liuie*, and of other againſt *Saluſt*, that with ouer-much ſtudie they affect antiquitie, as couering thereby credence, and honour of elder yeeres; yet I am of opinion, and eke the beſt learned are of the like, that thoſe ancient ſolemne words, are a great ornament, both in the one, and in the other: the one labouring to ſet foorth in his worke an eternall image of antiquitie, and the other carefully diſcourſing matters of grauitie and importance. For, if my opinion faile not, *Tully* in that booke, wherein he endeuoureth to ſet forth the patterne of a perfect Orator, ſaith, that oft-times an ancient word maketh the ſtile ſeeme graue, and as it were reuerend, no otherwiſe then we honour and reuerence gray haires, for a certaine religious regard, which we haue of old age. Yet neither euery where muſt old wordes be ſtuffed in, nor the common Dialect, & maner of ſpeaking ſo corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it ſeeme diſorderlie and ruinous. But as in moſt exquiſite pictures, they vſe to blaze and portrait, not onely the daintie lineaments or beautie, but alſo round about it to ſhadow the rude thickets and craggie clifts, that by the baſeneſſe of ſuch parts, more excellencie may accrew to the principall (for oftentimes wee finde our ſelues, I know not how, ſingularly delighted with the ſhew of ſuch naturall rudeneſſe, and take great pleaſure in that diſorderly order): euen ſo doe thoſe rough and harſh tearmes, enlumine and make more cleerely to appeare the brightneſſe of braue and glorious words. So, oftentimes, a diſcord in muſicke maketh a comely concordance: ſo great delight tooke the worthie poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemiſh in the ioynt of a well-ſhaped bodie. But if any will raſhly blame ſuch his purpoſe in choice of old & vnwonted words, him may I more iuſtly blame and condemne, either of witleſſe headineſſe in iudging, or of heedleſſe hardineſſe in condemning: for not marking the compaſſe of his bent, he will iudge of the length of his caſt. For in my opinion, it is one eſpeciall praiſe of many, which are due to this poet, that he hath laboured to reſtore as to their rightfull heritage, ſuch good and naturall Engliſh words, as haue been long time out of vſe, and almoſt cleane diſherited. Which is the onely cauſe, that our mother tongue, which trulie of it ſelfe is both full enough for proſe, & ſtately enough for verſe, hath long time been counted moſt bare and barren of both. Which default, when as ſome endeuoured to ſalue and recure, they patched vp the holes with peeces and ragges of other languages; borrowing heere of the French, there of the Italian, euery where of the Latine; not weighing how ill thoſe tongues accord with themſelues, but much worſe with ours: So now they haue made our Engliſh tongue a gallimaufrey, or hodgepodge of all other ſpeeches.

Other

Other-ſome, not ſo well ſeene in the Engliſh tongue, as perhaps in other languages, if they happen to heare an old word, albeit very naturall and ſignificant, cry out ſtraight way, that we ſpeake no Engliſh, but gibberiſh, or rather, ſuch as in old time *Euanders* mother ſpake: whoſe firſt ſhame is, that they are not aſhamed, in their owne mother tongue, to bee counted ſtrangers, and aliens. The ſecond ſhame no leſſe then the firſt, that what they vnderſtand not, they ſtraightway deeme to be ſenſeleſſe, & not at all to be vnderſtood: Much like to the Mole in *Aeſops* fable, that beeing blind herſelfe, would in no wiſe be perſwaded that any beaſt could ſee. The laſt, more ſhamefull then both, that of their owne country and naturall ſpeech (which together with their Nurſes milke they ſucked) they haue ſo baſe and baſtard iudgement, that they will not onely thēſelues not labour to garniſh & beautifie it, but alſo repine, that of other it ſhould be embelliſhed; Like to the dog in the maunger, tha: himſelfe can eate no hay, & yet barketh at the hungrie bullock, that ſo faine would feed: whoſe curriſh kinde, though it cannot bee kept frō barking, yet I conne them thank that they réfraine from byting.

Now, for the knitting of ſentences, which they call the ioynts & members thereof, & for all the compaſſe of the ſpeech, it is round without roughneſſe, and learned without hardneſſe, ſuch indeed as may be perceiued of the leaſt, vnderſtood of the moſt, but iudged onely of the learned. For what in moſt Engliſh writers vieth to be looſe, and as it were vnright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and ſtronglie truſſed vp together. In regard whereof, I ſcorne and ſpew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged rymers (for ſo themſelues vſe to hunt the letter) which without learning boaſt, without iudgement iangle, without reaſon rage and fome, as if ſome inſtinct of poeticall ſpirit had newly rauiſhed them aboue the meanneſſe of common capacitie. And beeing in the midſt of all their brauerie, ſuddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or hauing forgotten their former conceit, they ſeeme to be ſo pained & trauailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in childbirth, or as that ſame Pythia, when the traunce came vpon her: *Os rabidum fera corda domans, &c.*

Neuertheleſſe, let them a Gods name feed on their owne folly, ſo they ſeeke not to darken the beames of others glorie. As for *Colin*, vnder vvhoſe perſon the Authors ſelfe is ſhadowed, how farre he is from ſuch vaunted titles, and glorious ſhewes, both himſelfe ſheweth, where he ſaith:

Of Muſes Hobbinoll, *I conne no skill.* And
Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt, &c.

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſſe of the name, wherein it ſeemeth hee choſe rather to vnfold great matter of argument couertly, then profeſsing it, not ſuffice thereto accordingly. Which moued him rather in Aeglogues thē otherwiſe to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furniſh our tongue with this kind. wherein it faulteth; or following one example of the beſt & moſt ancient poets, which deuiſed this kinde

of writing, beeing both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the maner, at the firſt to trie their habilities: like as young birds, that be newlie crept out of the neſt, by little and little firſt prooue their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceiue hee was alreadie full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuane*, as not beeing full ſomd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and alſo diuerſe other excellent both Italian and French poets, whoſe footing this Authour euery where followeth: yet ſo as few, but they be well ſented, can trace him out. So finally flieth this our new Poet, as a bird whoſe principals be ſcarce growne out, but yet as one that in time ſhall be able to keepe wing with the beſt.

Now, as touching the generall drift and purpoſe of his Aeglogues, I mind not to ſay much, himſelfe labouring to cõceale it. Onely this appeareth, that his vnſtaied youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Loue, in which time, to mitigate & allay the heate of his paſsion, or elſe to warne (as hee ſaith) the young ſhepheards [his equals and companions] of his vnfortunate folly, he compiled theſe twelue Aeglogues; which for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the twelue Moneths, he tearmeth it the *Shepheards Calender*, applying an old name to a new worke. Heerevnto haue I added a certaine Gloſſe or ſcholion, for the expoſition of old wordes, & harder phraſes; which manner of gloſsing and commenting, well I wote, will ſeeme ſtrange and rare in our tongue: yet, for ſo much as I knew, many excellent and proper deuiſes, both in words and matter, would paſſe in the ſpeedie courſe of reading, either as vnknowne, or as not marked; & that in this kind, as in other wee might be equall to the learned of other nations, I thought good to take the paines vpon me, the rather for that by meanes of ſome familiar acquaintance I was made priuie to his counſaile & ſecret meaning in thē, as alſo in ſundry other works of his. Which albeit I knowe hee nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much haue I aduentured vpon his friendſhip, himſelfe being for long time far eſtranged, hoping that this will the rather occaſion him, to put foorth diuerſe other excellent works of his, which ſleep in ſilence, as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of *Cupid*, & ſundry others, whoſe cõmendation to ſet out, were very vaine, the things though worthy of many, yet beeing knowne to few. Theſe my preſent paines, if to any they be pleaſurable, or profitable, be you iudge, mine owne maiſter *Harvey*, to whom I haue both in reſpect of your worthineſſe generally, & otherwiſe vpon ſome particular & ſpeciall conſiderations, vowed this my labour, & the maidenhead of this our common friends poetrie, himſelfe hauing already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worſhipfull maiſter *Philip Sidney*, a ſpeciall fauourer & maintainer of all kinde of learning. Whoſe cauſe, I pray you ſir, if enuie ſhall ſtirre vp any wrongfull accuſation, defend with your mighty Rhetoricke, and other your rath gifts of learning, as you can, and ſhield with

with your good will, as you ought, againſt the malice & outrage of ſo many enemies, as I know will be ſet on fire with the ſparks of his kindled glorie. And thus recommending the Authour vnto you, as vnto his moſt ſpeciall good friend, and my ſelfe vnto you both, as one making ſingular account of two ſo very good & ſo choiſe friends, I bid you both moſt hartily farewell, & commit you & your commendable ſtudies to the tuition of the greateſt.

Your owne aſſuredly to be commaunded, E. K.

Poſt ſcr.

NOw I truſt, M. *Haruey*, that vpon ſight of your ſpeciall friends and fellow poets dooings, or elſe for enuie of ſo many worthy Quidams, which catch at the garland which to you alone is due, you will be perſwaded to pluck out of the hateful darkneſs, thoſe ſo many excellent Engliſh poems of yours, which lie hid, and bring them foorth to eternall light. Truſt me, you doe them great wrong, in depriuing them of the deſired ſunne, and alſo your ſelfe, in ſmothering your deſerued praiſes, and all men generally, in with-holding from them ſo diuine pleaſures, which they might conceiue of your gallant Engliſh verſes, as they haue already done of your Latine poems, which in my opinion, both for inuention and elocution, are very delicate and ſuperexcellent. And thus againe, I take my leaue of my good M. *Haruey*. From my lodging at London, the tenth of Aprill. 1579.



The generall Argument of the *whole Booke*.

LIttle, I hope, needeth me at large to diſcourſe the firſt originall of Aeglogues, hauing alreadie touched the ſame. But, for the word Aeglogues, I knowe is vnknowne to moſt, and alſo miſtaken of ſome the beſt learned (as they thinke) I will ſay ſomewhat thereof, beeing not at all impertinent to my preſent purpoſe.

They were firſt of the Greekes, the inuentours of them, called Aeglogas, *as it were,* Aegon, *or* Aeginomonlogi, *that is Goteheards tales. For although in* Virgil *and others, the ſpeakers be more Shepheards, then Goatheards, yet* Theocritus, *in whom is more ground of authoritie then in* Virgil, *this ſpecially from that deriuing, as from the firſt head & vvell-ſpring the whole inuention of theſe Aeglogues, maketh Goateheards the perſons and Authors of his tales. This beeing, who ſeeth not the groſneſſe of ſuch as by colour of learning would make vs beleeue, that they are more rightly tearmed* Eclogai, *as they would ſay, extraordinarie diſcourſes of vnneceſſarie matter: which definition, albe in ſubſtance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit anſwereth with the* Analyſis *& interpretation of the word. For they be not tearmed* Eglogæ, *Aeglogues: which ſentence this Authour verie well obſeruing, vpon good iudgement, though indeede fewe Goatheards haue to doe herein, neuertheleſſe doubteth not to call them by the vſed and beſt knowne name. Other curious diſcourſes heereof I reſerue to greater occaſion.*

Theſe twelue Aeglogues euery where anſwering to the ſeaſons of the twelue Moneths, may be well diuided into three formes or rankes. For either they be Plaintiue, as the firſt, the ſixt, the eleuenth, and the twelfth: or Recreatiue, ſuch as all thoſe be, which containe matter of loue, or commendation of ſpeciall perſonages: or Morall, which for the moſt part be mixed with ſome Satyricall bitterneſſe; namely, the ſecond of reuerence due to old age, the fift of coloured deceit, the ſeauenth and ninth of diſſolute Shepheards and Paſtors, the tenth of contempt of Poetrie and pleaſant wits. And to this diuiſion may euerie thing heerein be reaſonably applied: a few onely except, whoſe ſpecial purpoſe and meaning I am not priuie to. And thus much generally of theſe twelue Aeglogues.

Aeglogues. Now will we ſpeake particularly of all, and firſt of the firſt, which he calleth by the firſt Monethes name, Ianuarie: wherein to ſome he may ſeeme fowly to haue faulted, in that he erroniouſly beginneth with that Moneth, which beginneth not the yeere. For it is well knowne, and ſtoutly maintained vvith ſtrong reaſons of the learned, that the yeere beginneth in March: for then the ſunne renueth his finiſhed courſe, and the ſeaſonable Spring refreſheth the earth, and the pleaſaunce thereof beeing buried in the ſadneſſe of the dead Winter, now worne away, reuiueth.

This opinion maintaine the old Aſtrologers and Philoſophers, namelie, the reuerend Andalo, *and* Macrobius, *in his holy daies of* Saturne: *which account alſo was generally obſerued, both of Grecians & Romans. But ſauing the leaue of ſuch learned heads, we maintaine a cuſtome of counting the ſeaſons from the Moneth Ianuary, vpon a more ſpeciall cauſe then the heathen Philoſophers euer could conceiue: that is, for the incarnation of our mightie Sauiour, & eternall Redeemer the Lord Chriſt, who as the renewing the ſtate of the decaied World, and returning the compaſſe of expired yeeres, to their former date, and firſt commencement, left to vs his Heires a memoriall of his byrth, in the end of the laſt yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beſide that eternall Monument of our ſaluation, leaneth alſo vpon good proofe of ſpeciall iudgement.*

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the yeere was not perfected, as afterward it was by Iulius Cæſar, *they beganne to tell the Moneths from Marches beginning; and according to the ſame, God (as is ſaid in Scripture) cõmaunded the people of the Iewes to count the Moneth* Abib, *that which we call March, for the firſt Moneth, in remembrance that in that Moneth hee brought them out of the Land of Aegypt: yet, according to tradition of latter times it hath beene otherwiſe obſerued, both in gouernment of the Church, and rule of mightieſt Realmes. For from* Iulius Cæſar, *who firſt obſerued the leape yeere, which he called* Biſſextilem Annum, *and brought into a more certaine courſe the odde wandring daies, which of the Greekes were called* Hyperbainontes, *of the Romanes* Intercalares (*for in ſuch matter of learning I am forced to vſe the tearmes of the learned*) *the Moneths haue beene numbred twelue, which in the firſt ordinance of* Romulus *were but tenne, counting but* 304 *daies in euery yeere, and beginning with March. But* Numa Pompilius, *who was the father of all the Romane Ceremonies, and Religion, ſeeing that reckoning to agree neither with the courſe of the Sunne, nor the Moone, therevnto added two Moneths, Ianuarie and Februarie: wherein it ſeemeth, that wiſe king minded vpon good reaſon to beginne the yeere at Ianuarie, of him therefore ſo called* tanquam Ianua anni, *the gate & enterance of the yeere, or of the name of the god* Ianus: *to which god, for that the old Paynims attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new cõming into the world, it ſeemeth that he therefore to him aſsigned, the beginning and firſt entrance of the yeere. Which account for the moſt part hath hitherto continued. Notwithſtanding,*

ding, that the Egyptians beginne their yeere at September, for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbines, and very purpose of the Scripture it selfe, God made the world in that Moneth, that is called of them Tisri. *And therefore he cõmaunded them to keepe the feast of Pauilions, in the end of the yeere, in the xv. day of the seuenth Moneth, which before that time was the first.*

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtiltie of the one part, nor the antiquitie of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common vnderstanding, to beginne with Iannarie; weening it perhaps no decorum *that shepheards should be seene in matter of so deepe in-sight, or cannase acase of so doubtfull iudgement. So therefore beginneth hee, and so continueth hee throughout.*



Aegloga prima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this firſt Aeglogue, *Colin Clout*, a Shepheards boy, complaineth himſelfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it ſeemeth) enamoured of a countrey Laſſe called *Roſalind:* with which ſtrong affection being verie ſore trauelled, hee compareth his carefull caſe to the ſad ſeaſon of the yeere, to the froſtie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne vvinter-beaten flocke. And laſtly, finding himſelfe robbed of all former pleaſance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, & caſteth himſelfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOVT.

A Shepheards boy (no better doe him call)
When Winters waſtefull ſpight was almoſt ſpent,
All in a ſunſhine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent.
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the fold,
That now vnnethes their feet could them vphold.

All as the ſheepe, ſuch was the ſhepheards looke,
For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
May ſeeme he lov'd, or elſe ſome care he tooke:
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his ſtile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus him plainde, the while his ſheepe there fed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,
(If any gods the paine of louers pittie:)
Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine,
And bow your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
And PAN thou ſhepheards God, that once did loue,
Pittie the paines, that thou thy ſelfe didſt proue.

Thou barren ground whō Winters wrath hath waſted,
Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight:
Whilom thy freſh ſpring flowr'd, and after haſted
Thy Sommer proude, with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy Winters ſtormie ſtate,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedſt late.

Such rage as Winters, raigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:
Such ſtormie ſtoures, doe breed my balefull ſmart,
As if my yeeres were waſte, and woxen old.
And yet, alas, but now my ſpring begonne,
And yet, alas, it is already donne.

You naked trees, whoſe ſhadie leaues are loſt,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are cloath'd with moſſe and hoarie froſt,
In ſtead of bloſſoms, wherewith your buds did flowre,
I ſee your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,
Whoſe drops in drerie yſicles remaine.

Alſo

Alſo my luſtfull leafe is dry and ſeare,
My timely buds with wailing all are waſted:
The bloſſome, which my branch of youth did beare,
With breathed ſighs is blowne away, and blaſted.
And from mine eyes the drizling teares deſcend,
As on your boughs the yſicles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whoſe fleece is rough and rent,
Whoſe knees are weake, through faſt, and euill fare:
Maiſt witneſſe well by thy ill gouernment,
Thy Maiſters mind is ouercome with care.
Thou weake, I wanne: thou leane, I quite forlorne,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thouſand ſithes I curſe that carefull houre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to ſee:
And eke ten thouſand ſithes I bleſſe the ſtoure,
Wherein I ſaw ſo faire a ſight as ſhee.
Yet all for nought: ſuch ſight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue ſhould breed both ioy and paine!

It is not HOBBINOL, wherefore I plaine,
Albee my loue he ſeeke with daily ſuit:
His clowniſh gifts and curteſies I diſdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, fooliſh HOBBINOL, thy gifts been vaine:
COLIN them giues to ROSALINDE againe.

I loue thilke Laſſe, (alas, why doe I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas, why am I lorne?)
Shee deigneth not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall muſick holdeth ſcorne.
Shepheards deuiſe ſhe hateth as the ſnake, (make.
And laughes the ſongs, that COLIN CLOVT doth

Wherefore my Pipe, albee rude PAN thou pleaſe,
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would,
And thou vnluckie Muſe, that woonſt to eaſe
My muſing minde, yet canſt not, when thou ſhould,
Both Pipe and Muſe, ſhall fore the while abie.
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and downe did lie.

By that, the welked PHOEBVS gan auaile
His wearie waine, and now the froſtie NIGHT,
Her mantle blacke through heauen gan ouerhaile.
~~Which ſeene, the penſiue boy halfe in deſpight~~
Aroſe, and homeward droue his ſunned ſheepe,
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeem his careful caſe to weepe.

Colins Embleme.

Anchora ſpeme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatlie vſed, and yet haue I ſeene a poeſie of M. *Skeltons*, vnder that title. But indeede the word *Colin* is French, and vſed of the French poet *Marot* (if he be worthy the name of a poet) in a certaine Æglogue. Vnder which name this poet ſecretly ſhadoweth himſelfe, as ſometime did *Virgil* vnder the name of *Tytirus*, thinking it much fitter then ſuch Latine names, for the great vnlikelihood of the language.

Vnnethes, ſcarcely.

Couth, commeth of the verbe *Conne*, that is, to knowe, or to haue skill. As wel interpreteth the ſame, the worthy ſir *Tho. Smith*, in his booke of gouernment: whereof I haue a perfect copie in writing, lent me by his kinſman, and my very ſingular good friend, M. *Gabriel Haruey*, as alſo of ſome other his moſt graue and excellent writings.

Sith, time. *Neighbour-towne*, the next towne: expreſſing the Latine, *Vicinia*.

Stoure, a fit. *Seare*, withered.

His clowniſh gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verſe:

Ruſticus es Corydon: nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol, is a fained country name, wherby, it being ſo common & vſuall, ſeemeth to be hidden the perſon of ſome his very ſpeciall & moſt familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loued, as peraduenture ſhall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place ſeemeth to be ſome ſauour of diſorderly loue, which the learned call *Pederaſtice*: but it is gathered beſide his meaning. For who that hath read

read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon* & *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may easily perceiue, that such loue is to be allowed and liked of, specially so meant, as *Socrates* vsed it: who saith, that indeed he loued *Alcybiades* extreamly; yet not *Alcibiades* person, but his soule, which is *Alcibiades* owne selfe. And so is *Pederastice* much to bee preferred before *Gyneraſtice*, that is, the loue which inflameth men with lust toward womankinde. But yet let no man thinke, that heerein I stand with *Lucian*, or his diuelish disciple *Unico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible sinnes, of forbidden and vnlawfull fleshlinesse. Whose abhominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I loue: a pretie Epanorthosis in these two verses, and withall, a Paronomasia, or playing with the word, where he saith, *I loue thilke Lasse, alasse, &c.*

Rosalinde, is also a fained name, which beeing well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and Mistresse, whom by that name hee coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia*, the Emperour *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: so doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* & *Ianthes*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla:* as witnesseth *Stutius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy, *Madonna Cœlia*, in her letters, enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath been a common custome of counterfaiting the names of secret personages.

Auaile, bring downe.

Ouerhaile, draw ouer.

Embleme.

His Embleme or Posie is heere-vnder added in Italian, *Anchora speme:* the meaning whereof is, that notwithstanding his extreame passion and luckelesse loue, yet leaning on hope, hee is somewhat recomforted.



Aegloga ſecunda.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is rather morall and generall, then bent to any ſecret or particular purpoſe. It ſpecially containeth a diſcourſe of old age, in the perſon of *Thenot*, an old ſhepheard, who for his crookedneſſe and vnluſtfulneſſe, is ſcorned of *Cuddie*, an vnhappy heardmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the ſeaſon of the moneth, the yeere now drooping, and as it were drawing to his laſt age. For as in this time of yeere, ſo then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten fleſh, with ſtormes of fortune, and hoare froſts of care. To which purpoſe, the old man telleth a tale of the Oake and the Breere, ſo liuely, and ſo feelingly, as if the thing were ſet forth in ſome picture before our eies, more plainly could not appeare.

CVDDY.

AH for pittie, will ranke Winters rage
Theſe bitter blaſts neuer gin t'aſſwage?
The keene cold blowes through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged ronts all ſhiuer and ſhake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wind wagge their wriggle tailes,
Pearke as a Peacocke: but now it auailes.

THENOT.

Lewdly complaineſt, thou laſie ladde,
Of Winters wracke for making thee ſad.
Muſt not the world wend in his common courſe,
From good to bad, and from bad to worſe,
From worſe, vnto that is worſt of all,
And then returne to his former fall?
Who will not ſuffer the ſtormie time,
Where will he liue till the luſtie prime?
Selfe haue I worne out thrice thirtie yeeres,
Some in much ioy, many in many teares:
Yet neuer complained of cold nor heate,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne neuer was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently tooke, that vngently came.
And euer my flock was my chiefe care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CVDDY.

No maruaile THENOT, if thou can beare
Cheerefully the Winters wrathfull cheare.
For age and winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wrie:
And as the lowring weather lookes downe,
So ſeemeſt thou like good-Friday to frowne.
But my flowring youth is foe to froſt,
My ſhip vnwont in ſtormes to be toſt.

THENOT.

The Soueraigne of Seas he blames in vaine,

That

That once Sea-beat, will to ſea againe.
So loytring liue you little-heard-groomes,
Keeping your beaſts in the budded broomes.
And when the ſliming ſunne laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come at once.
Tho ginne you, fond flies, the cold to ſcorne,
And crowing in Pipes made of greene corne,
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare:
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinkles and froſtie furrowes,
Drearily ſhooting his ſtormie dart,
Which cruddles the blood, and prickes the heart.
Then is your careleſſe courage accoyed,
Your carefull heards with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your ſurquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and miſerie.

CVDDIE.

Ah fooliſh old man, I ſcorne thy skill,
That wouldeſt me, my ſpringing youth to ſpill.
I deeme thy braine emperiſhed bee,
Through ruſtie eld, that hath rotted thee:
Or ſiker thy head very tottie is,
So on thy corbe ſhoulder it leanes amiſſe.
Now thy ſelfe hath loſt both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldeſt crop:
But were thy yeeres greene, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldeſt thou learne to caroll of loue,
And hery with hymnes thy Laſſes glone.
Tho wouldeſt thou pipe of PHILLIS praiſe:
But PHILLIS is mine for many daies.
I wonne her with a girdle of gelt,
Emboſt with bugle about the belt.
Such an one ſhepheards would make full faine:
Such an one would make thee young againe.

THENOT.

Thou art a fon, of thy loue to boſt:
All that is lent to loue will be loſt.

CVDDY.

Seeſt, how brag yond bullocke beares,
So ſmirke, ſo ſmooth, his pricked eares?
His hornes been as brade, as rainebowe bent,
His dewlap as lithe, as Laſſe of Kent.
See how he venteth into the winde,
Weeneſt of loue is not his minde?
Seemeth thy flocke thy counſell can,
So luſtleſſe been they, ſo weake, ſo wan,
Clothed with cold, and hoarie with froſt,
Thy flocks father his courage hath loſt.
Thy Ewes that wont to haue blowne bags,
Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags.
The rather Lambes been ſtarued with cold,
All for their maiſter is luſtleſſe and old.

THENOT.

CVDDY, I wot thou kenſt little good,
So vainly to aduance thy headleſſe hood.
For youth is a bubble blowne vp with breath,
Whoſe wit is weakeneſſe, whoſe wage is death,
Whoſe way is wilderneſſe, whoſe Inne Penance,
And ſtoppegallant Age the hoſt of Greeuance.
But ſhall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of TYTIRVS in my youth,
Keeping his ſheepe on the hills of Kent?

CVDDY.

To nought more, THENOT, my mind is bent,
Then to heare novels of his deuiſe:
They been ſo well thewed, and ſo wiſe,
What euer that good old man beſpake.

THENOT.

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And ſome of loue, and ſome of chiualrie:
But none fitter then this to apply.
Now liſten awhile and harken the end.

THere grew an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake ſometime had it beene,
With armes full ſtrong and largely diſplaide,
But of their leaues they were diſaraid:
The body big and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
Whilome had been the king of the field,
And mochel maſt to the husband did yeeld,
And with his nuts larded many ſwine.
But now the gray moſſe marred his rine,
His bared boughes were beaten with ſtormes,
His top was bald, and waſted with wormes,
His honour decayed, his branches ſere.
Hard by his ſide grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thruſt into th'element,
And ſeemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embelliſht with bloſſoms faire:
And thereto aye wonned to repaire
The ſheepheards daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlonds with his coloures.
And in his ſmall buſhes vſed to ſhrowde
The ſweet Nightingale ſinging ſo lowde:
Which made this fooliſh Breere wexe ſo bold,
That on a time he caſt him to ſcold,
And ſneb be the good Oake, for he was old.
Why ſtandſt there (quoth he) thou brutiſh blocke?
Nor for fruite, nor for ſhadow ſerues thy ſtocke:
Seeſt how freſh my flowres been ſpred,
Died in Lilly white, and Crimſin red,
With leaues engrained in luſtie greene,
Colours meet to cloathe a maiden Queene.
Thy waſte bigneſſe but cumbers the ground,
And dirkes the beautie of my bloſſoms round.
The mouldie moſſe, which thee accloieth,
My Cinamon ſmell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore I rede thee hence to remoue,
Leaſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure proue.
So ſpake this bold Breere with great diſdaine:
Little him anſwered the Oake againe,
But yeelded, with ſhame and greefe adawed,
That of a weede he was ouercrawed.
It chanced after vpon a day,
The husbandmans ſelfe to come that way,
Of cuſtome to ſurview his ground,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſſe round.
Him when the ſpightfull Breere had eſpied,
Cauſeleſſe complained, and lowdly cried

Vnto his Lord, ſtirring vp ſterne ſtrife:
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
P'eaſeth you pond your ſuppliants plaint,
Cauſed of wrong, and cruell complaint,
Which I your poore Vaſſall daily endure:
And but your goodneſſe the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemie.
Greatly aghaſt with this pitious plea,
Him reſted the good-man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proude weed,
(As moſt vſen ambitious folke)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my ſoueraigne, Lord of Creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine owne hand,
To be the Primroſe of all thy land,
With flowring bloſſoms, to furniſh the prime,
And skarlet berries in Sommer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oake,
Whoſe bodie is ſere, whoſe branches broke,
Whoſe naked armes ſtretch vnto the fire,
Vnto ſuch tyrannie doth aſpire?
Hindring with his ſhade my louely light,
And robbing me of the ſweet ſunnes ſight?
So beate his old boughs my tender ſide,
That oft the blood ſpringeth from wounds wide:
Vntimely my flowres forced to fall,
That been the honour of your Coronall.
And oft hee lets his canker-wormes light,
Vpon my branches, to worke me more ſpight:
And oft his hoarie locks downe doth caſt,
Wherewith my freſh florets been defaſt.
For this, and many more ſuch outrage,
Craning your goodlyhead to aſſwage
The rancorous rigour of his might.
Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good ſufferance,
And praying to be garded from greeuance.
To this, this Oake caſt him to reply
Well as he couth: but his enemie
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man nould ſtay his leaſure,
But home him haſted with furious heate.
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threat,
His harmefull hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand)
And to the field alone he ſpeedeth.
(Aye little help to harme there needeth)
Anger nould let him ſpeake to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee:
But to the root bent his ſturdie ſtroake,
And made many wounds in the waſte Oake.
The axes edge did oft turne againe,
As halfe vnwilling to cut the graine:
Seemed, the ſenſeleſſe iron did feare,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbeare.
For it had been an auncient tree,
Sacred with many a myſteree.
And often croſt with the Prieſts crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dew.
But ſike fanſies weren foolerie,
And broughten this Oake to this miſerie.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The blocke oft groned vnder the blowe,
And ſighed to ſee his neere ouerthrowe.
In fine, the ſteele had pierced his pith,
Tho downe to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth ſhrunke vnder him, and ſeemed to ſhake.
There lieth the Oake, pittied of none.
Now ſtands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed vp with pride and vaine pleaſance:
But all this glee had no continuance.
For eftſoones Winter gan to approch,
The bluſtering Boreas did encroch,
And beat vpon the ſolitarie Breere:
For now no ſuccour was him neere.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and diſconſolate.
The byting froſt nipt his ſtalke dead,
The watrie wet weighed downe his head,
And heaped ſnowe burdned him ſo ſore,
That now vpright he can ſtand no more:
And beeing downe, is trode in the durt,
Of cattell, and brouzed, and ſorely hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For ſcorning Eld.

CVDDIE.

Now I pray thee Shepheard, tell it not forth:
Heere is a long tale, and little worth.
So long haue I liſtened to thy ſpeech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech:
My heart blood is well nigh frorne I feele,
And my galage growne faſt to my heele:
But little eaſe of thy lewde tale I taſted,
Hie thee home ſhepheard, the day is nigh waſted.

Thenots Embleme.

Iddio perche è vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio.

Cuddies Embleme.

Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Keene, ſharpe.

Gride, pierced: an old word much vſed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I knowe of) in *Chaucer*.

Ronts, young bullocks.

Wracke, ruine or violence, whence commeth ſhipwracke: and not wreake, that is vengeance or wrath.

Foman, a foe.

Thenot, the name of a Shepheard in *Marot* his Æglogues.

The Soueraigne of Seas, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The ſaying is borrowed of *Mimus Publianus*, which vſed this prouerbe in a verſe:

Improbè Neptunum accuſat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgroomes, *Chaucers* verſe almoſt whole.

Fond flies, He compareth careleſſe ſluggards, or ill husbandmen to flies, that ſo ſoone as the Sunne ſhineth, or it waxeth any thing warme, begin to flie abroad, when ſuddenly they be ouertaken with cold.

But eft when: a very excellent and liuely deſcription of Winter, ſo as may bee indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter ſeaſon.

Breme, Chill, bitter. *Chamfred*, chapt, or wrinkled.

Accoied, plucked downe and daunted. *Surquedrie*, pride.

Eld, old age. *Siker*, ſure. *Tottie*, wauering.

Corbe, crooked. *Herie*, worſhip.

Phyllis, the name of ſome maid vnknowne, whom *Cuddie* (whoſe perſon is ſecret) loued. The name is vſuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuane*.

Belt, a girdle, or waſte band. *A fon*, a foole. *Lythe*, ſoft and gentle.

Venteth, ſnuffeth in the wind. *Thy flocks father*, the ram. *Crags*, necks.

Rather Lambes, that be ewed early in the beginning of the yeere.

Youthis, a verie morall and pithy Allegorie of youth, and the luſts thereof, compared to a wearie wayfaring man.

Tytirus, I ſuppoſe he meanes *Chaucer*, whoſe praiſe for pleaſant tales cannot die, ſo long as the memorie of his name ſhall liue, and the name of poetrie ſhall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene morata*, full of morall wiſeneſſe.

There grew. This tale of the Oake and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is cleane in another kind, and rather like to *Æſops* fables. It is very excellent for pleaſant deſcriptions, beeing altogether a certaine Icon, or Hypotypoſis of diſdainefull yonkers. *Embelliſht*, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent. *Sneb*, checke.

Woy ſtandſt, the ſpeech is ſcornefull and verie preſumptuous.

Engrained, died in graine.

Accloieth, accumbreth. *Adawed*, daunted and confounded.

Trees of ſtate, taller trees, fit for timber wood. *Sterne ſtrife*, ſaid *Chaucer*, ſtiffe and ſturdie. *O my liege*, a manner of ſupplication, wherein is kindlie coloured the affection and ſpeech of ambitious men.

Coronall, garland. *Flourets*, young bloſſoms.

The Primroſe, the chiefe and worthieſt.

Naked armes, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, ſpoiled of leaues. This colourably he ſpeaketh, as adiudging him to the fire.

The blood, ſpoken of a blocke, as it were of a liuing creature, figuratiuely, and

(as they say) *Kat'exochen.*

Hoarie lockes, metaphorically for withered leaues.

Hent, caught. *Noula*, for would not. *Aye*, euermore.

Wounds, gashes. *Enaunter*, least that.

The Priests crew, holy-water pot, wherewith the popish priests vsed to sprinkle & hallow the trees from mischance. Such blindnesse was in those times: which the poet supposeth to haue been the finall decay of this ancient Oake.

The blocke oft groaned: a liuely figure, which giueth sense and feeling to vnsensible creatures, as *Virgil* also saith: *Saxa gemunt grauido, &c.*

Boreas, the Northren wind, that bringeth the most stormy weather.

Glee, Cheare and iollitie.

For scorning eld, And minding (as should seeme) to haue made rime to the former verse.

Galage, a startup or clownish shooe.

Embleme.

This Embleme is spoken of *Thenot*, as a morall of his former tale: namelie, that God, which is himselfe most aged, beeing before all ages, and without beginning, maketh those whom he loueth, like to himselfe, in heaping yeeres vnto their daies, and blessing them with long life. For the blessing of age is not giuen to all, but vnto whom God will so blesse. And albeit that many euill men reach vnto such fulnesse of yeeres, and some also waxe old in miserie and thraldome, yet therefore is not age euer the lesse blessing. For euen to such euill men, such number of yeeres is added, that they may in their last daies repent, and come to their first home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed boy, for despising his gray and frostie haires.

Whom *Cuddie* doth counterbuffe with a byting and bitter prouerbe, spoken in deed at the first in contempt of old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, & yet is continued in some mens conceit, that men of yeeres haue no feare of God at all, or not so much as younger folke: For that beeing ripened with long experience, & hauing passed many bitter brunts, and blasts of vengeance, they dread no stormes of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of men; as beeing either by long and ripe wisedome armed against all mischances and aduersities, or with much trouble hardned against all troublesome tides. Like vnto the Ape, of which is said in Æsops fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lion, he was at first sore agast, and dismaid at the grimnesse and austeritie of his countenaunce; but at last, beeing acquainted with his lookes, he was so farre from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and iest at him: Such long experience breedeth in some men securitie. Although it please *Erasmus*, a great clarke, and good old father, more fatherly and fauourably, to construe it in his Adages, for his owne behoofe; That by the prouerbe, *Nemo senex metuit Iouem*, is not meant, that old men haue no feare of God at all, but that they be far from superstition and idolatrous regard of false gods, as is *Iupiter*. But his great learning notwithstanding, it is too plaine, to be gaine-said, that old men are much more inclined to such fond fooleries, then younger heads.



Aegloga tertia.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue, two ſhepheards boyes, taking occaſion of the ſeaſon, beginne to make purpoſe of loue and other pleaſance, which to Spring-time is moſt agreeable. The ſpeciall meaning heereof, is to giue certaine marks and tokens, to knowe *Cupid*, the Poets God of loue. But more particularly I thinke, in the perſon of *Thomalin*, is meant ſome ſecret friend, who ſcorned loue and his Knights ſo long, till at length himſelfe was entangled, and vnwares wounded with the dart of ſome beautifull regard, which is *Cupids* arrow.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, why ſitten wee ſo,
As weren ouerwent with wo,
Vpon ſo faire a morrow?
The ioyous time now nigheth faſt,
That ſhall alegge this bitter blaſt,
And ſlake the Winter ſorrow.

THOMALIN.

Siker WILLIE, thou warneſt well:
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſant Spring appeareth.
The graſſe now ginnes to be refreſht:
The Swallow peepes out of her neſt,
And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLIE.

Seeſt not thilke ſame Hawthorne ſtudde,
How bragly it begins to budde,
And vtter his tender head?
FLORA now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready MAIAS bower,
That new is vpriſt from bed.
Tho ſhall we ſporten in delight,
And learne with LETTICE to wexe light,
That ſcornefully lookes askaunce:
Tho will we little Loue awake,
That now ſleepeth in LETHE lake,
And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN.

WILLIE, I weene thou be aſſot:
For luſtie Loue ſtill ſleepeth not,
But is abroad at his game.

WILLIE.

How kenſt thou that he is awoke?
Or haſt thy ſelfe his ſlumber broke?
Or made priuie to the ſame?

THOMALIN.

No, but happily I him ſpide,
Where in a buſh he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And

And were not, that my sheepe would stray,
The priuie markes I would bewray,
Whereby by chaunce I him knew.

WILLIE.

THOMALIN, haue no care for thy,
My selfe will haue a double eye,
Ylike to my flocke and thine:
For als at home I haue a syre,
A stepdame eke as hote as fyre,
That duly adaies counts mine.

THOMALIN.

Nay, but thy seeing will not serue,
My sheepe for that may chance to swerue,
And fall into some mischiefe.
For sithens is but the third morrow,
That I chaunst to fall asleep with sorrow,
And waked againe with griefe:
The while thilke same vnhappy Ewe,
Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there vnioynted both her bones:
Mought her necke been ioynted attones,
Shee should haue need no more spell.
Th'elfe was so wanton and so wood,
(But now I trowe can better good)
She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLY.

Let be, as may be, that is past:
That is to come, let be forecast.
Now tell vs what thou hast seene.

THOMALIN.

It was vpon a holy day,
When shepheards groomes han leaue to play,
I cast to goe a shooting:
Long wandring vp and downe the land,
With bowe and bolts in either hand,
For birds in bushes tooting:
At length, within the Ivie todde,
(There shrouded was the little God)
I heard a busie bustling.
I bent my bolt against the bush,
Listning if any thing did rush,
But then heard no more rustling.
Tho peeping close into the thicke,
Might see the mooving of some quicke,
Whose shape appeared not:
But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat shot.
With that sprang forth a naked swaine,
With spotted wings like Peacocks traine,
And laughing lope to a tree,
His gilden quiuer at his backe,
And siluer bowe which was but slacke,
Which lightly he bent at mee.
That seeing, I leueld againe,
And shot at him with might and maine,
As thicke, as it had hailed.
So long I shot, that all was spent,
Tho pumie stones I hastely hent,
And threw: but nought auailed.
He was so wimble and so wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith affraid, I ranne away:
But he, that earst seem'd but to play,
A shaft in earnest snatched,
And hit me running, in the heele:
For then I little smart did feele,
But soone it sore increased.
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it festreth sore,
Ne wote I, how to cease it.

WILLY.

THOMALIN, I pittie thy plight,
Perdy with Loue thou diddest fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father say,
How he him caught vpon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crowes had set,
That in our Peare-tree haunted:
Tho said, he was a winged lad,
But bowe and shafts as then none had:
Elfe had he sore be daunted.
But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
And stouping PHOEBVS steepes his face:
Its time to haste vs homeward.

Willies Embleme.

To be wise, and eke to loue,
Is granted scarce to God aboue.

Thomalins Embleme.

Of honie and of gaul, in loue there is store.
The honie is much, but the gaul is more.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue ſeemeth ſomewhat to reſemble that ſame of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewiſe telling the old man, that he had ſhotte at a winged boy in a tree, was by him warned to beware of miſchiefe to come.

Ouerwent, ouergone. *Alegg*, to leſſen or aſſwage.

To quell, to abate. *Welkin*, the skie.

The Swallow, which bird vſeth to be counted the meſſenger, and as it were the fore-runner of the Spring.

Flora, the Goddeſſe of flowers, but indeed (as ſaith *Tacitus*) a famous harlot, which with the abuſe of her body hauing gotten great riches, made the people of Rome her heire: who in remembrance of ſo great beneficence, appointed a yearely feaſt for the memoriall of her, calling her, not as ſhe was, nor as ſome doe thinke, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: making her the goddeſſe of all flowers, and dooing yeerely to her ſolemne ſacrifice.

Maias bowre, that is, the pleaſant field, or rather the May buſhes. *Maia* is a goddeſſe, and the mother of *Mercurie*, in honour of whom the moneth of May is of her name ſo called, as ſaith *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of ſome Country Laſſe.

Aſcaunce, askew, or aſquint. *For thy*, therefore.

Lethe, is a lake in hell, which the poets call the lake of forgetfulneſſe: (For *Lethe* ſignifieth forgetfulneſſe) wherein the ſoules beeing dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by ſleeping in *Lethe* lake, hee meaneth hee was almoſt forgotten, and out of knowledge, by reaſon of Winters hardneſſe, when all pleaſures, as it were, ſleepe and weare out of mind.

Aſſotte, to dote.

His ſlumber: to breake Loues ſlumber, to excerciſe the delights of loue and wanton pleaſures.

Wings of purple, ſo is he fained of the poets.

For als, he imitateth *Virgils* verſe:

Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt iniuſta nouerca, &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell, is a kind of verſe or charme, that in elder times they vſed often to ſay ouer euery thing that they would haue preſerued: as the night-ſpell for theeues, and the wood-ſpell. And heere-hence, I thinke, is named the Goſpell, or word. And ſo ſaith *Chaucer*, Liſten Lordings to my ſpell.

Gang, goe. *An Ivie todde*, a thicke buſh.

Swaine, a boy: For ſo is he deſcribed of the Poets, to be a boy. ſ. alwaies freſh and luſtie, blindfolded, becauſe hee maketh no difference of perſonages, with diuerſe coloured wings, ſ. full of flying fancies, with bowe and arrow, that is with glaunce of beautie, which pricketh as a forked arrow. Hee is ſaid alſo to haue ſhafts, ſome leaden, ſome golden: that is, both pleaſure for the gracious and loued, and ſorrow for the loue that is diſdained or forſaken. But who liſt more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him reade either *Propertius*, or *Moſchus* his *Idyllion* of winged loue, beeing now moſt excellently tranſlated into Latine, by the ſingular learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which worke I haue ſeene, amongſt other of this poets dooings, very well tranſlated alſo into Engliſh rimes.

Wimble and wight, quicke and deliuer.

Latched, caught.

In the heele, is very poetically ſpoken, and not without ſpeciall iudgement. For I remember that in *Homer* it is ſaid of *Thetis*, that ſhee tooke her young babe *Achilles* beeing newly borne, and holding him by the heele, dipped him in the riuer of *Stix*. The vertue whereof is, to defend & keepe the bodies waſhed therein, from any mortall wound. So *Achilles* beeing waſhed all ouer ſaue onely his heele, by which his mother held, was in the reſt invulnerable: therefore by *Paris* was fained to be ſhot with a poyſoned arrow in the heele, while he was buſie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which myſticall fable *Euſtathius* vnfolding, ſaith: that by wounding in the heele, is meant luſtfull loue. For from the heele (as ſay the beſt Phyſitions) to the priuie parts, there paſſe certaine veines and ſlender ſinewes, as alſo the like come from the head, and are caried like little pipes behind the eares: ſo that (as ſaith *Hypocrates*) if thoſe veines there be cut aſunder, the partie ſtraight becommeth cold & vnfruitfull. Which reaſon our poet well weighing, maketh this ſhepheards boy of purpoſe to be wounded in the heele.

Wroken, reuenged.

For once. In this tale is ſet out the ſimplicitie of ſhepheards opinion of loue.

Stouping Phœbus, is a Periphraſis of the ſunne ſetting.

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, that all the delights of loue, wherein wanton youth vvallovveth, bee but follie mixt with bitterneſſe, and ſorrowe ſawced with repentance. For beſides that the verie affection of Loue it ſelfe tormenteth the mind, & vexeth the bodie many waies, with vnreſtfulneſſe all night, and wearineſſe all day, ſeeking for that wee cannot haue, & finding that we vvould not haue: euen the ſelfe things which beſt before vs liked, in courſe of time, and change of riper yeeres, which alſo there-withall changeth our wonted liking & former fantaſies, will then ſeem loathſome, and breed vs annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits anſwere not to ſuch vaine iollitie and luſtfull pleaſance.



Aegloga quarta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is purpoſely intended to the honor & praiſe of our moſt gratious Soueraigne, Queene *Elizabeth*. The ſpeakers heereof be *Hobbinoll* and *Thenot*, two ſhepheards: the which *Hobbinoll* beeing before mentioned, greatly to haue loued *Colin*, is heere ſet forth more largely, complaining him of that boyes great miſaduenture in loue, whereby his mind was alienated, and withdrawne not onely from him, who moſt loued him, but alſo from all former delights and ſtudies, as well in pleaſant piping, as cunning ryming and ſinging, and other his laudable exerciſes. Whereby hee taketh occaſion, for proofe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to record a ſong, which the ſaid *Colin* ſometime made in honour of her Maieſtie, whom abruptly he tearmeth *Eliſa*.

THENOT.

TEll me good HOBBINOL, what gars thee greet?
What? hath ſome Wolfe thy tender Lambs ytorne?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that ſounds ſo ſweet?
Or art thou of thy loued Laſſe forlorne?

Or beene thine eyes attempred to the yeere,
Quenching the gaſping furrowes thirſt with raine?
Like Aprill ſhowre, ſo ſtreames the trickling teares
Adowne thy cheeke, to quench thy thirſtie paine.

HOBBINOLL.

Nor this, nor that, ſo much doth make me mourne,
But for the lad, whom long I loued ſo deere,
Now loues a Laſſe, that all his loue doth ſcorne:
He plung'd in paine, his treſſed lockes doth teare.

HOBBINOLL.

Shepheards delights hee doth them all forſweare.
His pleaſant Pipe, which made vs merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbeare
His wonted ſongs, wherein he all out-went.

THENOT.

What is he for a Lad, you ſo lament?
Is loue ſuch pinching paine, to them that proue?
And hath he skill to make ſo excellent,
Yet hath ſo little skill to bridle loue?

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN thou kenſt the Southerne ſhepheards boy:
Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,
Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton hart.

But

But now from me his madding mind is ſtart,
And wooes the widdowes daughter of the glenne:
So now faire ROSALINDE hath bred his ſmart,
So now his friend is changed for a frenn.

THENOT.

But if his ditties be ſo trimly dight,
I pray thee HOBBINOLL record ſome one,
The whiles our flocks doe graze about in ſight,
And we cloſe ſhrowded in this ſhade alone.

HOBBINOLL.

Contented I: then will I ſing his lay,
Of faire ELISA, Queene of Shepheards all:
Which once he made, as by a ſpring he lay,
And tuned it vnto the waters fall.

YE daintie Nymphs, that in this bleſſed brooke,
do bathe your breſt,
Forſake your watrie bowres, and hither looke,
at my requeſt.
And eke you virgins that on *Parnaſſe* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helycon*, the learned Well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praiſe,
Which in her ſexe doth all excell.

Of faire ELISA be your ſiluer ſong,
that bleſſed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may ſhe flouriſh long,
in princely plight.
For ſhe is SYRINX daughter without ſpot:
Which PAN the ſhepheards God of her begot:
So ſprung her grace
Of heauenly race,
No mortall blemiſh may her blot.

See, where ſhe ſits vpon the graſſie greene,
(O ſeemely ſight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a mayden Queene,
and Ermines white.
Vpon her head a Crimoſin Coronet,
With damaske Roſes, and Daffadillies ſet:
Bayleaues betweene,
And Primroſes greene,
Embelliſh the ſweet Violet.

Tell me, haue yee ſeene her angel-like face,
like PHOEBE faire?
Her heauenly hauiour, her princely grace,
can you well compare?
The Red roſe medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten liuely cheere:
Her modeſt eye,
Her Maieſtie,
Where haue you ſeene the like but there?

I ſaw PHOEBVS thruſt out his golden hed,
vpon her to gaze:
But when he ſaw, how broad her beames did ſpred
it did him amaze.
He bluſht to ſee another Sunne belowe,
Ne durſt againe his fierie face out-ſhowe:
Let him, if he dare,
His brightneſſe compare
With hers, to haue the ouerthrowe.

Shew thy ſelfe CYNTHIA, with thy ſiluer rayes,
and be not abaſht:
When ſhe the beames of her beautie diſplayes,
O how art thou daſht?
But I will not match her with LATONAES ſeede:
Such follie, great ſorrow to NIOBE did breede.
Now ſhe is a ſtone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heede.

PAN may be proude, that euer he begot,
ſuch a Bellibone,
And SYRINX reioyce, that euer was her lot
to beare ſuch an one.
Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milke white Lambe:
Shee is my Goddeſſe plaine,
And I her ſhepheards ſwaine,
Albee forſwonke and forſwat I am.

I ſee CALLIOPE ſpeed her to the place,
where my Goddeſſe ſhines:
And after her the other Muſes trace
with their Violines.
Beene they not Bay-branches, which they doe beare,
All for ELISA in her hand to weare?
So ſweetly they play:
And ſing all the way,
That it a heauen is to heare.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foote
to the Inſtrument:
They dauncen deftly, and ſingen ſoote,
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce euen?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeuen.
Shee ſhall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raigne with the reſt in heauen.

And whither rennes this beuie of Ladies bright,
raunged in a rowe?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
that vnto her goe.
CHLORIS, that is the chiefeſt Nymph of all,
Of Oliue branches beares a Coronall:
Oliues been for peace,
When warres doe surceaſe:
Such for a Princeſſe beene principall.

Ye ſhepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
hie you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins been,
to adorne her grace.
And when you come, whereas ſhe is in place,
See, that your rudeneſſe doe not you diſgrace:
Bind your fillets faſt,

And

And gird in your waſte,
For more fineneſſe with a tawdrie lace.

Bring hither the Pinke, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gilliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in vvine,
worne of Paramours.
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowſlips, and Kingcups, and loued Lillies:
The prettie Pawnce,
And the Cheuiſaunce,
Shall match with the faire flowre Delice.

Now riſe vp ELIZA, decked as thou art,
in royall ray:
And now ye daintie Damſels may depart
each one his way.
I feare, I haue troubled your troupes too long:
Let dame ELIZA thanke you for her ſong.
And if you come hether,
When Damſins I gather,
I will part them all you among.

THENOT.

And was thilke ſame ſong of COLINS owne making?
Ah fooliſh boy, that is with loue yblent:
Great pittie is, he be in ſuch taking,
For naught caren, that been ſo lewdly bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Siker I hold him for a greater ſon,
That loues the thing he cannot purchaſe.
But let vs homeward: for night draweth on,
And twinkling ſtarres the dailight bence chaſe.

Thenots Embleme.

O quam te memorem virgo!

Hobbinols Embleme.

O dea certè.

GLOSSE.

Gars thee greet, cauſeth thee vveep & complaine. *Forlorne*, left & forſaken.

Attempred to the yeere, agreeable to the ſeaſon of the yeere, that is Aprill, vvhich moneth is moſt bent to ſhowers and ſeaſonable raine: to quench, that is, to delay the drought, cauſed through drineſſe of March winds.

The Lad, Colin Clout. *The Laſſe*, Roſalinda. *Treſſed locks*, vvithered and curled.

Is he for a lad? A ſtrange maner of ſpeaking. ſ. vvhat manner of lad is he?

To make, to rime and verſifie. For in this word, making, our old Engliſh Poets were wont to comprehend all the skill of Poetrie, according to the Greeke vvord *Poiein*, to make, whence commeth the name of Poets.

Colin thou kenſt, knoweſt. Seemeth heereby that Colin pertaineth to ſome Southern Noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent; the rather, becauſe he ſo often nameth the Kentiſh downes: and before, *As lithe*, as laſſe of Kent.

The vvidowes. He calleth Roſalind the widowes daughter of the Glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather ſaid to colour and conceale the perſon, then ſimply ſpoken. For it is vvell knowne, euen in ſpight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that ſhe is a gentlewoman of no meane houſe, nor endued with any vulgar and common gifts, both of nature and maners: but ſuch indeed, as need neither *Colin* be aſhamed to haue her made knowne by his verſes, nor *Hobbinoll* be grieued that ſo ſhe ſhould be commended to immortalitie for her rare and ſingular vertues: Specially deſeruing it no leſſe, then either *Myrto* the moſt excellent Poet *Theocritus* his darling, or *Lauretta* the diuine *Petrarches* goddeſſe, or *Himera* the vvorthy poet *Steſichorus* his Idol: vpon whom hee is ſaid ſo much to haue doted, that in regard of her excellencie, hee ſcorned and wrote againſt the beautie of *Helena*. For which his preſumptuous and vnheedie hardineſſe, hee is ſaid by vengeance of the gods, (thereat beeing offended) to haue loſt both his eyes.

Frenne, a ſtranger. The word I thinke was firſt poetically put, and afterward vſed in common cuſtome of ſpeech for forrenne.

Dight, adorned. *Laye*, a ſong, as Roundelayes, or Virelayes.

In all this ſong, is not to be reſpected vvhat the vvorthineſſe of her Maieſtie deſerueth, nor what to the highneſſe of a Prince is agreeable, but vvhat is moſt comely for the meanneſſe of a ſhepheards wit, or to conceiue, or to vtter. And therefore he calleth her *Eliſa*, as through rudeneſſe tripping in her name: and a ſhepheards daughter; it beeing very vnfit, that a ſhepheards boy, brought vp in the ſheepfold, ſhould know, or euer ſeeme to haue heard of a Queenes royaltie.

Ye daintie, is as it vvere an *Exordium ad præparandos animos.*

Virgins, the nine Muſes, daughters of *Apollo*, and Memorie, vvhoſe abode the Poets feigne to be on Parnaſſus, a hill in Greece, for that in that countrey ſpecially flouriſhed the honour of all excellent ſtudies.

Helicon, is both the name of a fountaine at the foote of Parnaſſus, and alſo of a mountaine in Boætia, out of the vvhich floweth the famous ſpring Caſtalius, dedicate alſo to the Muſes: of vvhich ſpring it is ſaid, that vvhen Pegaſus the vvinged horſe of Perſeus (vvhereby is meant fame, and flying renowne) ſtrooke the ground with his hoofe, ſuddainly thereout ſprang a vvell of moſt cleare and pleaſant vvater, vvhich from thence was conſecrate to the Muſes and Ladies of learning.

Your ſiluer ſong, ſeemeth to imitate the like in Heſyodus *argurion melos.*

Syrinx, is the name of a Nymph of Arcadie, vvhom when Pan being in loue purſued, ſhe flying from him, of the Gods vvas turned into a reed. So that Pan catching at the reeds, in ſtead of the Damoſell, and puffing hard, (for hee was almoſt out of vvinde) with his breath made the reedes to pipe; vvhich he ſeeing, tooke of them, and in remembrance of his loſt loue, made him a pipe thereof. But heere by Pan and Syrinx is not to be thought, that the ſhepheards plainly meant thoſe poeticall Gods: but rather ſuppoſing (as ſeemeth) her graces progenie to be diuine & immortall (ſo as the Paynims were vvont to iudge of all Kings and Princes, according to Homers ſaying;

Thumos de megas eſti diotrepheos baſileos.
Time d'ek dios eſti, phules de emetieta Zeus,)

could deuiſe no parents in his iudgement ſo vvoorthy for her, as Pan the ſhepheards God, and his beſt beloued Syrinx. So that by Pan is heere meant the moſt famous and victorious king, her highneſſe father late of vvoorthie memorie, King Henrie the eight. And by that name, oftentimes (as heereafter appeareth) be noted kings and mightie potentates: And in ſome place, Chriſt himſelfe, who is the verie Pan and God of ſhepheards.

Crimoſin Coronet: he deuiſeth her crovvne to bee of the fineſt and moſt delicate flowers, in ſtead of pearles and precious ſtones wherevvith Princes diademes vſe to be adorned and emboſt.

Embelliſht, beautified and ſet out. *Phebe*, the Moone, vvhom the Poets feigne to be ſiſter vnto Phœbus, that is the Sunne. *Medled*, mingled.

Yfere, together. By the mingling of the Redde roſe and the White, is meant the vniting of the two principall houſes of Lancaſter & Yorke: by whoſe long diſcord and deadly debate, this realme many yeeres vvas ſore trauailed, and almoſt cleane decaied: Till the famous Henry the ſeauenth, of the line of Lancaſter, taking to wife the moſt vertuous princeſſe Elizabeth, daughter to the fourth Edward of the houſe of Yorke, begat the moſt royall Henrie the eight aforeſaid, in whom was the firſt vnion of the White roſe, and the Redde.

Calliope, one of the nine Muſes: to vvhom they aſſigne the honour of all poeticall inuention, & the firſt glory of the Heroical verſe. Other ſay, that ſhe is the Goddeſſe of Rhetoricke: but by Virgil it is manifeſt, that they miſtake the thing. For there

there is in his Epigrams, that Art ſeemeth to be attributed to Polymnia, ſaying:

Signat cuncta manu, loquiturque Polymnia geſtu.

Which ſeemeth ſpecially to be meant of Action, and Elocution, both ſpeciall parts of Rhetorick: beſide that her name, vvhich (as ſome conſtrue it) importeth great remembrance, containeth another part. But I hold rather with them, which call her Polymnia, or Polyhimnia, of her good ſinging.

Bay branches, be the ſigne of honour and victorie, and therefore of mighty conquerours worne in their triumphs; and eke of famous Poets, as ſaith Petrarch in his Sonets.

Arbor vittorioſa triumphale,
Honor d' Imperadori & di Poeti, &c.

The Graces, be three ſiſters, the daughters of *Iupiter*, (vvhoſe names are *Aglaia*, *Thalia*, *Euphroſine:* and *Homer* onely addeth a fourth. i. *Paſithea*) otherwiſe called *Charites*, that is, thanks. VVhom the Poets fained to be goddeſſes of all beautie & comlineſſe; vvhich therefore (as ſaith *Theodontius*) they make three, to weete, that men ought to be gracious and bountifull to other freely: then to receiue benefits at other mens hands curteouſly: and thirdly, to requite them thankfully: vvhich are three ſundry actions in liberalitie. And *Boccace* ſaith, that they be painted naked (as they vvere indeed on the tombe of C. Iulius Cæſar) the one hauing her back tovvards vs, and her face fromvvard, as proceeding from vs: the other two tovvard vs: noting double thank to be due for the benefit we haue done.

Deſſly, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, ſweete. *Meriment*, mirth.

Beuie. A beuie of Ladies, is ſpoken figuratiuely for a companie or a troup, the tearm is taken of Larkes. For they ſay a beuie of Larks, euen as a couey of Partriges, or an eye of Pheſants.

Ladies of the lake, be Nymphs. For it was an old opinion among the ancient heathen, that of euery ſpring and fountaine was a goddeſſe the Soueraigne. Which opinion ſtuck in the minds of men not many yeares ſince, by means of certain fine fablers, & loude lyers, ſuch as were the authors of king Arthur the great, & ſuch like, vvho tell many an vnlawfull leaſing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphes. For the vvord Nymph in Greeke, ſignifieth vvell-water; or otherwiſe, a Spouſe or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and ſignifieth greenneſſe: of vvhom is ſaid, that Zephyrus the VVeſtern wind being in loue with her, & coueting her to vvife, gaue her for a dowrie, the chiefedome and ſoueraigntie of all flovvres, and green herbs, grovving on the earth.

Oliues beene. The Oliue was wont to be the Enſigne of peace and quietneſſe, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and ſo carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or elſe, for that the Oliue tree, they ſay, will not grovve neare the Firre tree, vvhich is dedicate to Mars the God of battaile, and vſed moſt for ſpeares, and other inſtruments of vvarre. VVherevpon is finely fained, that when Neptune and Minerua ſtroue for the naming of the Citty of Athens, Neptune ſtriking the ground vvith his Mace, cauſed a horſe to come forth, that importeth war; but at Mineruaes ſtroke, ſprung out an Oliue, to note that it ſhould be a nurſe of learning, & ſuch peaceable ſtudies.

Bind your, ſpoken rudely, and according to ſhepheards ſimplicitie.

Bring: all theſe be names of flowers. Sops in wine; a flower in colour much like to

a Carnation, but differing in ſmell and quantitie. Flovvre delice, that which they vſe to misteame, flowre deluce, beeing in Latine called *Flos deliciarum.*

A bellibone, or a Bonnibel, homely ſpoken for a faire maid, or bonilaſſe.

For ſwonke, and for ſwat, ouer-laboured and ſunne-burnt.

I ſaw Phœbus, the Sunne. A ſenſible narration, and a preſent view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Paraouſia.*

Cynthia, the Moone, ſo called of *Cinthus* a hill, vvhere ſhe was honoured.

Latonaes ſeede, was *Apollo* and *Diana.* Whom vvhen as *Niobe* the wife of *Amphion* ſcorned, in reſpect of the noble fruite of her wombe, namely, her ſeauen ſonnes, and ſo many daughters, *Latona* beeing therewith diſpleaſed, commaunded her ſon *Phœbus* to ſlay all the ſonnes, and *Diana* all the daughters: vvhereat the vnfortunate *Niobe* beeing ſore diſmaied, and lamenting out of meaſure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a ſtone, vpon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cauſe, the Shepheard ſaith, he will not compare her to them, for feare of misfortune.

Nowriſe, is the concluſion. For hauing ſo decked her with praiſes and compariſons, he returneth all the thanke of his labour, to the excellencie of her maieſtie.

When Damſins, A baſe reward of a clowniſh giuer.

Yblent, Y is a poeticall addition, blent, blended.

Embleme.

This poeſie is taken out of *Virgil*, & there of himſelfe vſed in the perſon of *Æneas* to his mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likeneſſe of one of *Dianaes* damoſels, beeing there moſt diuinely ſet foorth. To which ſimilitude of diuinitie, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellencie of *Eliſa*, and being through the vvorthineſſe of *Colins* ſong, as it were, ouercome with the hugeneſſe of his imagination, burſteth out in great admiration (*O quàm te memorem virgo!*) beeing otherwiſe vnable, then by ſudden ſilence, to expreſſe the vvorthineſſe of his conceit. Whom *Thenot* anſwereth with another part of the like verſe, as confirming by his grant and approuance, that *Eliſa* is no whit inferior to the Maieſtie of her, of whō the poet ſo boldly pronounced, *O dea certè.*



Aegloga quinta.

ARGVMENT.

IN this fift Aeglogue, vnder the perſon of two ſhepheards, *Piers* and *Palinode*, be repreſented two formes of Paſtours or Miniſters, or the Proteſtant and the Catholike; whoſe chiefe talke ſtandeth in reaſoning, whether the life of the one muſt be like the other: with whom hauing ſhewed, that it is dangerous to maintaine any fellowſhip, or giue too much credite to their colourable and fained good will, hee telleth him a tale of the Foxe, that by ſuch a counterpoint of craftineſſe, deceiued and deuoured the credulous Kidde.

PALINODE.

IS not this the merrie month of May,
When loue-lads masken in freſh aray?
How falls it then, we no merrier beene,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdie greene?
Our blonket liueries been all too ſad
For thilke ſame ſeaſon, when all is yclad
With pleaſance, the ground with graſſe, the woods
With greene leaues, the buſhes with bloſſoming buds.
Youths folke now flocken in euery where,
To gather May-buskets, and ſmelling Breere:
And home they haſten the poſts to dight,
And all the Kirke pillers ere day light,
With Hawthorne buds, and ſweet Eglantine,
And girlonds of Roſes, and Sops in wine.
Such merrie-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we heere ſitten as drowned in a dreme.

PIERS.

For yonkers PALINODE ſuch follies fit,
But we tway beene men of elder wit.

PIERS.

PALINODE.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I ſaw a ſhole of Shepheards out go,
With ſinging, and ſhowting, and iolly cheere:
Before them yode a luſtie Tabrere,
That to the meynie a horne-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maide.
To ſee theſe folkes make ſuch iouiſaunce,
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the greene wood they ſpeeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their muſicall:
And home they bringen in a royall throne,
Crowned as king: and his Queene attone
Was Ladie FLORA, on whom did attend
A faire flocke of Faeries, and a freſh bend
Of louely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-buſh beare!)
Ah PIERS, been thy teeth on edge, to thinke,
How great ſport they gaynen with little ſwinke?

PIERS.

Perdie, ſo farre am I from enuie,
That their fondneſſe inly I pittie:
Thoſe ſaytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their ſheepe runne at large,
Paſſen their time, that ſhould be ſparely ſpent,
In luſtineſſe, and wanton merriment.
Thilke ſame been ſhepheards for the diuels ſtedde,
That playen while their flocks be vnfedde.
Well it is ſeene their ſheepe is not their owne,
That letten them runne at random alone.
But they been hired for little pay,
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flock, ſo they han the fleece,
And get all the gaine, paying but a peece.
I muſe, what account both theſe will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And th'other for leauing his Lords taske,
When great PAN account of ſhepheards ſhall aske.

PALINODE.

Siker, now I ſee thou ſpeakeſt of ſpight,
All for thou lackeſt ſomedele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be enuied,
All were it of my foe, then fonly pittied:
And yet, if need were, pittied would be,
Rather then other ſhould ſcorne at me:
For pittied, is mishap, that nas remedie,
But ſcorned, been deeds of fond foolerie.
What ſhoulden ſhepheards other things tend,
Then ſith their God his good does them ſend,
Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleaſure,
The while they here liuen, at eaſe and leaſure?
For when they be dead, their good is ygoe,
They ſleepen in reſt, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends, what they ſpent in coſt,
But what they left behind them, is loſt.
Good is no good, but if it be ſpend:
God giueth good for none other end.

PIERS.

Ah PALINODE, thou art a worlds childe:
Who touches pitch mought needs be defilde.
But Shepheards (as Algrind vſed to ſay)
Mought not liue ylike, as men of the lay.
With them it fits to care for their heire,
Enaunter their heritage doe impaire:
They muſt prouide for meanes of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance.
But ſhepheard muſt walke another way,
Sike worldly ſouenance he muſt fore-ſay.
The ſonne of his loynes why ſhould he regard,
To leaue enriched with that he hath ſpar'd?
Should not thilke God, that gaue him that good,
Eke cheriſh his childe, if in his waies he ſtood?
For if he miſſiue, in lewdneſſe and luſt,
Little bootes all the wealth and the truſt,
That his father left by inheritance,
All will be ſoone waſted with miſgouernance.
But through this, and other their miſcreance,
They maken many a wrong cheuiſance,
Heaping vp waues of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof ſhall them ouerflowe.
Sike mens follie I cannot compare
Better, then to the Apes fooliſh care,
That is ſo enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, ſuch cauſe hath ſhe none)
That with her hard hold, and ſtraight embracing,
She ſtoppeth the breath of her youngling,
So often times, when as good is ment,
Euill enſueth of wrong entent.
The time was once, and may againe retorne,
(For oft may happen that hath been before)
When ſhepheards had none inheritance,
Ne of land, nor fee in ſufferance:
But what might ariſe of the bare ſheepe,
(Were it more or leſſe) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with ſhepheards tho:
Nought hauing, nought feared they to forgo,
For PAN himſelfe was their inheritance,
And little them ſerued for their maintenance.
The ſhepheards God ſo well them guided,
That of nought they were vnprouided:
Butter enough, hony, milke, and whay,
And their flock fleeces them to array.
But tract of time, and long proſperitie,
(That, nource of vice, this of inſolencie)
Lulled the Shepheards in ſuch ſecuritie,
That not content with loyall obeyſance,
Some gan to gape for greedy gouernance,
And match themſelfe with mightie potentates,
Louers of Lordſhips, and troublers of ſtates.
Tho gan ſhepheards ſwaines to looke aloft,
And leaue to liue hard, and learne to ligge ſoft.
Tho vnder colour of ſhepheards, ſome-while,
There crept in Wolues, full of fraude and guile,
That often deuoured their owne ſheepe,
And often the ſhepheards that did them keepe.
This was the firſt ſourſe of ſhepheards ſorrow,
That now nill be quit with bale, nor borrow.

PALINODE.

Three things to beare, been very burdenous,
But the fourth to forbeare, is outrageous.
Wemen that of loues longing once luſt,
Hardly forbearen, but haue it they muſt:
So when choler is enflamed with rage,
Wanting reuenge, is hard to aſſwage:
And who can counſell a thirſtie ſoule,
With patience to forbeare the offred boule?
But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moſt is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I weene the giant has not ſuch a weight,
That beares on his ſhoulders the heauens height.
Thou findeſt fault, where nys to be found,
And buildeſt ſtrong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou raileſt on right, without reaſon,
And blameſt hem much, for ſmall encheaſon.
How woulden ſhepheards liue, if not ſo?
What, ſhould they pynen in paine and wo?
Nay, ſay I thereto, by my deare borrow,
If I may reſt, I nill liue in ſorrow.
Sorrow ne need to be haſtened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,

Vſes

Vſen we freely our felicitie:
For when approchen the ſtormie ſtowres,
We mought with our ſhoulders beare off the ſharpe
And ſooth to ſaine, nought ſeemeth ſike ſtrife, (ſhowres.
That ſhepheards ſo twixen each others life,
And layen their faults the world beforne,
The while their foes done each of them ſcorne.
Let none miſlike of that may not be amended:
So conteck, ſoone by concord, mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I liſt no accordance make
With ſhepheard, that does the right way forſake.
And of the twaine, if choiſe were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my friend he be.
For what concord han light and darke ſam?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such traitors, when their falſe harts been hid,
Will do, as did the Foxe by the Kid.

PALINODE.

Now PIERS, of fellowſhip, tell vs that ſaying:
For the Lad can keepe both our flocks from ſtraying.

PIERS.

THilke ſame Kidde (as I can well deuiſe)
Was too very fooliſh and vnwiſe.
For, on a time, in Sommer ſeaſon,
The Goat her dame, that had good reaſon,
Yode forth abroad vnto the greene wood,
To brouze, or play, or what ſhe thought good:
But, for ſhe had a motherly care
Of her young ſonne, and wit to beware,
She ſet her youngling before her knee,
That was both freſh and louely to ſee,
And full of fauour, as Kidde mought bee.
His veluet head began to ſhoote out,
And his wreathed hornes gan newly ſprout:
The bloſſomes of luſt to bud did begin,
And ſprung forth rankly vnder his chin.
My ſonne (quoth ſhe) and with that gan weepe:
(For carefull thoughts in her hart did creepe)
God bleſſe thee poore Orphane, as he mought me,
And ſend thee ioy of thy iollitie.
Thy father (that word ſhe ſpake with paine,
For a ſigh had nigh rent her hart in twaine)
Thy father, had he liued this day,
To ſee the branches of his body diſplay,
How would he haue ioyed at this ſweet ſight?
But ah, falſe Fortune ſuch ioy did him ſpight,
And cut off his daies with vntimely wo,
Betraying him vnto the traines of his foe.
Now I a wailefull widow behight,
Of my old age haue this one delight,
To ſee thee ſucceede in thy fathers ſtead,
And flouriſh in flowers of luſtiehead.
For euen ſo thy father his head vpheld,
And ſo his hautie hornes did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her hart did ariſe,
And interrupted all her other ſpeech,
With ſome old ſorrow that made a new breach:
Seemed ſhe ſaw (in her younglings face)
The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
At laſt, her ſullen ſilence ſhe broke,
And gan his new budded beard to ſtroke.
Kiddie (quoth ſhe) thou keneſt the great care,
I haue of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wilde beaſts liggen in waite,
For to intrap in thy tender ſtate:
But moſt the Foxe, maiſter of collufion:
For he has vowed thy laſt confuſion.
For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And neuer giue truſt to his trecherie:
And if he chaunce come when I am abroad,
Sparre the yate faſt, for feare of fraude.
Ne for all his worſt, nor for his beſt,
Open the doore at his requeſt.
So ſchooled the Goate her wanton ſonne,
That anſwered his mother, all ſhould be done.
Tho went the penſiue Dame out of doore,
And chaunſt to ſtumble at the threſhold floore:
Her ſtumbling ſtep ſomewhat her amazed,
(For ſuch as ſignes of ill lucke hath been diſpraiſed)
Yet forth ſhe yode, thereat halfe agaſt,
And Kiddie the doore ſparred after her faſt.
It was not long after ſhe was gone,
But the falſe Foxe came to the doore anone.
Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poore pedler he did wend:
Bearing a truſſe of trifles at his back,
As belles, and babies, and glaſſes in his pack.
A biggen he had got about his braine,
For in his headpeece he felt a ſore paine.
His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the doore he caſt me downe his packe,
And laid him downe, and groned, alack, alacke:
Ah deere Lord, and ſweet Saint Charitie,
That ſome good body would once pittie me.
Well heard Kiddie all this ſore conſtraint,
And lengd to know the cauſe of his complaint:
Tho creeping cloſe, behind the Wickets clinke,
Priuily he peeped out through a chinke:
Yet not ſo priuily but the Foxe him ſpied,
For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.
Ah, good young Maiſter (then gan he cry)
Ieſus bleſſe that ſweet face I eſpie,
And keepe your corps from the carefull ſtounds
That in my carrion carkas abounds.
The Kidde, pittying his heauineſſe,
Asked the cauſe of his great diſtreſſe,
And alſo who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talke with many a teare:
Sicke, ſicke, alas, a little licke of dead,
But I be relieued by your beaſtlie-head.
I am a poore ſheepe, albe my colour dunne:
For with long trauaile I am brent in the ſunne.
And if that my Grandſire me ſaid, be true,
Siker I am very ſybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead doe not diſdaine
The baſe kinred of ſo ſimple ſwaine.
Of mercie and fauour then I you pray,
With your ayde to foreſtall my neere decay.

Tho

Tho out of his packe a glaſſe he tooke:
Wherein while Kiddie vnwares did looke,
Hee was ſo enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed deare for the Iewel.
Tho opened he the dore, and in came
The falſe Foxe, as he were ſtarke lame.
His taile he clapt betwixt his legs twaine,
Leſt he ſhould be deſcried by his traine.
Beeing within, the Kidde made him good glee,
All for the loue of the glaſſe he did ſee.
After his cheare, the Pedler gan chat,
And tell many leſings of this, and that:
And how he could ſhew many a fine knack.
Tho ſhewed his ware, and opened his packe,
All ſaue a bell, which he left behind
In the basket, for the Kidde to find.
Which when the Kidde ſtouped downe to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne ſtayed he once, the doore to make faſt,
But ranne away with him in all haſt.
Home when the doubtfull Dame had her hide,
She mought ſee the dore ſtand open wide.
All agaſt, lowdly ſhe gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould anſwere at all.
Tho on the flore ſhe ſaw the marchandiſe,
Of which her ſonne had ſet too deare a prize.
What helpe? her Kidde ſhe knew well is gone:
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidde: for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with ſimplicitie:
And ſuch end pardie does all hem remaine,
That of ſuch fallers friendſhip been faine.

PALINODE.

Truly PIERS, thou art beſide thy wit,
Furtheſt fro the marke, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our ſir IOHN, to ſay to morrow,
At the Kirke, when it is holiday:
For well he meanes, but little can ſay.
But and if Foxes beene ſo craftie, as ſo,
Much needeth all Shepheards hem to know.

PIERS.

Of their falſhood more could I recount,
But now the bright ſunne ginneth to diſmount:
And for the deawie night now draw'th nie,
I hold it beſt for vs home to hie.

Palinodes Embleme.
Pas men apiſtos apiſtei.

Piers his Embleme.
Tis d'ara piſtis apiſto.

GLOSSE.

Thilke, this ſame moneth. It is applied to the ſeaſon of the moneth, when all men delight themſelues with the pleaſance of fields, and gardens and garments.

Blonket lineries, gray coats. *Yclad*, arrayed. Y, redowndeth, as before.

In euery where, a ſtrange, yet proper kind of ſpeaking.

Buskets, a diminutiue. i. little buſhes of hawthorne.

Kirke, Church. *Queme*, pleaſe.

A ſhole, a multitude: taken of fiſh, whereof ſome going in great companies, are ſaid to ſwim in a ſhole.

Yode, vvent. *Iouiſaunce*, ioy. *Swinke*, labour. *Inly*, entirely.

Faytours, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Chriſt, the very God of all ſhepheards, which calleth himſelfe the great and good ſhepheard. The name is moſt rightly (mee thinks) applied to him; for *Pan* ſignifieth all, or omnipotent, which is onely the Lord Ieſus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Euſebius*, in his fift booke *De preparat. Euange.* who thereof telleth a proper ſtorie to that purpoſe. Which ſtorie is firſt recorded of *Plutarch*, in his booke of the ceaſing of miracles: and of *Lauatere* tranſlated, in his booke of walking ſpirits. Who ſaith, that about the ſame time that our Lord ſuffered his moſt bitter paſſion, for the redemption of man, certaine perſons ſayling frō Italie to Cyprus, and paſſing by certaine Iles called *Paxæ*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus, Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an Ægyptian, which was Pylot

Pylot of the ſhip) who giuing eare to the cry, was bidden, vvhen hee came to *Paloaes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: vvhich he doubting to doe, yet for that whē he came to *Paloda*, there ſuddenly was ſuch a calme of vvind, that the ſhip ſtood ſtil in the ſea vnmooued, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* vvas dead: vvherevvithall, there was heard ſuch pitious outcries, and dreadfull ſhriking, as hath not beene the like. By vvhich *Pan*, though of ſome be vnderſtood the great Sathanas, vvhoſe kingdome vvas at that time by Chriſt conquered, the gates of hell broken vp, and Death by death deliuered to eternall death, (for at that time, as hee ſaith, all Oracles ſurceaſed; and enchaunted ſpirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and alſo at the demaund of the Emperour *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* ſhould be, anſwere was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the ſonne of *Mercurie*, and *Penelope*: yet I thinke it more properly meant of the death of Chriſt, the onely and verie *Pan*, then ſuffering for his flocke.

I as I am, ſeemeth to imitate the common prouerbe, *Malum inuidere mihi omnes, quàm miſereſcere.*

Nas, is a ſyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king, *Sardanapalus*, which he cauſed to be vvritten on his tombe in Greeke: which verſes be thus tranſlated by *Tullie*.

"*Hæc habui quæ edi, queque exaturata libido*
"*Hauſit: at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.*

Which may thus be turned into Engliſh.

"All that I eate, did I ioy; and all that I greedily gorged:
"As for thoſe many goodly matters, left I for others.

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earle of Deuonſhire, which though much more vviſedome bewraieth then *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a ſmacke of his ſenſuall delights and beaſtlineſſe, the rimes be theſe:

"Ho, ho, who lies heere?
"I the good Earle of Deuonſhire,
"And Mauld my wife that was full deare:
"We liued together lv. yeare.
"That we ſpent, we had:
"That we gaue, we haue:
"That we left, we loſt.

Algrind, the name of a ſhepheard. *Men of the lay*, Lay men.

Thanter, leaſt that.

Souenance, remembrance. *Miſereance*, diſpraiſe, or misbeliefe.

Cheuiſaunce, ſometimes of Chaucer vſed for gaine: ſomtime of other, for ſpoile, or bootie, or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefedome.

Pan himſelfe, God: according as is ſaid in Deuteronomie, that in diuiſion of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Leui* no portion of heritage ſhould be allotted, for God himſelfe was their inheritance.

Some pan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichriſtian prelates, which vſurpe a tyrannicall dominion in the Church, and with Peters counterfeit keyes, open a wide gate to all wickednesſe and inſolent gouernment. Nought heere ſpoken, as of purpoſe to denie fatherlie rule and gouernance (as ſome maliciouſly of late haue done, to the great vnreſt and hinderaunce of the Church) but to diſplay the pride & diſorder of ſuch, as in ſtead of feeding their ſheepe, in deed feed of their ſheepe.

Stanſe, vvell-ſpring and originall. *Borrow*, pledge or ſuretie.

The

The Giant, is the great Atlas, vvhom the poets faine to be a huge Giant, that beareth heauen on his ſhoulders: beeing indeed a maruailous high mountaine in Mauritania, that now is Barbarie, vvhich to mans ſeeming pearceth the cloudes, & ſeemeth to touch the heauens. Other thinke, and they not amiſſe, that this fable vvas meant of one Atlas, King of the ſame country, vvho (as the Greekes ſay) did firſt find out the hidden courſe of the ſtarres, by an excellent imagination; vvherefore the poets fained, that he ſuſtained the firmament on his ſhoulders. Many other cõiectures needleſſe be told heereof.

Warke, vvorke. *Encheaſon*, cauſe, occaſion.
Deare borow, that is our Sauiour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.
Twiten, blame. *Nought ſeemeth*, is vnſeemely.
Contecke, ſtrife, contention. *Her*, their, as vſeth Chaucer.
Han, for haue. *Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æſops fables: but the Cataſtrophe and end is farre different. By the Kidde, may be vnderſtood the ſimple ſort of the faithful and true Chriſtians. By his damme, Chriſt; that hath alreadie vvith carefull vvatchvvords (as heere doth the Gote) vvarned his little ones, to beware of ſuch doubling deceit. By the Fox, the falſe and faithleſſe Papiſts, to vvhom is no credite to be gigiuen, nor felowſhip to be vſed.

The Gate, the Gote: Northrenly ſpoken, to turne O into A.
Yode, went, aforeſaid.
She ſet, A figure called *Fictio*, vvhich vſeth to attribute reaſonable actions, and ſpeeches, to vnreaſonable creatures.
The bloſſomes of luſt, be the young and moſſie haires, vvhich then begin to ſprout and ſhoote forth, when luſtfull heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poeticall *Pathos*.
Orphane, a youngling or pupill, that needeth a tutor or gouernour.
That word, a patheticall parentheſis, to encreaſe a carefull Hyperbaton.
The branch of the fathers body, is the child.
For euen ſo, alluded to the ſaying of Andromache to Aſcanius in Virgil.
Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.
A thrilling throb, a pearcing ſigh. *Liggen*, lie.
Maiſter of colluſion, i. coloured guile, becauſe the Foxe of all beaſts is moſt wilie and craftie.
Sparre the yate, ſhut the doore.
For ſuch: the Gotes ſtumbling, is here noted as an euill ſigne. The like to be marked in all hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lord Haſtings in King Richard the third his daies. For beſide his dangerous dreame (which was a ſhrewd propheſie of his mishap that followed) it is ſaid, that in the morning riding towards the tower of London, there to ſit vpon matters of counſell, his horſe ſtumbled twice or thrice by the way: vvhich of ſome, that (riding vvith him in his company) were priuy to his neere deſtinie, vvas ſecretly marked, and afterwarde noted for memorie of his great mishappe that enſued. For, beeing then as merrie as man might be, & leaſt doubting any mortall danger, he vvas vvithin two houres after, of the Tyrant put to a ſhamefull death.
As belles: by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and ragges of popiſh ſuperſtition, vvhich put no ſmall religion in Belles, and babies, i. Idoles, and glaſſes, ſ. Paxes, & ſuch like trumperies.
Great cold, for they boaſt much of their outward patience, and voluntarie ſuffe-

rance,

rance, as a worke of merit, and holy humbleneſſe.

Sweet S. Charitie, the Catholiques common oath, and onely ſpeech, to haue charitie alwaies in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward actions, but neuer inwardly in faith and godly zeale.

Clinke, a key-hole: whoſe diminutiue is clicket, vſed of Chaucer for a key.

Stounds, fittes: aforeſaid. *His lere*, his leſſon.

Medled, mingled. *Beaſtlihead*, a greeting to the perſon of a beaſt.

Sibbe, akinne. *Newell*, a new thing.

To foreſtall, to preuent. *Glee*, cheare: aforeſaid.

Deare a price, his life which he loſt for thoſe toyes.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the morall of the whole tale; whoſe purpoſe is to warne the Proteſtant to beware, how he giueth credit to the vnfaithful Catholique: whereof we haue daily proofes ſufficient, but one moſt famous of all, practiſed of late yeeres by Charles the ninth.

Faine, glad or deſirous.

Our ſir John, a popiſh prieſt. A ſaying fit for the groſneſſe of a ſhepheard, but ſpoken to taunt vnlearned prieſts.

Diſmount, deſcend or ſet. *Nie*, draweth neere.

Embleme.

Both theſe Emblemes make one whole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of Palinode, as in reproach of them that be diſtruſtfull, is a peece of Theognis verſe, intending, that who doth moſt miſtruſt, is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſhood, breedeth miſtruſt in the mind, thinking no leſſe guile to lurk in others, then in himſelfe. But Piers thereto ſtrongly replieth with another peece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former fable, what faith then is there in the faithleſſe? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily falſe, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they ſay.



Aegloga ſexta.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is whollie vowed to the complaining of *Collins* ill ſucceſſe in his loue. For beeing (as is aforeſaid) enamoured of a countrey Laſſe, *Roſalinde*, and hauing (as ſeemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deere friend *Hobbinoll*, that he is now forſaken vnfaithfully, and in his ſtead, *Menalcas* another ſhepheard receiued diſloyallie. And this is the whole Argument of this Aeglogue.

HOBBINOLL.

LO COLIN, heere the place, whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring mind:
Tell me, what wants mee heere, to worke delight?
The ſimple aire, the gentle warbling wind,
So calme, ſo coole, as no where elſe I find:
The graſſie ground with daintie Daiſies dight,
The Bramble buſh, where Birds of euery kind
To th'waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLIN.

O happy HOBBINOLL, I bleſſe thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe haſt found which ADAM loſt.
Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolues to been ytoſt:
Thy louely layes beere maiſt thou freely boſte:
But I, vnhappy man, whom cruell fate,
And angry Gods purſue from coſte to coſte,
Can no where finde, to ſhroud my luckleſſe pate.

HOBBINOLL.

Then if by me thou liſt aduiſed be,
Forſake thy ſoyle, that ſo doth thee bewitch:
Leaue me thoſe hilles, where harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor holy-buſh, nor brere, nor winding vvitch.
And to the dales reſort, where ſhepheards ritch,
And fruitful flocks been euery where to ſee:
Heere no night Rauens lodge, more black then pitch,
Nor eluiſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly Owles doe flee.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphs can chaſe the lingring night,
With heydegiues, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt ſiſters nine, which dwell on *Parnaſſe* hight,
Do make them muſick, for their more delight:
And PAN himſelfe to kiſſe their cryſtall faces,
Will pipe and daunce, when PHOEBE ſhineth bright:
Such pierleſſe pleaſures haue we in theſe places.

COLIN.

And I, whilſt youth and courſe of careleſſe yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten links of loue,
In ſuch delights did ioy amongſt my peeres:
But riper age ſuch pleaſures doth reproue,
My fanſie eke from former follies moue
To ſtayed ſteps: for time in paſſing weares
(As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
And draweth new delights with hoarie haires.

Tho

Tho couth I ſing of loue, and tune my pipe
Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verſes made:
Tho would I ſeeke for Queene-apples vnripe,
To giue my ROSALINDE, and in Sommer ſhade
Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks: but yeeres more ripe,
And loſſe of her, whoſe loue as life I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

HOBBINOLL.

COLIN, to heare thy rimes and roundelaies,
Which thou wert wont on waſteful hils to ſing,
I more delight, then Larke in Sommer dayes:
Whoſe Eccho made the neighbour groues to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower ſpring
Did ſhroude in ſhady leaues from ſunny rayes,
Frame to thy ſong their cheerfull cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for ſhame of thy ſweet layes.

I ſawe CALLIOPE with Muſes moe,
Soone as thy Oaten pipe began to ſound,
Their Iuorie Lutes and Timburins forgoe:
And from the fountaine, where they ſate around,
Renne after haſtily thy ſiluer ſound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didſt ſhowe,
They drewe aback, as halfe with ſhame confound,
Shepheard to ſee, them in their art out-goe.

COLIN.

Of Muſes HOBBINOLL, I conne no skill,
For they been daughters of the higheſt IOVE,
And holden ſcorne of homely ſhepheards quill:
For ſith I heard, that PAN with PHOEBVS ſtroue,
Which him to much rebuke and danger droue,
I neuer liſt preſume to *Parnaſſe* hill,
But piping lowe, in ſhade of lowely groue,
I play to pleaſe my ſelfe, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my ſong doth praiſe or blame,
Ne ſtriue to winne renowne, or paſſe the reſt:
With ſhepheard ſits not, followe flying fame:
But ſeede his flocke in fields, where falls hem beſt.
I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely dreſt;
The fitter they, my carefull caſe to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my vnreſt,
And poure my pitious plaints out in the ſame.

The God of Shepheards TITYRVS is dead,
Who taught me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilſt he liued, was the ſoueraigne head
Of ſhepheards all, that been with loue ytake.
Well couth he waile his woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames, which loue within his hart had bredde,
And tell vs mery tales, to keepe vs wake,
The while our ſheepe about vs ſafely fedde.

Then ſhould my plaints, cauſde of diſcurteſee,
As meſſengers of my painfull plight,
Fly to my loue, where euer that ſhe bee,
And pearce her heart with point of worthy wight:
As ſhee deſerues, that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.
And thou MENALCAS, that by trecherie
Didſt vnderfong my Laſſe, to weare ſo light,
Should'ſt well be knowne for ſuch thy villanie.

But ſince I am not, as I wiſh I were,
Ye gentle ſhepheards, which your flocks doe feed,
Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,
Beare witneſſe all of this ſo wicked deede:
And tell the Laſſe, whoſe flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultleſſe faith, is turned to faithleſſe feere,
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepheards hart made bleed,
That liues on earth, and loued her moſt deere.

HOBBINOLL.

O carefull COLIN, I lament thy caſe,
Thy teares would make the hardeſt flint to flowe.
Ah faithleſſe ROSALINDE, and void of grace,
That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe.
But now is time, I geſſe, homeward to goe:
Then riſe ye bleſſed flocks, and home apace,
Leaſt night with ſtealing ſteppes do you foreſloe,
And wet your tender Lambes, that by you trace.

Colins Embleme.

Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

GLOSSE.

Syte, ſituation and place.

Paradiſe, A Paradiſe in Greeke, ſignifieth a Garden of pleaſure, or place of delights. So he compared the ſoile, wherein *Hobbinoll* made abode, to that earthly Paradiſe, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his firſt creation was placed. Which of the moſt learned is thought to be in *Meſopotamia*, the moſt fertile pleaſant countrey in the world (as may appeare by *Diodorus Syculus* deſcription of it, in the hiſtorie of *Alexanders* conqueſt thereof) lying betweene the two famous Riuers (vvhich are ſaid in Scripture to flowe out of Paradiſe) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

Forſake the ſoyle. This is no poeticall fiction, but vnfainedly ſpoken of the

Poet ſelfe, vvho for ſpeciall occaſion of priuate affaires (as I haue been partlie of himſelfe informed) and for his more preferment, remoued out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduiſed him priuately.

Thoſe hilles, that is, in the North countrey, vvhere he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth; vvhich though they be full of hilles and vvoods (for Kent is very hilly and vvoody, and therfore ſo called: (for *Kantſh* in the Saxons tongue, ſignifieth vvoody) yet in reſpect of the North parts, they be called dales. For indeed, the North is counted the higher countrey.

Night Rauens, &c. By ſuch hatefull birdes, he meaneth all misfortunes (whereof they be tokens) flying euery where.

Friendly Faeries. The opinion of Faeries and Elfes is very old, and yet ſticketh verie religiouſly in the minds of ſome. But to roote that ranke opinion of Elfes out of mens harts, the truth is, that there be no ſuch things, nor yet the ſhadowes of the things, but onely by a ſort of bald Friers and knauiſh ſhauelings ſo faigned; vvhich as in other things, ſo in that, ſought to nouſell the common people in ignorance, leaſt being once acquainted vvith the truth of things, they vvould in time ſmell out the vntruth of their packed pelfe, and Maſſe-peny religion. But the ſooth is, that vvhen all Italy was diſtract into the factions of the Guelfes and the Gibelyns, beeing tvvo famous houſes in Florence, the name began through their great miſchiefes & many outrages, to be ſo odious, or rather dreadfull in the peoples eares, that if their children at any time were froward and wanton, they vvould ſay to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyne came. Which vvords now from them (as many things elſe) be come into our vſage, and for Guelfes and Gibelynes, vve ſay Elfes and Goblyns. No otherwiſe then the Frenchmen vſed to ſay of that valiant captaine, the verie ſcourge of Fraunce, the Lord Thalbot, aftervvard Earle of Shrewsbury, whoſe noblenelſe bred ſuch a terror in the harts of the French, that oft times great armies were defaicted and put to flight at the onely hearing of his name: Inſomuch that the French vvomen, to affray their children, would tell them that the Talbot commeth.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charites* (as afore is ſaid) or at the vtmoſt but foure; yet in reſpect of many gifts of bountie, there may be ſaid more. And ſo Muſæus ſaith, that in Heroes either eye there ſate a hundreth Graces. And by that authoritie, this ſame Poet in his Pageants, ſaith, An hundreth Graces on her eye-lid ſate. &c.

Haydegues, A countrey daunce or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphes doe daunce vnto the Muſes, and Pan his muſicke, all night by Moone-light. To ſignifie the pleaſantneſſe of the ſoyle.

Peeres, Equals and fellow ſhepheards. *Queene-apples vnripe*, immitating Virgils verſe:

Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groues, a ſtrange phraſe in Engliſh, but vvord for vvord expreſſing the Latine, *vicina nemora*.

Spring, not of vvater, but of young trees ſpringing.

Calliope, aforeſaid. This ſtaffe is full of very poeticall inuention.

Tamburines, an old kind of inſtrument, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be the Clarion.

Pan with *Phœbus*. The tale is well knowne, how that Pan and Apollo ſtriuing for excellencie in muſicke, choſe Midas for their Iudge: who being corrupted with partiall affection, gaue the victory to Pan, vndeſerued: for vvhich, Phœbus ſet a paire of

of Aſſes eares vpon his head, &c.

Tityrus: that by Tityrus is meant Chaucer, hath been already ſufficiently ſaid, & by this more plaine appeareth, that he ſaith, he told merie tales. Such as be his Canterbury tales; whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellencie: ſo as Tullie calleth Lentulus, *Deum vitæ ſuæ*. ſ. the God of his life.

To make, to verſifie. *O vvvv*, A pretie Epanorthoſis or correction.

Diſcurteſie: he meaneth the falſeneſs of his louer Roſalinde, who forſaking him, had choſen another.

Point of vvorthy wit, the pricke of deſerued blame.

Menalcas, the name of a ſhepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a perſon vnknovvne and ſecret, againſt vvhom he often bitterly inueyeth.

Vnderfong, vndermine and deceiue by falſe ſuggeſtion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the firſt Aeglogue, Colins Poeſie was *Anchora ſpeme*: for as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now beeing cleane forlorne and rejected of her, as whoſe hope, that was, is cleane extinguiſhed & turned into deſpaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodneſſe to come: vvhich is all the meaning of this Embleme.

IVLY.



Aegloga ſeptima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue is made in the honour & commendation of good ſhepheards, and to the ſhame and diſpraiſe of proude & ambitious Paſtors; Such as Morrell is heere imagined to be.

THOMALIN.

IS not thilke same a Gotehеard prowde
that sits on yonder banke:
Whose straying heard themselfe doth strowde
emong the bushes ranke?

MORREL.

What ho, thou iolly shepheards swaine,
come vp the hill to mee:
Better is, then the lowly plaine,
als for thy flocke, and thee.

THOMALIN.

Ah, God shield, man, that I should clime,
and learne to looke aloft:
This reade is rife, that oftentime
great climbers fall vnsoft.
In humble dales is footing fast,
the trode is not so tickle:
And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
yet is his misse not mickle.
And now the sun hath reared vp,
his fierie-footed teme,
Making his way betweene the Cup
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lion hunts he fast,
with dogges of noisome breath,
Whose balefull barking brings in hast,
pine, plagues, and dreerie death.
Against his cruell scorching heate
where thou hast couerture:
The wastfull hilles vnto his threat
is a plaine ouerture.
But if thee lust, to holden chat
with seely shepheards swaine:
Come downe, and learne the little what,
that THOMALIN can saine.

MORREL.

Siker, thous but a laesie loord,
and rekes much of thy swinke,
That with fond termes, and witlesse words
to blere mine eyes doost thinke.
In euill houre thou hentst in hond
thus holy hils to blame,
For sacred vnto Saints they stond,
and of them han their name.
S. Michels mount who does not knowe,
that wards the Westerne coast?
And of S. Bridgets bowre I trowe,
all Kent can rightly boast:
And they that con of Muses skill,
saine most what, that they dwell
(As Gotehеards wont) vpon a hill,
beside a learned well.
And wonned not the great God PAN,
vpon mount *Oliuet*:
Feeding the blessed flocke of DAN,
which did himselfe beget?

THOMALIN.

O blessed sheepe, O shepheard great,
that bought his flocke so deare:
And them did saue with bloudie sweat,
from Wolues that would them teare.

MORRELL.

Beside, as holy fathers saine,
there is a holy place:
Where TITAN riseth from the maine,
to ren his daily race.
Vpon whose top the starres been staied,
and all the skie doth leane,
There is the caue where PHOEBE laied,
the shepheard long to dreame.
Whilome there vsed shepheards all
to feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the rest did spill.
And sithence shepheards beene foreсaid
from places of delight:
For thy, I ween thou be afraid,
to clime this hilles hight.
Of *Synah* can I tell thee more,
and of our Ladies bowre:
But little needs to strowe my store,
suffice this hill of our.
Heere han the holy FAVNES recourse,
and SYLVANES haunten rathe,
Heere has the salt Medway his sourse,
wherein the Nymphes doe bathe:
The salt Medway that trickling streames
adowne the dales of Kent,
Till with the elder brother Themes,
his brackish waues be meynt.
Here growes *Melampode* euery where,
and *Terebinth*, good for Gotes:
The one, my madding Kids to smere,
the next, to heale their throtes.
Hereto, the hilles been nigher heauen,
and thence the passage ethe:
As well can proue the pearcing leuin,
that seldome falles beneath.

THOMALIN.

Siker thou speakest like a lewd lorell,
of heauen to deemen so:
How be I am but rude and borrell,
yet nearer waies I know.
To Kirke the narre, to God more farre,
has been an old said saw,
And he that striues to touch a starre,
oft stumbles at a straw.
Alsoone may shepheards clime to skie,
that leades in lowly dales:
As Gotehеards proud that sitting hie,
vpon the mountaine sailes.
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
they need not *Melampode*,
For they been hale enough, I trowe,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Gotes should yede,
they soone might be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowie fede,
or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy Saints,
I reuerence and adore:
Not for themselfe, but for the Saints,

which

which han been dead of yore.
And now they been to heauen forewent,
their good is with them go:
Their lample onely to vs lent,
that als we mought do so.
Shepheards they weren of the best,
and liued in lowly leas:
And sith their sou'es be now at rest,
why done we them disease?
Such one he was (as I haue heard)
old ALGRIND, often saine)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
and liued with little gaine:
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
simple, as simple sheepe,
Humble, and like in each degree
the flock which he did keepe.
Often he vsed of his sheepe,
a sacrifice to bring,
Now with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
the Altars hallowing.
So louted he vnto the Lord,
Such fauour couth he find,
That neuer sithens was abhord
the simple shepheards kind.
And such I weene the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan:*
The brethren twelue, that kept yfere
the flocks of mighty PAN.
But nothing such thilke shepheard was,
whom *Ida* hill did beare,
That left his flock to fetch a Lasse,
whose loue he bought too deare:
For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(no such mought shepheards bee)
And with lowd lust was ouer-laid:
tway things doen ill agree:
But shepheards mought be meeke and mild,
well eyed, as ARGVS was,
With fleshly follies vndefilde,
and stout as steed of brasse.
Sike one (said ALGRIND) MOSES was,
that saw his Makers face,
His face more cleare, then crystall glasse,
and spake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I knowe)
the first of all his cote:
A shepheard true, yet not so true,
as he that earst I hote.
Whilome all these were lowe, and leese,
and loued their flocks to feede,
They neuer strouen to be chiefe:
and simple was their weede.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend:
Their weeds bene not so highly wore,
such simplesse mought them shend.
They been yclad in purple and pall,
so hath their God them blist:
They raigne and rulen ouer all,
and Lord it as they list:
Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
(mought they good shepheards been)
Their PAN their sheepe to them has sold,
I say, as some haue seene.
For PALINODE (if thou him ken)
yode late on pilgrimage
To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
he saw thilke misvsage.
For shepheards (said he) there doen lead,
as Lords done otherwhere:
Their sheepe han crusts, and they the bread:
the chips, and they the cheere:
They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
(O silly sheepe the while)
The corne is theirs, let others thresh,
their hands they may not file.
They han great store, and thriftie flocks,
great friends, and feeble foes:
What need hem caren for their flocks,
their boyes can looke to those.
These Wisards welter in wealths waues,
pampred in pleasures deepe:
They han fat kernes, and leany knaues,
their fasting flocks to keepe.
Sike mister men been all misgone,
they heapen hilles of wrath:
Sike filte sheepheards han we none,
they keepen all the path.

MORRELL.

Heere is a great deale of good matter,
lost for lacke of telling:
Now siker I see thou doost but clatter:
harme may come of melling.
Thou medlest more then shall haue thanke
to witen shepheards wealth:
When folke been fat, and riches ranke,
it is a signe of health.
But say me, what is ALGRIND, he
that is so oft bynempt?

THOMALIN.

He is a shepheard great in gree,
but hath been long ypent:
One day he sate vpon a hill,
(as now thou wouldest mee,
But I am taught by ALGRINDS ill,
to loue the lowe degree.)
For sitting so with bared scalpe,
an Eagle soted hue,
That weening his white head was chalke
a shell fish downe let flie.
She weend the shell fish to haue broke,
but therewith bruzde his braine:
So now astonied with the stroke,
he lies in lingring paine.

MORRELL.

Ah good ALGRIND, his hap was ill,
but shall be better in time:
Now farewell shepheard, sith this hill
thou hast such doubt to clime.

Palinodes Embleme. *In medio virtus.* Morrels Embleme. *In summo felicitas.*

GLOSSE.

A Goteheard, by Gotes in ſcripture bee repreſented the vvicked and reprobate, vvhoſe Paſtour alſo muſt needs be ſuch.

Banke, is the ſeate of honour. *Straying heard*, vvhich wander out of the way of truth. *Als*, for alſo. *Climbe*, ſpoken of ambition.

Great climbers, according to Seneca his verſe,

Decidunt celſa grauiore lapſu. *Mickle*, much.

The ſunne: a reaſon vvhy he refuſed to dwell on the mountaines, becauſe there is no ſhelter againſt the ſcorching Sunne, according to the time of the yeere, vvhich is the hoteſt moneth of all.

The Cup and Diademe, be two ſignes in the firmament, through which the ſunne maketh his courſe in the moneth of Iuly.

Lion, this is poetically ſpoken, as if the Sunne did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning vvhereof is, that in Iuly the Sun is in Leo. At which time, the Dog ſtarre, which is called Syrius, or Canicula, raigneth, vvith immoderate heate cauſing peſtilence, drought, and many diſeaſes.

Ouerture, an open place: the vvord is borrovved of the French, and vſed in good Writers. *To holden chat*, to talke and prate.

A loorde, vvas wont among the old Britons to ſignifie a Lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time vſurped their tyrannie heere in Britannie, were called for more dread then dignitie, Lurdans. i. Lord Danes. At vvhich time it is ſaid, that the inſolencie and pride of that nation vvas ſo outrageous in this Realme, that if it fortuned a Briton to be going ouer a bridge, & ſaw the Dane ſet foote vpon the ſame, he muſt returne back, till the Dane vvere cleane ouer, or elſe abide the price of his diſpleaſure, vvhich vvas no leſſe then preſent death. But beeing afterward expelled, the name of Lurdane became ſo odious vnto the people, vvhom they had long oppreſſed, that euen at this day they vſe for more reproche, to call the quartane Ague the feauer-lurdane.

Recks much of thy ſwinke, counts much of thy paines.

Weetleſſe, not vnderſtood.

S. Michaels mount, is a promontorie in the Weſt part of England.

A hill, Parnaſſus aforeſaid. *Pan*, Chriſt.

Dan, one tribe is put for the whole nation, *per Synecdochen*.

Where Titan, the Sunne. Which ſtorie is to be read in Diodorus Syc. of the hill Ida, from vvhence he ſaith, all night time is to be ſeene a mightie fire, as if the skie burned, vvhich toward morning beginneth to gather a round forme, and thereof riſeth the Sunne, vvhom the Poets call Titan.

The ſhepheard, is Endymion, vvhom the Poets faine to haue beene ſo beloued of Phœbe. i. the Moone, that he vvas by her kept aſleepe in a caue by the ſpace of thirtie yeeres, for to enioy his company.

There, that is, in Paradiſe; vvhere, through errour of the ſhepheards vnderſtanding, he ſaith, that all ſhepheards did vſe to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) Adam, by his folly and diſobedience, made all the reſt of his ofspring to be debarred, and ſhut out from thence.

Sinah, a hill in Arabia, vvhere God appeared.

Our Ladies bowre, a place of pleaſure ſo called.

Faunes, or Syluanes, be of Poets fained to be Gods of the vvood.

Medway,

Medway, the name of a riuer in Kent, vvhich running by Rocheſter, meeteth vvith Thames: vvhom he calleth his elder brother, both becauſe he is greater, and alſo falleth ſooner into the ſea.

Meint, mingled. *Melampode, and Terebinth*, be hearbs good to cure diſeaſed Goats, of the one ſpeaketh Mantuan: and of the other, Theocritus.

Terminthou tragoon eikaton acremonia.

Nigher heauen: note the ſhepheards ſimpleneſſe, vvhich ſuppoſeth that from the hilles is nigher vvay to heauen.

Leuin, lightning; vvhich he taketh for an argument, to proue the nighneſſe to heauen, becauſe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountaines, according to the ſaying of the Poet:

Feriuntque ſummos fulmina montes.

Lorrell, a loſell. *A borrell*, a plaine fellow.
Narre, nearer. *Hale*, for hole.
Yede, go. *Frowye*, muſtie or moſſie.
Of yore, long ago. *Forewent*, gone afore.

The firſt ſhepheard, vvas Abell the righteous, vvho (as Scripture ſaith) bent his mind to keeping of ſheep, as did his brother Caine to tilling the ground.

His keepe, his charge. i. his flocke. *Lowted*, did honour and reuerence.

The brethren, the twelue ſonnes of Iaacob, which were ſheepmaſters, and liued onely thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which (being the ſonne of Priamus king of Troy) for his mother Hecubas dreame, (vvhich being vvith child of him, dreamed ſhe brought foorth a fire-brand, that ſet the towne of Ilium on fire) vvas caſt forth on the hill Ida; where beeing foſtred of ſhepheards, he eke in time became a ſhepheard, and laſtly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A Laſſe, Helena, the vvife of Menelaus king of Lacedemonia, vvas by Venus for the golden apple to her giuen, then promiſed to Paris: vvho thereupon, with a ſort of luſtie Troyans, ſtole her out of Lacedemonia, and kept her in Troy; which vvas the cauſe of the tenne yeeres warre in Troy, and the moſt famous Citie of all Aſia, lamentably ſacked and defaced.

Argus, vvas of the Poets deuiſed to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was cõmitted the keeping of the transformed Cow, Io: ſo called, becauſe that in the print of the Covves foote, there is figured an I in the midſt of an O.

His name, he meaneth Aaron: vvhoſe name, for more *Decorum*, the ſhepheard ſaith hee hath forgot, leaſt his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ, ſhould ſeeme to exceed the meaneneſſe of the perſon.

Not ſo true: for Aaron in the abſence of Moſes ſtarted aſide, and committed Idolatrie.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, vvhich vſe ſuch tyrannicall colours and pompous painting. *Belts*, girdles.

Glitterand, glittering; a participle, vſed ſometimes in Chaucer, but altogether in Ioh. Goore.

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, vvhom they count their God and greateſt ſhepheard.

Palinode, a ſhepheard, of vvhoſe report he ſeemeth to ſpeake all this.

Wiſards, great learned heads. *Welter*, vvallow.
Kerne, a Churle or Farmer. *Sike miſter men*, ſuch kind of men.
Surly, ſtately and proude. *Melling*, medling.

Bett,

Bett, Better. *Benempt*, named. *Gree*, for degree.

Algrind, the name of a ſhepheard aforeſaid, vvhoſe miſhappe he alludeth to the chaunce that happened to the Poet *Aeſchylus*, that was brained with a ſhell fiſh.

Embleme.

By this poeſie Thomalin confirmeth that, vvhich in his former ſpeech by ſundry reaſons he had prooued: for beeing both himſelfe ſequeſtred from all ambition, and alſo abhorring it in others of his cote, he taketh occaſion to praiſe the meane & lowly ſtate, as that wherein is ſafetie without feare, and quiet without danger, according to the ſaying of old Philoſophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midſt, beeing environed with two contrarie vices: vvhereto Morrell replieth with continuance of the ſame Philoſophers opinion, that albeit all bountie dwelleth in mediocritie, yet perfect felicitie dwelleth in ſupremacie. For, they ſay, and moſt true it is, that happineſſe is placed in the higheſt degree: ſo as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaſeth to be perfect happineſſe. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humilitie, out of a great Doctor, *Suorum Chriſtus humillimus:* vvhich ſaying, a gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat backe againe with a like ſaying of another Doctor, as he ſaid, *Suorum Deus altiſſimus.*

AVGVST.



Aegloga octaua.

ARGVMENT.

IN this Aeglogue is ſet forth a delectable controuerſie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: whereto alſo Virgil faſhioned his third & ſeauenth Aeglogue. They choſe, for Vmpere of their ſtrife, Cuddy a neat-heards boy: who hauing ended their cauſe, reciteth alſo himſelfe a proper ſong, whereof Colin he ſaith was Author.

WILLY.

WILLY. PERIGOT. CVDDY.

TEll me PERIGOT, what ſhall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy muſick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes renne farre out of frame?
Or hath the Crampe thy ioynts benumd with ach?

PERIGOT.

Ah WILLY, when the hart is ill affaide,
How can Bagpipe or ioynts be well apaide?

WILLY.

What the foule euill hath thee ſo beſtad?
Whilome thou waſt peregall to the beſt,
And wont to make the iolly ſhepheards glad,
With pyping and dauncing, did paſſe the reſt.

PERIGOT.

Ah, WILLY, now I haue learnd a new daunce:
My old muſick marde by a new miſchaunce.

WILLY.

Miſchiefe mought to that miſchaunce befall,
That ſo hath raft vs of our meriment:
But rede mè, what paine doth thee ſo appall?
Or loueſt thou, or been thy yonglings miſwent?

PERIGOT.

Loue hath misled both my younglings and mee:
I pine for paine, and they my paine to ſee.

WILLY.

Perdie and wele away: ill may they thriue:
Neuer knew I louers ſheepe in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare ſtriue,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoone be put to flight.

PERIGOT.

That ſhall I doe, though mochel worſe I fared:
Neuer ſhall be ſaid that PERIGOT was dared.

WILLY.

Then loe PERIGOT, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre:
Wherein is enchaſed many a faire fight,
Of Beares and Tygers, that maken fierce warre:
And ouer them ſpred a goodly wilde Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Ivie twine.

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolues iawes:
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepheards ſwaine,
To ſaue the innocent from the beaſts pawes:
And heere with his ſheephooke hath him ſlaine.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou euer ſeene?
Well mought it beſeeme any harueſt Queene.

PERIGOT.

Thereto will I pawne yonder ſpotted Lambe,
Of all my flocke there nis ſike another:
For I brought him vp without the Dambe:
But COLIN CLOVT raft me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the plaine field:
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yeeld.

WILLY.

Siker make like account of his brother.
But who ſhall iudge the wager wonne or loſt?

PERIGOT.

That ſhall yonder heardgroome, and none other,
Which ouer the pouſſe hitherward doth poſt.

WILLY.

But for the Sunnebeame ſo ſore doth vs beate,
Were not better, to ſhunne the ſcorching heate?

PERIGOT.

Well agreed WILLY: then ſit thee downe ſwaine:
Sike a ſong neuer heardeſt thou, but COLIN ſing.

CVDDY.

Ginne, when ye liſt, ye iolly ſhepheards twaine:
Sike a iudge, as CVDDY, were for a king.

PER. IT fell vpon a holy eue,
WILL. hey ho holiday,
PER. When holy fathers wont to ſhriue:
WILL. now ginneth this roundelay.
PER. Sitting vpon a hill ſo hie,
WILL. hey ho the high hill,
PER. The while my flocke did feede thereby,
WILL. the while the ſhepheard ſelfe did ſpill:
PER. I ſaw the bouncing Bellibone:
WILL. hey ho Bonibell,
PER. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
WILL. ſhe can trip it very well.
PER. Well decked in a frock of gray,
WILL. hey ho gray is greet,
PER. And in a kirtle of greene Say,
WILL. the greene is for maidens meet.
PER. A chaplet on her head ſhe wore,
WILL. hey ho chapelet,
PER. Of ſweet Violets therein was ſtore,
WILL. ſhe ſweeter then the Violet.
PER. My ſheepe did leaue their wonted foode,
WILL. hey ho ſeely ſheepe,
PER. And gazde on her, as they were wood,
WILL. wood as he, that did them keepe.
PER. As the bonilaſſe paſſed by,
WILL. hey ho bonilaſſe,
PER. She rovde at me with glauncing eye,
WILL. as cleare as the cryſtall glaſſe:
PER. All as the ſunny beame ſo bright,
WILL. hey ho the ſunne beame,
PER. Glaunceth from PHOEBVS face forthright,
WILL. ſo loue into thy hart did ſtreame:
PER. Or as the thunder cleaues the clowdes,
WILL. hey ho the thunder,
PER. Wherein the lightſome lewin ſhroudes,
WILL. ſo cleaues thy ſoule aſunder:
PER. Or as Dame CYNTHYAS ſiluer ray,
WILL. hey ho the Moone light,
PER. Vpon the glittering waue doth play:
WILL. ſuch play is a pittious plight.
PER. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
WILL. hey ho the glider,
PER. Therewith my ſoule was ſharply gride,
WILL. ſuch wounds ſoone wexen wider.
PER. Haſting to raunch the arrowe out,
WILL. hey ho PERIGOT,
PER. I left the head in my hart roote:
WILL. it was a deſperate ſhot.
PER. There it rankleth aye more and more,
WILL. hey ho the arrow,
PER. Ne can I find ſalue for my ſore:
WILL. loue is a careleſſe ſorrow.
PER. And though my bale with death I bought,

WILL.

WILL. hey ho heauy cheere,
PER. Yet ſhould thilke Laſſe not from my thought:
WILL. ſo you may buy gold too deere.
PER. But whether in painfull loue I pine,
WILL. hey ho pinching paine,
PER. Or thriue in wealth, ſhe ſhalbe mine.
WILL. but if thou can her obtaine.
PER. And if for graceleſſe griefe I die,
WILL. hey ho graceleſſe griefe,
PER. Witneſſe, ſhe ſlue me with her eye,
WILL. let thy folly be the priefe.
PER. And you that ſaw it, ſimple ſheepe,
WILL. hey ho the faire flock,
PER. For priefe thereof, my death ſhall weepe,
WILL. and mone with many a mock.
PER. So learn'd I loue on a holy eue,
WILL. hey ho holy day,
PER. That euer ſince my hart did grieue,
WILL. now endeth our roundelay.

CVDDY.

Siker, ſike a roundle neuer heard I none,
Little lacketh PERIGOT of the beſt,
And WILLIE is not greatly ouer-gone,
So weren his vnder-ſongs well addreſt.

WILLY.

Heardgrome, I feare me, thou haue a ſquint eye,
Areede vprightly, who has the victorie?

CVDDY.

Faith of my ſoule, I deeme each haue gained.
For thy, let the Lambe be WILLY his owne:
And for PERIGOT ſo well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

PERIGOT.

PERIGOT is well pleaſed with the doome:
Ne can WILLY wite the witeleſſe heardgroome.

WILLY.

Neuer dempt more right of beautie I weene,
The ſhepheard of *Ida*, that iudg'd beauties Queene.

CVDDY.

But tell me ſhepheards, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roundels freſh, to heare a dolefull verſe
Of ROSALINDE, (who knowes not ROSALINDE?)
That COLIN made? ylke can I you rehearſe.

PERIGOT.

Now ſay it CVDDY, as thou art a ladde:
With mery thing its good to meddle ſad.

WILLY.

Faith of my ſoule, thou ſhalt ycrowned be
In COLINS ſteed, if thou this ſong areed:
For neuer thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me,
As him to heare, or matter of his deed.

CVDDY.

Then liſten each vnto my heauie lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthfull, as ye may.

YE waſtfull woods beare witneſſe of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound:
Ye careleſſe birds are priuie to my cries,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make apart:
Thou pleaſant ſpring haſt lull'd me oft aſleep,
Whoſe ſtreams my trickling teares did oft augment.
Reſort of people doth my griefes augment,
The walled townes doe worke my greater woe:
The forreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow Eccho of my carefull cries,
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my loue did part,
Whoſe wailefull wants debars mine eyes of ſleepe.
Let ſtreames of teares ſupply the place of ſleep:
Let all that ſweet is, voide: and all that may augment
My dole, draw neere. More meet to waile my woe,
Beene the wilde woods, my ſorrowes to reſound,
Then bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cries,
When I them ſee ſo waſte, and find no part
Of pleaſure paſt. Heere will I dwell apart
In gaſtfull groue therefore, till my laſt ſleep
Doe cloſe mine eyes: ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as change my reſtleſſe woe:
Helpe me ye baneful birds, whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Is ſigne of dreery death, my deadly cries
Moſt ruthfully to tune. And as my cries
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You heare all night, when nature craueth ſleepe,
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome yelles augment.
Thus all the nights in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowed haue to waſte, till ſafe and ſound
She home returne, whoſe voices ſiluer ſound
To cheerfull ſongs can change my cheereleſſe cries.
Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleep
In ſongs and plaintiue pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his miſdeed, that bred her woe.
And you that feele no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cries ye heare apart,
Let breake your ſounder ſleepe, and pittie augment.

PERIGOT.

O COLIN, COLIN, the ſhepheards ioy,
how I admire each turning of thy verſe:
And CVDDY, freſh CVDDY, the liefeſt boy,
how dolefully his dole thou didſt rehearſe.

CVDDY.

Then blow your pipes ſhepheards, till you be at home:
The night higheth faſt, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Embleme.

Vincenti gloria victi.

Willies Embleme.

Vinto non vitto.

Cuddies Embleme.

Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Beſt adde, diſpoſed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *Woilome*, once.
Raſt, bereft, depriued. *Miſwent*, gone aſtray. *Ill may*, according to Virgill:

Infelix ô ſemper ouis pecus.

A Mazer. So alſo doe Theocritus and Virgil feigne pledges of their ſtriſe.

Enchaſed, engrauen. Such prettie deſcriptions euery where vſeth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which ſpeciall cauſe indeed, he by that name tearmeth his Aeglogues: for Idyllion in Greek, ſignifieth the ſhape or picture of any thing, wherof his booke is full. And not as I haue heard ſome fondly gueſſe, that they be called, not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed, vvrought betweene.

Harueſt Queene, The manner of countrey folke in harueſt time.

Pouſſe, Peaſe.

It fell vpon. Perigot maketh all his ſong in praiſe of his Loue, to whom Willy anſwereth euery vnder verſe. By Perigot, vvho is meant, I cannot vprightly ſay: but if it be, who is ſuppoſed his Loue, ſhee deſerueth no leſſe praiſe, then hee giueth her.

Greet, vveeping and complaint. *Chaplet*, a kinde of Garland like a crovvne.

Lewin, Lightning. *Cynthia*, vvas ſaid to be the Moone.

Gryde, pearced.

But if, not vnleſſe. *Squint eye*, partiall iudgement. *Each haue*, ſo ſaith Virgil:

Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

Doome, iudgement. *Dempt*, for deemed, iudged.

Wite the witeleſſe, blame the blameleſſe.

The ſhepheard of Ida, vvas ſaid to be Paris.

Beauties Queene, Venus, to vvhom Paris adiudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning heereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeſie claiming the conqueſt, and Willie not yeelding, Cuddie the Arbitrer of their cauſe, and Patron of his ovvne, ſeemeth to challenge it, as his due: ſaying, that he is happie vvhich can: ſo abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can vvin the beſt, or moderate himſelfe beeing beſt, and leaue off with the beſt.

September.



Aegloga nona.

ARGVMENT.

HEerein Diggon Dauie is deuiſed to be a ſhepheard, that in hope of more gaine, draue his ſheepe into a farre countrey. The abuſes whereof, & looſe liuing of popiſh Prelates, by occaſion of Hobbinols demaund, he diſcourſeth at large.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON DAVIE, I bid her God day:
Or DIGGON her is, or I miſſay.

DIGGON.

Her was her, while it was day light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.
For day that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at earſt the darke night doth haſt.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, areede who has thee ſo dight?
Neuer I wiſt thee in ſo poore a plight.
Where is the faire flocke, thou waſt wont to leade?
Or been they chaffred? or at miſchiefe dead?

DIGGON.

Ah for loue of that, is to thee moſt leefe,
HOBBINOLL, I pray thee gall not my old greefe:
Sike queſtion rippeth vp cauſe of new woe;
For one opened, mote vnfold many mo.

HOBBINOLL.

Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrowded in hart,
I knowe, to keepe is a burdenous ſmart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to beare:
When the raine is fallen, the clouds wex cleare.
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head laſt,
Thrice three Moones been fully ſpent and paſt:

DIGGON DAVIE.

Since when thou haſt meaſured much ground,
And wandred weele about the world round,
So as thou can many things relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flocks eſtate.

DIGGON.

My ſheepe been waſted, (woe is me therefore)
The iolly ſhepheard that was of yore,
Is now nor iolly, nor ſhepheard more.
In forreine coaſts men ſaid, was plentie:
And ſo there is, but all of miſery.
I dempt there much to haue eeked my ſtore,
But ſuch eeking hath made my hart ſore.
In tho countries where I haue been,
No beeing for thoſe, that truly meane:
But for ſuch as of guile maken gaine,
No ſuch countrey as there to remaine.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a market of their good name.
The ſhepheards there robben one another,
And layen baites to beguile her brother.
Or they will buy his ſheepe forth of the cote,
Or they will caruen the ſheepheards throte.
The ſhepheards ſwaine you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:

They

They looken bigge, as Bulles that been bate,
And beaten the cragge ſo ſtiffe and ſo ſtate,
As Cocke on his dunghill, crowing cranke.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I am ſo ſtiffe and ſo ſtanke,
That vnneth may I ſtand any more:
And now the Weſterne wind bloweth ſore,
That is in his chiefe ſoueraigntee,
Beating the withered leafe from the tree.
Sit we downe heere vnder the hill:
Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
And make a mocke at the bluſtering blaſt:
Now ſay on DIGGON what euer thou haſt.

DIGGON.

HOBBIN, ah HOBBIN, I curſe the ſtound,
That euer I caſt to haue lorne this ground.
Wele-away the while I was ſo fond,
To leaue the good, that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was vncouth:
So loſt the dogge the fleſh in his mouth.
My ſeely ſheepe (ah ſeely ſheepe)
That heereby there I whilome vſde to keepe,
All were they luſtie, as thou diddeſt ſee,
Been all ſterued with pine and penurie:
Hardly my ſelfe eſcaped thilke paine,
Driuen for need to come home againe.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah ſon, now by thy loſſe art taught,
That ſeldome change the better brought.
Content who liues with tried ſtate,
Need feare no change of frowning fate:
But who will ſeeke for vnknowne gaine,
Oft liues by loſſe, and leaues with paine.

DIGGON.

I wote ne HOBBIN how I was bewitcht,
With vaine deſire, and hope to be enritcht.
But ſiker ſo it is, as the bright ſtarre
Seemeth a greater, when it is farre;
I thought the ſoyle would haue made me rich:
But now I wote it is nothing ſich.
For either the ſhepheards been idle and ſtill,
And led of their ſheepe, what way they will:
Or they been falſe, and full of couetiſe,
And caſten to compaſſe many wrong Empriſe.
But more been fraught with fraude and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodneſſe taken delight:
But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſet all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken againe to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench,
They ſay they con to heauen the high way:
But by my ſoule I dare vnderſay,
They neuer ſet foote in that ſame trode,
But balke the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the diuell at commaund:
But aske them, therefore what they haue paund.
Marry that great PAN bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the blacke bowre of ſorrow.
But they han ſold thilke ſame long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gang alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, ſo let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOLL.

DIGGON, I pray thee ſpeake not ſo dirke.
Such myſter lying me ſeemeth to mirke.

DIGGON.

Then plainly to ſpeake of ſhepheards moſt what:
Bad is the beſt (this Engliſh is flat)
Their ill hauiour garres men miſſay,
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.
They ſay the world is much war then it woont,
All for her ſhepheards is beaſtly and bloont.
Other ſaine, but how truly I note,
All for they holden ſhame of their cote.
Some ſtick not to ſay (hote cole on her tongue)
That ſike miſchiefe graſeth hem emong,
All for they caſten too much of worlds care,
To decke her Dame, and enrich her heire:
For ſuch encheaſon, if you goe nie,
Few chimnyes reeken you ſhall eſpie:
The fat Oxe that woont ligge in the ſtall,
Is now faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their ſteads,
Ylike as a Monſter of many heads.
But they that ſhooten neereſt the prick,
Saine, ether the fat from their beards doe licke.
For big Buls of Baſan brace hem about,
That with their hornes butten the more ſtoute:
But the leane ſoules treaden vnder foote,
And to ſeeke redreſſe mought little boote:
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Then ought of the gotten good to reſtore.
For they been like foule wagmoires ouergraſt,
That if thy galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to winde it out thou doeſt ſwinke,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper ſinke.
Yet better leaue off with a little loſſe,
Then by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſſe.

HOBBINOLL.

Now DIGGON, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt too plaine:
Better it were, a little to faine,
And cleanly couer that cannot be cured.
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured.
But of ſike Paſtors how done the flocks creepe?

DIGGON.

Like as the ſhepheards, ſike been her ſheepe,
For they nill liſten to the ſhepheards voice:
But if he call hem, at their good choice.
They wander at will, and ſtay at pleaſure,
And to their folds yead at their owne leaſure.
But they had be better come at their call:
For many han vnto miſchiefe fall,
And been of rauenous vvolues yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOLL.

Fie on thee DIGGON, and all thy foule leaſing,
Well is knowne that ſince the Saxon king,
Neuer was Woolfe ſeene, many nor ſome,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Chriſtendome:
But the fewer Wolues (the ſooth to ſaine,)
The more been the Foxes that heere remaine.

DIGGON.

Yes, but they gang in more ſecret wiſe,
And with ſheepes clothing doen hem diſguiſe.
They talke not widely as they were woont,
For feare of raungers and the great hoont:
But priuily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

HOBBINOLL.

Or priuie or pert if any bin,
We haue great bandogs will teare their skin.

DIGGON.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold bigge cur,
And could make a iolly hole in their fur.
But not good dogs hem needeth to chaſe,
But heedy ſhepheards to diſcerne their face:
For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
They been ſo graue, and full of maintenaunce.
But ſhall I tell thee what my ſelfe know,
Chaunced to ROFFIN not long ygoe?

HOBBINOLL.

Say it out, DIGGON, what euer it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is ſo meeke, wiſe, and merciable,
And with his word his worke is conuenable.
COLIN CLOVT I weene be his ſelfe boy,
(Ah for COLIN he whilome my ioy)
Shepheards ſich, God mought vs many ſend,
That doen ſo carefully their flocks tend.

DIGGON.

Thilke ſame ſhepheard mought I well marke:
He has a dogge to bite or to barke,
Neuer had ſhepheard ſo keene a cur,
That waketh, and if but a leafe ſtur.
Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
And euer at night wont to repaire
Vnto the flock, when the Welkin ſhone faire,
Yclad in clothing of ſeely ſheepe,
When the good old man vſed to ſleepe.
Tho at midnight he would barke and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curres call)
As if a Wolfe were among the ſheepe.
With that the ſhepheard would breake his ſleep,
And ſend out Lowder (for ſo his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was farre away,
This woluiſh ſheepe would catchen his pray,
A Lambe, or a Kid, or a weanell waſt:
With that to the wood would he ſpeed him faſt.
Long time he vſed this ſlippery pranke,
Ere ROFFY could for his labour him thanke.
At end, the ſhepheard his practiſe eſpied,
(For ROFFY is wiſe, and as ARGVS eied)
And when at euen he came to the flock,
Faſt in their folds he did them locke,
And tooke our theefe Woolfe in his counterfeit cote,
And let out his ſheepes blood at his throte.

HOBBINOLL.

Marry DIGGON, what ſhould him affray
To take his owne where euer it lay?
For had his weaſand been a little widder,
He would haue deuoured both hidder and ſhidder.

DIGGON.

Miſchiefe light on him, and Gods great curſe,
Too good for him had been a great deale wurſe:
For it was a perillous beaſt aboue all,
And eke had he cond the ſhepheards call:
And oft in the night came to the ſheepcote,
And called Lowder, with a hollowe throte,
As if the old mans ſelfe had been.
The dogge his maiſters voice did it ween,
Yet halfe in doubt he opened the doore,
And ranne out, as he was wont of yore.
No ſooner was out, but ſwifter then thought,
Faſt by the hide the Wolfe Lowder caught:
And had not ROFFY renne to the ſteuen,
Lowder had been ſlaine thilke ſame euen.

HOBBINOLL.

God ſhield man, he ſhould ſo ill haue thriue,
All for he did his deuoire belriue.
If ſike been Wolues, as thou haſt told,
How mought we, DIGGON, hem behold.

DIGGON.

How, but with heed and watchfulneſſe,
Forſtallen hem of their wilineſſe?
For thy with ſhepheard fitres not play,
Or ſleepe, as ſome doen, all the long day:
But euer liggen in watch and ward,
From ſuddaine force their flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOLL.

Ah DIGGON, thilke ſame rule were too ſtraight,
All the cold ſeaſon to watch and waite.
We beene of fleſh, men as other bee,
Why ſhould we be bound to ſuch miſerie?
What-euer thing lacketh changeable reſt,
Mought needes decay, when it is at beſt.

DIGGON.

Ah, but HOBBINOLL, all this long tale
Nought eaſeth the care, that doth me forhaile,
What ſhall I doe? what way ſhall I wend,
My pitious plight and loſſe to amend?
Ah good HOBBINOLL, mought I thee pray,
Of ayde or counſell in my decay.

HOBBINOLL.

Now by my ſoule, DIGGON, I lament
The hapleſſe miſchiefe, that has thee hent:
Nethleſſe thou ſeeſt my lowly ſaile,
That froward fortune doth euer auaile.
But were HOBBINOLL, as God mought pleaſe,
DIGGON ſhould ſoone find fauour and eaſe.
But if to my cottage thou wilt reſort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort:
There maiſt thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune ſhew forth his head.

DIGGON.

Ah HOBBINOLL, God mought it thee requite,
DIGGON on few ſuch friends did euer lite.

Diggons Embleme.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phraſe of ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomevvhat to differ from the common. The cauſe vvhereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the partie heerein meant, vvho beeing verie friend to the Authour heereof, had beene long in forreine countries, and there ſeene many diſorders, vvhich he heere recounteth to Hobbinoll.

Bidde her, Bidde good morrow. For to bidde, is to pray, vvhereof cõmeth beads for prayers; and ſo they ſay, To bidde his beades, i. to ſay his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or ſuddainly. *Chaffred*, ſold. *Deidat miſchiefe*, an vnuſuall ſpeech, but much vſurped of Lidgate, and ſometime of Chaucer.

Leeſe, Deare. *Ethe*, eaſie. *Thrice three Moones*, nine Moneths. *Meaſured*, for trauailed.

Wae, vvoe, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Carnen*, cut.

Kenne, knowe. *Cragge*, necke. *State*, ſtoutly. *Stanke*, vvearie or faint.

And now, he applieth it to the time of the yeere, vvhich is in the end of haruеſt, vvhich they call the fall of the leafe: at which time the Weſterne wind beareth moſt ſway.

A mocke. Imitating Horace, *Debes ludibrium ventis*.

Lorne, left. *Soote*, ſvveet. *Vncouth*, vnknowne. *Heerby there*, heere and there.

As the bright, tranſlated out of Mantuan. *Empriſe*, for enterpriſe. Per Syncopen.

Contecke, ſtrife. *Trode*, path.

Marrie that, that is, their ſoules, vvhich by Popiſh Exorciſmes and practiſes they damne to hell.

Blacke, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirke*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe.

Crumenall, purſe. *Praie*, compaſſe. *Encheſon*, occaſion. *Ouergraſt*, ouergrowne vvith graſſe. *Gadge*, ſhooe. *The groſſe*, the vvhole.

Buxome and bent, meeke and obedient

Saxon King. King Edgar that raigned here in Britannie in the yeere of our Lord. VVhich King cauſed all the VVolues, vvhereof then vvas ſtore in this country, by a proper policie to be deſtroied. So as neuer ſince that time, there haue been Wolues heere found, vnleſſe they vvere brought from other countries. And therefore Hobbinoll rebuketh him of vntruth, for ſaying that there be VVolues in England.

Nor in Chriſtendome. This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and vnreaſonable: but indeed it vvas vvont to be an old prouerbe and common phraſe. The originall whereof vvas, for that the moſt part of England in the raigne of King Ethelbert was chriſtened, Kent onely except, vvhich remained long after in misbeliefe, and vnchriſtened: So that Kent vvas counted no part of Chriſtendome.

Great hunt. Executing of lawes and iuſtice.

Enaunter, leaſt that. *Inly*, invvardly: aforeſaid.

Priuy or pert, openly ſaith Chaucer.

Roffy, the name of a ſhepheard in Marot his Aeglogue of Robin & the King. Whõ he heere commendeth for great care and wiſe gouernaunce of his flock.

Colin Clout. Now I thinke no man doubteth, but by Colin is meant the A[illegible] ſelfe, vvhoſe eſpeciall good friend Hobbinoll ſaith hee is, or more rightly Maiſter

Gabriell Haruey: of vvhoſe eſpeciall commendation, as well in Poetrie as Rhetoricke and other choice learning, vvee haue lately had a ſufficient triall in diuers his vvorks, but ſpecially in his *Muſarum Lachrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinenſium*: vvhich booke in the progreſſe at Audley in Eſſex, he dedicated in writing to her Maieſtie; afterward, preſenting the ſame in print to her Highneſſe at the worſhipfull Maiſter Capels in Hertfordſhire. Beſide other his ſundry moſt rare and very notable writings, partly vnder vnknowne titles, and partly vnder counterfeit names: as his Tyrannomaſtix, his Old Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that part of Philomuſus, his diuine Anticoſmopolita, and diuers other of like importance. As alſo by the name of other ſhepheards, he couereth the perſons of diuers other his familiar friends and beſt acquaintance.

This tale of Roffy, ſeemeth to colour ſome particular action of his. But vvhat, I certainly know not.

Wonned, haunted. *Welkin*, skye, aforeſaid.

A vveaned waſte, a weaned youngling.

Hidder and ſhidder, he and ſhe, Male and Female. *Steuen*, noiſe.

Beliue, quickly. *What euer*, Ouids verſe tranſlated:

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non eſt.

Forehaile, draw or diſtreſſe. *Vetchie*, of Peaſe ſtraw.

Embleme.

This is the ſaying of Narciſſus in Ouid. For when the fooliſh boy by beholding his face in the brooke, fell in loue with his owne likeneſſe: and not able to content himſelfe with much looking thereon, hee cried out, that plentie made him poore, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſenſe. But Diggon vſeth it to other purpoſe; as who that by triall of many waies, had found the worſt, & through great plenty was fallen into penury. This Poëſie I know, to haue been much vſed of the Authour, and to ſuch like effect, as firſt Narciſſus ſpake it.



Aegloga decima.

ARGVMENT.

IN Cuddy is ſet out the perfect paterne of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his ſtate and ſtudies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetrie, and the cauſes thereof: ſpecially hauing beene in all ages, and euen amongſt the moſt barbarous, alwaies of ſingular account and honour, and beeing indeed ſo worthy and cõmendable an art; or rather no art, but a diuine gift and heauenly inſtinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the witte by a certaine *Enthouſiaſmos*, and celeſtiall inſpiration, as the Author heereof elſwhere at large diſcourſeth in his booke called the Engliſh Poet: which booke beeing lately come to my hands, I mind alſo by Gods grace, vpon further aduiſement to publiſh.

PIERS.

CVDDY, for ſhame hold vp thy heauie head,
And let vs caſt with what delight to chace,
And wearie this long lingring PHOEBVS race.
Whilome thou wont the ſhepheards lads to lead,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding baſe:
Now they in thee, and thou in ſleepe art dead.

CVDDY.

PIERS, I haue piped earſt ſo long with paine,
That all mine Oaten reedes been rent and wore:
And my poore Muſe hath ſpent her ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſſe gaine.
Such pleaſance makes the Graſshopper ſo poore,
And ligge ſo laid, when Winter doth her ſtraine.

The dapper ditties that I wont deuiſe,
To feed youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,

CVDDY.

Delighten much: what I the bett forthy?
They han the pleaſure, I a ſlender priſe.
I beat the buſh, the birds to them doe flie:
What good thereof to CVDDY can ariſe?

PIERS.

CVDDY, the praiſe is better, then the price,
The glory eke much greater then the gaine:
O what an honour is it, to reſtraine
The luſt of lawleſſe youth with good aduice?
Or pricke them forth with pleaſance of thy vaine,
Whereto thou liſt their trained willes entice.

Soone as thou ginſt to ſet thy notes in frame,
O how the rurall routs to thee do cleaue!
Seemeth tho dooſt their ſoule of ſenſe bereaue,
All as the ſhepheard, that did fetch his dame

From PLVTOES balefull Bowre withouten leane:
His muſicks might the helliſh hound did tame.

CVDDY.

So prayſen babes the Peacocks ſpotted traine,
And wondren at bright ARGVS blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the skye,
Sike words been winde, and waſten ſoone in vaine.

PIERS.

Abandon then the baſe and vile clowne,
Lift vp thy ſelfe out of the lowly duſt:
And ſing of bloody MARS, of warres, of guſts,
Turne thee to thoſe, that weld the awfull crowne,
To doubted knights, whoſe woundleſſe armour ruſts,
And helmes vnbruzed, wexen daily browne.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her flattering wing,
And ſtretch her ſelfe at large from Eaſt to Weſt:
Whither thou liſt in faire ELISA reſt,
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Aduance the worthy whom ſhe loueth beſt,
That firſt the white Beare to the ſtake did bring.

And when the ſtubborne ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds,
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring:
Of loue and luſtihead tho maiſt thou ſing,
And carroll lowde, and lead the Millers round,
All were ELISA one of thilke ſame ring,
So mought our CVDDIES name to heauen ſound.

CVDDY.

Indeed the Romiſh TITYRVS, I heare,
Through his MECOENAS left his Oaten reed,
Whereon he earſt had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yeeld the timely eare,
And eft did ſing of warres and deadly dreed,
So as the heauens did quake his verſe to heare.

But ah! MECOENAS is yclad in clay,
And great AVGVSTVS long ygoe is dead:
And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play.
For euer, who in derring doe were dead,
The loftie verſe of hem was loued aye.

But after vertue gan for age to ſtoupe,
And mighty manhood brought a bedde of eaſe:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe,
To put in preace among the learned troupe:
Tho gan the ſtreames of flowing wits to ceaſe,
And ſunbright honour pend in ſhamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poeſie,
Yet of the old ſtocke gan to ſhoote againe:
Or it mens follies mote to force to faine,
And roll with reſt in rimes of ribaudry:
Or as it ſprung, it wither muſt againe:
Tom Piper makes vs better melodie.

PIERS.

O peerleſſe poeſie, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes palace thou dooſt ſit
(And yet is Princes palace the moſt fit)
Ne breſt of baſer birth doth thee imbrace:
Then make thee wings of thine aſpiring wit,
And, whence thou camſt, flie back to heauen apace.

CVDDY.

Ah PERCY, it is all too weake and wanne,
So high to ſore and make ſo large a flight:
Her peeced pineons been not ſo in plight,
For COLIN fits ſuch famous flight to ſcanne:
He, were he not with loue ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and ſing as ſoote as Swanne.

PIERS.

Ah ſon, for loue does teach him climbe ſo hie,
And lifts him vp out of the loathſome mire:
Such immortall mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raiſe ones minde aboue the ſtarry skie,
And cauſe a caitiue courage to aſpire:
For loftie loue doth loathe a lowly eye.

CVDDY.

All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands,
For lordly loue is ſuch a tyranne fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muſes dwell:
Vnwiſely weaues, that takes two webs in hand.

Who euer caſts to compaſſe waightie priſe,
And thinks to throwe out thundring words of threat:
Let powre in lauiſh cups and thriftie bits of meate.
For BACCHVS fruit is friend to PHOEBVS wiſe:
And when with Wine the braine begins to ſweat,
The numbers flowe as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not PERCIE how the rime ſhould rage.
O if my temples were diſtaind with wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wilde Iuie twine,
How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint BELLONA in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cooles ere it be warme,
For thy content vs in this humble ſhade:
Where no ſuch troublous tides han vs aſſaide,
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charme.

PIERS.

And when my Gates ſhall han their bellies laide,
CVDDY ſhall haue a Kidde to ſtore his farme.

Cuddies Embleme.

Agitante calescimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Theocritus his 16 Idilion, wherein hee reproued the Tyranne Hiero of Syracuſe for his niggardiſe toward Poets, in vvhom is the povver to make men immortall for their good deedes, or ſhamefull for their naughtie life. And the like alſo is in Mantuane. The like heereof, as alſo that in Theocritus, is more loftie then the reſt, and applied to the height of poeticall wit.

Cuddy. I doubt vvhether by Cuddy be ſpecified the Authours ſelfe, or ſome other. For in the eight Aeglogue the ſame perſon vvas brought in, ſinging a Cantion of Colins making, as he ſaith. So that ſome doubt, that the perſons be different.

Whylome, ſometime. *Oaten reedes*, Auenæ.

Ligge ſo laid, lye ſo faint and vnluſtie. *Dapper*, pretie.

Frye, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the ſpavvning fiſhes, for the multitude of young fiſh be called the Frye.

To reſtraine. This place ſeemeth to conſpire vvith Plato, vvho in his firſt booke *de Legibus* ſaith, that the firſt inuention of Poetrie vvas of very vertuous intent. For at vvhat time an infinit number of youth vſually came to their great ſolemne feaſtes called Panegyrica, vvhich they vſed euery fiue yeares to hold, ſome learned man beeing more able then the reſt, for ſpeciall gifts of vvit and Muſick, vvould take vpon him to ſing fine verſes to the people, in praiſe either of vertue or of victorie, or of immortalitie, or ſuch like. At vvhoſe vvonderfull gift all men beeing aſtonied, and as it vvere rauiſhed vvith delight, thinking (as it vvas indeed) that he vvas inſpired from aboue, called him *Vatem:* vvhich kinde of men aftervvard, framing their verſes to lighter muſick (as of Muſicke there be many kinds, ſome ſadder, ſome lighter, ſome martiall, ſome heroicall: and ſo diuerſly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poeſie alſo, ſome playing vvith loue, ſome ſcorning at mens faſhions, ſome powred out in pleaſure, & ſo were called Poets, or makers.

Senſe bereaue. What the ſecret vvorking of muſick is in the minds of men, as wel appeareth heereby, that ſome of the ancient Philoſophers, and thoſe the moſt vviſe, as Plato and Pythagoras, held for opinion, that the mind vvas made of a certain harmonie and muſicall numbers, for the great compaſſion, and likeneſſe of affection in the one and the other, as alſo by that memorable hiſtory of Alexander: to whom vvhen as Timotheus the great Muſician played the Phrygian melody, it is ſaid that he vvas diſtraught vvith ſuch vnwonted furie, that ſtraightway riſing from the table in great rage, he cauſed himſelfe to be armed, as ready to go to vvar (for that muſick is very vvar-like.) And immediatly, vvhen as the Muſitian changed his ſtroke into the Lydian and Ionique harmony, he vvas ſo far from vvarring, that he ſate as ſtill, as if he had been in matters of counſell. Such might is in muſick. Wherefore Plato and Ariſtotle, forbid the Arabian Melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fift and ſeauenth tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, vvhich vſeth to burne in our young breaſts. So that it is not incredible vvhich the Poet heer ſaith, that the muſick can bereaue the ſoule of ſenſe.

The ſhepheard that, Orpheus: of vvhom it is ſaid, that by his excellent skil in Muſick and Poetry, he recouered his vvife Eurydice from hell.

Argus eyes. Of Argus is before ſaid, that Iuno to him committed her husband Iupiter his Paragon Io, becauſe he had an hundreth eyes: but afterward Mercurie with his muſick lulling Argus aſleep, ſlevv him, and brought Io avvay; whoſe eyes it is ſaid that Iuno for his eternall memory, placed in her byrd the Peacocks taile, for thoſe coloured ſpots indeed reſemble eyes.

Wound-

Woundleſſe armour, vnwounded in war, do ruſt through long peace.

Diſplay. A poeticall metaphore, vvhereof the meaning is, that if the Poet liſt ſhew his skill in matter of more dignitie, then is the homely Aeglogue, good occaſion is him offered of higher veine and more Heroicall argument, in the perſon of our moſt gratious Soueraigne, vvhom (as before) he calleth *Elyſa*. Or if matter of knighthood and chiualry pleaſe him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both vvorthy of his paines in their deſerued praiſes, and alſo fauourers of his skill and facultie.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I gheſſe) the moſt honorable and renowned the Earle of Leiceſter, vvhom by his cogniſance (although the ſame be alſo proper to other) rather then by his name he bewraieth, being not likely that the names of vvorthy Princes be known to countrey clownes.

Slack, that is, vvhen thou changeſt thy verſe to ſtately courſe, to matter of more pleaſance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce. *Ring*, company of dauncers.

The Romiſh Tityrus, vvell knevv noble Virgil, vvho by Mecænas meanes vvas brought into the fauour of the Emperour Auguſtus, and by him mooued to write in loftier kind, then he earſt had done.

Whereon: in theſe three verſes are the three ſeuerall vvorks of Virgil intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his Æglogue. In labouring of lands, is his Georgiques. In ſinging of vvarres and deadly dread, is his diuine Æneis figured.

In derring do, in manhood and chiualrie.

For euer. He ſhevveth the cauſe vvhy Poets vvere wont to be had in ſuch honour of noble men, that is, that by them their vvoorthineſſe and valour ſhould through their famous poeſies be commended to all poſterities. Wherefore it is ſaid, that Achilles had neuer been ſo famous, as he is, but for Homers immortall verſes, which is the onely aduantage, which he had of Hector. And alſo that Alexander the great, comming to his tombe in Sigues, vvith naturall teares bleſſed him, that euer it vvas his hap to be honoured with ſo excellent a Poets vvorke as ſo renowned & ennobled onely by his meane. VVhich being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of Tullies, is of Petrarch no leſſe worthily ſet forth in a Sonnet.

Giunto Aleſſandro à la famoſa tomba,
Del fero Achillo ſoſpirando diſſe
O fortunato che ſi chiaro tromba Trouaſti, &c.

And that ſuch account hath been alway made of Poets, as vvell ſheweth this, that the vvorthy Scipio in all his vvarres againſt Carthage and Numantia, had euermore in his company, and that in moſt familiar ſort, the good old Poet Ennius: as alſo that Alexander deſtroying Thebes, vvhen he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick poet Pindarus vvas borne in that Citty, not onely commaunded ſtraightly, that no man ſhould vpon paine of death, do any violence to that houſe, or othervviſe: but alſo ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly revvarded that vvere of his kinne. So fauoured he the onely name of a Poet. Which praiſe otherwiſe was in the ſame man no leſſe famous, then when he came to ranſacking of king Darius coffers, whom he lately had ouerthrowne, he found in a little coffer of ſiluer the two bookes of Homers vvorks, as laid vp there for ſpeciall Iewels & riches: vvhich he taking thence, put one of them daily in his boſome, and the other euery night lay vnder his pillow. Such honour haue Poets alwaies found in the ſight of Princes & noble men, which this Authour heere very well ſheweth, as elſe where more notably.

But after: he ſheweth the cauſe of contempt of poetrie to be idleneſſe and baſe-

neſſe

neſſe of mind.

Pent, ſhut vp in ſloth, as in a coope or cage.

Tom Piper, an ironicall Sarcaſmus, ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude vvits, vvhich make more account of a ryming ribaud, then of skill grounded vpon learning and iudgement.

Ne breſt, the meaner ſort of men. *Her peeced pinions*, vnperfect skill: Spoken vvith humble modeſtie.

As ſoote as Swanne. The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the ſwan hath euer vvonne ſmall commendation for her ſvveet ſinging: but it is ſaid of the learned, that the Svvanne a little before her death, ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophecying by a ſecret inſtinct her neere deſtinie, as vvell ſaith the Poet elſewhere in one of his Sonets:

The ſiluer Svvan doth ſing before her dying day,
As ſhe that feeles the deep delight that is in death, &c.

Immortall mirrour, Beautie, vvhich is an excellent obiect of poeticall ſpirits, as appeareth by the vvorthy Petrarch, ſaying:

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno.
Ala ſua ombra, & creſcer ne gli affanni.

A craytiue courage, A baſe and abiect mind.

For loftie loue. I thinke this playing vvith the letter, be rather a fault then a figure, as well in our Engliſh tongue, as it hath been alvvaies in the Latin, called *Cacozelon*.

A vacant, imitateth Mantuans ſaying, *Vacuum curis diuina cerebrum Poſcit.*

Laniſh cups, Reſembleth the common verſe, *Fœcunda calices quæ non fecere diſertum.*

O if my: he ſeemeth heere to be rauiſhed vvith a poeticall furie. For (if one rightly marke) the numbers riſe ſo full, and the verſe grovveth ſo bigge, that it ſeemeth hee had forgot the meannetſe of ſhepheards ſtate and ſtile.

Wild Ivie: for it is dedicate to Bacchus, and therefore it is ſaid, that the Mænades (that is, Bacchus frantick prieſts) vſed in their ſacrifice to carrie Thyrſos, which were pointed ſtaues or Iauelins, vvrapped about with Ivie.

In buskin. It vvas the manner of poets and players in Tragedies, to vvere buskins, as alſo in Comedies to vſe ſocks and light ſhoocs. So that the buskin in poetrie, is vſed for tragicall matter, as is ſaid in Virgill, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in Horace, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.*

Queint, ſtrange. Bellona the goddeſſe of battell, that is Pallas: vvhich may therefore vvell be called queint, for that (as Lucian ſaith) vvhen Iupiter her father vvas in trauaile of her, he cauſed his ſonne Vulcan with his axe to heaw his head. Out of vvhich leaped out luſtily a valiant Damſell armed at all points: vvhom Vulcan ſeeing ſo faire and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her ſome curteſie, vvhich the Lady diſdaining, ſhaked her ſpeare at him, and threatned his ſaucineſſe. Therefore ſuch ſtrangeneſſe is vvell applied to her.

Equipage, order. *Tydes*, ſeaſons.

Charme, temper and order. For charmes vvere wont to be made by verſes, as Ouid ſaith: *Aut ſi carminibus.*

Embleme.

Heereby is meant, as alſo in the vvhole courſe of this Æglogue, that poetrie is a diuine inſtinct, and vnnaturall rage paſſing the reach of common reaſon. Whom Piers anſwereth *lipiphonematicos*, as admitting the excellencie of the skill, whereof in Cuddie he had alreadie had a taſte.

Nouember.



Aegloga vndecima.

ARGVMENT.

IN this xi. Aeglogue hee bewaileth the death of ſome maiden of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. The perſonage is ſecret, and to me altogether vnknowne, albeit of himſelfe I often required the ſame. This Aeglogue is made in imitation of Marot his ſong, which hee made vpon the death of Loyes the French Queene. But farre paſsing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Aeglogues of this booke.

THENOT.

COLIN, my deare, when ſhall it pleaſe thee ſing,
As thou wert wont, ſongs of ſome ſouſſaunce?
Thy Muſe too long ſlumbreth in ſorrowing,
Lulled aſleepe through loues miſgouernaunce.
Now ſomewhat ſing, whoſe endleſſe ſouenaunce,
Among the ſhepheards ſwaines may aye remaine:
Whether thee liſt thy loued Laſſe aduaunce,
Or honour PAN with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN.

THENOT, now nis the time of mery-make,
Nor PAN to herie, nor with loue to play:
Sike mirth in May is meeteſt for to make,
Or Sommer ſhade, vnder the cocked hay.
But now ſad Winter welked hath the day,
And PHOEBVS weary of his yeerely taske,
Yſtabliſht hath his ſteeds in lowely lay,
And taken vp his Inne in Fiſhes haske,
Thilke ſullen ſeaſon ſadder plight doth aske,
And loatheth ſike delights, as thou dooſt praiſe:
The mournfull Muſe in mirth now liſt ne maske,
As ſhe was wont in youngth and ſommer dayes.
But if thou algate luſt light virelayes,
And looſer ſongs of loue to vnderfong:

COLIN.

Who but thy ſelfe deſerues like Poets praiſe?
Relieue thy Oaten pypes, that ſleepen long.

THENOT.

The Nightingale is ſoueraigne of ſong,
Before him ſits the Titmouſe ſilent be:
And I, vnfit to thruſt in skilfull throng,
Should COLIN make iudge of my foolerie?
Nay, better learne of hem, that learned bee,
And han been watred at the Muſes well:
The kindly deaw drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if ſad winters wrath, and ſeaſon chill,
Accord not with thy Muſes meriment:
To ſadder times thou maiſt attune thy quill,
And ſing of ſorrow and deaths dreriment.
For dead is DIDO, dead alas and drent,
DIDO the great ſhepheard his daughter ſheene:
The faireſt May ſhe was that euer went,
Her like ſhe has not left behind I weene.
And if thou wilt bewaile my wofull teene,
I ſhall thee giue yond Coſſet for thy paine:
And if thy rymes as reund and rufull been,
As thoſe that did thy ROSALINDE complaine,

Much

Much greater gifts for guerdon thou ſhalt gaine,
Then Kid or Coſſet, which I thee benempt:
Then vp I ſay, thou iolly ſhepheard ſwaine.
Let not my ſmall demaund be ſo contempt.

COLIN.

THENOT, to that I choſe, thou doſt me tempt,
But ah! too well I wote my humble vaine,
And how my rimes been rugged and vnkempt:
Yet as I con, my cunning I will ſtraine.

VP then MELPOMENE, the mournfull Muſe of (nine,
Such cauſe of mourning neuer hadſt afore:
Vp griſly ghoſts, and vp my rufull rime,
Matter of mirth now ſhalt thou haue no more:
For dead ſhe is, that mirth thee made of yore,
DIDO my deare, alas is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:
O heauie herſe,
Let ſtreaming teares be poured out in ſtore:
O carefull verſe.

Shepheards, that by your flocks on Kentiſh downes abide,
Waile ye this wofull waſte of Natures warke:
Waile we the wight, whoſe preſence was our pride:
Waile we the wight, whoſe abſence is our carke.
The ſunne of all the world is dimme and darke:
The earth now lacks her wonted light,
And all wedwell in deadly night:
O heauie herſe,
Breake we our pipes, that ſhrild as loude as Larke,
O carefull verſe.

Why doe we longer liue, (ah why liue we ſo long)
Whoſe better daies death hath ſhut vp in woe?
The faireſt flowre our girlond all among,
Is faded quite, and into duſt ygoe.
Sing now ye ſhepheards daughters, ſing no mo
The ſongs that COLIN made you in her praiſe,
But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
O heauie hearſe:
Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygoe,
O carefull verſe.

Whence is it, that the flowret of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?
Yet ſoone as Spring his mantle doth diſplay,
It flowreth freſh, as it ſhould neuer faile.
But thing on earth that is of moſt auaile,
As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Reliuen not for any good.
O heauie herſe,
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs muſt quaile,
O carefull verſe.

She whoſe ſhe was, (that was, a wofull word to ſaine)
For beauties pryſe and pleaſance had no peere:
So well ſhe couth the ſhepheards entertaine,
With cakes and cracknells, and ſuch countrey cheere.
Ne would ſhe ſcorne the ſimple ſhepheards ſwaine:
For ſhe would call him often heame,
And giue him Curds and clouted Creame.
O heauie herſe:
Als COLIN CLOVT ſhe would not once diſdaine,
O carefull verſe.

But now ſike happy cheere is turnd to heauy chaunce,
Such pleaſance now diſplaſt by dolors dire:
All Muſicke ſleepes, where death doth lead the daunce,
And ſhepheards wonted ſolace is extinct.
The blewe in blacke, the greene in gray is tinct:
The gaudy girlonds decke her graue,
The faded flowres her Corſe embraue.
O heauie herſe,
Mourne now my Muſe, now mourne with teares beſprent,
O carefull verſe.

O thou great ſhepheard LOBBIN, how great is thy grief?
Where bin the noſegaies that ſhe dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knottedruſh-rings, and gilt Roſemaree?
For ſhee deemed nothing too deere for thee.
Ah, they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blaſt blew all away.
O heauie herſe,
Thereof nought remaines but the memoree,
O carefull verſe.

Aye me that dreerie death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortall ſtroke,
That can vndoe Dame Natures kindely coutſe:
The faded locks fall from the loftie Oke,
The flouds do gaſpe, for dryed is their ſourſe,
And flouds of teares flowe in their ſtead perforce.
The mantled medowes mourne,
Their ſundry colours tourne.
O heauie herſe,
The heauens doe melt in teares without remorſe,
O carefull verſe.

The feeble flocks in field refuſe their former foode,
And hang their heads, as they would learne to weepe:
The beaſts in forreſt waile as they were woode,
Except the Wolues, that chaſe the wandring ſheepe:
Now ſhee is gone that ſafely did them keepe.
The Turtle on the bared braunch,
Laments the wound, that death did launch,
O heauie herſe:
And PHILOMELE her ſong with teares doth ſteepe,
O carefull verſe.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to ſing & daunce,
And for her girlond Oliue branches beare,
Now balefull boughs of Cypreſſe doe aduance:
The Muſes that were wont greene bayes to weare,
Now bringen bitter Eldre branches ſere:
The fatall ſiſters eke repent,
Her vitall threed ſo ſoone was ſpent.
O heauie herſe,
Mourne now my Muſe, now mourne with heauie cheare,
O carefull verſe.

O truſtleſſe ſtate of earthly things, and ſlipper hope
Of mortall men, that ſwinke and ſweat for nought,

And

And ſhooting wide, doth miſſe the marked ſcope:
Now haue I learned (a leſſon deerely bought)
That nis on earth aſſurance to be ſought:
For what might be in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hould?
O heauie herſe,
Yet ſaw I on the beere when it was brought,
O carefull verſe.

But maugre death, and dreaded ſiſters deadly ſpight,
And gates of hell, and fierie furies force:
She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
Her ſoule vnbodied of the burdenous corpſe.
Why then weepes LOBBIN ſo without remorſe?
O LOBB, thy loſſe no longer lament,
DIDO nis dead, but into heauen hent:
O happy herſe,
Ceaſe now my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrowes ſourſe,
O ioyfull verſe.

Why waile we then? why wearie we the gods with plaints,
As if ſome euill were to her betight?
Shee raignes a goddeſſe now among the Saints,
That whilome was the ſaint of ſhepheards light:
And is enſtalled now in heauens hight.
I ſee the bleſſed ſoule, I ſee,
Walke in Elyſian fields ſo free.
O happy herſe,
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O ioyfull verſe.

Vnwiſe and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill deſert:
But knew we fooles, what it vs brings vntill
Die would we daily, once it to expert.
No danger there the ſhepheard can aſtert:
Faire fields and pleaſant layes there beene,
The fields aye freſh, the graſſe aye greene:
O happy herſe.
Make haſte ye ſhepheards, thither to reuert,
O ioyfull verſe.

DIDO is gone afore (whoſe turne ſhall be the next?)
There liues ſhe with the bleſſed Gods in bliſſe:
There drinks ſhe *Nectar* with *Ambroſia* mixt,
And ioyes enioyes, that mortall men doe miſſe.
The honour now of higheſt God ſhe is,
That whilome was poore ſhepheards pride:
While heere on earth ſhe did abide,
O happy herſe.
Ceaſe now my ſong, my woe now waſted is,
O ioyfull verſe.

THENOT.

Aye franke ſhepheard, how been thy verſes meint
With dolefull pleaſance, ſo as I ne wotte,
Whether reioyce or weepe for great conſtraint?
Thine be the Coſſet, well haſt thou it gotte.
Vp COLIN, vp, ynough thou mourned haſt:
Now ginnes to mizzle, hie we homeward faſt.

Colins Embleme.
La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Ionyſaunce, mirth. *Souenaunce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.

Welked, ſhortned or empayred. As the Moone beeing in the vvane, is ſaid of Lidgate to vvelk.

In lowly lay, according to the ſeaſon of the moneth of Nouember, when the Sunne draweth lovve in the South, toward the Tropick or returne.

In fiſhes haske, the Sun raigned, that is, in the ſigne Piſces, all Nouember: a haske is a wicker ped, wherein they vſe to carry fiſh.

Virelayes, a light kind of ſong.

Bewrayed: for it is a ſaying of Poets, that they haue drunke of the Muſes Well, Caſtalias, vvhereof was before ſufficiently ſaid.

Dreriment, dreery and heauie cheere.

The great ſhepheard, is ſome man of high degree, and not as ſome vainely ſuppoſe, God Pan. The perſon both of the ſhepheard and of Dido is vnknowne, and cloſely buried in the Authours conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not Roſalinde, as ſome imagine: for he ſpeaketh ſoone after of her alſo.

Sheene, faire and ſhining. *May*, for mayde. *Teene*, ſorrow.

Guerdon, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

Coſſet,

Coſſet, a lambe brought vp vvithout the damme. *Vnkempt*, Incompti. Not combed, that is, rude and vnhandſome.

Melpomene. The ſad and vvailefull Muſe, vſed of Poets in honour & Tragedies: as ſaith Virgil;

Melpomene tragico proclamat mœſta boatu.

Vp grieſly ghoſts. The manner of the tragicall Poets, to call for helpe of Furies & damned ghoſts: ſo is Hecuba of Euripides, and Tantalus brought in of Seneca. And the reſt of the reſt.

Herſe, is the ſolemne obſequie in funeralls.

Waſte of, decay of ſo beautifull a peece. *Carke*, care.

Ah voby, an elegant Epanortholis, as alſo ſoone after. Nay time was long ago.

Floret, a diminutiue for a little flowre. This is a notable and ſententious compariſon, *A minore ad maius*.

Reliue not, liue not againe. i. not in their earthly bodies: for in heauen they receiue their due reward.

The branch. He meaneth Dido: vvho beeing as it vvere the maine branch novv withered, the buds, that is, beautie (as he ſaid afore) can no more flouriſh.

With cakes, fit for ſhepheards bankets.

Heame, for home, after the Northern pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or ſtained.

The gaudie. The meaning is, that the things which vvere the ornaments of her life, are made the honour of her funerall, as is vſed in burials.

Lobbin, the name of a ſhepheard, vvhich ſeemeth to haue been the louer and deere friend of Dido.

Ruſh-rings, agreeable for ſuch baſe gifts.

Faded locks, dried leaues. As if Nature her ſelfe bewailed the death of the Mayde.

Sourſe, ſpring. *Mantled Medowes*, for the ſundry flovvers are like a mantle or couerlet vvrought vvith many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets faine once to haue been a Lady of great beautie, till being raviſhed by her ſiſters husband, ſhe deſired to be turned into a birde of her name: whoſe complaints be very well ſet forth of M. George Gaſcoin a wittie gentleman, & the verie chiefe of our late timers: who & if ſome parts of learning vvanted not (albe it is vvell knowne hee altogether vvanted not learning) no doubt would haue attained to the excellencie of thoſe famous Poets. For, gifts of vvit, and naturall promptneſſe, appeare in him abundantly.

Cypres, vſed of the old paynims in the furniſhiug of their funerall pompe, and properly the ſigne of all ſorrovv and heauineſſe.

The fatall ſiſters, Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos, daughters of Herebus and the Night, vvhom the Poets faine to ſpinne the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his fatall houre and timely death be come; but if by other caſualtie his daies be abridged, then one of thē, that is, Atropos, is ſaid to haue cut the thred in twaine. Heereof commeth a common verſe.

Clotho colum baiulat, Lacheſis trahit, Atropos occat.

O truſtleſſe. A gallant exclamation moralized vvith great vviſedom, and paſſionate vvith great affection.

Beere, a frame, vvhereon they vſe to lay the dead corps.

Furies, of Poets are fained to be three, Perſephone, Alecto, and Megera, vvhich are ſaid to be the Authors of all euill and miſchiefe.

Eternall night, is death, or darkneſſe of hell.

Betight, happened.

I ſee, A liuely Icon or preſentation, as if he ſaw her in heauen preſent.

Elyſian fields, be deuiſed of Poets to be a place of pleaſure like Paradiſe, vvhere the happy ſoules doe reſt in peace and eternall happineſſe.

Die vvould, the very expreſſe ſaying of Plato in Phædone.

Aſſert, befall vnvvares.

Nectar and Ambroſia, be fained to be the drinke and food of the Gods: Ambroſia they liken to Manna in ſcripture, and Nectar to be vvhite like creame, vvhereof is a proper tale of Hebe, that ſpilt a cup of it, and ſtained the heauens, as yet appeareth. But I haue already diſcourſed that at large in my Cõmentary vpon the dreames of the ſame Author.

Meynt, mingled.

Embleme.

Which is as much to ſay, as death byteth not. For although by courſe of nature vve be borne to die, and beeing ripened vvith age, as vvith timely harueſt, we muſt be gathered in time, or elſe of our ſelues vve fall like rotted ripe fruite from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for euill, nor (as the Poet ſaid before) as doome of ill deſert. For though the treſpaſſe of the firſt man brought death into the vvorld, as the guerdon of ſinne, yet beeing ouercome by the death of one that died for all, it is novv made (as Chaucer ſaith) the greene pathway of life. So that it agreeth vvell vvith that vvas ſaid, that Death byteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.



Aegloga duodecima.

ARGVMENT.

THis Aeglogue (euen as the firſt beganne) is ended with a complaint of Colin to God Pan: wherein, as wearie of his former waies, he proportioneth his life to the foure ſeaſons of the yeere, comparing his youth to the Spring time, vvhen he was freſh and free from loues follie. His manhood to the Sommer, which he ſaith, was conſumed with great heate & exceſsiue drouth, cauſed through a Comet or blazing ſtarre, by which hee meaneth loue, which paſsion is commonly compared to ſuch flames and immoderate heate, his ripeſt yeeres he reſembleth to an vnſeaſonable harueſt, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to Winters chill and froſtie ſeaſon, now drawing neere to his laſt end.

THe gentle ſhepheard ſate beſides a ſpring,
All in the ſhadow of a buſhie Breere,
That COLIN hight, which well could pipe and ſing,
For he of TITYRVS his ſongs did lere.
There as he ſate in ſecret ſhade alone,
Thus gan he make of loue his pitious mone.

O ſoueraigne PAN, thou God of ſhepheards all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takeſt keepe:
And when our flocks into miſchaunce mought fall,
Dooſt ſaue from miſchiefe the vnwarie ſheepe.
Als of their maiſters haſt no leſſe regard
Then of the flocks, which thou dooſt watch and ward:

I thee beſeech (ſo be thou deigne to heare,
Rude ditties, tunde to ſhepheards Oaten reed,
Or if I euer Sonnet ſung ſo cleare,
As it with pleaſaunce mought thy fancie feed)
Harken awhile from thy greene Cabinet,
The lawfull ſong of carefull COLINET.

Whilome in youth, when flowr'd my youthfull ſpring,
Like ſwallow ſwift, I wandred here and there:
For heat of heedleſſe luſt me ſo did ſting,
That I of doubted danger had no feare.
I went the waſtfull woods and forreſt wide,
Withouten dread of Wolues to been eſpide.

I wont to range amid the mazie thicket,
And gather nuts to make me Chriſtmas game:
And ioyed oft to chaſe the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartleſſe Hare, till ſhe were tame.
What recked I of wintry ages waſt?
Tho deemed I my ſpring would euer laſt.

How often haue I ſcal'd the craggie Oke,
All to diſlodge the Rauen of her neſt?
How haue I wearied with many a ſtroke,
The ſtately Walnut-tree, the while the reſt
Vnder the tree fell all for nuts at ſtrife?
For ylike to me, was libertie and life.

And for I was in thilke same looser yeeres,
(Whether the Muse, so wrought me from my birth:
Or I too much beliew'd my shepheard peeres)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.
A good old shepheard, WRENOCK was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepheards swaine, what-euer fed in field:
And if that HOBBINOLL right iudgement bare,
To PAN his owne selfe pipe I need not yeeld.
For if the flocking Nymphes did follow PAN,
The wiser Muses after COLIN ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaid,
The shepheards God (perdie God was he none)
My hurtlesse pleasance did me ill vpbraid,
My freedome lorne, my life he left to mone.
Loue they him called, that gaue me checkmate,
But better mought they haue behote him Hate.

Tho gan my louely spring bid me farewell,
And Summer season sped him to display
(For loue then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire, that kindled at his ray.
A comet stird vp that vnkindly heate,
That raigned (as men said) in VENVS seate.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to chuse my wandring way:
But whither lucke and loues vnbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowre,
The woods can witnesse many a wofull stoure.

Where I was woont to seeke the hony Bee,
Working her formall rowmes in Wexen frame:
The griesly Todestoole growne there mought I see,
And loathing Paddocks lording on the same.
And where the chaunting birds lulld me asleep,
The ghastly Owle her grieuous Inne doth keepe.

Then as the spring giues place to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruite of summers pride:
All so my age, now passed youthly prime,
To things of riper reason selfe applide:
And learn'd of lighter timber, cotes to frame,
Such as might saue my sheepe and me fro shame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And Baskets of bulrushes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fish in winding sale,
Was better seen, or hurtfull beasts to hunt?
I learned als the signes of heauen to ken,
How PHOEBVS failes, where VENVS sits, & when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The suddaine rising of the raging seas:
The sooth of byrds by beating of their wings,
The powre of hearbes, both which can hurt and ease:
And which be wont t'enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe.

But ah vnwise and witlesse COLIN CLOVT,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a weed:
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart roote,
Whose rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
Why liu'st thou still, & yet hast thy deaths wound?
Why dyest thou still, and yet aliue art found?

Thus is my summer worne away and wasted:
Thus is my haruest hastened all too rathe:
The eare that budded faire, is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turn'd to scathe.
Of all the seed, that in my youth was sowne,
Was nought but brakes & brambles to be mowne.

My boughs and blossoms that crowned were at first,
And promised of timely fruite such store:
Are left both bare and barren now at erst,
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
And rotted, ere they were halfe mellow ripe:
My harueste waste, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,
Been wither'd, as they had been gathered long:
Their rootes been dried vp for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with teares they han been euer among.
Ah, who has wrought my ROSALIND this spight,
To spill the flowers that should her girlond dight?

And I, that whilome wont to frame my pipe,
Vnto the shifting of the shepheards foote:
Sike follies now haue gathered, as too ripe,
And cast hem out, as rotten and vnsoote.
The looser Lasse I cast to please no more,
One if I please, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harueste hope, I haue
Nought reaped but a weedie crop of care:
Which, when I thought haue thresht in swelling sheaue,
Cockle for corne, and chaffe for barly bare.
Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be finde,
All was blowne away of the wauering winde.

So now my yeare drawes to my latter terme,
My spring is spent, my summer burnt vp quite:
My harueste hastes to stir vp vvinter sterne,
And bids him claime with rigorous rage his right.
So now he stormes with many a sturdie stoure,
So now his blustring blast each coast doth scoure.

The carefull cold hath nipt my rugged rinde,
And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
My head besprent with hoarie frost I find,
And by mine eye the crowe his claw doth wright.
Delight is laid abed, and pleasure past,
No sonne now shines, clouds han all ouer-cast.

Now leaue you shepheards boyes your merry glee,
My Muse is hoarse and wearie of this stound:
Heere will I hang my pipe vpon this tree,
Was neuer pipe of reed did better sound.
Winter is come, that blowes the bitter blast,
And after winter dreerie death does hast.

Gather

Gather ye together my little ſlocke,
My little flocke, that was to me moſt liefe:
Let me, ah let me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme vvinter breed you greater griefe.
Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
And after winter commeth timely death.

Adiew delights, that lulled me aſleepe,
Adiew my deare, whoſe loue I bought ſo deare:
Adiew my little lambes and loued ſheepe,
Adiew ye woods, that oft my vvitneſſe were:
Adiew good HOBBINOLL, that was ſo true,
Tell ROSALINDE, her COLIN bids her adiew.

Colins Embleme.

GLOSSE.

Tytirus, Chaucer, as hath been oft ſaid.

Lamkins, young lambes.

Als of their, ſeemely to expreſſe Virgils verſe;

Pan curat oues ouiumque magiſtros.

Deigne, vouchſafe.

Cabinet, *Colinet*, diminutiues.

Mazie, for they be like to a maze, whence it is hard to get out againe.

Peeres, Fellowes and companions.

Muſicke, that is, Poetrie, as Terence ſaith; *Qui artem tractant muſicam*, ſpeaking of Poets.

Derring doe, aforeſaid.

Lions houſe, he imagineth ſimply that Cupid, which is loue, had his abode in the hote ſigne Leo, which is in midſt of Sommer: a pretie allegory whereof the meaning is, that loue in him wrought an extraordinarie heate of luſt.

His ray, vvhich is Cupids beame of flames of loue.

A comet, a blazing ſtarre, meant of beautie, vvhich was the cauſe of his hote loue.

Venus, the goddeſſe of beautie or pleaſure. Alſo a ſigne in heauen, as it is heere taken. So he meaneth, that beautie, vvhich hath alway aſpect to Venus, was the cauſe of his vnquietneſſe in loue.

Where I was, a fine deſcription of the change of his life and liking, for all thinges now ſeemed to him to haue altered their kindly courſe.

Lording, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks & Frogs ſitting, which is indeed lordly, not mouing or looking once aſide, vnleſſe they be ſtirred.

Then as, The ſecond part, that is, his manhood.

Cotes, Shepcotes, for ſuch be exerciſes of ſhepheards.

Sale, or ſallow, a kind of vvood like vvillow, fit to wreathe and bind in heapes to catch fiſh vvithall.

Phœbe ſailes, The Eclipſe of the Moone, which is alwaies in Cauda, or Capite Draconis, ſignes in heauen.

Venus. i. Venus ſtarre, otherwiſe called Heſperus, and Veſper, and Lucifer, both becauſe he ſeemeth to be one of the brighteſt ſtarres, and alſo firſt riſeth, and ſetteth laſt. All which skill in ſtarres, being conuenient for ſhepheards to knowe, Theocritus and the reſt vſe,

Raging ſeas, The cauſe of the ſwelling and ebbing of the ſea cōmeth of the courſe of the Moone, ſometime increaſing, ſometime waning and decreaſing.

Sooth of birds. A kind of ſoothſaying vſed in the elder times, vvhich they gathered by the flying of birds: Firſt (as is ſaid) inuented by the Thuſcans, & from them deriued to the Romans, vvho (as it is ſaid in Liuie) were ſo ſuperſtitiouſly rooted in the ſame, that they agreed that euery noble man ſhould put his ſonne to the Thuſcanes, by them to be brought vp in that knowledge.

Of herbes. That wondrous things be vvrought by herbes, vvell appeareth by the common vvorking of thē in our bodies, as alſo by the vvonderfull enchauntments and ſorceries that haue been vvrought by them: inſomuch that it is ſaid, that Circe a famous Sorcereſſe, turned men into ſundry kinds of beaſts and monſters, & onely by herbs: as the Poet ſaith; *Dea ſæna potentibus herbis, &c.*

Kidſt, knovveſt. *Eare*, of corne. *Scathe*, loſſe, hinderance.

Euer among, Euer and anone. *This is my*, The third part, vvherein is ſet forth his ripe yeeres, as an vntimely harueſt that bringeth little fruit.

The fragrant flowers, ſundry ſtudies and laudable parts of learning, vvherein our Poet is ſeene: be they witneſſe vvhich are priuie to his ſtudie.

So now my yeere. The laſt part, vvherein is deſcribed his age, by compariſon of vvintrie ſtormes. *Carefull cold*, for care is ſaid to coole the bloud.

Glee, mirth. *Hoarie froſt*, A metaphor of hoarie haires, ſcattered like a gray froſt. *Breeme*, ſharpe and bitter.

Adiew delights, is a concluſion of all. Where in ſixe verſes hee comprehendeth all that was touched in this booke. In the firſt verſe, his delights of youth generally. In the ſecond, the loue of Roſalinde. In the third, the keeping of ſheepe, vvhich is the argument of all the Æglogues. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the laſt tvvo his profeſſed friendſhip & good vvill to his good friend Hobbinoll.

Embleme.

The meaning vvhereof is, that all things periſh and come to their laſt end, but vvorks of learned vvits and monuments abide for euer. And therefore Horace of his Odes (a vvorke though full indeed of great vvit and learning, yet of no ſo great vveight and importance) boldly ſaith;

Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber nec aquilo vorax.

Therefore let not be enuied, that this Poet in his Epilogue ſaith, hee made a Calender that ſhall endure as long as time, &c. following the example of Horace & Ouid in the like;

Grande opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetuſtas, &c.

Loe, I haue made a Calender for euery yeere,
That ſteele in ſtrength, and time in durance ſhall out-weare:
And if I marked well the ſtarres reuolution,
It ſhall continue till the vvorlds diſſolution.
To teach the ruder ſhepheard how to feed his ſheepe,
And from the falſers fraude his ſolded flocke to keepe.
Goe little Calender, thou haſt a free paſport:
Goe but a lowely gate amongſt the meaner ſort.
Dare not to mateh thy pipe with Tytirus his ſtile,
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:
But follow them farre off, and their high ſteps adore,
The better please, the worſe diſpleaſe: I aske no more.

Merce non mercede.

FINIS.

COLIN CLOVTS

COME HOME AGAINE.

By *Edm. Spencer.*



AT LONDON,
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*

COLIN CLOUTS

COME HOME AGAIN.

By Edm. Spenser.

AT LONDON
Printed by E. A. for S. Barbe Farmer.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine of her Maieſties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the Countie *of Cornwall.*

SIR, that you may ſee that I am not alwaies idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether vndutifull, though not preciſely officious; I make you preſent of this ſimple Paſtorall, vnworthy of your higher conceipt for the meaneneſſe of the ſtile, but agreeing with the truth in circumſtance and matter. The vvhich I humbly beſeech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden vnto you (for your ſingular fauours, and ſundry good turnes ſhewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenaunce protect againſt the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and miſconſtrue my ſimple meaning. I pray continually for your happineſſe. From my houſe at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.



COLIN CLOVTS
come home againe.

THE ſhepheards boy (beſt knowen by that name)
That after TITYRVS firſt ſung his lay,
Laies of ſweet loue, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his cuſtome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,
The ſhepheard ſwaines that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedy liſtfull eares,
Did ſtand aſtoniſht at his curious skill,
Like hartleſſe Deare, diſmaid with thunders ſound.
At laſt, when as he piped had his fill,
He reſted him: and ſitting then around,
One of thoſe groomes (a iolly groome was hee,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd this ſhepheard deareſt in degree,
Hight HOBBINOLL) gan thus to him areed:
COLIN, my liefe, my life, how great a loſſe
Had all the ſhepheards nation by thy lacke?
And I, poore ſwaine, of many, greateſt croſſe:
That ſith thy Muſe firſt ſince thy turning back
Was heard to ſound as ſhe was wont on hie,
Haſt made vs all ſo bleſſed and ſo blythe.
Whilſt thou waſt hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a ſythe,
And all their birds with ſilence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did ſeeme to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fiſh with languour did lament:
But now both woods, and fields, and floods reviue,
Sith thou art come, their cauſe of meriment,
That vs late dead, haſt made againe aliue:
But were it not too painefull to repeate
The paſſed fortunes which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,
Now at thy leiſure them to vs to tell.
To whom the ſhepheard gently anſwered thus,
HOBBIN, thou temptеſt me to that I couet:
For of good paſſed, newly to diſcus,
By double vſurie doth twiſe renew it.
And ſince I ſaw that Angels bleſſed eye,
Her worlds bright ſun, her heauens faireſt light,
My mind full of my thoughts ſatietie,
Doth feed on ſweet contentment of that ſight:
Since that ſame day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleaſure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes ſole bliſſe, my hearts eternall treaſure.
Wake then my pipe, my ſleepie Muſe awake,
Till I haue told her praiſes laſting long:
HOBBIN deſires, thou maiſt it not forſake,
Harke then ye iolly ſhepheards to my ſong.
With that, they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungry eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,
Did round about them feede at libertie.
One day (quoth he) I ſate (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of MOLE, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my ſheepe amongſt the cooly ſhade,
Of the greene alders by the MVLLARS ſhore:
There a ſtrange ſhepheard chaunſt to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whoſe pleaſing ſound yſhrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight: himſelfe he did ycleepe,
The ſhepheard of the OCEAN by name,
And ſaid he came far from the main-ſea deepe.
He ſitting me beſide in that ſame ſhade,
Prouoked me to play ſome pleaſant fit.
And when he heard the muſicke which I made,
He found himſelfe full greatly pleaſd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill hee cond)
Himſelfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip't, I ſung: and when he ſung, I piped,
By change of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,
So piped we, vntill we both were wearie.
There interrupting him, a bonny ſwaine,
That CVDDY hight, him thus atweene beſpake:
And ſhould it not thy ready courſe reſtraine,
I would requeſt thee COLIN, for my ſake,
To tell what thou didſt ſing, when he did play.
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were ſome hymne, or morall lay,
Or caroll made to praiſe thy loued Laſſe.
Nor of my loue, nor of my Laſſe, quoth he,
I then did ſing, as then occaſion fell:
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that deſart chooſe to dwell.
But of my riuer BVBLOGS loue I ſoong,

Which to the ſhiny MVLLA he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, ſo long
As water doth within his banks appeare.
Of fellowſhip, ſaid then that bonny Boy,
Record to vs that louely lay againe:
The ſtay whereof, ſhall nought theſe eares annoy,
Who all that COLIN makes, do couet faine.
Heare then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In ſort as I it to that ſhepheard told:
No leaſing new, nor Grandams fable ſtale,
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.
Old father MOLE, (MOLE hight that mountaine gray
That walls the Northſide of ARMVLLA dale)
He had a daughter freſh as flowre of May,
Which gaue that name vnto that pleaſant vale;
MVLLA the daughter of old MOLE, ſo hight
The Nymph, which of that water courſe has charge,
That ſpringing out of MOLE, doth run downe right
To BVTTEVANT, where ſpreading forth at large,
It giueth name vnto that auncient Cittie,
Which KILNEMVLLAN cleped is of old:
Whoſe cragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To trauellers, which it from farre behold.
Full faine ſhe lou'd, and was belou'd full faine.
Of her owne brother riuer, BREGOG hight,
So hight becauſe of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with MVLLA wrought to win delight.
But her old ſire, more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which AZLO hight, Broad-water called farre:
And wrought ſo well with his continuall paine,
That he that riuer for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day aſsigned plaine,
The place appointed where it ſhould be donne.
Nath'leſſe the Nymph her former liking held:
For loue will not be drawne, but muſt be ledde,
And BREGOG did ſo well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got, her firſt to wedde.
But for her father ſitting ſtill on hie,
Did warily ſtill watch which way ſhe went,
And eke from farre obſeru'd with iealous eye,
Which way his courſe the wanton BREGOG bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuiſe this ſlight:
Firſt into many parts his ſtreame he ſhar'd,
That whilſt the one was watcht, the other might
Paſſe vneſpide to meet her by the way:
And then beſides, thoſe little ſtreames ſo broken,
He vnder ground ſo cloſely did conuay,
That of their paſſage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the MVLLAES water ſlide.
So, ſecretly did he his loue enioy:
Yet not ſo ſecret but it was deſcride,
And told her father by a ſhepheards boy.
Who wondrous wroth for that ſo foule deſpight,
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie ſtones, the which encomber might
His paſſage, and his water-courſe fpill.
So of a Riuer, which he was of old,
He none was made, but ſcattred all to nought,
And loſt emong thoſe rocks into him rold,
Did loſe his name: ſo deare his loue he bought.
Which hauing ſaid, him THESTYLIS beſpake,
Now by my life, this was a merry lay:
Worthy of COLINS ſelfe, that did it make.
But read now eke of friendſhip I thee pray,
What dittie did that other ſhepheard ſing?
For I doe couet moſt the ſame to heare,
As men vſe moſt to couet forraine thing.
That ſhall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His ſong was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindneſſe, and of vſage hard,
Of CYNTHIA the Lady of the Sea,
Which from her preſence, faultleſſe him debard.
And euer and anon with ſingults riſe,
He cried out, to make his vnderſong,
Ah my loues Queene, and Goddeſſe of my life,
Who ſhall me pittie, when thou dooſt me wrong?
Then gan a gentle bonylaſſe to ſpeake,
That MARTIN hight, Right well he ſure did plaine,
That could great CYNTHIAES ſore diſpleaſure breake,
And moue to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further COLIN, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence diſſwade.
When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of ſinging made,
He gan to caſt great liking to my lore,
And great diſliking to my luckleſſe lot,
That baniſht had my ſelfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waſte, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leaue, thenceforth he counſeld mee,
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his CYNTHIA to ſee:
Whoſe grace was great, & bountie moſt rewardfull.
Beſides her peerleſſe skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did farre excell:
Such as the world admyr'd, and praiſed it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perſwaded forth with him to fare:
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill,
Small needments elſe need ſhepheards to prepare.
So to the ſea we came; the ſea? that is,
A world of vvaters heaped vp on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderneſſe,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarſe cry.
And is the ſea, quoth CORIDON, ſo fearefull?
Feareful much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:
Thouſand wilde beaſts, with deep mouthes gaping dire.
Therin ſtill wait, poore paſſengers to teare. (full,
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with feare,
And yet would liue with heart halfe ſtony cold,
Let him to ſea, and he ſhall ſee it there.
And yet as ghaſtly dreadfull as it ſeemes,
Bold men, preſuming life for gaine to ſell,
Dare tempt that gulfe, and in thoſe wandring ſtreames
Seeke waies vnknowne, waies leading downe to hell.
For as we ſtood there waiting on the ſtrond,
Behold, an huge great veſſell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,

As if it ſcornd the danger of the ſame;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with ſome ſubtile matter,
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to moue it ſelfe vpon the water.
Strange thing, how bold & ſwift the monſter was,
That neither car'd for wind, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor ſwelling waues, but thorough them did paſſe
So proudly, that ſhe made them roare againe.
The ſame aboord vs gently did receaue,
And without harme, vs farre away did beare,
So farre, that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but ſea and heauen to vs appeare.
Then hartleſſe quite and full of inward feare,
That ſhepheard I beſought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I ſaw no liuing people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that ſame was the Regiment
Of a great ſhepheardeſſe, that CYNTHIA hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then, quoth I, a ſhepheardeſſe ſhe bee,
Where be the flocks and heards, which ſhe doth keepe?
And where may I the hills and paſtures ſee,
On which ſhe vſeth for to feed her ſheepe?
Theſe be the hills, quoth he, the ſurges hie,
On which faire CYNTHIA her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thouſand fiſhes with their frie,
Which in the boſome of the billowes breed.
Of them the ſhepheard which hath charge in chiefe,
Is TRITON, blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At ſound whereof, they all for their reliefe
Wend to and fro at euening and at morne.
And PROTEVS eke with him does driue his heard
Of ſtinking Seales and Porcpiſces togither,
With hoary head and deawie dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he liſt, and whither.
And I among the reſt of many leaſt,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me aſſigned:
Where I will liue or die at her beheaſt,
And ſerue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Beſides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortall race, do ſtill attend, (ſhorne,
To waſh faire CYNTHIAES ſheepe, when they be
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Thoſe be the Shepheards which my CYNTHIA ſerue,
At ſea, beſide a thouſand moe at land:
For land and ſea my CYNTHIA doth deſerue
To haue in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
And more, at length we land far off deſcride:
Which ſight much gladded me; for much afore
I feard, leaſt land we neuer ſhould haue eyde:
Thereto our ſhip her courſe directly beat,
As if the way ſhe perfectly had knowne.
We LYNDA paſſe; by that ſame name is ment
An Iland, which the firſt to Weſt was ſhowne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the ſea in ieopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Againſt the ſeas encroching crueltie.
Thoſe ſame the ſhepheard, told me, were the fields
In which dame CYNTHIA her land-heards fed,
Faire goodly fields, then which ARMYLLA yeelds
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The firſt to which we nigh approched, was
An high head-land, thruſt far into the ſea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet ſeem'd to be a goodly pleaſant lea:
There did a loftie mount at firſt vs greet,
Which did a ſtately heape of ſtones vpreare,
That ſeemd amid the ſurges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:
There did our ſhip her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all aſhore on CYNTHIAS land.
What land is that thou meanſt, then CVDDY ſaid,
And is there other, then whereon we ſtand?
Ah CVDDY, then quoth COLIN, thou's a fon,
That haſt not ſeene leaſt part of Natures worke:
Much more there is vnkend, then thou dooſt kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that ſame land much larger is then this,
And other men and beaſts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, freſh herbage is
And all things elſe that liuing creatures need.
Beſides, moſt goodly riuers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy FYNCHINS praiſe,
Or vnto ALLO, or to MYLLA cleare:
Nought haſt thou fooliſh boy ſeene in thy daies.
But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
And is their heauen likewiſe there all one?
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
Like as in this ſame world where we do won?
Both heauen and heauenly graces doe much more,
Quoth he, abound in that ſame land, then this.
For there all happy peace and plentious ſtore
Conſpire in one to make contented bliſſe:
No wayling there nor wretchednesſe is heard,
No bloodie iſſues, nor no leproſies,
No grieſly famine, nor no raging ſweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The ſhepheards there abroad may ſafely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger:
No rauenous Wolues the good mans hope deſtroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the foreſt ranger.
There learned Arts do floriſh in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peereleſſe price:
Religion hath lay powre to reſt vpon her,
Aduaunting vertue, and ſuppreſſing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to vſe:
For God his gifts there plentiouſly beſtowes,
But graceleſſe men them greatly doe abuſe.
But ſay on further, then ſaid CORYLAS,
The reſt of thine aduentures, that betyded.
Forth on our voyage we by land did paſſe,
Quoth he, as that ſame ſhepheard ſtill vs guided,
Vntill that we to CYNTHIAS preſence came:
Whoſe glory, greater then my ſimple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would her liken to a crowne of Lillies,
Vpon a virgin brides adorned head,
With Roſes dight, and Goolds and Daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the Rainebowe bee:
Or like faire PHOEBES garlond ſhining new,
In which all pure perfection, one may ſee.
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine:
Her power, her mercy, & her wiſedome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I baſe ſhepheard bold and blind,
Preſume the things ſo ſacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,
The image of the heauens in ſhape humane.
With that, ALEXIS broke his tale aſunder,
Saying, By wondring at thy CYNTHIAES praiſe:
COLIN, thy ſelfe thou mak'ſt vs more to wonder,
And her vpraiſing, dooſt thy ſelfe vpraiſe.
But let vs heare what grace ſhe ſhewed thee,
And how that ſhepheard ſtrange, thy cauſe aduaunced?
The ſhepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Vnto that Goddeſſe grace me firſt enhanced:
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That ſhe thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it deſir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.
For not by meaſure of her owne great mind,
And wondrous worth ſhe mott my ſimple ſong,
But ioyd that country ſhepheard ought could find
Worth harkening to, emongſt that learned throng.
Why? ſaid ALEXIS then, what needeth ſhee
That is ſo great a ſhepheardeſſe her ſelfe,
And hath ſo many ſhepheards in her ſee,
To heare thee ſing, a ſimple ſilly Elfe?
Or be the ſhepheards which doe ſerue her laeſie?
That they liſt not their mery pipes apply,
Or be their pipes vntunable and craeſie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?
Ah nay, ſaid COLIN, neither ſo, nor ſo.
For better ſhepheards be not vnder skie,
Nor better able, when they liſt to blow
Their pipes aloude, her name to glorifie.
There is good HARPALVS, now woxen aged,
In faithfull ſeruice of faire CYNTHIA,
And there is CORIDON, but meanly waged,
Yet ableſt wit of moſt I knowe this day.
And there is ſad ALCYON; bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an euerlaſting dittie,
Whoſe gentle ſpright for DAPHNES death doth tourn
Sweet layes of loue, to endleſſe plaints of pittie.
Ah penſiue boy purſue that braue conceipt,
In thy ſweet Eglantine of MERIELVRE,
Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,
That may thy Muſe and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is PALIN, worthy of great praiſe,
Albe he enuie at my ruſticke quill:
And there is pleaſing ALCON, could he raiſe
His tunes from layes, to matter of more skill.
And there is old PALEMON, free from ſpight,
Whoſe carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himſelfe may rewed be more right,
That ſung ſo long vntill quite hoarſe he grew.
And there is ALABASTER throughly taught
In all his skill, though knowen yet to few:
Yet were he knowne to CYNTHIA as he ought,
His Eliſeis would be redde anew.
Who liues that can match that heroïck ſong,
Which he hath of that mightie Princeſſe made?
O dreaded Dread, doe not thy ſelfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie ſo in hidden ſhade:
But call it forth, ô call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun:
That when he finiſht hath as it ſhould be,
No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
Nor PO nor TYBVRS ſwans, ſo much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece ſo highly praiſed,
Can match that Muſe, when it with Bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raiſed.
And there is a new ſhepheard late vp ſprong,
The which doth all afore him far ſurpaſſe:
Appearing well in that well tuned ſong,
Which late he ſung vnto a ſcornfull Laſſe.
Yet doth his trembling Muſe but lowely flie,
As daring not too raſhly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loues ſoft layes, and looſer thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly DANIELL,
And to what courſe thou pleaſe thy ſelfe aduaunce:
But moſt, me ſeemes, thy accent will excell,
In Tragicke plaints and paſſionate miſchance.
And there that ſhepheard of the OCEANIS,
That ſpends his wit in loues conſuming ſmart:
Full ſweetly tempred is that Muſe of his,
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There alſo is (ah no, he is not now)
But ſince I ſaid he is, he is gone,
AMYNTAS quite is gone and lies full lowe,
Hauing his AMARILLIS left to mone.
Helpe, ô ye ſhepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe AMARILLIS this her loſſe to mourne:
Her loſſe is yours, your loſſe AMYNTAS is,
AMYNTAS, flowre of ſhepheards pride forlorne:
He, whilſt he liued, was the nobleſt ſwaine,
That euer piped on an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himſelfe with paſſing skill.
And there, though laſt not leaſt is AETION,
A gentler ſhepheard may no where be found:
Whoſe Muſe, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himſelfe heroically ſound.
All theſe, and many others moe remaine,
Now after ASTROFELL is dead and gone.
But while as ASTROFELL did liue and raigne,
Amongſt all theſe was none his Paragone:
All theſe do floriſh in their ſundry kind,
And doe their CYNTHIA immortall make:
Yet found I liking in her royall mind,
Not for my skill, but for that ſhepheards ſake.
Then ſpake a louely Laſſe, hight LVCIDA:
Shepheard, enough of ſhepheards thou haſt told,
Which fauour thee, and honour CYNTHIA,

But

But of ſo many Nymphs which ſhe doth hold
In her retinew, thou haſt nothing ſaid,
That ſeemes, with none of them thou fauour foundeſt,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deſerts reſoundeſt.
Ah far be it, quoth COLIN CLOVT, fro me,
That I of gentle Mayds ſhould ill deſerue:
For that my ſelfe I doe profeſſe to be
Vaſſall to one, whom all my dayes I ſerue.
The beame of beautie ſparkled from aboue,
The flowre of vertue and pure chaſtitie:
The bloſſome of ſweet ioy and perfect loue,
The pearle of peereleſſe grace and modeſtie,
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my hart I nightly martyrize:
To her my loue I lowely do proſtrate,
To her my life I wholly ſacrifice,
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is ſhee:
And I hers euer onely, euer one:
One euer I, all vowed hers to bee,
One euer I, and others neuer none.
Then thus MELISSA ſaid; Thrice happy Mayd,
Whom thou dooſt ſo enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleyes, thou haſt made
Her name to eccho vnto heauen hie.
But ſay, who elſe vouchſafed thee of grace?
They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praiſe: but in the higheſt place,
VRANIA, ſiſter vnto ASTROPELL,
In whoſe braue mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of INDE, or gold of OPHIR,
And in her ſex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne leſſe praiſe worthy I THEANA read,
Whoſe goodly beames though they be ouer-dight
With mourning ſtole of careful widowhead,
Yet through that darkſome vaile do gliſter bright.
She is the well of bountie and braue mind,
Excelling moſt in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Courts chiefe garlond, with all vertues dight.
Therefore great CYNTHIA her in chiefeſt grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her ſelfe aduance,
Well worthie ſhe of ſo honourable place:
For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy is her ſiſter deare,
Faire MARIAN, the Muſes onely darling:
Whoſe beautie ſhineth as the morning cleare,
With ſiluer deawe vpon the Roſes pearling.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy is MANSILIA,
Beſt knowne by bearing vp great CYNTHIAES traine:
That ſame is ſhe to whom DAPHNAIDA
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the patterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthy next after CYNTHIA to tread,
As ſhe is next her in nobilitie.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy GALATHEA ſeemes,
Then beſt of all that honourable crew,
Faire GALATHEA with bright ſhining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her doe view.
She there then waited vpon CYNTHIA,
Yet there is not her won, but heere with vs
About the borders of our rich COSHMA,
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delitious.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy faire NEAERA is,
NEAERA, ours, not theirs, though there ſhe be,
For of the famous SHVRE, the Nymph ſhee is,
For high deſert, aduaunſt to that degree.
She is the bloſſome of grace and curteſie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the branch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and lowe with faithfull harts.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy STELLA do I read,
Though nought my praiſes of her needed are,
Whom verſe of nobleſt ſhepheard lately dead
Hath praiſd and raiſd aboue each other ſtarre.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy are the ſiſters three,
The honour of the noble familie:
Of which I meaneſt boaſt my ſelfe to be,
And moſt, that vnto them I am ſo nie.
PHYLLIS, CHARILLIS, & ſweet AMARILLIS,
PHYLLIS the faire is eldeſt of the three:
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS,
But th'youngeſt is the higheſt in degree.
PHYLLIS, the flowre of rare perfection,
Faire ſpreading forth her leaues with freſh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereaue of ſenſe each raſh beholders ſight.
But ſweet CHARILLIS is the Paragone
Of peerleſſe price, and ornament of praiſe,
Admyr'd of all, yet ennied of none,
Through the mylde temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happy doe I hold thee noble ſwaine,
The which art of ſo rich a ſpoile poſſeſt,
And it embracing deare without diſdaine,
Haſt ſole poſſeſſion in ſo chaſte a breſt:
Of all the ſhepheards daughters which there bee,
(And yet there be the faireſt vnder skie,
Or that ellewhere I euer yet did ſee)
A fairer Nymph yet neuer ſaw mine eye:
She is the pride and primroſe of the reſt,
Made by the Maker ſelfe to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high addreſt,
That is with ſparks of heauenly beautie fired.
But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,
Or elſe vnfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from CVPIDS yoke by fate,
Since which, he doth new bands aduenture dread.
Shepheard what euer thou haſt heard to be
In this or that prayſd diuerſly apart,
In her thou maiſt them all aſſembled ſee,
And ſeald vp in the treaſure of her hart.
Ne thee leſſe worthy gentle FLAVIA,
For thy chaſte life and vertue I eſteeme:
Ne thee leſſe worthy curteous CANDIDA,
For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.
Beſides yet many mo that CYNTHIA ſerue,
Right noble Nymphs, & high to be commended.
But if I all ſhould praiſe as they deſerue,
This ſun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
Therefore in cloſure of a thankfull mind,

I deeme

I deeme it beſt to hold eternally,
Their bountious deeds & noble fauours ſhrynd,
Then by diſcourſe them to indigniſie.
So hauing ſaid, AGLAVRA him beſpake:
COLIN, well worthy were thoſe goodly fauours
Beſtowd on thee, that ſo of them dooſt make,
And them requiteſt with thy thankfull labours.
But of great CYNTHIAES goodneſſe and high grace
Finiſh the ſtorie which thou haſt begunne.
More eath, quoth he, it is in ſuch a caſe,
How to begin, then knowe how to haue done.
For euery gift, and euery goodly meed,
Which ſhe on me beſtowd, demaunds a day;
And euery day, in which ſhe did a deed,
Demaunds a yeere, it duly to diſplay.
Her words were like a ſtreame of honny fleeting,
The which doth ſoftly trickle from the hiue,
Able to melt the hearers hart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead, againe aliue.
Her deeds were like great cluſters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of timely Wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sunne,
Forth-looking through the windowes of the Eaſt:
When firſt the fleecie cattell haue begun
Vpon the perled graſſe to make their feaſt.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,
Which from a golden Cenſer forth doth riſe:
And throwing forth ſweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes vp to the vauted skies.
There ſhe beholds with high aſpiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation:
Emongſt the ſeats of Angels heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and faſhion.
COLIN, ſaid CVDDY then, thou haſt forgot
Thy ſelfe, me ſeemes, too much, to mount ſo hie:
Such loftie flight, baſe ſhepheard ſeemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.
True, anſwered he: but her great excellence,
Lifts me aboue the meaſure of my might:
That being fild with furious inſolence,
I feele my ſelfe like one yrapt in ſpright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to ſpeake it fitly forth:
And when I ſpeake of her what I haue thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth.
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I ſpeake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death theſe vitall bands ſhall breake,
Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.
Her name in euery tree I will endoſſe,
That as the trees doe growe, her name may growe:
And in the ground each where will it engroſſe,
And fill with ſtones, that all men may it knowe.
The ſpeaking woods, & murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame:
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for CYNTHIA by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongſt the ſhepheards daughters dauncing round,
My layes made of her ſhall not be forgotten,
But ſung by them with flowrie gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who ſo ye be, that ſhall ſurviue,
When as ye heare her memorie renewed,
Be witneſſe of her bountie here aliue,
Which ſhe to COLIN her poore ſhepheard ſhewed.
Much was the whole aſſembly of thoſe heards
Moov'd at his ſpeech, ſo feelingly he ſpake:
And ſtood awhile aſtoniſht at his words,
Till THESTYLIS at laſt their ſilence brake,
Saying, Why COLIN, ſince thou foundſt ſuch grace
With CYNTHIA, and all her noble crew:
Why didſt thou euer leaue that happy place,
In which ſuch wealth might vnto thee accrew?
And backe returnedſt to this barren ſoile,
Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,
Here to keepe ſheepe, with hunger and with toile:
Moſt wretched he, that is and cannot tell.
Happy indeed, ſaid COLIN, I him hold,
That may that bleſſed preſence ſtill enioy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncontrold,
Which ſtill are wont moſt happy ſtates t'annoy:
But I by that which little while I prooued,
Some part of thoſe enormities did ſee,
The which in Court continually hooued,
And followd thoſe which happy ſeemd to bee.
Therefore I filly man, whoſe former dayes
Had in rude fields been altogether ſpent,
Durſt not aduenture ſuch vnknowen waies,
Nor truſt the guile of fortunes blandiſhment,
But rather choſe back to my ſheepe to tourne,
Whoſe vtmoſt hardneſſe I before had tride,
Then hauing learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongſt thoſe wretches which I there deſcride.
Shepheard, ſaid THESTYLIS, it ſeemes of ſpight
Thou ſpeakeſt thus gainſt their felicitie,
Which thou enuieſt, rather then of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou dooſt ſpie.
Cauſe haue I none, quoth he, of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand ſo well:
But ſelfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
Moues me of each, ſo as I found, to tell,
And eke to warne young ſhepheards wandring wit,
Which through report of that lifes painted bliſſe,
Abandon quiet home, to ſeeke for it,
And leaue their lambes to loſſe, miſled amiſſe.
For ſooth to ſay, it is no ſort of life,
For ſhepheard fit to lead in that ſame place,
Where each one ſeeks with malice and with ſtriſe,
To thruſt downe other into foule diſgrace,
Himſelfe to raiſe: and he doth ſooneſt riſe
That beſt can handle his deceitfull wit,
In ſubtill ſhifts, and fineſt ſleights deuiſe,
Either by ſlaundring his well deemed name,
Through leaſings lewd, and fained forgerie:
Or elſe, by breeding him ſome blot of blame,
By creeping cloſe into his ſecrecie;
To which him needs, a guilefull hollow hart,
Maſked with faire diſſembling curteſie,
A filed tongue, furniſht with tearmes of art;
No art of ſchoole, but Courtiers ſchoolery.

For

For arts of ſchoole haue there ſmall countenance,
Counted but toyes to buſie idle braines:
And there profeſſors find ſmall maintenance,
But to be inſtruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Vnleſſe to pleaſe, it ſelfe it can apply:
But ſhouldred is, or out of doore quite ſhit,
As baſe, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is meaſur'd by his weede,
As Harts by hornes, or Aſſes by their eares:
Yet Aſſes beeſt not all whoſe eares exceed,
Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the higheſt beares.
For higheſt lookes haue not the higheſt mind,
Nor haughtie words moſt full of higheſt thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen vp with wind,
That beeing prickt doe vaniſh into noughts.
Euen ſuch is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought elſe but ſmoke, that fumeth ſoone away:
Such is their glorie that in ſimple eye
Seeme greateſt, when their garments are moſt gay.
So they themſelues for praiſe of fooles doe ſell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall:
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchaſe higheſt roomes in bower and hall:
Whiles ſingle Truth and ſimple Honeſtie
Do wander vp and downe deſpyſd of all;
Their plaine attire ſuch glorious gallantry
Diſdaines ſo much, that none them in doth call.
Ah COLIN, then ſaid HOBBINOL, the blame
Which thou imputeſt, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honeſt mind might there be found at all.
For well I wot, ſith I my ſelfe was there,
To wait on LOBBIN (LOBBIN well thou kneweſt)
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As euer elſe in Princes Court thou vieweſt.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whoſe names I cannot readily now gheſſe:
Thoſe that poore Suters papers doe retaine,
And thoſe that ſkill of medicine profeſſe.
And thoſe that do to CYNTHIA expound
The ledden of ſtrange languages in charge:
For CYNTHIA doth in Sciences abound,
And giues to their profeſſors ſtipends large.
Therefore vniuſtly thou dooſt wite them all,
For that which thou miſlikedſt in a few.
Blame it, quoth he, more blameleſſe generall,
Then that which priuate errours doth purſew:
For well I wote, that there amongſt them be
Full many perſons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of ſpotleſſe honeſtie,
And for profeſſion of all learned arts,
Whoſe praiſe heereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame doe light on thoſe that faultie be;
For all the reſt doe moſt-what fare amis,
And yet their owne miſfaring will not ſee:
For either they be puffed vp with pride,
Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe ſwell,
Or they their daies to idleneſſe diuide,
Or drowned lie in pleaſures waſtefull well,
In which like Moldwarps nouſling ſtill they lurke,
Vnmindfull of thoſe parts of manhoode,
And doe themſelues for want of otherworke,
Vaine votaries of laeſſe loue profeſſe,
Whoſe ſeruice high ſo baſely they eſteem,
That CVPID ſelfe of them aſhamed is:
And muſtring all his men in VENVS view,
Denies them quite for ſeruitors of his.
And is loue then, ſaid CORYLAS, once knowne
In Court, and his ſweet lore profeſſed there?
I weened ſure he was our God alone:
And onely woond in fields and foreſts here.
Not ſo, quoth he, loue moſt aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windowes there are writ,
All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
And all their talke and ſtudie is of it.
Ne any there doth braue or valiant ſeeme,
Vnleſſe that ſome gay Miſtreſſe badge he beares:
Ne any one himſelfe doth aught eſteeme,
Vnleſſe he ſwim in loue vp to the eares.
But they of Loue and of his ſacred lere,
(As it ſhould be) all otherwiſe deuiſe,
Then we poore ſhepheards are accuſtomd here,
And him doe ſue and ſerue all otherwiſe.
For with lewd ſpeeches and licentious deeds,
His mightie myſteries they doe prophane,
And his high name to other needs,
But as a cloke for courting vaine.
So ſome they do not ſerue as they profeſſe,
But make him ſerue to them for ſordid vſes.
Ah my dear Lord, that dooſt liege harts poſſeſſe,
Auenge thy ſelfe on them for their abuſes.
But we poore ſhepheards, whether rightly ſo,
Or through our rudeneſſe into errour led,
Do make full well how we raſhly go,
To loue that God, that is ſo greatly dred:
For how the greateſt of the Gods we deeme,
Borne with their Syre or couples, of one kind:
For VENVS ſire doth ſolely couples ſeeme,
Both male and female, through commixture ioynd.
So, pure and ſpotleſſe CVPID forth ſhe brought,
And in the gardens of ADONIS nurſt:
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And ſhortly was of all the Gods the firſt.
Then got he bowe and ſhafts of gold and lead,
In which ſo fell and puiſſant he grew,
That IOVE himſelfe his powre began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
From thence he ſhootes his arrowes euery where
Into the world, at random as he will,
On vs fraile men, his wretched vaſſals heere,
Like as himſelfe vs pleaſeth ſaue or ſpill.
So we him worſhip, ſo we him adore,
With humble harts to heauen vp-lifted hie,
That to true-loues he may vs euermore
Preſerre, and of their grace vs dignifie:
Ne is there ſhepheard, ne yet ſhepheards ſwaine,
What-euer feeds in foreſt or in field,
That dare with euill deed or leaſing vaine,
Blaſpheme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.
Shepheard it ſeemes that ſome celeſtiall rage
Of loue, quoth CYDDY, in breath'd into thy breſt,

That powreth forth theſe oracles ſo ſage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art poſſeſt.
But neuer wiſt I till this preſent day,
Albe of loue I alwaies bumbly deemed,
That he was ſuch an one, as thou dooſt ſay,
And ſo religiouſly to be eſteemed.
Well may it ſeeme by this thy deepe inſight,
That of that God the Prieſt thou ſhouldeſt bee:
So well thou wotſt the myſterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didſt preſent ſee.
Of loues perfection perfectly to ſpeake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed, ſaid COLIN, paſſeth reaſons reach,
And needs his prieſt t'expreſſe his powre diuine.
For long before the world he was y'bore,
And bred aboue in VENVS boſome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how ſhould elſe things ſo far from attone,
And ſo great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in ſuch accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to couet heate,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th'heauie downe to peize; the hungry t'eate,
And voidneſſe to ſeeke full ſatietie.
So beeing former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by little learne to loue each other:
So beeing knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then firſt gan heauen out of darkneſſe dread
For to appeare, and brought forth cheerfull day:
Next gan the earth to ſhewe her naked head,
Out of deepe waters which her drownd alway.
And ſhortly after, euery liuing wight
Crept forth like wormes out of their ſlimie nature,
Soone as on them the Suns like giuing light,
Had powred kindlie heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
And like himſelfe deſire for to beget,
The Lyon choſe his mate, the Turtle Doue
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet:
But man that had the ſparke of reaſons might,
More then the reſt to rule his paſſion,
Choſe for his loue the faireſt in his ſight,
Like as himſelfe was faireſt by creation.
For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind,
Beautie, the burning lampe of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mind:
Againſt whoſe power, nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,
But being hurt, ſeeke to be medicind
Of her that firſt did ſtur that mortall ſtownd.
Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares, & when he liſt ſhew grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwiſe would die.
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powrfull law:
All being made the vaſſalls of his might,
Through ſecret ſenſe which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to deeme:
And with chaſte heart to honour him alway:
But whoſo elſe doth otherwiſe eſteeme,
Are out-lawes, and his lore doe diſobay.
For their deſire is baſe, and doth not merit
The name of loue, but of diſloyall luſt:
Ne mongſt true louers they ſhall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thruſt.
So hauing ſaid, MELISSA ſpake at will,
COLIN, thou now full deeply haſt diuin'd
Of loue and beautie, and with wondrous skill,
Haſt CVPID ſelfe depainted in his kind.
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That dooſt their cauſe ſo mightily defend:
But moſt, all vvemen are thy debtors found,
That dooſt their bountie ſtill ſo much commend.
That ill, ſaid HOBBINOLL, they him requite:
For hauing loued euer one moſt deare,
He is repayd with ſcorne and foule deſpite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.
Indeed, ſaid LVCID, I haue often heard
Faire ROSALINDE of diuers fowly blamed:
For beeing to that ſwaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie elſe hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cauſe had that faire Mayd
To vſe him ſo that loued her ſo well:
Or who with blame can iuſtly her vpbrayd,
For louing not? for who can loue compell?
And ſooth to ſay, it is foolehardie thing,
Raſhly to wyten creatures ſo diuine,
For demigods they be, and firſt did ſpring
From heauen, though graft in frailneſſe feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it ſpoken,
How one that faireſt HELENE did reuile:
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Loſt both his eyes, and ſo remaind long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with trebble praiſe:
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How raſhly blame of ROSALINDE ye raiſe.
Ah ſhepheards, then ſaid COLIN, ye ne weet
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:
To make ſo bold a doome with words vnmeet,
Of thing celeſtiall, which ye neuer ſaw.
For ſhe is not like as the other crew
Of ſhepheards daughters which emongſt you bee,
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did ſee.
Not then to her, that ſcorned thing ſo baſe,
But to my ſelfe the blame, that looket ſo hie:
So hie her thoughts as ſhe her ſelfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eye.
Yet ſo much grace let her vouchſafe to grant
To ſimple ſwaine, ſith her I may not loue:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praiſe her worth, though far my wit aboue.
Such grace ſhall be ſome guerdon for the griefe,
And long affliction which I haue endured.
Such grace ſometimes ſhall giue me ſome reliefe,
And eaſe of paine which cannot be recured.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
This simple trophee of her great conquest.

So, hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
Warnd them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

FINIS.



ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

DEDICATED
To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of *Essex*.

ASTROPHEL.

SHepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reede,
Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your pitious layes haue learnd to breed
Compasion in a country-lasses hart;
Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may empierse,
With dolours dart, for death of *Astrophel*.
To you I sing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they beene, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pittie euer place,
Let him be moou'd to pittie such a case.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in ARCADY,
Of gentleſt race that euer ſhepheard bore:
About the graſsie banks of HAEMONY,
Did keepe his ſheepe, his little ſtock and ſtore.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In faireſt fields, and ASTROPHEL he hight.

Young ASTROPHEL, the pride of ſhepheards praiſe,
Young ASTROPHEL, the ruſticke Laſſes loue:
Far paſſing all the Paſtors of his dayes,
In all that ſeemely ſhepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely fayling of the beſt,
That he was not ſo happy as the reſt.

For from the time that firſt the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambes to feed,
A ſlender ſwaine, excelling farre each other,
In comely ſhape, like her that did him breed,
He grew vp faſt in goodneſſe and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vſage, and demeanure mild:
That all mens harts with ſecret rauiſhment
He ſtole away, and weetingly beguild.
Ne ſpight it ſelfe, that all good things doth ſpill,
Found ought in him, that ſhe could ſay was ill.

His ſports were faire, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without ſowre, and honny without gall:
And he himſelfe ſeemd made for merriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleaſure nor delightfull play,
When ASTROPHEL ſo-euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll ſweet,
Emongſt the ſhepheards in their ſhearing feaſt:
As Sommers larke, that with her ſong doth greet
The dauning day, forth comming from the Eaſt.
And layes of loue he alſo could compoſe.
Thrice happy ſhe, whom he to praiſe did choſe.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchſafe emongſt his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
For her that did his hart with loue inflame.
For which they promiſed to dight, for him,
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to ſhrill:
Both cryſtall vvells and ſhadie groues forſooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.
And brought him preſents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruite, if it were harueſt time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them often ſighed ſore:
Ne for their gifts, vnworthy of his wit,
Yet not vnworthie of the countries ſtore.
For one alone he car'd, for one he ſigh't,
His lifes deſire, and his deare loues delight.

STELLA the faire, the faireſt ſtarre in skie,
As faire as VENVS, or the faireſt faire:
(A fairer ſtarre ſaw neuer liuing eye)
Shot her ſharpe pointed beames through pureſt ayre.
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his ſongs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the ſeruice of his daies,
On her he ſpent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praiſe,
Of onely her he ſung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of loue he worthy deemed,
For all the reſt but little he eſteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
And verſes vaine, (yet verſes are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her ſole ſeruice vowed,
And bold atchieuements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wiſe and hardie (too hardie alas)

In wreſtling, nimble; and in running, ſwift;
In ſhooting, ſteddie; and in ſwimming, ſtrong:
Well made to ſtrike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the ſports that ſhepheards are emong.
In euery one, he vanquiſht euery one,
He vanquiſht all, and vanquiſht was of none.

Beſides, in hunting, (ſuch felicitie,
Or rather, infelicitie he found:
That euery field, and foreſt farre away,
He ſought, where ſaluage beaſts do moſt abound.
No beaſt ſo ſaluage but he could it kill,
No chace ſo hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with ſuch courage as he had,
Did pricke him forth with proud deſire of praiſe:
To ſeeke abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His Miſtreſſe name, and his owne fame to raiſe.
What needeth perill to be ſought abroad,
Sith round about vs, it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous game
In forraine ſoile purſued far away:
Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
Where ſtore he heard to be of ſaluage pray.
So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
Nor famous ARDEYN, nor ſoule ARLO is.

There his wel-wouen toyles and ſubtill traines
He laid, the brutiſh nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practiſe and with paines,
That he of them great troupes did ſoone entrap.
Full happy man (miſweening much) was hee,
So rich a ſpoyle within his power to ſee.

Eftſoones all heedleſſe of his deareſt hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thruſt,
To ſlaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Leaſt that his toyle ſhould of their troupes be burſt.
Wide wounds emongſt them many one he made,
Now with his ſharpe bore-ſpeare, now with his blade.

His

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might ſcape (ſo partiall vnto none)
Ill mind, ſo much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies,
That from himſelfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongſt that beaſtly rout,
A cruell beaſt of moſt accurſed brood:
Vpon him turnd (deſpaire makes cowards ſtout)
And with fell tooth, accuſtomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with ſo miſchieuous might,
That it both bone and muſcles riued quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,
And ſo huge ſtreames of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured not the direfull ſtound,
But on the cold deare earth himſelfe did throw:
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his ſhepheard peares,
To whom aliue was nought ſo deare as hee:
And ye faire Maydes, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boaſt you moſt to bee?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To ſtop his wound that wondrouſly did bleed?

Ah wretched boy! the ſhape of drerie head,
And ſad enſample of mans ſudden end:
Full little faileth but thou ſhalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or friend.
Whilſt none is nigh, thine eye-lids vp to cloſe,
And kiſſe thy lips like faded leaues of roſe.

A ſort of Shepheards ſewing of the chace,
As they the forreſt ranged on a day:
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Whereas the luckleſſe boy yet bleeding lay:
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would ſtill haue bled,
Had not good hap thoſe ſhepheards thither led.

They ſtopt his wound (too late to ſtop it was)
And in their armes then ſoftly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Laſſe,
His deareſt loue him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulſt beare that euer man did ſee,
Was ASTROPHEL, but deareſt vnto mee.

She when ſhe ſawe her loue in ſuch a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned,
Her face, the faireſt face that eye mote ſee,
She likewiſe did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that ſhone ſo bright and long,
As ſunny beames in faireſt ſommers day:
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roſes rent away.
And her faire breſt, the treaſurie of ioy,
She ſpoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
And with ſweet kiſſes ſuckt the waſting breath,
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and ſoft.
And oft ſhe cald to him, who anſwerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The reſt of her impatient regreet,
And pitious mone the which ſhe for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can ſet,
But he whoſe hart like ſorrow did inuade.
At laſt, when paine his vitall powres had ſpent,
His waſted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe ſtaied not awhit,
But after him did make vntimely haſte:
Forth-with her ghoſt out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaſte:
To proue that death their harts cannot diuide,
Which liuing were in loue ſo firmly tide.

The Gods which all things ſee, this ſame beheld,
And pittying this paire of louers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blew.
It firſt growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like ASTROPHEL, which thereinto was made.

And in the midſt thereof a ſtarre appeares,
As fairly formd as any ſtarre in skyes:
Reſembling STELLA in her freſheſt yeeres,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
And all the day it ſtandeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of ſome, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others, PANTHIA, though not ſo well:
But thou, where euer thou dooſt find the ſame,
From this day forth doe call it ASTROPHEL.
And when ſoeuer thou it vp dooſt take,
Doe pluck it ſoftly for that ſhepheards ſake.

Heereof when tydings far abroad did paſſe,
The ſhepheards all which loued him full deare
(And ſure full deare of all he loued was)
Did thither flocke, to ſee what they did heare.
And when that pitious ſpectacle they vewed,
The ſame with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguiſh, and great griefe oppreſt:
And euery one did weepe, and waile, and mone,
And meanes deuiſ'd to ſhew his ſorrow beſt:
That from that houre ſince firſt on graſſie greene
Shepheard kept ſheepe, was not like mourning ſeene.

But firſt, his ſiſter, that CLORINDA hight,
The gentleſt ſhepheardeſſe that liues this day:
And moſt reſembling both in ſhape and ſpright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, leaſt I marre the ſweetneſſe of the verſe,
In ſort as ſhe it ſung, I will rehearſe.

Colin Clouts come home againe.

AY me! to whom ſhall I my caſe complaine,
That may compaſſion my impatient griefe?
Or where ſhall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it ſhow?
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied wo:
For they foreſee what to vs happens here,
And they foreſaw, yet ſuffred this be ſo.
From them comes good, from them comes alſo ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to ſpill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And ſubiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree.
Their beſt redreſſe, is their beſt ſufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no leſſe, need comforted to bee?

Then to my ſelfe will I my ſorrowe mourne,
Sith none aliue like ſorrowfull remaines:
And to my ſelfe my plaints ſhall back retourne,
To pay their vſury with double paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers ſhall reſound
The mournfull accent of my ſorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are deſolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow ſtate,
Sith death their faireſt flowre did late deface.
The faireſt flowre in field that euer grew,
Was ASTROPHEL; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of curſed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the ſtalke which bore ſo faire a flowre?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.
Great loſſe to all that euer him did ſee,
Great loſſe to all, but greateſt loſſe to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, O ye ſhepheards laſſes,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to aſhes,
Neuer againe let Laſſe put girlond on.
In ſtead of girlond, weare ſad Cypres now,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne euer ſing the loue-layes which he made:
Who euer made ſuch layes of loue as hee?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he ſaid
Vnto your ſelues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alaſſe is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left ſad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and ſhepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope, neuer like againe to ſee.

Oh Death that haſt vs of ſuch riches reft,
Tell vs at leaſt, what haſt thou with it done?
What is become of him whoſe flowre here left
Is but the ſhadow of his likeneſſe gone.
Scarſe like the ſhadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a ſhade did pas.

But that immortall ſpirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celeſtiall grace:
By ſoueraine choice from th'heauenly quires ſelect,
And lineally deriu'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread.
Aye me! can ſo diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradiſe:
Where like a new-borne babe it ſoft doth lie,
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wiſe,
And compaſt all about with Roſes ſweet,
And daintie Violets from head to feet.

There thouſand birds all of celeſtiall brood,
To him doe ſweetly caroll day and night:
And with ſtrange notes, of him well vnderſtood,
Lull him aſleepe in Angel-like delight;
Whilſt in ſweet dreame to him preſented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may ſee.

But he them ſees, and takes exceeding pleaſure
Of their diuine aſpects, appearing plaine,
And kindling loue in him aboue all meaſure,
Sweet loue, ſtill ioyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what ſo goodly forme he there doth ſee,
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlaſting blis,
Sweet ſpirit, neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing ſauage beaſts more crueltie.
Whilſt we heere wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes doe often call him back.

But liue thou there ſtill happy, happy ſpirit,
And giue vs leaue thee heere thus to lament:
Not thee that dooſt thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne ſelues, that heere in dole are drent.
Thus doe we weepe and waile, and weare our eyes,
Mourning in others, our owne miſeries.

Which when ſhe ended had, another ſwaine,
Of gentle wit, and daintie ſweet deuice:
Whom ASTROPHEL full deare did entertaine,
Whilſt heere he liu'd, and held in paſſing priee;
Hight THESTYLIS, began his mournful tourne,
And made the Muſes in his ſong to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
And euery one in order lou'd him beſt,
Gan dight themſelues t'expreſſe their inward woe,
With dolefull layes vnto the time addreſt.
The which I here in order will rehearſe,
As fitteſt flowres to deck his mournfull hearſe.



The mourning Muſe of *Theſtylis*.

COme forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
forſake your watry bowres,
Forſake your moſsy caues,
and help me to lament:
Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes
to gurgling ſound
Of LIFFIES tumbling ſtreames:
Come let ſalt teares of ours,
Mixe with his waters freſh.
ô come, let one conſent
Ioyne vs to mourne with wailefull plaints
the deadly wound
Which fatall clap hath made;
decreed by higher powres.
The dreery day in which
they haue from vs yrent
The nobleſt plant that might
from Eaſt to Weſt be found.
Mourne, mourne, great PHILIP's fall,
mourne we his wofull end,
Whom ſpightfull death hath pluckt
vntimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre
did promiſe worthy fruite.
Ah dreadfull MARS!
why didſt thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood,
what fault of ours hath mooued thee
Of ſuch a ſhining light
to leaue vs deſtitute?
Thou with benigne aſpect
ſometime didſt vs behold,
Thou haſt in BRITONS valour
tane delight of old,
And with thy preſence oft
vouchſaft to attribute
Fame and renowne to vs
for glorious martiall deeds.
But now their irefull beames
haue chill'd our harts with cold,
Thou haſt eſtrang'd thy ſelfe,
and deigneſt not our land:
Farre off to others now,
thy fauour honour breeds,
And high diſdaine doth cauſe
thee ſhunne our Clime (I feare)
For hadſt thou not been wroth,
or that time neere at hand,
Thou wouldſt haue heard the cry
that wofull ENGLAND made,
Eke ZELANDS pitious plaints,
and HOLLANDS toren haire
Would haply haue appeaſd
thy diuine angry mind:
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſeene the trees
refuſe to yeeld their ſhade,
And wailing, to let fall
the honour of their head,
And birds in mournfull tunes
lamenting in their kind:
Vp from his tombe
the mightie CORINEVS roſe,
Who curſing oft the Fates
that this miſhap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
calling the heauens vnkind.
The THAMES was heard to roare,
the REYNE and eke the MOSE.
The SCHALD, the DANOVV ſelfe
this great miſchance did rue,
With torment and with griefe;
their fountaines pure and cleare
Were troubled, and with ſwelling floods
declar'd their woes.
The Muſes comfortleſſe,
the Nymphs with paled hue,
The SYLVAN Gods likewiſe
came running farre and neare,
And all with teares bedeawd,
and eyes caſt vp on hie,
O help, ô help ye Gods,
they ghaſtly gan to cry.
O change the cruell fate
of this ſo rare a wight,
And grant that Natures courſe
may meaſure out his age.
The beaſts their foode forſooke,
and trembling fearefully,
Each ſought his caue or den,
this cry did them ſo fright.
Out from amid the waues,
by ſtorme then ſtirr'd to rage,
This crie did cauſe to riſe
th'old father OCEAN hoare,
Who graue with eld,
and full of maieſtie in ſight,
Spake in this wiſe:
Refraine, quoth hee, your tears & plaints,
Ceaſe theſe your idle words,
make vaine requeſts no more.

No humble ſpeech nor mone,
may moue the fixed ſtint
Of deſtinie or death:
Such is his will that paints
The earth with colours freſh;
the darkeſt skies with ſtore
Of ſtarry lights: And though
your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make,
yet nought heerein they will preuaile.
Whiles thus he ſaid,
the noble Knight, who gan to feele
His vitall force to faint,
and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart
his mortall body to aſſaile,
With eyes lift vp to heau'n,
and courage franke as ſteele,
With cheerefull face,
where valour liuely was expreſt,
But humble mind, he ſaid;
O Lord, if ought this fraile
And earthly carkaſſe haue
thy ſeruice ſought t'aduance,
If my deſire haue been
ſtill to relieue th'oppreſt:
If iuſtice to maintaine
that valour I haue ſpent
Which thou me gau'ſt;
or if henceforth I might aduance
Thy name, thy truth,
then ſpare me (Lord) if thou think beſt
Forbeare theſe vnripe yeeres.
But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time
be come which thou haſt ſet,
Through pure and feruent faith,
I hope now to be plaſt
In th'euerlaſting bliſſe,
which with thy precious blood
Thou purchaſe didſt for vs.
With that a ſigh he fet,
And ſtraight a cloudie miſt
his ſenſes ouer-caſt,
His lips waxt pale and wan,
like damaske roſes bud
Caſt from the ſtalke,
or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languiſheth beeing ſhred
by culter as it paſt.
A trembling chilly cold
ranne through their veines, which were
With eyes brim-full of teares
to ſee his fatall howre,
Whoſe bluſtring ſighes
at firſt their ſorrow did declare,
Next, murmuring enſude;
at laſt they not forbeare
Plaine out-cries, all againſt
the heau'ns, that enuiouſly
Depriu'd vs of a ſpright
ſo perfect and ſo rare.
The Sun his lightſome beames
did ſhrowd, and hide his face
For griefe, whereby the earth
feard night eternally:
The mountaines each where ſhooke,
the riuers turnd their ſtreames,
And th'ayre gan winter-like
to rage and fret apace:
And griſly ghoſts by night were ſeene,
and fierie gleames,
Amid the cloudes
with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme
To rent the skies,
and made both man & beaſt afeard:
The birds of ill preſage
this luckleſſe chance fore-told,
By dernfull noiſe, and dogs
with howling made man deeme
Some miſchiefe was at hand:
for ſuch they doe eſteeme
As tokens of miſhap,
and ſo haue done of old.
Ah that thou hadſt but heard
his louely STELLA plaine
Her grieuous loſſe,
or ſeene her heauie mourning cheere,
While ſhe with woe oppreſt,
her ſorrowes did vnfold.
Her haire hung looſe neglect,
about her ſhoulders twaine,
And from thoſe two bright ſtarres,
to him ſometime ſo deere,
Her hart ſent drops of pearle,
which fell in foyſon downe
Twixt Lilly and the Roſe.
She wrong her hands with paine,
And pitiouſly gan ſay,
My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas, and woe is mee,
why ſhould my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly
to rob me of my ioy?
What cruell enuious hand
hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content,
my comfort and my ſtay?
Thou onely waſt the eaſe
of trouble and annoy:
When they did me aſſaile,
in thee my hopes did reſt.
Alas, what now is left but griefe,
that night and day
Affliets this wofull life,
and with continuall rage
Torments ten thouſand waies
my miſerable breſt?
O greedie enuious heau'n,
what needed thee to haue
Enricht with ſuch a Iewell
this vnhappy age,

To

To take it backe againe ſo ſoone?
Alas, when ſhall
Mine eyes ſee ought that may
content them, ſince thy graue
My onely treaſure hides
the ioyes of my poore hart?
As here with thee on earth I liu'd,
euen ſo equall
Me thinks it were with thee
in heau'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all
we heere on earth did part,
So reaſon would that there
of thy moſt happy ſtate
I had my ſhare.
Alas, if thou my truſtie guide
Were wont to be,
how canſt thou leaue me thus alone
In darkneſſe and aſtray;
weake, wearie, deſolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe,
refuſing for to take
Me with thee, to the place of reſt
where thou art gone.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace,
for ſorrow tide hir toong;
And inſteed of more words,
ſeemd that her eyes a lake
Of teares had been, they flow'd
ſo plentiouſly therefro:
And with her ſobs and ſighes,
th'ayre round about her roong.
If VENVS when ſhe waild
her deare ADONIS ſlaine,
Ought moou'd in thy fierce hart
compaſsion of her woe,
His noble ſiſters plaints,
her ſighes and teares emong,
Would ſure haue made thee mild,
and inly rue her paine:
AVRORA halfe ſo faire,
her ſelfe did neuer ſhow,
When from old TITHONS bed,
ſhee weeping did ariſe.
The blinded archer-boy,
like Larke in ſhowre of raine
Sate bathing of his wings,
and glad the time did ſpend
Vnder thoſe cryſtall drops,
which fell from her faire eyes,
And at their brighteſt beames
him proynd in louely wiſe.
Yet ſorie for her griefe,
which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,
and cleere thoſe lights,
Thoſe lights through which,
his glory and his conqueſts ſhine.
The Graces tuckt her haire,
which hung like threds of gold,
Along her Ivorie breſt
the treaſure of delights.
All things with her to weep,
it ſeemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales,
the caues, the ſtones ſo cold.
The ayre did helpe them mourne,
with darke clowds, raine and miſt,
Forbearing many a day
to cleare it ſelfe againe,
Which made them eftſoones feare
the dayes of PIRRHA ſhould,
Of creatures ſpoile the earth,
their fatall threds vntwiſt.
For PHOEBVS gladſome raies
were wiſhed for in vaine,
And with her quiuering light
LATONAS daughter faire,
And CHARLES-VVAINE eke refus'd
to be the ſhipmans guide.
On NEPTVNE warre was made,
by AEOLVS and his traine,
Who letting looſe the winds,
toſt and tormented th'ayre,
So that on eu'ry coaſt
men ſhipwrack did abide,
Or elſe were ſwallowed vp
in open ſea with waues,
And ſuch as came to ſhoare,
were beaten with deſpaire.
The Medwaies ſiluer ſtreames,
that wont ſo ſtill to ſlide,
Were troubled now and wroth:
whoſe hidden hollowe caues
Along his banks with fog
then ſhrowded from mans eye,
Aye PHILIP did reſound,
aye PHILIP they did cry.
His Nymphs were ſeene no more
(though cuſtome ſtill it craues)
With haire ſpread to the wind
themſelues to bathe or ſport,
Or with the hooke or net,
barefooted wantonly
The pleaſant daintie fiſh
to entangle or deceiue.
The ſhepheards left
their wonted places of reſort,
Their bagpipes now were ſtill;
their louing merry layes
Were quite forgot; and now
their flocks, men might perceiue
To wander and to ſtray,
all careleſly neglect.
And in the ſtead of mirth,
and pleaſure, nights and dayes,
Nought els was to be heard,
but woes, complaints and mone.
But thou (ô bleſſed ſoule)
dooſt haply not reſpect,
Theſe teares we ſhead,
though full of louing pure aſpect,

Hauing

Hauing affixt thine eyes
on that moſt glorious throne,
Where full of maieſtie
the high Creator raignes,
In whoſe bright ſhining face
thy ioyes are all complete,
Whoſe loue kindles thy ſpright;
where happy alwaies one,
Thou liu'ſt in bliſſe
that earthly paſſion neuer ſtaines;
Where from the pureſt ſpring
the ſacred Nectar ſweet
Is thy continuall drinke:
where thou dooſt gather now
Of well emploied life,
th' ineſtimable gaines.
There VENVS on thee ſmiles,
APOLLO giues thee place,
And MARS in reuerent wiſe
doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery ſphere,
to doe thee honour moſt.
In higheſt part whereof,
thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he ſetts to thee,
and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew,
whereby euen they that boaſt
Themſelues of auncient fame,
as PYRRHVS, HANNIBALL,
SCIPIO and CAESAR,
with the reſt that did excell
In martiall proweſſe,
high thy glory do admire.
All haile therefore.
ô worthy PHILLIP immortall,
The flowre of SYDNEYS race,
the honour of thy name,
Whoſe worthy praiſe to ſing,
my Muſes not aſpire;
But ſorrowfull and ſad
theſe teares to thee let fall,
Yet wiſh their verſes might
ſo farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage,
nor time might end the ſame.

A Pa



A Paſtorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight, &c.

(·.·)

Lycon. *Colin.*

COLIN, well fits thy ſad cheare this ſad ſtownd,
This wofull ſtownd, wherein all things complaine
This great miſhap, this greeuous loſſe of owres.
Hear'ſt thou the OROVYN? how with hollow ſownd
He ſlides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And ſeemes to ſay vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;
PHILLISIDES is dead. Vp iolly ſwaine,
Thou that with skill canſt tune a dolefull lay,
Helpe him to mourne. My hart with griefe doth freeſe,
Hoarſe is my voice with crying, elſe a part
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With ſobs and ſighes I ſecond will thy ſong,
And ſo expreſſe the ſorrowes of my hart. (teach

COLIN. Ah LYCON, LYCON, what need skill to
A grieued mind poure forth his plaints? how long
Hath the poore Turtle gone to ſchoole (ween'ſt thou)
To learne to mourne her loſt Make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seeſt not theſe flocks, how ſad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull ſound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to ſhew a heauie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, haſt thou ſeene, that prunes
Himſelfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladſome ſight appeare
Vnto thine eyes, ſince that ſame fatall howre?
Hath not the ayre put on his mourning coate,
And teſtified his griefe with flowing teares?
Sith then, it ſeemeth each thing to his powre
Doth vs inuite to make a ſad conſort;
Come let vs ioyne our mournfull ſong with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and ſorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and Eccho will our words report.

LYC. Though my rude rimes, ill with thy verſes
That others farre excell; yet will I force (frame,
My ſelfe to anſwere thee the beſt I can,
And honour my baſe words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou ſit
In ſecret ſhade or caue; vouchſafe, ô PAN,
To pardon me, and heare this hard conſtraint
With patience while I ſing, and pittie it.
And eke ye rurall Muſes, that doe dwell
In theſe wilde woods; If euer pitious plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Inſtruct me now. Now COLIN then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behind.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O harmful death;
O deadly harme. Vnhappy ALBION,
When ſhalt thou ſee emong thy ſhepheards all,
Any ſo ſage, ſo perfect? Whom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall.
Behold the ſacred PALES, where with haire
Vntruſt ſhe ſits, in ſhade of yonder hill.
And her faire face bent ſadly downe, doth ſend
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heauens deſpightfull, enuious,
Cruell his fate, that made ſo ſhort an end
Of that ſame life, well worthy to haue beeti
Prolongd with many yeeres, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and ORRADIS her round about
Doe ſit lamenting on the graſsie greene;
And with ſtrill cries, beating their whiteſt breſts,
Accuſe the direfull dart that death ſent out
To giue the fatall ſtroke. The ſtarres they blame,
That deafe or careleſſe ſeeme at their requeſt.
The pleaſant ſhade of ſtately groues they ſhun;
They leaue their cryſtall ſprings, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurell faire,
To ſport themſelues free from the ſcorching Sun.
And now the hollowe caues where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence baniſht is the gladſome aire
They ſeeke; and there in mourning ſpend their time
With wailefull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,
And ſeeme to beare a burden to their plaint.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O dolefull rime.
Why ſhould my tongue expreſſe thee? who is left
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they doe faint,
LYCON vnfortunate? What ſpightfull fate,
What luckleſſe deſtinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chiefe comfort; of thy onely ſtay?
Where is become thy wonted happie ſtate,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleaſant woods, & many an vnknowne way,

Along

Along the banks of many ſiluer ſtreames,
Thou with him yodeſt; and with him didſt ſcale
The craggy rocks of th'Alpes and APPENINE?
Still with the Muſes ſporting, while thoſe beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble breſt,
Which after did ſo glorioufly forth ſhine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All ſuddainly, and death hath them oppreſt.
Loe father NEPTVNE, with ſad countenance,
How he ſits mourning on the ſtrond now bare,
Yonder, where th'Ocean with his rolling waues
The white feete waſheth (wayling this miſchance)
Of DOVER-cliffes. His ſacred skirt about
The Sea-gods all are ſet; from their moiſt caues
All for his comfort gather'd there they be.
The THAMIS rich, the HVMBER rough & ſtout,
The fruitfull SEVERNE, with the reſt are come
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to ſee
The dolefull fight, and ſad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps paſſing through his kingdome.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With wofull ſhrikes ſalute him great and ſmall.
Eke wailefull Eccho, forgetting her deare
NARCISSVS, their laſt accents, doth reſound.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O luckleſſe age;
O widow world; ô brookes and fountaines cleere;
O hills, ô dales, ô woods that oft haue rong
With his ſweet caroling, which could aſſwage
The fierceſt wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
Ye Syluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
Theſe thickets oft haue daunſt after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,
That oft haue left your pureſt cryſtall ſpringe
To harken to his layes, that couldeu wipe
Away all griefe and ſorrow from your harts.
Alas! who now is left that like him ſings?
When ſhall you heare againe like harmonie?
So ſweet a ſound, who to you now imparts?
Loe, where engraued by his hand yet liues
The name of STELLA, in yonder Bay tree.
Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,
And ſpred your ſacred branch, which honour giues,
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
Vnhappy flocke that wander ſcattred now,
What marueil if through griefe ye woxen leane,
Forſake your foode, and hang your heads adowne?
For ſuch a ſhepheard neuer ſhall you guide,
Whoſe parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O happy ſprite,
That now in heau'n with bleſſed ſoules doeſt bide:
Looke downe awhile from where thou ſitſt aboue,
And ſee how buſie ſhepheards be to endite
Sad ſongs of griefe, their ſorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kind loue.
Behold my ſelfe with COLIN, gentle ſwaine
(Whoſe learned Muſe thou cheriſht moſt whyleare)
Where we thy names recording, ſeeke to eaſe,
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;
Ne can each others ſorrow yet appeaſe.
Behold the fountaines now left deſolate,
And withred graſſe with Cypres boughes beſpred,
Behold theſe flowres which on thy graue we ſtrew;
Which faded, ſhew the giuers faded ſtate,
Though eke they ſhew their feruent zeale and pure
Whoſe onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whoſe prayers importune ſhall the heau'ns for aye,
That to thy aſhes, reſt they may aſſure:
That learneſt ſhepheards honour may thy name
With yeerely praiſes, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tombe may decke with freſh & ſweeteſt flowres;
And that for euer may endure thy fame.

COL. The Sun (lo) haſtned hath his face to ſteepe
In Weſtern waues: and th'ayre with ſtormie ſhowres
Warnes vs to driue homewards our ſilly ſheepe,
LYCON, let's riſe, and take of them good keepe.

Virtute ſumma: cætera fortuna.

L. B.



AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION, for his *Astrophell.*

VVritten vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir *Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Gouernour* of Flushing.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, accloid the ayre,
The skie, like grasse of watchet hew,
Reflected PHOEBVS golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion King, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was ACTEONS horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

ALCIDES speckled Poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With loue-iuyce stained the Mulberie,
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,
And PHILLIS philbert there away,
Compardewith Myrtle and the Bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke & dolefull Ebonie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Ampitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here PHILOMELL, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skie-bred Eagle, royall bird,
Percht there vpon an Oake aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,
Example of immortall loue.
The Swan, that sings about to die,
Leaning MEANDER, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie:
And on a Ceader in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the same,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the grasse:
A man or stone, I knew not that,
No stone: of man the figure was,
And yet I could not coune him one,
More then the image made of stone.

At length, I might perceiue him reare
His body on his elbowe end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in vncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grieuous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings,
Then downe his cheekes the teares so flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the clowd in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.
After his throbs did some-what stay,
Thus heauily he gan to say.

O sunne,

O ſunne, ſaid he, ſeeing the ſunne,
On wretched me why dooſt thou ſhine?
My ſtarre is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of mine eine,
Shine vpon thoſe poſſeſſe delight,
And let me liue in endleſſe night.

O griefe that lieſt vpon my ſoule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Conſort me quickly with the dead,
Halfe of this hart, this ſprite and will,
Di'de in the breſt of ASTROPHILL.

And you compaſſionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beaſts, and ſhadie trees,
I am aſſurde ye long to kno,
What be the ſorrowes me agreeu's,
Liſten ye then to that inſu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not ASTROPHILL,
(That I ſhould liue to ſay I knew,
And haue not in poſſeſſion ſtill)
Things knowne permit me to renew:
Of him, you know his merit ſuch,
I cannot ſay, you heare too much.

Within theſe woods of ARCADIE,
He chiefe delight and pleaſure tooke,
And on the mountaine PARTHENIE,
Vpon the cryſtall liquid brooke,
The Muſes met him eu'ry day,
That taught him ſing, to write, and ſay.

When he deſcended downe the mount,
His perſonage ſeem'd moſt diuine,
A thouſand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerefull eine.
To heare him ſpeake and ſweetly ſmile,
You were in Paradiſe the while.

A ſweet attractiue kind of grace,
A full aſſurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Goſpell bookes,
I trowe that count'nance cannot lie,
Whoſe thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was neuer eye, did ſee that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long:
But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his ſweet perfections caught.

O God, that ſuch a worthy man,
In whom ſo rare deſerts did raigne,
Deſired thus, muſt leaue vs than,
And we to wiſh for him in vaine,
O could the ſtarres that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed ſit?

Then beeing fild with learned dew,
The Muſes willed him to loue,
That inſtrument can aptly ſhew,
How finely our conceits will moue.
As BACCHVS opes diſſembled harts,
So loue ſets out our better parts.

STELLA, a Nymph within this wood,
Moſt rare and rich of heau'nly bliſs,
The higheſt in his fancie ſtood,
And ſhe could well demerite this,
'Tis likely they acquainted ſoone,
He was a Sun, and ſhe a Moone.

Our ASTROPHILL did STELLA loue,
O STELLA vaunt of ASTROPHILL,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou find and ASTROPHILL,
The roſe and lillie haue their prime,
And ſo hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe exceede,
In common ſight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poeſies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement to,
Sees more than any others do.

Then ASTROPHILL hath honord thee,
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces ſhall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verſes he doth giue,
To ſhort liude beautie, aye to liue.

Aboue all others, this is hee,
Which erſt approued in his ſong,
That loue and honour might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.
Sweet ſaints, it is no ſinne nor blame,
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue ſo ſweetly breath
In any mortall breſt before,
Did neuer Muſe inſpire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer ſtore:
He wrote of loue with high conceit,
And beautie reard aboue her height.

Then PALLAS afterward attyrde,
Our ASTROPHILL with her deuice,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies,
He ſparkled in his armes a farre,
As he were dight with fiery ſtarre.

The blaze whereof when MARS beheld,
(An enuious eye doth ſee afar)
Such maieſtie, quoth he, is ſeld,
Such maieſtie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a ſuter be,
To ſet MARS by his deitie.

In

In this ſurmize he made with ſpeede
An Iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in clouds doth breed.
The flame and bolt together ſhut,
With priuie force burſt out againe,
And ſo our ASTROPHIL was ſlaine.

This word (was ſlain) ſtraightway did moue,
And natures inward life-ſtrings twitch,
The skie immediatly aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wraſtling winds frō out the ground,
Fild all the ayre with ratling ſound.

The bending trees expreſt a grone,
And ſigh'd the ſorrow of his fall,
The forreſt beaſts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And PHILOMEL for ASTROPHIL,
Vnto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle Doue with tunes of ruth,
Shew'd feeling paſſion of his death,
Me thought ſhe ſaid, I tell the truth,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more truſtie found,
Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in preſence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to ſing,
Good things, quoth he, may ſcarce appeere,
But paſſe away with ſpeedy wing.
This mortall life, as death is tride,
And death giues life, and ſo he di'de.

The generall ſorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phœnix where ſhe laid,
Her aſhes flying with the wind,
So as I might with reaſon ſee,
That ſuch a Phœnix nere ſhould bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breed an ofspring neere that kind,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt.
It cannot ſinke into my mind,
That vnder-branches ere can bee
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with pearcing ſight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To ſignifie to IOVE the caſe,
What ſorrow Nature doth ſuſtaine,
For ASTROPHILL, by enuie ſlaine.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,
The flight the Eagle vpward tooke,
All things did vaniſh by and by,
And diſappeared from my looke,
The trees, beaſts, birds, & groue was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This ſpectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compaſſion in my ſpright,
My molting hart iſſude, me thought,
In ſtreames forth at mine eyes aright,
And heere my pen is forſt to ſhrinke,
My teares diſcolour ſo mine inke.

An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight: Lord Gouernour of Flushing.

TO praiſe thy life, or waile thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obſcurde in ſecret breſt,
And loue that enuie in thy life ſuppreſt,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing ſtate,
Did onely praiſe thy vertues in my thought,
As one that fild the riſing Sun hath ſought,
With words and teares now waile thy timeleſſe fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor leſſe then ſuch (by gifts that Nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,)
Doth vertue ſhew, and princely linage ſhine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
For this baſe world, and hath reſumde it neere,
To ſit in skies, and ſort with powers diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made haſt, and ſtaid nor yeers, nor time,
The fruites of age grew ripe in thy firſt prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the ſeales of truth.

Great gifts and wiſedome rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings, with thoſe more great then kings,
Such hope men had to lay the higheſt things,
On thy wiſe youth, to be tranſported hence.

Whence, to ſharpe warres ſweet honour did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the markes, the liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didſt thou vanquiſh ſhame and tedious age,
Griefe, ſorrow, ſickneſs, and baſe fortunes might:
Thy riſing day, ſaw neuer wofull night,
But paſt with praiſe, from off this worldly ſtage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
Firſt thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the ſouldiers, the proud *Caſtilians* ſhame;
Vertue expreſt, and honour truly taught.

What hath he loſt, that ſuch great grace hath woon,
Young yeares, for endleſſe yeares, and hope vnſure
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that ſtill ſhall dure,
Oh happie race with ſo great praiſes runne.

England doth hold thy limmes that bred the ſame,
Flaunders thy valure, where it laſt was tried,
The Campe thy ſorrow, where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy loſſe, yeeres long to come,
In worthy harts ſorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy ſoule and ſpright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'd in gratefull teares,
Young ſighes ſweet ſighes, ſage ſighes bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her ſting, and ſpight hath left her gall,
Malice her ſelfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their HANNIBAL died, our SCIPIO fell,
SCIPIO, CICERO, & PETRARCH of our time,
Whoſe vertues wounded by my worthleſſe rime,
Let Angels ſpeake, and heauen thy praiſes tell.

An other of the ſame.

SIlence augmenteth griefe,
writing increaſeth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd,
and loſt, the wonder of our age:
Yet quickned now with fire,
though dead with froſt ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I knowe not what:
dead, quick, I knowe not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,
and rigors teares abound,
And enuie ſtrangely rues his end,
in whom no fault ſhe found,
Knowledge her light hath loſt,
valor hath ſlaine her knight,
SIDNEY is dead, dead is my friend,
dead is the worlds delight.

Place penſiue wailes his fall,
whoſe preſence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:
his life was my ſpring tide,
Fame mournes in that ſhe loſt
the ground of her reports,
Each liuing wight laments his lack,
and all in ſundry ſorts.

He was (wo worth that word)
to each well thinking mind,
A ſpotleſſe friend, a matchleſſe man,
whoſe vertue euer ſhind,
Declaring in his thoughts,
his life, and that he writ,
Higheſt conceits, longeſt foreſights,
and deepeſt works of wit.

He onely like himſelfe,
was ſecond vnto none,
Whoſe death (though life) we rue, and
and all in vaine doe mone, (wrong,
Their loſſe, not him waile they,
that fill the world with cries,
Death ſlew not him, but he made death
his ladder to the skies.

Now ſinke of ſorow I,
who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wiſhing death, whom death denies,
whoſe thred is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life,
who lookes for no reliefe,
Muſt ſpend my euer dying dayes,
in neuer ending griefe.

Harts eaſe and onely I,
like parallels runne on,
Whoſe equall length, keepe equall bredth,
and neuer meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him,
my thoughts, my ſorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will,
for liking him ſo well.

Farewell to you my hopes,
my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell ſometimes enioyed ioy,
eclipſed are thy beames,
Farewell falſe-pleaſing thoughts,
which quietneſſe brings forth,
And farewell friendſhips ſacred league,
vniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,
the gift of guiltleſſe minds,
And all ſports, which for liues reſtore,
varietie aſſignes,
Let all that ſweet is void;
in me no mirth may dwell,
PHILLIP, the cauſe of all this woe,
my lifes content, farewell.

Now rime, the ſonne of rage,
which art no kin to skill,
And endleſſe griefe, which deads my life,
yet knowes not how to kill,
Goe ſeeke that hapleſſe tombe,
which if ye hap to find,
Salute the ſtones, that keepe the limmes,
that held ſo good a mind.

FINIS.

PROTHALA-MION

OR

A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE by *Edmunde Spenſer*,

In honour of the double mariage of the two Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Katherine Somerſet*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worceſter*: and eſpouſed to the two worthy Gentlemen, M. *Henry Gilford*, and M. *William Peter*, Eſquires.



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*.
1611.

PROTHALA-MION.

CAlme was the day, & through the trembling ayre,
Sweet-breathing ZEPHYRVS did ſoftly play
A gentle ſpirit, that lightly did delay
Hot TITANS beames, which then did glyſter faire:
When I, whom ſullen care,
Through diſcontent of my long fruitleſſe ſtay
In Princes Court, and expectation vaine
Of idle hopes, which ſtill doe flie away,
Like empty ſhaddowes, did afflict my braine,
Walkt forth to eaſe my paine
Along the ſhoare of ſiluer ſtreaming THEMMES,
Whoſe rutty Banke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours,
Againſt the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers ſide,
A flock of Nymphes I chaunced to eſpy,
All louely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greeniſh locks, all looſe vntyde,
As each had been a Bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiouſly,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:
And with fine fingers, cropt full feateouſly
The tender ſtalkes on hie.
Of euery ſort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered ſome; the Violet pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at euening cloſes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primroſe trew,
With ſtore of vermeil Roſes,
To decke their Bridegroomes poſies,
Againſt the Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

With that, I ſaw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
Come ſoftly ſwimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer ſee:
The ſnowe which doth the top of PINDVS ſtrewe,
Did neuer whiter ſhewe,
Nor IOVE himſelfe when he a Swan would be,
For loue of LEDA, whiter did appeare:
Yet LEDA was (they ſay) as white as he,
Yet not ſo white as theſe, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That euen the gentle ſtreame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes ſpare
To wet their ſilken feathers, leaſt they might
Soyle their faire plumes, with water not ſo faire,
And marre their beauties bright,
That ſhone as heauens light,
Againſt their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Eftſoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haſte, to ſee that ſiluer broode,
As they came floting on the cryſtall Flood.
Whom when they ſawe, they ſtood amazed ſtill,
Their wondring eyes to fill,
Them ſeem'd they neuer ſaw a ſight ſo fayre,
Of Fowles ſo louely, that they ſure did deeme
Them heauenly borne, or to be that ſame payre
Which through the Skie draw VENVS ſiluer Teeme,
For ſure they did not ſeeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
Yet were they bred of SOMMERS-HEAT, they ſay,
In ſweeteſt Seaſon, when each Flower and weed
The earth did freſh aray,
So freſh they ſeem'd as day,
Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,
Great ſtore of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the ſenſe did fragrant odours yield,
All which, vpon thoſe goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did ſtrew,
That like old PENEVS Waters they did ſeeme,
When down along by pleaſant TEMPES ſhore (ſtreem,
Scattred with Flowres, through THESSALY they
That they appeare through Lillies plentious ſtore,
Like a Brides Chamber flore:

Two of those Nymphes, mean-while two garlands bound,
Of freshest Flowres, which in that Mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim Array,
Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'st one did sing this Lay,
Prepar'd against that Day,
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament,
And heavens glorie, whom this happy hower
Doth leade vnto your lovers blisfull bower,
Ioy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement:
And let faire VENVS, that is Queene of love,
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you smile,
Whose smile they say, hath vertue to remove
All love dislike, and friendships faultie guile
For ever to assoile.
Let endlesse Peace your stedfast hearts accord,
And blessed Plentie waite vpon your bord,
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound,
Vpon your Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her vndersong,
Which said, their Bridale day should not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did resound.
So forth, those joyous Birdes did passe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
Making his streame runne slow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flocke about these twaine, that did excell
The rest, so far, as CYNTHIA doth shend
The lesser starres. So they enranged well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend,
Against their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

At length, they all to merry LONDON came,
To merry LONDON, my most kindly Nurse,
That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse:
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas those bricky towres,
The which on THEMMES brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feeles my friendlesse case:
But ah! heere fits not well
Old woes, but joyes to tell
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,
Great *Englands* glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whose dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thunder,
And HERCVLES two pillars standing neere,
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Chevalrie,
That fillest *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy have thou of thy noble victorie,
And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
That promiseth the same:
That through thy prowesse and victorious armes,
Thy Country may be freed from forraine harmes:
And great ELISAES glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which some braue Muse may sing
To ages following,
Vpon the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

From those high Towers, this noble Lord issuing,
Like radiant HESPER, when his golden haire
In th'Ocean billowes he hath bathed faire,
Descended to the Riuers open viewing,
With a great traine ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seene
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature
Beseeming well the bower of any Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature:
That like the twinnes of IOVE they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heavens bright.
They two forth pacing to the Riuers side,
Received those two faire Brides, their Loves delight,
Which at th'appointed tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Against their Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

FINIS.

AMO-

AMORETTI
AND
EPITHALAMION.

VVritten by *Edmunde Spenſer.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.



AMORETTI.

G. W. ſenior, to the Author.

DArke is the day, whē Phœbus *face is ſhrowded,*
And weaker ſights may wander ſoone aſtray:
But whē they ſee his glorious raies vnclowded,
With ſteddy ſteps they keepe the perfect way:
So while this Muſe in forraine Land doth ſtay,
Inuention weepes, and pennes are caſt aſide,
The time like night, depriud of chearfull day,
And few doe write, but (ah) too ſoone may ſlide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illuſtrate Englands fame,
Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,
That do for poeſie, challenge chiefeſt name:
So we that liue, and ages that ſucceed,
With great applauſe thy learned works ſhall reed.

AH Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to ſhepheards thy ſweet roundelayes:
Or whether ſinging in ſome loftie vaine,
Heroicke deeds, of paſt, or preſent dayes:
Or whether in thy lowely Miſtreſſe praiſe,
Thou liſt to exerciſe thy learned quill, (pleaſe,
Thy Muſe hath got ſuch grace and power to
With rare inuention, beautified by skill:
As who therin can euer ioy their fill!
O therefore let that happy Muſe proceed
To clime the height of vertues ſacred hill,
Where endleſſe honour ſhal be made thy meed.
Becauſe no malice of ſucceeding daies,
Can raſe thoſe records of thy laſting praiſe.

G. W. I.

SONNET I.

HAppy ye leaues, when as thoſe lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
ſhall handle you, and hold in loues ſoft bands,
like captiues trembling at the victors ſight.
And happy lines, on which with ſtarry light,
thoſe lamping eyes will deigne ſometimes to looke
and reade the ſorrowes of my dying ſpright,
written with teares in harts cloſe bleeding booke
And happy rimes bath'd in the ſacred brooke,
of HELICON whence ſhe deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels bleſſed looke,
my ſoules long lacked foode, my heauens bliſ.
Leaues, lines, and rimes, ſeeke her to pleaſe alone,
Whom if ye pleaſe, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

VNquiet thought, whom at the firſt I bred,
of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:
and ſithens haue with ſighes and ſorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkeſt like to vipers brood:
and ſeeke ſome ſuccour both to eaſe my ſmart,
and alſo to ſuſtaine thy ſelfe with food.
But if in preſence of that faireſt proud
thou chance to come, fall lowely at her feet:
and with meeke humbleſſe and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if ſhe grant, then liue, and my loue cheriſh:
If not, die ſoone, and I with thee will periſh.

SONNET III.

THe ſoueraigne beautie which I doe admire,
witneſſe the world how worthy to be praiſed:
the light whereof hath kindled heauenly fire,
in my fraile ſpirit, by her from baſeneſſe raiſed;
That beeing now with her huge brightnes dazed,
baſe thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking ſtill on her, I ſtand amazed,
at wondrous ſight of ſo celeſtiall hew.
So when my tongue would ſpeake her praiſes dew,
it ſtopped is with thoughts aſtoniſhment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it rauiſht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both ſpeake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IIII.

NEw yeare forth looking out of IANVS gate,
doth ſeeme to promiſe hope of new delight:

and

and bidding th'old Adieu, his paſſed date
bids all o'ld thoughts to die in dumpiſh ſpright.
And calling forth out of ſad Winters night,
freſh loue, that long hath ſlept in cheerleſſe bower:
wils him awake, and ſoone about him dight
his wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.
For luſtie Spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth, him to receiue:
and warnes the Earth, with diuers colourd flowre
to decke her ſelfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom freſh youth doth raine,
Prepare your ſelfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

RVdely thou wrongeſt my deare harts deſire,
in finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doe moſt in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy moſt enuide.
For in thoſe loftie lookes is cloſe implide,
ſcorne of baſe things, & ſdeigne of foule diſhonor:
threatning raſh eyes which gaze on her ſo wide,
that looſely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praiſe, ſuch portlineſſe is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in her eyes:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
ſpreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
Without ſome ſparke of ſuch ſelfe-pleaſing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought diſmayd that her vnmoued mind
doth ſtill perſiſt in her rebellious pride:
ſuch loue not like to luſts of baſer kind,
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whoſe ſap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fire:
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
great heate, & makes his flames to heauen aſpire.
So hard it is to kindle new deſire,
in gentle breſt that ſhall endure for euer:
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chaſte affects, that nought but death can ſeuer.
Then thinke not long in taking little paine,
To knit the knot, that euer ſhall remaine.

SONNET VII.

FAire eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
what wondrous vertue is containd in you,
the which both life and death forth from you dart
into the obiect of your mightie view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
then is my ſoule with life and loue inſpired:
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.
But ſince that life is more then death deſired,
looke euer louely, as becomes you beſt,
that your bright beams of my weak eies admired,
may kindle liuing fire within my breſt.
Such life ſhould be the honor of your light,
Such death the ſad enſample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MOre then moſt faire, full of the liuing fire,
kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
no eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conſpire,
that to the world nought elſe be counted deare.
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded gueſt
ſhoote out his darts to baſe affections wound:
but Angels come to leade fraile minds to reſt
in chaſte deſires, on heauenly beautie bound.
You frame my thoughts, and faſhion me within,
you ſtop my tongue, and teach my hart to ſpeake,
you calme the ſtorme that paſſion did begin,
ſtrong through your cauſe, but by your vertue weake.
Darke is the world, where your light ſhined neuer;
Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

SONNET IX.

LOng-while I ſought to what I might compare
thoſe powrefull eyes, which lighten my dark ſpright:
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
reſemble th'image of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doe ſhine by night;
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;
nor to the ſtarres: for they haue purer ſight;
nor to the fire: for they conſume not euer;
Nor to the lightning: for they ſtill perſeuer;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor vnto Cryſtall: for nought may them ſeuer;
nor vnto glaſſe: ſuch baſeneſſe mought offend her.
Then to the Maker ſelfe they likeſt bee,
Whoſe light doth lighten all that heere we ſee.

SONNET X.

VNrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,
that me thou makeſt thus tormented be?
the whiles ſhe lordeth in licentious bliſſe
of her free-will, ſcorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyranneſſe doth ioy to ſee
the huge maſſacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayſt mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little ſhake
and that high looke, with which ſhe doth controll
all this worldes pride bow to a baſer make,
and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall ſort,
As ſhe doth laugh at me, & makes my paine her ſport.

SONNET XI.

DAily when I doe ſeeke and ſue for peace,
and hoſtages doe offer for my truth:
ſhe cruell warriour doth her ſelfe addreſſe
to battell, and the wearie war renew'th.
Ne will be moou'd with reaſon or with ruth,
to grant ſmall reſpit to my reſtleſſe toile:
but greedily her fell intent purſu'th,
of my poore life to make vnpittied ſpoile.
Yet my poore life, all ſorrowes to aſſoile,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
but then ſhe ſeekes with torment and turmoile,
to force me liue, and will not let me die.

All

All paine hath end, and euery war hath peace,
But mine, no price nor prayer may surceasse.

SONNET XII.

ONe day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
all fearelesse then of so false enemies,
which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth, did thicke about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me captiuing straight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer since kept me in cruell bands.
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,
Against your eyes, that iustice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:
and to the ground her eye-lids lowe embaceth,
most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Mild humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
for looking on the earth whence she was borne,
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fairest shall to earth returne.
But that same loftie countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth, as lothsome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossie slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
Such lowlinesse shall make you loftie be.

SONNET XIIII.

REturne againe my forces late dismayd,
vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
great shame it is to leaue, like one afrayd,
so faire a peece, for one repulse so light.
Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
then those small forces, ye were wont belay;
such haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdaine to yeeld vnto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that yee may,
and lay incessant battery to her hart,
plaints, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue conuert:
And if those faile, fall downe and die before her,
So dying liue, and liuing doe adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,
doe seeke most precious things to make your gaine:
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my loue doth in herselfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found;
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round:
if Iuorie, her forhead Iuorie weene;
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
if Siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONe day as I vnwarily did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:
the whiles my stonisht hart stood in a maze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
I mote perceiue how in her glancing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did flie:
darting their deadly arrowes fietie bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had been slaine,
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

THe glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
made to amaze weake mens confused skill:
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embace,
what pen, what pensill can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
least trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart:
the louely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
cannot expressed be by any art.
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth need,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THe rolling wheele that runneth often round,
the hardest steele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizling drops that often doe redound,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long intreatie, soften her hard hart:
that she wil once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pitty on my painefull smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,
and when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water:
and when I sigh, she sayes, I knowe the art,
and when I waile, she turnes herselfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remaine.

SONNET XIX.

THe merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,
his trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded:
that warnes all louers waite vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crowned.

With

With noyſe whereof the quire of Birds reſounded
their anthemes ſweet deuized of loues praiſe,
that all the woods their Ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongſt them all, which did Loues honour raiſe,
no word was heard of her that moſt it ought,
but ſhe his precept proudly diſobayes,
and doth his idle meſſage ſet at nought.
Therefore, ô loue, vnleſſe ſhe turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

IN vaine I ſeeke and ſue to her for grace,
and doe mine humble hart before her poure:
the whiles her foote ſhe in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and raigneth ouer euery beaſt in field,
in his moſt pride diſdeigneth to deuoure
the ſilly Lambe that to his might doth yield.
But ſhe, more cruell and more ſaluage wilde,
then eyther Lyon, or the Lioneſſe:
ſhames not to be with guiltleſſe bloud defilde,
but taketh glory in her cruelneſſe.
Fairer then faireſt, let none euer ſay,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

WAs it the worke of Nature or of Art,
which tempred ſo the feature of her face,
that pride and meeknes mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleaſance, which doth pride diſplace,
ſhe to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:
and with ſterne count'nance backe againe doth chace
their looſer lookes that ſtir vp luſtes impure,
With ſuch ſtrange traines her eyes ſhe doth inure,
that with one looke ſhe doth my life diſmay:
and with another doth it ſtraight recure,
her ſmile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
Thus doth ſhe traine and teach me with her lookes,
Such art of eyes, I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET XXII.

THis holy ſeaſon, fit to faſt and pray,
men to deuotion ought to be inclind:
therefore, I likewiſe on ſo holy day,
for my ſweet Saint ſome ſeruice fit will find.
Her temple faire is built within my mind,
in which her glorious image placed is,
on which my thoughts doe day and night attend,
like ſacred prieſts that neuer thinke amis:
There I to her, as th'author of my bliſs,
will build an altar to appeaſe her ire,
and on the ſame my hart will ſacrifice,
burning in flames of pure and chaſte deſire:
The which vouchſafe, ô goddeſſe to accept,
Amongſt thy deereſt relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE for her VLYSSES ſake,
deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
in which, the worke that ſhee all day did make,
the ſame at night ſhe did againe vnreaue:
Such ſubtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th'importune ſute of my deſire to ſhonne:
for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,
in one ſhort houre I find by her vndonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I muſt begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke, ſhe ſpils that long I ſponne,
and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I find,
Whoſe fruitleſſe worke is broken with leaſt wind.

SONNET XXIIII.

WHen I behold that beauties wonderment,
and rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honour and admire the makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull ſmart,
which her faire eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
that death out of their ſhiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new PANDORA ſee;
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree,
into this ſinfull world from heauen to ſend:
that ſhe to wicked men a ſcourge ſhould bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But ſince ye are my ſcourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

HOw long ſhall this like dying life endure,
and know no end of her owne miſerie?
but waſte and weare away in termes vnſure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and ſhew the laſt enſample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with cruelties,
to proue your powre, which I too well haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned breſt ye hide
a cloſe intent at laſt to ſhew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of bliſs I gladly will embrace;
And wiſh that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at laſt may turne to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWeet is the Roſe, but growes vpon a brere;
ſweet is the Iunipere, but ſharpe his bough;
ſweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
ſweet is the firbloome, but his branches rough:
Sweet is the Cypreſſe, but his rind is tough,
ſweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
ſweet is the broome-flowre, but yet ſowre enough;
and ſweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
So euery ſweet with ſoure is tempred ſtill,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for eaſie things that may be got at will,
moſt ſorts of men doe ſet but little ſtore.
Why then ſhould I account of little paine,
That endleſſe pleaſure ſhall vnto me gaine.

SON-

SONNET XXVII.

FAire proud, now tell me, why ſhould faire be proud,
ſith all worlds glory is but droſſe vncleane?
and in the ſhade of death it ſelfe ſhall ſhroud,
how-euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly Idoll now ſo gay beſeene,
ſhall doffe her fleſhes borrowd faire attire:
and be forgot as it had neuer been,
that many now much worſhip and admire.
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
ne any mention ſhall thereof remaine,
but what this verſe, that neuer ſhall expire,
ſhall to you purchace with her thankleſſe paine.
Faire, be no longer proud of that ſhall periſh,
But that which ſhall you make immortall, cheriſh.

SONNET XXVIII.

THe Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
giues me great hope of your relenting mind:
for ſince it is the badge which I doe beare,
ye bearing it, doe ſeeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which oft in me I find,
let it likewiſe your gentle breſt inſpire
with ſweet infuſion, and put you in mind
of that proud mayd, whom now thoſe leaues attyre.
Proud DAPHNE, ſcorning Phœbus louely fire,
on the Theſſalian ſhore from him did flie:
for which the gods in their reuengefull ire
did her transforme into a Laurell tree.
Then flie no more faire Loue from Phœbus chace,
But in your breſt his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEe how the ſtubborne damzell doth deprane
my ſimple meaning with diſdainfull ſcorne:
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
accounts my ſelfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The bay, quoth ſhe, is of the Victors borne,
yeelded them by the vanquiſht as their meeds,
and they there-with doe Poets heads adorne,
to ſing the glory of their famous deeds.
But ſith ſhe will the conqueſt challenge needs,
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
(Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayſe.)

SONNET XXX.

MY Loue is like to Iſe, and I to fire:
how comes it then that this her cold ſo great
is not diſſolu'd through my ſo hot deſire,
but harder growes the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is not delayd by her hart frozen cold:
but that I burne much more in boyling ſweat,
and feele my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
that fire which all thing melts, ſhould harden Iſe:
and Iſe, which is congeald with ſenſeleſſe cold,
ſhould kindle fire by wonderfull deuiſe?
Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the courſe of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath nature to ſo hard a hart
giuen ſo goodly gifts of beauties grace?
whoſe pride depraues each other better part,
and all thoſe pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beaſts of bloody race,
a dreadfull countenance ſhe giuen hath:
that with their terrour all the reſt may chace,
and warne to ſhun the danger of their wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater ſcath,
through ſweet allurement of her louely hew:
that ſhe the better may in bloody bath
of ſuch poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
But did ſhe knowe how ill theſe two accord,
Such crueltie ſhe would haue ſoone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THe painfull Smith, with force of feruent heat,
the hardeſt Iron ſoone doth mollifie,
that with his heauy ſledge he can it beat,
and faſhion to what he it liſt apply.
Yet cannot all theſe flames in which I fry,
her hart more hard then Iron ſoft awhit:
ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
doe beat on th'anuile of her ſtubborne wit:
But ſtill the more ſhe feruent ſees my fit,
the more ſhe friezeth in her wilfull pride;
and harder growes the harder ſhe is ſmit,
with all the plaints which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to aſhes burne,
And ſhe to ſtones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII.

GReat wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that moſt ſacred Empreſſe my deare dread,
not finiſhing her Queene of Faëry,
that mote enlarge her liuing prayſes dead:
But LODVVICK, this of grace to me aread;
doe ye not thinke th'accompliſhment of it,
ſufficient worke for one mans ſimple head,
all were it as the reſt, but rudely writ.
How then ſhould I without another wit?
thinke euer to endure ſo tedious toyle,
ſith that this one is toſt with troublous fit,
of a proud Loue, that doth my ſpirit ſpoyle.
Ceaſe then, till ſhe vouchſafe to grant me reſt,
Or lend you me another liuing breſt.

SONNET XXXIIII.

LIke as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wide,
by conduct of ſome ſtarre doth make her way,
when as a ſtorme hath dimd her truſtie guide,
out of her courſe doth wander far aſtray:
So I, whoſe ſtarre, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-caſt,
doe wander now in darkneſſe and diſmay,
through hidden perils round about me plaſt;

Yet hope I well, that when this ſtorme is paſt,
my HELICE, the lodeſtar of my life
will ſhine againe, and looke on me at laſt,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy griefe.
Till then I wander carefull comfortleſs,
In ſecret ſorrow, and ſad penſiueneſs.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetice,
ſtill to behold the obiect of their paine,
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffice:
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine,
and hauing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like NARCISSVS vaine,
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glorie ſeemeth vaine to me,
And all their ſhowes but ſhadowes, ſauing ſhe.

SONNET XXXVI.

TEll mee, when ſhall theſe wearie woes haue end,
or ſhall their ruthleſſe torment neuer ceaſe:
but all my daies in pining languor ſpend,
without hope of aſſwagement or releaſe.
Is there no meanes for me to purchaſe peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their crueltie doth ſtill increaſe,
and daily more augment my miſeries.
But when ye haue ſhew'd all extremities,
then thinke how little glory ye haue gained,
by ſlaying him, whoſe life though ye deſpiſe,
mote haue your life in honor long maintained.
But by his death, which ſome perhaps will mone,
Ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHat guile is this, that thoſe her golden treſſes
ſhe doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with ſlie skill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,
that which is gold or haire, may ſcarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
ſhee may entangle in that golden ſnare:
and beeing caught, may craftily enfold
their weaker harts, which are not well aware?
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe ſtare
henceforth too raſhly on that guilefull net,
in which, if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes ſhall get.
Fondneſſe it were for any beeing free,
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempeſts cruell wrack,
he forth was throwne into the greedy ſeas:
through the ſweet muſick which his harp did make,
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to eaſe.
But my rude muſick, which was wont to pleaſe
ſome daintie eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempeſt of her wrath appeaſe,
nor moue the Dolphin from her ſtubborne will,
But in her pride ſhe doth perſeuer ſtill,
all careleſſe how my life for her decayes:
yet with one word ſhe can it ſaue or ſpill.
to ſpill were pitty, but to ſaue were praiſe.
Chuſe rather to be prayſd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for ſpilling guiltleſſe blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWeet ſmile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
expreſſing all thy mothers powrefull art,
with which ſhe wonts to temper angry IOVE,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy ſelfe ſweet art.
for when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſadneſſe,
a melting pleaſance ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart-robbing gladneſſe.
Whilſt rapt with ioy reſembling heauenly madnes,
my ſoule was rauiſht quite as in a traunce:
and feeling thence no more her ſorrowes ſadneſſe,
fed on the fulneſſe of that chearefull glaunce.
More ſweet then Nectar or Ambroſiall meat,
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

SONNET XL.

MArke when ſhe ſmiles with amiable cheare,
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:
when on each eye-lid ſweetly doe appeare
an hundred Graces as in ſhade to ſit.
Likeſt it ſeemeth in my ſimple wit,
vnto the faire ſunſhine in ſommers day:
that when a dreadfull ſtorme away is flit,
through the broad world doth ſpred his goodly ray:
At ſight whereof, each bird that ſits on ſpray,
and euery beaſt that to his den was fled,
comes forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
and to the light lift vp their drouping hed.
So my ſtorme-beaten hart likewiſe is cheared,
With that ſun-ſhine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

IS it her nature, or is it her will,
to be ſo cruell to an humbled foe?
if nature, then ſhe may it mend with skill:
if will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be ſo,
that ſhe will plague the man that loues her moſt:
and take delight t'encreaſe a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly gifts are loſt.
And that ſame glorious beauties idle boaſt,
is but a bayt ſuch wretches to beguile,
as beeing long in her loues tempeſt toſt,
ſhe meanes at laſt to make her pittious ſpoile.
O fayreſt faire, let neuer it be named,
That ſo faire beauty was ſo fouly ſhamed.

SONNET XLII.

THe loue which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
ſo pleaſing is in my extreameſt paine,

that

that all the more my ſorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vaine)
to be acquit fro my continuall ſmart:
but ioy, her thrall for euer to remaine,
and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart;
The which that it from her may neuer ſtart,
let her, if pleaſe her, bind with Adamant chaine:
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,
in ſafe aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtraine.
Onely let her abſtaine from crueltie,
And doe me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHall I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeake?
and if I ſpeake, her wrath renew I ſhall:
and if I ſilent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyrannie is this, both my hart to thrall,
and eke my tongue with proud reſtraint to tie;
that neither I may ſpeake nor thinke at all,
but like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die?
Yet I my hart with ſilence ſecretly
will teach to ſpeak, and my iuſt cauſe to plead:
and eke mine eyes with meeke humilitie,
loue-learned letters to her eyes to read:
Which her deepe wit, that true harts thought can ſpell,
Will ſoone conceiue, and learne to conſtrue well.

SONNET XLIIII.

WHen thoſe renoumed noble Peeres of Greece,
through ſtubborne pride among thẽſelues did iar,
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
then ORPHEVS with his harp their ſtrife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,
the which my ſelfe againſt my ſelfe doe make:
whilſt my weak powres of paſſions warreid are,
no skill can ſtint, nor reaſon can aſſake.
But when in hand my tuneleſſe harpe I take,
then doe I more augment my foes deſpight:
and griefe renew, and paſſions doe awake
to battaile, freſh againſt my ſelfe to fight.
Mongſt whom the more I ſeeke to ſettle peace,
The more I find their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEaue Lady in your glaſſe of cryſtall cleane,
your goodly ſelfe for euermore to view:
and in my ſelfe, my inward ſelfe I meane,
moſt liuely like behold your ſemblant true.
Within my hart, though hardly it can ſhew
thing ſo diuine to view of earthly eye:
the faire Idea of your celeſtiall hew,
and euery part remaines immortally:
And were it not that through your crueltie,
with ſorrow dimmed and deformd it were,
the goodly image of your viſnomy,
clearer then cryſtall would therein appeare.
But if your ſelfe in me ye plaine will ſee, (bee.
Remoue the cauſe by which your faire beames darkned

SONNET XLVI.

WHen my abodes prefixed time is ſpent,
my cruell faire ſtraight bids me wend away:
but then from heauen moſt hideous ſtormes are ſent,
as willing me againſt her will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I, or heauen or her obey?
the heauens knowe beſt what is the beſt for me:
but as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,
my lower heauen, ſo it perforce muſt be.
But ye high heauens, that all this ſorrowe ſee,
ſith all your tempeſts cannot hold me back,
aſſwage your ſtormes, or elſe both you and ſhee,
will both together me too ſorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtaine
The ſtormes, which ſhe alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

TRuſt not the treaſon of thoſe ſmiling lookes,
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tride:
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,
that from the fooliſh fiſh their bayts doe hide:
So ſhe with flattring ſmyles weake harts doth guide
vnto her loue, and tempt to their decay;
whom beeing caught, ſhe kills with cruell pride,
and feeds at pleaſure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whilſt her bloody hands them ſlay,
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them ſmile:
that they take pleaſure in her cruell play,
and dying, doe themſelues of paine beguile.
O mightie charme which makes men loue their bane,
And thinke they die with pleaſure, liue with paine.

SONNET XLVIII.

INnocent paper, whom too cruell hand
did make the matter to auenge her ire:
and ere ſhe could thy cauſe well vnderſtand,
did ſacrifize vnto the greedy fire.
Well worthy thou to haue found better hire,
then ſo bad end for hereticks ordained:
yet hereſie nor treaſon didſt conſpire,
but plead thy Maiſters cauſe, vniuſtly pained.
Whom ſhe, all careleſſe of his griefe, conſtrained
to vtter forth the anguiſh of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complained
the pittious paſſion of his dying ſmart.
Yet liue for euer, though againſt her will,
And ſpeake her good, though ſhe requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAyre cruell, why are ye ſo fierce and cruell?
Is it becauſe your eyes haue power to kill?
then knowe that mercy is the Mightes iewell,
and greater glory thinke to ſaue, then ſpill.
But if it be your pleaſure and proud will,
to ſhew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force againſt your enemies.
Let them feele th'vtmoſt of your crueltes,
and kill with lookes, as Cockatrices doe:
but him that at your footſtoole humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.

Such mercy ſhall you make admyr'd to be,
So ſhall you liue, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

LOng languiſhing in double malady,
of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe,
there came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medcines for my bodies beſt reliefe.
Vaine man, quoth I, that haſt but little priefe,
in deepe diſcouery of the minds diſeaſe:
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it ſelfe doth pleaſe?
Then with ſome cordialls ſeeke firſt to appeaſe
the inward languor of my wounded hart,
and then my body ſhall haue ſhortly eaſe:
but ſuch ſweet cordialls paſſe Phyſitions art.
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reueale,
And with one ſalue, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

DOe I not ſee that faireſt Images,
of hardeſt Marble are of purpoſe made?
for that they ſhould endure through many ages,
ne let their famous moniments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntraind in Louers trade,
her hardneſſe blame, which I ſhould more commend?
ſith neuer ought was excellent aſſayd,
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought ſo hard, but he that would attend,
mote ſoften it and to his wil allure:
ſo doe I hope her ſtubborne hart to bend,
and that it then more ſtedfaſt will endure.
Onely my paines will be the more to get her,
But hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that hauing loſt the field,
is priſoner led away with heauy hart,
deſpoyld of warlike armes and knowen ſhield.
So doe I now my ſelfe a priſoner yield,
to ſorrow and to ſolitarie paine:
from preſence of my deareſt deare exild,
long-while alone in languour to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleaſure vaine,
dare to approche, that may my ſolace breed:
but ſudden dumps, and drery ſad diſdaine
of all worlds gladneſſe more my torment feed.
So I her abſence will my penaunce make,
That of her preſence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THe Panther knowing that his ſpotted hide
doth pleaſe all beaſts, but that his looks them fray:
within a buſh his dreadfull head doth hide,
to let them gaze, whilſt he on them may pray.
Right ſo my cruell faire with me doth play.
for with the goodly ſemblance of her hew,
ſhe doth allure me to mine owne decay,
and then no mercy will vnto me ſhew.
Great ſhame it is, thing ſo diuine in view,
made for to be the worlds moſt ornament:
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,
good ſhames to be to ill an inſtrument.
But mercy doth with beautie beſt agree,
As in their maker ye them beſt may ſee.

SONNET LIIII.

OF this wolds Theater in which we ſtay,
my Loue like the Spectator, idly ſits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
diſguiſing diuerſly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occaſion fits,
and maske in mirth like to a Comedy:
ſoone after, when my ioy to ſorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.
Yet ſhe beholding me with conſtant eye,
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my ſmart:
but when I laugh, ſhe mocks, and when I cry,
ſhe laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a ſenſeleſſe ſtone.

SONNET LV.

SO oft as I her beautie doe behold,
and there-with doe her crueltie compare,
I maruaile of what ſubſtance was the mould,
the which her made attonce ſo cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'nly are.
not water; for her loue doth burne like fire:
not ayre; for ſhe is not ſo light or rare.
not fire; for ſhe doth frieze with faint deſire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof ſhe mote be made; that is, the skye.
for, to the heauen her haughty lookes aſpire:
and eke her loue is pure immortall hie.
Then ſith to heauen ye likened are the beſt,
Be like in mercy as in all the reſt.

SONNET LVI.

FAire yee be ſure, but cruell and vnkind,
as is a Tygre, that with greedineſſe
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beaſt, doth felly him oppreſſe.
Faire be ye ſure, but proud and pittileſſe,
as is a ſtorme, that all things doth proſtrate:
finding a tree alone all comfortleſſe,
beats on it ſtrongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate,
as is a rocke amidſt the raging floods:
gainſt which, a ſhip of ſuccour deſolate,
doth ſuffer wreck both of her ſelfe and goods.
That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and deſtroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWeet warriour, when ſhall I haue peace with you?
high time it is this warre now ended were:
which I no longer can endure to ſue,
ne your inceſſant battry more to beare:

So

So weake my powres, ſo ſore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I ſhould liue a iot,
ſeeing my hart through-launced euery where
with thouſand arrowes, which your eyes haue ſhot:
Yet ſhoot ye ſharply ſtill, and ſpare me not,
but glory thinke to make theſe cruell ſtoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in ſlaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therfore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heale in little ſpace.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is moſt aſſured to her ſelfe.

WEake is th' aſſurance that weake fleſh repoſeth
in her owne powre, and ſcorneth others ayde:
that ſooneſt falls, when as ſhe moſt ſuppoſeth
her ſelfe aſſur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All fleſh is fraile, and all her ſtrength vnſtayd,
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,
her glorious pride that none may it repaire.
Ne none ſo rich or wiſe, ſo ſtrong or faire,
but faileth, truſting on his owne aſſurance:
and he that ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtayre
falls loweſt: for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye proud faire, miſdeeme ſo farre,
That to your ſelfe ye moſt aſſured arre.

SONNET LIX.

THriſe happy ſhe, that is ſo well aſſur'd
vnto her ſelfe, and ſetled ſo in hart:
that neither will for better be allur'd,
ne feard with worſe to any chance to ſtart,
But like a ſteddy ſhip, doth ſtrongly part
the raging waues, and keepes her courſe aright:
ne ought for tempeſt doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayrer weathers falſe delight.
Such ſelfe aſſurance need not feare the ſpight
of grudging foes, ne fauour ſeeke of friends:
but in the ſtay of her owne ſtedfaſt might,
neither to one her ſelfe nor other bends.
Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſur'd doth reſt,
But he moſt happy who ſuch one loues beſt.

SONNET LX.

THey that in courſe of heauenly ſpheares are skild,
to euery planet point his ſundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfild,
as MARS in threeſcore yeeres doth run his ſpheare.
So ſince the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is ſpent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then all thoſe fortie which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which louers bookes inuent,
the ſpheare of CVPID fortie yeares containes:
which I haue waſted in long languiſhment,
that ſeemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loues faire planet ſhort her waies,
This yeere enſuing, or elſe ſhort my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

THe glorious image of the Makers beautie,
my ſoueraigne ſaint, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of dutie,
t'accuſe of pride, or raſhly blame for ought.
For, beeing as ſhe is, diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heau'nly borne:
and with the crew of bleſſed Saints vpbrought,
each of which did her with their gifts adorne:
The bud of ioy, the bloſſome of the morne,
the beame of light, whom mortall eyes admire:
what reaſon is it then but ſhe ſhould ſcorne
baſe things, that to her loue too bold aſpire?
Such heau'nly formes ought rather worſhipt bee,
Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

THe wearie yeere his race now hauing runne,
the new begins his compaſt courſe anew:
with ſhew of morning mylde he hath begun,
betokening peace and plentie to enſew,
So let vs, which this change of weather view,
change eeke our minds, and former liues amend,
the old yeares ſinnes forepaſt let vs eſchew,
and flie the faults with which we did offend.
Then ſhall the new yeeres ioy forth freſhly ſend,
into the glooming world his gladſome ray:
and all theſe ſtormes which now his beautie blend,
ſhall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.
So, likewiſe Loue, cheare you your heauy ſpright,
And change old yeares annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

AFter long ſtormes and tempeſts ſad aſſay,
which hardly I endured heeretofore,
in dread of death, and dangerous diſmay,
with which my ſilly barke was toſſed ſore:
I doe at length deſcry the happy ſhore,
in which I hope ere long for to arriue:
faire ſoyle it ſeemes from far, & fraught with ſtore
of all that deare and daintie is aliue.
Moſt happy he, that can at laſt atchiue,
the ioyous ſaferie of ſo ſweet a reſt;
whoſe leaſt delight ſufficeth to depriue
remembrance of all paines which him oppreſt.
All paines are nothing in reſpect of this,
All ſorrowes ſhort that gaine eternall bliſs.

SONNET LXIIII.

COmming to kiſſe her lips (ſuch grace I found)
me ſeemd I ſmelt a garden of ſweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around,
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did ſmell like vnto Gilliflowers,
her ruddy cheeks, like vnto Roſes red:
her ſnowy browes like budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes, like Pinks but newly ſpred,
Her goodly boſome, like a Strawberry bed,
her necke, like to a bunch of Cullumbines:
her breſt like Lillies, ere their leaues be ſhed,
her nipples like young bloſſomd Iaſſemines:

Such fragrant flowres doe giue moſt odorous ſmell,
But her ſweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THe doubt which ye miſdeeme, faire loue, is vaine,
that fondly feare to loſe your libertie,
when loſing one, two liberties ye gaine,
and make him bound that bondage earſt did flie.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,
without conſtraint, or dread of any ill:
the gentle bird feeles no captiuity
within her cage, but ſings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approche, nor diſcord ſpill
the league twixt them, that loyall loue hath bound:
but ſimple truth and mutuall good will,
ſeekes with ſweet peace to ſalue each others wound:
There faith doth feareleſſe dwell in braſen towre,
And ſpotleſſe pleaſure builds her ſacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all thoſe happy bleſſings which ye haue,
with plentious hand by heauen vpon you throwne,
this one diſparagement they to you gaue,
that ye your loue lent to ſo meane a one.
Yee whoſe high worths ſurpaſſing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye ſtoupe vnto ſo lowely ſtate?
But ye thereby much greater glorie gate,
then had ye ſorted with a Princes peere:
for, now your light doth more it ſelfe dilate,
and in my darkneſſe, greater doth appeare.
Yet ſince your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex, yours ſhall encreaſed be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIke as a huntſman after weary chace,
ſeeing the game from him eſcape away,
ſits downe to reſt him in ſome ſhadie place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long purſute and vaine aſſay,
when I all wearie had the chace forſooke,
the gentle Deere returnd the ſelfe-ſame way,
thinking to quench her thirſt at the next brooke:
There ſhe beholding me with milder looke,
ſought not to flie, but feareleſſe ſtill did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne good will, her firmely tyde.
Strange thing me ſeemd to ſee a beaſt ſo wild,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOſt glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
didſt make thy triumph ouer death and ſin:
and hauing harrowd hell, didſt bring away
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddeſt die,
being with thy deare blood cleane waſht from ſin,
may liue for euer in felicitie:
And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewiſe loue thee for the ſame againe:
and for thy ſake, that all like deare didſt buy,
with loue may one another entertaine.
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,
Loue is the leſſon which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
vſde trophees to erect in ſtately wiſe:
in which they would the records haue enrold,
of their great deedes and valarous empriſe.
What trophee then ſhall I moſt fit deuiſe,
in which I may record the memorie
of my loues conqueſt, peereleſſe beauties priſe,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chaſtitie.
Euen this verſe, vowed to eternitie,
ſhall be thereof immortall moniment:
and tell her praiſe to all poſteritie,
that may admire ſuch worlds rare wonderment:
The happy purchaſe of my glorious ſpoile,
Gotten at laſt with labour and long toile.

SONNET LXX.

FReſh Spring, the herald of loues mightie king,
in whoſe coat-armour richly are diſplayd
all ſorts of flowres the which on earth do ſpring,
in goodly colours, gloriouſly arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where ſhe is careleſſe layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time will not be ſtaid,
vnleſſe ſhe doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her ſelfe ſoone ready make,
to wait on loue amongſt his louely crew:
where euery one that miſſeth then her make,
ſhall be by him amearſt with penance dew.
Make haſt therefore ſweet loue, whilſt it is prime,
For none can call againe the paſſed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I Ioy to ſee how in your drawen worke,
your ſelfe vnto the Bee ye doe compares
and me vnto the Spyder, that doth lurke
in cloſe await, to catch her vnaware:
Right ſo your ſelfe were caught in cunning ſnare
of a deare foe, and thralled to his loue:
in whoſe ſtreight bands ye now captiued are
ſo firmely, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all about,
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
ſo ſweet your priſon you in time ſhall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fine.
And all thenceforth eternall peace ſhall ſee,
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFt when my ſpirit doth ſpred her bolder wings,
in mind to mount vp to the pureſt ſkie:
it downe is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
and clogd with burden of mortalitie,

Where

Where, when that ſoueraigne beautie it doth ſpy,
reſembling heauens glory in her light:
drawne with ſweet pleaſures bayt, it back doth flie,
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancie fed with full delight,
doth bathe in bliſſe, and mantleth moſt at eaſe:
ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might
her harts deſire with moſt contentment pleaſe.
Hart need not wiſh none other happineſſe,
But heere on earth to haue ſuch heauens bliſſe.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEeing my ſelfe captiued heere in care,
my hart, whom none with ſeruile bands can tie:
but the faire treſſes of your golden haire,
breaking his priſon, forth to you doth flie.
Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth ſpy
deſired food, to it doth make his flight:
euen ſo my hart, that wont on your faire eye
to feed his fill, flies backe vnto your ſight.
Doe you him take, and in your boſome bright,
gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
to ſing your name and prayſes ouer all.
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your boſome to haue lent.

SONNET LXXIIII.

MOſt happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was firſt deſynd,
the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The firſt, my beeing to me gaue by kind,
from mothers wombe deriu'd by due deſcent,
the ſecond, is my ſoueraigne Queene moſt kind,
that honour and large riches to me lent.
The third, my loue, my liues laſt ornament,
by whom my ſpirit out of duſt was raiſed:
to ſpeake her praiſe and glory excellent,
of all aliue moſt worthy to be praiſed.
Ye three ELIZABETHS for euer liue,
That three ſuch graces did vnto me giue.

SONNET LXXV.

ONe day I wrote her name vpon the ſtrand,
but came the waues and waſhed it away:
againe, I wrote it with a ſecond hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.
Vaine man, ſaid ſhe, that dooſt in vaine aſſay,
a mortall thing ſo to immortalize,
for I my ſelfe ſhall like to this decay,
and eke my name be wiped out likewiſe.
Not ſo, quoth I, let baſer things deuiſe
to die in duſt, but you ſhall liue by fame:
my verſe your vertues rare ſhall eternize,
and in the heauens write your glorious name.
Where, when as death ſhall all the world ſubdew,
Our loue ſhall liue, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAire boſome fraught with vertues riches treaſure,
the neſt of loue, the lodging of delight,
the bowre of bliſſe, the paradiſe of pleaſure,
the ſacred harbour of that heauenly ſpright,
How was I rauiſht with your louely ſight,
and my fraile thoughts too raſhly fed aſtray?
whiles diuing deepe through amorous inſight,
on the ſweet ſpoile of beautie they did pray.
And twixt her paps, like early fruite in May,
whoſe harueſt ſeemd to haſten now apace:
they looſely did their wanton wings diſplay,
and there to reſt themſelues did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts, I enuie your ſo happy reſt,
Which oft I wiſht, yet neuer was ſo bleſt.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAs it a dreame, or did I ſee it plaine,
a goodly table of pure Iuorie:
all ſpred with iuncats, fit to entertaine
the greateſt Prince with pompous roialty.
Mongſt which, there in a ſiluer diſh did ly
two golden apples of vnualewd price:
far paſſing thoſe which HERCVLES came by,
or thoſe which ATALANTA did entice.
Exceeding ſweet, yet void of ſinfull vice,
that many ſought, yet none could euer taſte,
ſweet fruite of pleaſure, brought from Paradiſe:
by Loue himſelfe, and in his garden plaſte.
Her breſt that table was ſo richly ſpred,
My thoughts the gueſts, which would thereon haue fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LAcking my loue, I goe from place to place,
like a young Fawne, that late hath loſt the Hind:
and ſeeke each where, where laſt I ſaw her face,
whoſe image yet I carry freſh in mind.
I ſeeke the fields with her late footing ſynd,
I ſeeke her bowre with her late preſence deckt,
yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:
yet field and bowre are full of her aſpect:
But when mine eyes I therevnto direct,
they idly backe returne to me againe,
and when I hope to ſee their true obiect,
I find my ſelfe but fed with fancies vaine.
Ceaſe then mine eyes, to ſeeke her ſelfe to ſee,
And let my thoughts behold her ſelfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEn call you faire, and you doe credit it,
for that your ſelfe ye daily ſuch doe ſee:
but the true faire, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind, is much more praiſd of me:
For all the reſt, how euer faire it be,
ſhall turne to nought and loſe that glorious hew:
but onely that is permanent and free
from fraile corruption, that doth fleſh enſew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
to be diuine, and borne of heauenly ſeed:
deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true
and perfect beautie did at firſt proceed:
He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,
All other faire like flowres vntimely fade.

SON-

SONNET LXXX.

AFter ſo long a race as I haue runne
through Faery land, which thoſe ſix books compile,
giue leaue to reſt me being halfe foredonne,
and gather to my ſelfe new breath awhile.
Then as a ſteed refreſhed after toile,
out of my priſon I will breake anew:
and ſtoutly will that ſecond worke aſſoile,
with ſtrong endeuour and attention due.
Til then giue leaue to me, in pleaſant mew
to ſport my Muſe, and ſing my loues ſweet praiſe:
the contemplation of whoſe heauenly hew,
my ſpirit to an higher pitch will raiſe.
But let her praiſes yet be lowe and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAire is my Loue, when her faire golden haires,
with the looſe wind ye wauing chance to marke:
faire when the roſe in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth ſparke.
Faire when her breſt like a rich laden barke,
with precious merchandize ſhe forth doth lay:
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke
her goodly light with ſmiles ſhe driues away.
But faireſt ſhe, when ſo ſhe doth diſplay,
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:
through which her words ſo wiſe do make their way
to beare the meſſage of her gentle ſpright:
The reſt be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the worke of harts aſtoniſhment.

SONNET LXXXII.

JOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I bleſſe my lot, that was ſo lucky placed:
but then the more your owne miſhap I rew,
that are ſo much by ſo meane loue embaſed.
For had the equall heauens ſo much you graced
in this as in the reſt, ye mote inuent
ſome heauenly wit, whoſe verſe could haue enchaced
your glorious name in golden moniment.
But ſince ye deigned ſo goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, ſhall all be ſpent,
in ſetting your immortall prayſes forth:
Whoſe loftie argument vplifting mee,
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
ſtill to behold the obiect of their paine:
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffize,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine:
and ſeeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like NARCISSVS vaine,
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke:
but loathe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory ſeemeth vaine to me,
And all their ſhewes but ſhadowes, ſauing ſhe.

SONNET LXXXIIII.

LEt not one ſparke of filthy luſtfull fire
breake out, that may her ſacred peace moleſt:
ne one light glance of ſenſuall deſire,
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnreſt.
But pure affections bred in ſpotleſſe breſt,
and modeſt thoughts breath'd frō wel tempred ſpirits,
goe viſite her, in her chaſte bowre of reſt,
accompanide with Angel-like delights.
There fill your ſelfe with thoſe moſt ioyous ſights,
the which my ſelfe could neuer yet attaine:
but ſpeake no word to her of theſe ſad plights,
which her too conſtant ſtiffeneſſe doth conſtraine.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And bleſſe your fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXV.

THe world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praiſe her, ſay I doe but flatter:
ſo doth the Cuckow, when the Mauis ſings,
begin his witleſſe note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of ſo heauenly matter,
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her deſert aſpire.
Deepe in the cloſet of my parts entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly furie doth inſpire,
and my glad mouth with her ſweet praiſes fill.
Which when as Fame in her ſhrill trump ſhall thunder,
Let the world chuſe to enuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

VEnemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders ſting,
of that ſelfe kind with which the Furies fell
their ſnakie heads doe combe, from which a ſpring
of poyſoned words, and ſpightfull ſpeeches well;
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accurſed hire:
that with falſe forged lies, which thou didſt tell,
in my true loue did ſtirre vp coales of ire,
The ſparkes whereof let kindle thine owne fire,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
conſume thee quite, that didſt with guile conſpire
in my ſweet peace ſuch breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and miſchiefe thy reward,
Due to thy ſelfe, that it for me prepard.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SInce I did leaue the preſence of my loue,
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:
and many nights, that ſlowely ſeemd to moue
their ſad protract from euening vntill morne.
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wiſh that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wiſh that day would ſhortly reaſcend.

Thus

Thus I the time with expectation ſpend,
and faine my griefe with changes to beguile,
that further ſeemes his terme ſtill to extend,
and maketh euery minute ſeeme a mile.
So ſorrow ſtill doth ſeeme too long to laſt,
But ioyous houres doe flie away too faſt.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

SInce I haue lackt the comfort of that light
the which was wont to lead my thoughts aſtray,
I wander as in darkneſſe of the night,
affraid of euery dangers leaſt diſmay.
Ne ought I ſee, though in the cleareſt day,
when others gaze vpon their ſhadowes vaine:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof ſome glance doth in mine eye remaine.
Of which beholding the Idæa plaine,
through contemplation of my pureſt part,
with light thereof I doe my ſelfe ſuſtaine,
and thereon feed my loue-affamiſht hart.
But with ſuch brightnes whilſt I fill my mind,
I ſtarue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

LIke as the Culuer on the bared bough,
ſits mourning for the abſence of her mate:
and in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhfull vew,
for his returne that ſeemes to linger late;
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
mourne to my ſelfe the abſence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all deſolate,
ſeeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous ſight:
whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can moue,
in her vnſpotted pleaſauns to delight.
Darke is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants ſuch liuely blis.

IN youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, VENVS baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hiue to grope for honny:
But when he ſaw me ſtung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

AS DIANE hunted on a day.
She chaunſt to come where CVPID lay,
his quiuer by his head:
One of his ſhafts ſhe ſtole away,
And one of hers did cloſe conuay,
into the others ſtead:
With that Loue wounded my Loues hart,
But DIANE beaſts with CVPIDS dart.

ISaw, in ſecret to my Dame
How little CVPID humbly came:
and ſaid to her, All haile my mother.
But when he ſaw me laugh, for ſhame
His face with baſhfull blood did flame,
not knowing VENVS from the other.
Then, neuer bluſh CVPID, quoth I,
For many haue err'd in this beautie.

VPon a day, as Loue lay ſweetly ſlumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noiſe,
and ſaw the beaſt ſo ſmall:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues ſo great a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wiſe he flies about,
And threatens all with courage ſtout.

TO whom his mother cloſely ſmiling ſaid,
twixt earneſt and twixt game:
See thou thy ſelfe likewiſe art little made,
if thou regard the ſame.
And yet thou ſuffreſt neither gods in skie,
nor men in earth to reſt:
But when thou art diſpoſed cruelly,
their ſleepe thou dooſt moleſt.
Then either change thy crueltie,
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

NAthleſſe, the cruell boy not ſo content,
would needs the flie purſue:
And in his hand with heedleſſe hardiment,
him caught for to ſubdue.
But when on it he haſtie hand did lay,
the Bee him ſtung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,
I wounded am full ſore:
The flye that I ſo much did ſcorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

VNto his mother ſtraight hee weeping came,
and of his griefe complained:
Who could not chuſe but laugh at his fond game,
though ſad to ſee him pained.
Thinke now (quoth ſhe) my ſonne, how great the ſmart
of thoſe whom thou dooſt wound:
Full many thou haſt pricked to the hart,
that pittie neuer found:
Therefore henceforth ſome pittie take,
When thou dooſt ſpoile of Louers make.

SONNET LXXX.

AFter ſo long a race as I haue runne
through Faery land, which thoſe ſix books compile,
giue leaue to reſt me being halfe foredonne,
and gather to my ſelfe new breath awhile.
Then as a ſteed refreſhed after toile,
out of my priſon I will breake anew:
and ſtoutly will that ſecond worke aſſoile,
with ſtrong endeuour and attention due.
Til then giue leaue to me, in pleaſant mew
to ſport my Muſe, and ſing my loues ſweet praiſe:
the contemplation of whoſe heauenly hew,
my ſpirit to an higher pitch will raiſe.
But let her praiſes yet be lowe and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

FAire is my Loue, when her faire golden haires,
with the looſe wind ye wauing chance to marke:
faire when the roſe in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth ſparke.
Faire when her breſt like a rich laden barke,
with precious merchandize ſhe forth doth lay:
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke
her goodly light with ſmiles ſhe driues away.
But faireſt ſhe, when ſo ſhe doth diſplay,
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:
through which her words ſo wiſe do make their way
to beare the meſſage of her gentle ſpright:
The reſt be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the worke of harts aſtoniſhment.

SONNET LXXXII.

JOy of my life, full oft for louing you
I bleſſe my lot, that was ſo lucky placed:
but then the more your owne miſhap I rew,
that are ſo much by ſo meane loue embaſed.
For had the equall heauens ſo much you graced
in this as in the reſt, ye mote inuent
ſome heauenly wit, whoſe verſe could haue enchaced
your glorious name in golden moniment.
But ſince ye deigned ſo goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, ſhall all be ſpent,
in ſetting your immortall prayſes forth:
Whoſe lofty argument vplifting mee,
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

MY hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
ſtill to behold the obiect of their paine:
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffize,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine:
and ſeeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like NARCISSVS vaine,
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke:
but loathe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory ſeemeth vaine to me,
And all their ſhewes but ſhadowes, ſauing ſhe.

SONNET LXXXIIII.

LEt not one ſparke of filthy luſtfull fire
breake out, that may her ſacred peace moleſt:
ne one light glance of ſenſuall deſire,
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnreſt.
But pure affections bred in ſpotleſſe breſt,
and modeſt thoughts breath'd frō wel tempred ſpirits,
goe viſite her, in her chaſte bowre of reſt,
accompanide with Angel-like delights.
There fill your ſelfe with thoſe moſt ioyous ſights,
the which my ſelfe could neuer yet attaine:
but ſpeake no word to her of theſe ſad plights,
which her too conſtant ſtiffeneſſe doth conſtraine.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And bleſſe your fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXV.

THe world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praiſe her, ſay I doe but flatter:
ſo doth the Cuckow, when the Mauis ſings,
begin his witleſſe note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of ſo heauenly matter,
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her deſert aſpire.
Deepe in the cloſet of my parts entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly furie doth inſpire,
and my glad mouth with her ſweet praiſes fill.
Which when as Fame in her ſhrill trump ſhall thunder,
Let the world chuſe to enuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

VEnemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders ſting,
of that ſelfe kind with which the Furies fell
their ſnakie heads doe combe, from which a ſpring
of poyſoned words, and ſpightfull ſpeeches well;
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accurſed hire:
that with falſe forged lies, which thou didſt tell,
in my true loue did ſtirre vp coales of ire,
The ſparkes whereof let kindle thine owne fire,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed
conſume thee quite, that didſt with guile conſpire
in my ſweet peace ſuch breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and miſchiefe thy reward,
Due to thy ſelfe, that it for me prepard.

SONNET LXXXVII.

SInce I did leaue the preſence of my loue,
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:
and many nights, that ſlowely ſeemd to moue
their ſad protract from euening vntill morne.
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wiſh that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wiſh that day would ſhortly reaſcend.

Thus

Thus I the time with expectation ſpend,
and faine my griefe with changes to beguile,
that further ſeemes his terme ſtill to extend,
and maketh euery minute ſeeme a mile.
So ſorrow ſtill doth ſeeme too long to laſt,
But ioyous houres doe flie away too faſt.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

SInce I haue lackt the comfort of that light
the which was wont to lead my thoughts aſtray,
I wander as in darkneſſe of the night,
affraid of euery dangers leaſt diſmay.
Ne ought I ſee, though in the cleareſt day,
when others gaze vpon their ſhadowes vaine:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof ſome glance doth in mine eye remaine.
Of which beholding the Idæa plaine,
through contemplation of my pureſt part,
with light thereof I doe my ſelfe ſuſtaine,
and thereon feed my loue-affamiſht hart.
But with ſuch brightnes whilſt I fill my mind,
I ſtarue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

LIke as the Culuer on the bared bough,
ſits mourning for the abſence of her mate:
and in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhfull vew,
for his returne that ſeemes to linger late;
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
mourne to my ſelfe the abſence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all deſolate,
ſeeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth houe,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous ſight:
whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can moue,
in her vnſpotted pleaſauns to delight.
Darke is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants ſuch liuely blis.

IN youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, VENVS baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hiue to grope for honny:
But when he ſaw me ſtung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

AS DIANE hunted on a day.
She chaunſt to come where CVPID lay,
his quiuer by his head:
One of his ſhafts ſhe ſtole away,
And one of hers did cloſe conuay,
into the others ſtead:
With that Loue wounded my Loues hart,
But DIANE beaſts with CVPIDS dart.

ISaw, in ſecret to my Dame
How little CVPID humbly came:
and ſaid to her, All haile my mother.
But when he ſaw me laugh, for ſhame
His face with baſhfull blood did flame,
not knowing VENVS from the other.
Then, neuer bluſh CVPID, quoth I,
For many haue err'd in this beautie.

VPon a day, as Loue lay ſweetly ſlumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noiſe,
and ſaw the beaſt ſo ſmall:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues ſo great a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wiſe he flies about,
And threatens all with courage ſtout.

TO whom his mother cloſely ſmiling ſaid,
twixt earneſt and twixt game:
See thou thy ſelfe likewiſe art little made,
if thou regard the ſame.
And yet thou ſuffreſt neither gods in skie,
nor men in earth to reſt:
But when thou art diſpoſed cruelly,
their ſleepe thou dooſt moleſt.
Then either change thy crueltie,
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

NAthleſſe, the cruell boy not ſo content,
would needs the flie purſue:
And in his hand with heedleſſe hardiment,
him caught for to ſubdue.
But when on it he haſtie hand did lay,
the Bee him ſtung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,
I wounded am full ſore:
The flye that I ſo much did ſcorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

VNto his mother ſtraight hee weeping came,
and of his griefe complained:
Who could not chuſe but laugh at his fond game,
though ſad to ſee him pained.
Thinke now (quoth ſhe) my ſonne, how great the ſmart
of thoſe whom thou dooſt wound:
Full many thou haſt pricked to the hart,
that pittie neuer found:
Therefore henceforth ſome pittie take,
When thou dooſt ſpoile of Louers make.

SHe tooke him ſtraight full pittiouſly lamenting,
and wrapt him in her ſmock:
Shee wrapt him ſofily, all the while repenting,
that he the flie did mock.
She dreſt his wound, and it embaulmed well,
with ſalue of ſoueraigne might:
And then ſhe bath'd him in a daintie well,
the well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be ſtung as this,
To be ſo bath'd in VENVS blis?

THe wanton boy was ſhortly well recured
of that his malady:
But hee, ſoone after, freſh againe enured
his former cruelnie.
And ſince that time he wounded hath my ſelfe
with his ſharpe dart of loue:
And now forgets the cruell careleſſe elfe,
his mothers heaſt to proue.
So now I languiſh, till he pleaſe
My pining anguiſh to appeaſe.

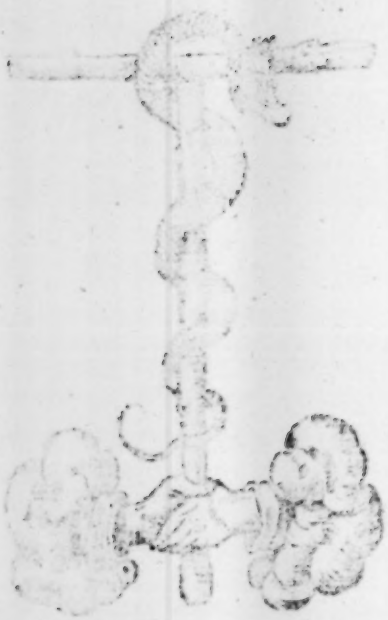
FINIS.

EPITHALA-
MION.

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.



EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which haue oftentimes
Been to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rimes,
That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare their names sung in your simple layes,
But ioyed in their praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did raise,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And hauing all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loues praises to resound,
Ne let the same of any be enuide:
So ORPHEVS did for his owne bride:
So I vnto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

EArly before the worlds light giuing lampe
His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred,
Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustiehead,
Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
My trueſt Turtle-doue,
Bid her awake; for HYMEN is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For loe the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,
Pay to her vsury of long delight:
And whilst she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

BRing with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the Riuers and the Forrests greene:
And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare,
All with gay girlands goodly well beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my faire Loue, of Lillies and of Roses,
Bound true-loue wise, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foote shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore await,
For she will waken strait,
The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushie lake,
Where none doe fishes take,
Bind vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my Loue doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the dore,
That on the hoary mountaine vse to towre,
And the wilde Wolues which seek them to deuoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from comming neere,
Be also present heere,
To helpe to deck her, and to helpe to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

WAke now my Loue, awake; for it is time,
The rosie Morne long since left TITHONS bed,
All ready to her siluer coach to clime,
And PHOEBVS gins to shew his glorious head.
Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies,
And carroll of loues praise.
The merry Larke her mattins sings aloft,
The Thrush replies, the Mauis descant playes,
The Ouzell shrils, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah my deere Loue, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'await the comming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,
The deawy leaues among:
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

MY Loue is now awake out of her dreame,
And her faire eyes like starres that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames
More bright then HESPERVS his head doth rere.
Come now ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But first come ye faire houres which were begot
In IOVES sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And all that euer in this world is faire,
Doe make and still repaire.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene:
And as ye vse to VENVS, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

EPITHALAMION.

NOw is my Loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await,
And ye freſh boyes that tend vpon her groome,
Prepare your ſelues, for he is comming ſtrait.
Set all your things in ſeemely good aray,
Fit for ſo ioyfull day:
The ioyfulſt day that euer ſunne did ſee.
Faire Sun, ſhew forth thy fauourable ray,
And let thy life-full heat not feruent be,
For feare of burning her ſunſhiny face,
Her beautie to diſgrace.
O faireſt PHOEBVS, father of the Muſe,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy ſeruants ſimple boone refuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine.
Then I thy ſoueraine prayſes loud will ſing,
That all the woods ſhall anſwere, and their eccho ring.

HArke how the Minſtrils gin to ſhrill aloud
Their merry muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But moſt of all, the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels ſmite,
And thereunto doe daunce and carroll ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they doe raviſh quite,
The whiles the boyes run vp and downe the ſtreet,
Crying aloud with ſtrong confuſed noice,
As if it were one voyce,
HYMEN, iō HYMEN, HYMEN they doe ſhout,
That euen to the heauens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approuance doe thereto applaud,
And loud aduaunce her laud,
And euermore they HYMEN HYMEN ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

LOe where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Like PHOEBE, from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mightie race,
Clad all in white, that ſeemes a virgin beſt.
So well it her beſeemes, that ye would weene
Some Angell ſhe had been.
Her long looſe yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearle, & perling flowres atweene,
Doe like a golden mantle her attire:
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme like ſome mayden Queene.
Her modeſt eyes abaſhed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do ſtare,
Vpon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to heare her prayſes ſung ſo loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathleſſe doe ye ſtill loud her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

TEll me ye Merchants daughters, did ye ſee
So faire a creature in your towne before?
So ſweet, ſo louely, and ſo mild as ſhee,
Adorned with beauties grace and vertues ſtore:
Her goodly eyes like Saphyres ſhining bright,
Her forehead iuorie white,
Her cheekes like apples which the ſun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breſt like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowie necke like to a marble towre,
And all her bodie like a palace faire,
Aſcending vp with many a ſtately ſtaire,
To honours ſeate, and chaſtities ſweet bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her ſo to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the woods did anſwer, and your eccho ring.

BVt if ye ſaw that which no eyes can ſee,
The inward beautie of her liuely ſpright,
Garniſht with heauenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that ſight,
And ſtand aſtoniſht like to thoſe which red
MEDVSAES mazefull head.
There dwells ſweet loue and conſtant chaſtitie,
Vnſpotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modeſtie,
There Vertue raignes as Queene in royall throne,
And giueth lawes alone,
The which the baſe affections doe obey,
And yeeld their ſeruices vnto her will,
Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once ſeene theſe her celeſtiall treaſures,
And vnreuealed pleaſures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods ſhould anſwer, and your eccho ring.

OPen the temple gates vnto my Loue,
Open them wide that ſhe may enter in,
And all the poſtes adorne as doth behoue,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receiue this Saint with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling ſteps and humble reuerence,
She commeth in, before th'almighties view:
Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
When ſo ye come into thoſe holy places,
To humble your proud faces;
Bring her vp to th'high altar, that ſhe may
The ſacred ceremonies there pertake,
The which doe endleſſe matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play,
The prayſes of the Lord in liuely notes,
The whiles with hollowe throates
The Choriſters the ioyous Antheme ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and their eccho ring.

BEhold, whiles ſhe before the altar ſtands,
Hearing the holy prieſt that to her ſpeakes,
And bleſſeth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roſes fluſh vp in her cheekes,
And the pure ſnowe, with goodly vermill ſtaine,

Like

Like crimſin dyde in graine:
That euen the Angels, which continually
About the ſacred Altar doe remaine,
Forget their ſeruice and about her flie,
Oft peeping in her face, that ſeemes more faire,
The more they on it ſtare.
But her ſad eyes ſtill faſt'ned on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modeſtie,
That ſuffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought vnſound.
Why bluſh ye Loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band.
Sing ye ſweet Angels, Alleluya ſing,
That all the woods may anſwere, and your eccho ring.

NOw all is done; bring home the Bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victorie,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollitie.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with bliſs.
Make feaſt therefore now all this liue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without reſtraint or ſtay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And ſprinkle all the poſtes and wals with wine,
That they may ſweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god BACCHVS with a coronall,
And HYMEN alſo crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the reſt,
For they can doe it beſt:
The whiles the maydens doe their carroll ſing,
To which the woods ſhall anſwer, & their eccho ring.

RIng ye the bels, ye young men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe you write it downe,
That ye for euer it remember may.
This day the ſunne is in his chiefeſt hight,
With BARNABY the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He ſomewhat loſeth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he ſees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuſe the longeſt day in all the yeare,
And ſhorteſt night, when longeſt fitter weare:
Yet neuer day ſo long, but late would paſſe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them ſing:
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

AH! when will this long weary day haue end,
And lend me leaue to come vnto my loue?
How ſlowly doe the houres their numbers ſpend?
How ſlowly doth ſad TIME his feathers moue?
Haſt thee, O faireſt Planet to thy home,
Within the Weſterne fome:
Thy tyred ſteeds long ſince haue need of reſt.
Long though it be, at laſt I ſee it gloome,
And the bright Euening ſtar with golden creſt
Appeare out of the Eaſt.
Faire child of beauty, glorious lampe of loue,
That all the hoſt of heauen in ranks dooſt lead,
And guideſt Louers through the nights ſad dread,
How chearefully thou lookeſt from aboue,
And ſeem'ſt to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the ſight
Of theſe glad many, which for ioy doe ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

NOw ceaſſe ye damſels your delights fore-paſt,
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing faſt,
Now bring the Bride into the bridall bowres.
Now night is come, now ſoone her diſaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
And ſilken curtaines ouer her diſplay,
And odourd ſheets, and Arras couerlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Loue does ly,
In proud humility;
Like vnto MAIA, when as IOVE her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie gras,
Twixt ſleepe and wake, after ſhe weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damſels may be gone,
And leaue my Loue alone,
And leaue likewiſe your former lay to ſing:
The woods no more ſhall anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

NOw welcome night, thou night ſo long expected,
That long dayes labour dooſt at laſt defray,
And all my cares, which cruell loue collected,
Haſt ſumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing ouer my Loue and me,
That no man may vs ſee,
And in thy ſable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
Let no falſe treaſon ſeeke vs to entrap,
Nor any drad diſquiet once annoy
The ſafetie of our ioy:
But let the night be calme and quietſome,
Without tempeſtuous ſtormes or ſad affray:
Like as when IOVE with faire ALCMENA lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or like as when he with thy ſelfe did lie,
And begot Maieſtie.
And let the mayds and young men ceaſe to ſing:
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

LEt no lamenting cries, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let falſe whiſpers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle ſleepe with miſconceiued doubt.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull ſights,
Make ſudden ſad affrights;
Ne let houſe-fires, nor lightnings, helpleſſe harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other euill ſprights,
Ne let miſchieuous Witches with their charmes,
Ne let Hob-goblins, names whoſe ſenſe we ſee not,

Fray vs with things that be not.
Let not the ſhriech-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Rauen that ſtill deadly yels,
Nor damned ghoſts cald vp with mightie ſpels,
Nor grieſly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th'vnpleaſant Quyre of Frogs ſtill croking
Make vs to wiſhe their choking.
Let none of theſe their drery accents ſing,
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

BVt let ſtill Silence true night watches keepe,
That ſacred peace may in aſſurance raine,
And timely ſleepe, when it is time to ſleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleaſant plaine,
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
Like diuers fethered doues,
Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,
And in the ſecret darke, that none reproues,
Their prety ſtealthes ſhall worke, and ſnares ſhall ſpread
To filch away ſweet ſnatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night.
Ye ſonnes of VENVS, play your ſports at will:
For greedy pleaſure, careleſſe of your toyes,
Thinks more vpon her paradiſe of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will ſoone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the woods now anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

VVHo is the ſame, which at my window peeps?
Or whoſe is that faire face which ſhines ſo bright?
Is it not CYNTHIA, ſhee that neuer ſleepes,
But walks about high heauen all the night?
O faireſt goddeſſe, doe thou not enuy
My Loue with me to ſpy:
For thou likewiſe didſt loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which priuily,
The Latmian ſhepheard once vnto thee brought,
His pleaſures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauourable now;
And ſith of womens labours thou haſt charge,
And generation goodly dooſt enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wiſhfull vow,
And the chaſte wombe informe with timely ſeede,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopefull hap to ſing,
Ne let the woods vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

ANd thou great IVNO, which with awfull might
The lawes of wedlocke ſtill dooſt patronize,
And the religion of the faith firſt plight
With ſacred rites haſt taught to ſolemnize:
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their ſmart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy bleſſings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whoſe gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemiſh or ſtaine,
And the ſweet pleaſures of their loues delight
With ſecret ayde dooſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this ſame night.
And thou faire HYMEN, and thou HYMEN free,
Grant that it may ſo bee.
Till which we ceaſe your further praiſe to ſing,
Ne any woods ſhall anſwere, nor your eccho ring.

ANd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thouſand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
In dreadfull darkneſſe lend deſired light;
And all ye powers which in the ſame remaine,
More then we men can faine,
Poure out your bleſſing on vs plentiouſly,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raiſe a large poſteritie,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſſe,
With laſting happineſſe,
Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed Saints for to increaſe the count.
So let vs reſt, ſweet Loue, in hope of this,
And ceaſe till then our timely ioyes to ſing,
The woods no more vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

SOng made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue ſhould duly haue been deckt,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promiſt both to recompence,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſſe moniment.

FINIS.



Foure

FOVRE
HYMNES,

MADE
By *Edmunde Spenſer.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRAble and moſt vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Magaret*, Counteſſe of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*, Counteſſe of Warwicke.

(·.·)

HAuing in the greener times of my youth, compoſed theſe former two Hymnes in the prayſe of Loue and Beautie, and finding that the ſame too much pleaſed thoſe of like age and diſpoſition, which beeing too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather ſucke out poyſon to their ſtrong paſsion, then hony to their honeſt delight; I was mooued by the one of you two moſt excellent Ladies, to call in the ſame. But being vnable ſo to doe, by reaſon that many copies thereof were formerly ſcattered abroad, I reſolued at leaſt to amend, and by way of retractation to reforme them, making (in ſtead of thoſe two Hymnes of earthly or naturall loue and beautie) two others, of heauenly and celeſtiall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honourable ſiſters, as to the moſt excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beſeeching you to vouchſafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble ſeruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye daily ſhew vnto mee, vntill ſuch time as I may by better meanes, yeeld you ſome more notable teſtimony of my thankful mind and dutifull deuotion. And euen ſo I pray for your happineſſe. Greenewich, this firſt of September. 1596.

(*_*)

Your Honours moſt bounden euer in all humble ſeruice,

Edm. Sp.



AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

LOVE, that long ſince haſt to thy mightie powre
Perforce ſubdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with reſtleſſe ſtowre,
Dooſt tyrannize in euery weaker part;
Faine would I ſeeke to eaſe my bitter ſmart,
By any ſeruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that elſe might to thee pleaſing bee.

And now t'aſſwage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to ſing the prayſes of thy name,
And thy victorious conqueſts to areed;
By which thou madeſt many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,
And by thy cruell darts to thee ſubdew'd.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the ſharpe ſorrowes, which thou haſt me bred,
Should faint, and words ſhould faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed.
But if thou wouldſt vouchſafe to ouer-ſpred
Me with the ſhadow of thy gentle wing,
I ſhould enabled be thy acts to ſing.

Come then, ô come, thou mighty God of loue,
Out of thy ſiluer bowres and ſecret bliſſe,
Where thou dooſt ſit in VENVS lap aboue,
Bathing thy wings in her Ambroſiall kiſſe,
That ſweeter farre then any Nectar is;
Come ſoftly, and my feeble breaſt inſpire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye ſweet Muſes, which haue often prou'd
The piercing points of his auengefull darts;
And ye faire Nimphs, which oftentimes haue lou'd
The cruell worker of your kindly ſmarts,
Prepare your ſelues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were ſorie.

And yee faire bloſſomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conqueſts of your beautie boſt,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But ſterue their harts, that needeth nurture moſt,
Prepare your ſelues, to march amongſt his hoſt,
And all the way this ſacred Hymne doe ſing,
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

GReat god of might, that reigneſt in the mind,
And all the bodie to thy heſt dooſt frame,
Victor of gods, ſubduer of mankind,
That dooſt the Lions and fell Tygers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy ſcornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expreſſe the glory of thy might?

Or who aliue can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother VENVS firſt thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie;
And yet a child, renewing ſtill thy yeares:
And yet the eldeſt of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds ſtill mouing mightie maſſe,
Out of great Chaos vgly priſon crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heauens view, and in deepe darkneſſe kept;
LOVE, that had now long time ſecurely ſlept
In VENVS lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by CLOTHO beeing waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heat,
Kindled at firſt from heauens life-giuing fire,
He gan to moue out of his idle ſeat,
Weakely at firſt, but after with deſire
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hier,
And like freſh Eagle, made his hardie flight
Through all that great wide waſte, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures ſake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not, till he did it make;
Whoſe ſundry parts he from themſelues did ſeuer,
The which before had lyen confuſed euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themſelues in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conſpire
Each againſt other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confuſion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till LOVE relented their rebellious ire.

He

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well,
Their contrary diſlikes with louely meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe themſelues within their ſundry raines,
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
Yet ſo, as that in euery liuing wight
They mixe themſelues, and ſhew their kindly might.

So euer ſince they firmely haue remain'd,
And duly well obſerued his beheaſt;
Through which, now all theſe things that are contain'd
Within this goodly cope, both moſt and leaſt
Their being haue, and daily are increaſt,
Through ſecret ſparks of his infuſed fire,
Which in the barraine cold he doth inſpire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are
To multiply the likeneſſe of their kind,
Whilſt they ſeeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning find:
But Man, that breathes a more immortall mind,
Not for luſts ſake, but for eternitie,
Seekes to enlarge his laſting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted ſpright,
Some ſparks remaining of that heauenly fire,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly ſemblant to aſpire:
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth deſire
That ſeemes on earth moſt heauenly, to embrace,
That ſame is BEAVTY, borne of heauenly race.

For ſure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diuine doth ſeeme,
Or that reſembleth more th'immortall flame
Of heauenly light, then BEAVTIES glorious beame.
What wonder then, if with ſuch rage extreame,
Fraile men, whoſe eyes ſeeke heauenly things to ſee,
At ſight thereof ſo much enrauiſht bee?

Which well perceiuing, that imperious boy,
Doth therewith tip his ſharp empoiſned darts;
Which glancing through the eyes with count'nance coy,
Reſt not, till they haue pierſt the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which ſuckes the blood, and drinketh vp the life
Of carefull wretches with conſuming griefe.

Thenceforth they plaine, and make ful pitious mone
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;
The daies they waſte, the nights they grieue and grone,
Their liues they loathe, and heauens light diſdaine:
No light but that, whoſe lampe doth yet remaine
Freſh burning in the image of their eye,
They deigne to ſee, and ſeeing it, ſtill dye.

The whilſt, thou tyrant LOVE dooſt laugh & ſcorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play:
Whilſt they lie languiſhing like thrals forlorne,
The whiles thou dooſt triumph in their decay,
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou dooſt emmarble the proud hart of her,
Whoſe loue before their life they doe prefer.

So haſt thou often done (aye me the more)
To me thy vaſſall, whoſe yet bleeding hart,
With thouſand wounds thou mangled haſt ſo ſore,
That whole remaines ſcarce any little part:
Yet to augment the anguiſh of my ſmart,
Thou haſt enfrozend her diſdainfull breſt,
That no one drop of pittie there doth reſt.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dooſt ſhew no fauour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to ſlake the rigour of my flame?
Certes, ſmall glory dooſt thou winne hereby,
To let her liue thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the moſt kind preſeruer
Of liuing wights, the ſoueraigne Lord of all,
How falles it then, that with thy furious feruour,
Thou dooſt afflict as well the not deſeruer,
As him that doth thy louely heaſts deſpiſe,
And on thy ſubiects moſt dooſt tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glorie ſeemeth more,
By ſo hard handling thoſe which beſt thee ſerue,
That ere thou dooſt them vnto grace reſtore,
Thou maiſt well trie if they will euer ſwerue,
And maiſt them make it better to deſerue:
And hauing got it, may it more eſteeme.
For things hard gotten, men more deerely deeme.

So hard thoſe heauenly beauties be enfired,
As things diuine, leaſt paſſions doe impreſſe,
The more of ſtedfaſt minds to be admired,
The more they ſtayed be on ſtedfaſtneſſe:
But baſeborne minds ſuch lamps regard the leſſe,
Which at firſt blowing take not haſtie fire,
Such fancies feele no loue, but looſe deſire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,
Lifting himſelfe out of the lowly duſt,
On golden plumes vp to the pureſt skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly ſinfull luſt,
Whoſe baſe affect through cowardly diſtruſt
Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen flie,
But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themſelues enure
To durtie droſſe, no higher dare aſpire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celeſtiall fire,
Which kindleth loue in generous deſire,
And makes him mount aboue the native might
Of heauie earth, vp to the heauens hight.

Such is the powre of that ſweet paſſion,
That it all ſordid baſeneſſe doth expell,

And the refined mind doth newly faſhion
Vnto a fairer forme, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it ſelfe excell;
Which he beholding ſtill with conſtant ſight,
Admires the mirrour of ſo heauenly light.

Whoſe image printing in his deepeſt wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantaſie,
Still full, yet neuer ſatisfide with it,
Like TANTALE, that in ſtore doth ſtarued ly:
So doth he pine in moſt ſatietie;
For nought may quench his infinite deſire,
Once kindled through that firſt conceiued fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
That ſeemes in it all bliſſes to containe,
In ſight whereof, all other bliſſe ſeemes vaine.
Thrice happy man, might he the ſame poſſeſſe,
He faines himſelfe, and doth his fortune bleſſe.

And though he doe not win his wiſh to end,
Yet thus farre happy he himſelfe doth weene,
That heauens ſuch happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth ſo heauenly, to haue ſeene,
His harts enſhrined Saint, his heauens queene,
Fairer then faireſt, in his fayning eye,
Whoſe ſole aſpect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he caſts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardly wrought,
What puiſſant conqueſt, what aduentrous paine
May pleaſe her beſt, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breaſt he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,
Thou being blind, letſt him not ſee his feares,
But carieſt him to that which he hath eyde,
Through ſeas, through flames, through thouſand (ſwords and ſpeares:
Ne ought ſo ſtrong that may his force withſtand,
With which thou armeſt his reſiſtleſſe hand.

Witneſſe LEANDER, in the Euxine waues,
And ſtout AENEAS in the Troiane fire,
ACHILLES preaſſing through the Phrygian glaues,
And ORPHEVS, daring to prouoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:
For both through heauen and hell thou makeſt way,
To win them worſhip which to thee obay.

And if by all theſe perils and theſe paines,
He may but purchaſe lyking in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himſelfe he faines,
Eftſoones he wipes quite out of memory
What euer ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die againe,
To liue thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can ſo contented reſt,
But forceth further on, and ſtriueth ſtill
T'approach more neare, till in her inmoſt breſt,
He may emboſomd bee, and loued beſt;
And yet not beſt, but to be lou'd alone:
For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, ô how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more then helliſh paine!
And to his fayning fanſie repreſent
Sights neuer ſeene, and thouſand ſhadowes vaine,
To breake his ſleepe, and waſte his idle braine:
Thou that haſt neuer lou'd canſt not believe
Leaſt part of th'euils which poore Louers grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine ſurmiſes, the diſtruſtfull ſhowes,
The falſe reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delayes, the woes,
The fained friends, the vnaſſured foes,
With thouſands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more curſed then they all,
That canker-worme, that monſter Ieloſie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miſerie,
Through feare of loſing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monſter placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By theſe, ô LOVE, thou dooſt thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and dooſt the more endeere
Thy pleaſures vnto thoſe which them partake,
As after ſtormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The ſunne more bright & glorious doth appeare:
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Dooſt beare vnto thy bliſſe, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placeſt in a Paradiſe
Of all delight, and ioyous happy reſt,
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly wiſe,
With HERCVLES and HEBE, and the reſt
Of VENVS dearlings, through her bountie bleſt,
And lie like gods in Iuory beds arayd,
With roſe and lillies ouer them diſplayd.

There, with thy daughter PLEASVRE they do play
Their hurtleſſe ſports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her ſnowy boſome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty ſhame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game;
Then her they crowne their goddeſſe & their Queene,
And decke with flowres thy altars well beſeene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wiſhed ſcope
Of my deſire; or might my ſelfe aſſure,
That happy port for euer to recure.

Then

Then would I thinke theſe paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance ſmall.

Then would I ſing of thine immortall praiſe,
An heauenly Hymne, ſuch as the Angels ſing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raiſe
Boue all the gods, thee onely honouring.
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King;
Till then, drad Lord, vouchſafe to take of mee
This ſimple ſong, thus fram'd in praiſe of thee.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE, IN honour of Beautie.

AH! whither, LOVE, wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontleſſe fury dooſt thou now inſpire
Into my feeble breaſt, too-full of thee?
Whilſt ſeeking to aſſuke thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindleſt much more great deſire,
And vp a'oft aboue my ſtrength doſt raiſe
The wondrous matter of my fire to praiſe.

That as I earſt, in praiſe of thine owne name,
So, now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke ſhould frame;
And with the brightneſſe of her beautie cleare,
The rauiſht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds ſuch foule enchaunting might.

Thereto doe thou great Goddeſſe, queen of BEAVTY,
Mother of LOVE, and of all worlds delight,
Without whoſe ſoueraigne grace and kindly deutie,
Nothing on earth ſeemes faire to fleſhly ſight,
Doe thou vouchſafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this ſacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it moſt,
And eke to her, whoſe faire immortall beame
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghoſt,
That now it waſted is with woes extreame,
It may ſo pleaſe, that ſhe at length will ſtreame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long ſorrowe and conſuming ſmart.

VVHat time this worlds great workmaiſter did caſt
To make all things, ſuch as we now behold,
It ſeemes that he before his eyes had plac't
A goodly Patterne, to whoſe perfect mould
He faſhiond them as comely as he could;
That now ſo faire and ſeemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne whereſoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in ſecret ſtore,
Or elſe in heauen, that no man may it ſee
With ſinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect BEAVTY, which all men adore:
Whoſe face and feature doth ſo much excell
All mortall ſenſe, that none the ſame may tell.

Thereof, as euery earthly thing partakes
Or more or leſſe by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the groſſe matter of this earthly mine
Which cloſeth it, thereafter doth reſine,
Dooing away the droſſe which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infuſion of celeſtiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full ſpirits priuily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers ſight
They ſeeme to pleaſe. That is, thy ſoueraigne might
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright ſtarre, thou into them dooſt ſtreame.

That

That is the thing which giueth pleaſant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,
Light of thy lampe, which ſhining in the face,
Thence to the ſoule darts amorous deſire,
And robs the harts of thoſe which it admire,
Therewith thou pointeſt thy ſonnes poyſned arrow,
That wounds the life, & waſtes the inmoſt marrow.

How vainely then doe idle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought elſe, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that ſhall quickly fade
And paſſe away, like to a Sommers ſhade,
Or that it is but comely compoſition,
Of parts well meaſurd, with meet diſpoſition.

Hath white and red in it ſuch wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein ſtirre ſuch rage and reſtleſſe ſtowre,
As nought but death can ſtint his dolours ſmart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue ſuch affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both ſenſe and reaſon blind?

Why doe not then the bloſſoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the ſenſe moſt dainty odours yield,
Worke like impreſſion in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre ſhew,
In which oft-times, we Nature ſee of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming euery part.

But ah! beleeue me, there is more then ſo,
That workes ſuch wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know;
And who ſo liſt the like aſſayes to ken,
Shall find by triall, and confeſſe it then,
That BEAVTIE is not, as fond men miſdeeme,
An outward ſhew of things, that onely ſeeme.

For that ſame goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are ſprinkled, ſhall decay.
And thoſe ſweet roſie leaues ſo fairely ſpred
Vpon the lips, ſhall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, thoſe ſparkling ſtarres ſo bright,
Shall turne to duſt, and loſe their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whoſe celeſtiall ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguiſht nor decay,
But when the vitall ſpirits doe expire,
Vnto her native planet ſhall retire:
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the pureſt skie.

For when the ſoule, the which deriued was
At firſt, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did paſs
Downe from the top of pureſt heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And liuely ſpirits from that faireſt ſtarre,
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning ſtill or more or leſſe,
When ſhe in fleſhly ſeed is eft enraced,
Through euery part ſhe doth the ſame impreſſe,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her houſe, in which ſhe will be placed,
Fit for her ſelfe, adorning it with ſpoile
Of th'heauenly riches, which ſhe robd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that theſe faire ſoules, which haue
The moſt reſemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themſelues moſt beautifull and braue
Their fleſhly bowre, moſt fit for their delight,
And the groſſe matter by a ſoueraine might
Tempers ſo trim, that it may well be ſeene,
A palace fit for ſuch a virgin Queene.

So euery ſpirit, as it is moſt pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable ſight.
For of the ſoule the bodie forme doth take:
For ſoule is forme, and doth the body make.

Therfore where-euer that thou dooſt behold
A comely corpſe, with beautie faire endewed,
Knowe this for certaine, that the ſame doth hold
A beautious ſoule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receiue the ſeed of vertue ſtrewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a ſigne to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mind
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd,
Either by chaunce, againſt the courſe of kind,
Or through vnaptneſſe in the ſubſtance found,
Which it aſſumed of ſome ſtubborne ground,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with ſome foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (aye me the more to rew)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abuſd, and that celeſtiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of ſinne, and ſinners ſcorne:
Whilſt euery one doth ſeeke and ſue to haue it,
But euery one doth ſeeke, but to deprae it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that doe abuſe it vnto ill:
Nothing ſo good, but that through guilty ſhame
May be corrupt, and wreſted vnto will.
Natheleſſe, the ſoule is faire and beautious ſtill,
How euer fleſhes fault it filthy make:
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauenly light,

Let not your beames with ſuch diſparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glory darkned quight:
But mindfull ſtill of your firſt countries ſight,
Doe ſtill preſerue your firſt informed grace,
Whoſe ſhadow yet ſhines in your beautious face.

Lo uth that foule blot, that helliſh fierbrand,
Diſloyall luſt, faire BEAVTIES fouleſt blame,
That baſe affections, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loues abuſed name;
But is indeed the bond-ſlaue of defame,
Which will the garland of your glory marre,
And quench the light of your bright ſhining ſtarre.

But gentle LOVE, that loyall is and trew,
Will more illumine your reſplendent ray,
And adde more brightneſſe to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likeneſſe doth diſplay,
Like as two mirrours by oppoſd reflexion,
Doe both expreſſe the faces firſt impreſſion.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heauenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admire their fountaine may.
For elſe what booteth that celeſtiall ray,
If it in darknes be enſhrined euer,
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduiſe,
That likeſt to your ſelues ye them ſelect,
The which your formes firſt ſourſe may ſympathiſe,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you looſely loue, without reſpect,
It is not loue, but a diſcordant warre,
Whoſe vnlike parts amongſt themſelues do iarre.

For loue is a celeſtiall harmonie,
Of likely harts compoſd of ſtarres concent,
Which ioyne together in ſweet ſympathy,
To worke each others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harbourd ſince their firſt deſcent
Out of their heauenly bowres, where they did ſee
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twaine
Should in loues gentle band combined bee,
But thoſe whom heauen did at firſt ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beauty which they ſee,
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not ſo light,
As ſtraight to burne at firſt beholders ſight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwiſe,
With pure regard and ſpotleſſe true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes,
A more refined forme, which they preſent
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemiſhment;
Which it reducing to her firſt perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleſhes fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it ſelfe it hath remaining ſtill
Of that firſt Sunne, yet ſparkling in his ſight,
Thereof he faſhions in his higher skill,
An heauenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admire.

Which ſeeing now ſo inly faire to bee,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his ſpirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantaſie,
And fully ſetteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it is indeed,
And yet indeed her faireneſs doth exceed.

For Louers eyes more ſharply ſighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight,
See more then any other eyes can ſee,
Through mutuall receipt of the beames bright,
Which carry priuie meſſage to the ſpright,
And to their eyes that inmoſt faire diſplay,
As plaine as light diſcouers dawning day.

Therein they ſee through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loues ſtill flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fierie launces:
Whom hauing wounded, backe againe they goe,
Carrying compaſſion to their louely foe;
Who ſeeing her fayre eyes ſo ſharpe effect,
Cures all their ſorrowes with one ſweet aſpect.

In which, how many wonders doe they reed
To their conceit, that others neuer ſee,
Now of her ſmiles, with which their ſoules they feed,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;
But when her words embaſſade forth ſhe ſends,
Lord, how ſweet muſick that vnto them lends!

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
A thouſand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
Ten thouſand ſweet belgards, which to their ſight
Doe ſeeme like twinkling ſtarres in froſty night:
But on her lips, like roſie buds in May,
So many millions of chaſte pleaſures play.

All thoſe, ô CYTHEREA, and thouſands more
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties ſtore,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend;
That in mens harts thou mayſt thy throne enſtall,
And ſpread thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *Io triumph*, ô great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conqueſt hie,
That all this world, the which thy vaſſals beene,
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maieſtie,

Sing-

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore hegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, ô great Soueraigne,
That ſhe whoſe conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue:
And this ſame life, which firſt from me ſhe reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire VENVS dearling, my deare dread,
Freſh flowre of grace, great Goddeſſe of my life,
When your faire eyes theſe fearefull lines ſhall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe.
And ſhew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can reſtore a damned wight from death.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE, OF heauenly Loue.

LOVE, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this baſe world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may ſee thoſe admirable things,
Which there thou workeſt by thy ſoueraine might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly ſight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may ſing
Vnto the god of LOVE, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praiſe of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did looſe affection moue.
But all thoſe follies now I doe reproue,
And turned haue the tenor of my ſtring,
The heauenly praiſes of true loue to ſing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine deſire,
To read my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your ſelues at my wide ſparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her aſhes ſhrowd my dying ſhame:
For who my paſſed follies now purſewes,
Beginnes his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now containd, found any beeing place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Sphere, & parts their houres by ſpace,
That high Eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all theſe things, mou'd in it ſelfe by loue.

It lou'd it ſelfe, becauſe it ſelfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it ſelfe begot
Like to it ſelfe his eldeſt ſonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of ſinfull blot,
The firſtling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of loues diſlike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honor crownd.

With him he raigned, before all time preſcribed,
In endleſſe glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
Moſt wiſe, moſt holy, moſt almightie Spright,
Whoſe kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much leſſe my trembling verſe,
With equall words can hope it to reherſe.

Yet ô moſt bleſſed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall ſpring of grace and wiſedome true,
Vouchſafe to ſhed into my barren ſpright,
Some little drop of thy celeſtiall dew,
That may my rimes with ſweet infuſe embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant ſtill with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
Things like himſelfe, and to enlarge his race,
His ſecond brood, though not of powre ſo great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increaſe of Angels bright,
All gliſtring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight
(Not this round heauen, which wee from hence behold,
Adornd with thouſand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thouſand gemmes of ſhining gold)
He giue, as their inheritance to hold,
That they might ſerue him in eternall blis,
And be partakers of thoſe ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his meſſages doth ſend,
Or on his owne drad preſence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
For he his beames doth vnto them extend,

That darknes there appeareth neuer none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliſſe an end,
But there their termeleſſe time in pleaſure ſpend,
Ne euer ſhould their happineſſe decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to diſobay.

But pride, impatient of long reſting peace,
Did puffe them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan caſt their ſtate how to increaſe
Aboue the fortune of their firſt condition,
And ſit in Gods owne ſeate without commiſſion:
The brighteſt Angell, euen the Child of light,
Drew millions more againſt their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, ſeeing their ſo bold aſſay,
Kindled the flame of his conſuming ire,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heauens hight, to which they did aſpire,
To deepeſt hell, and lake of damned fire,
Where they in darknes and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-ſpring of the Makers loue,
Next to himſelfe in glorious degree,
Degenering to hate, fell from aboue
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
And now of ſinne to all enſample bee:
How then can ſinfull fleſh it ſelfe aſſure,
Sith pureſt Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,
Now ſeeing left a waſte and emptie place
In his wide Palace, through thoſe Angels fall,
Caſt to ſupply the ſame, and to enſtall
A new vnknowen Colonie therein, (begin.
Whoſe roote from earths baſe ground-worke ſhould

Therefore of clay, baſe, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:
According to an heauenly patterne wrought,
Which he had faſhiond in his wiſe foreſight,
He man did make, and breath'd a liuing ſpright
Into his face, moſt beautifull and faire,
Endewd with wiſedoms riches, heauenly rare.

Such he him made, that he reſemble might
Himſelfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie ſelfe behold.
For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to ſee,
That like it ſelfe in louely ſhape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
No leſſe then Angels, whom he did enſew,
Fell from the hope of promiſt heauenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to ſinners dew,
And all his off-ſpring into thraldome threw:
Where they for euer ſhould in bonds remaine,
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at firſt
Made of meere loue, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurſt,
In that deepe horror of deſpeired hell,
Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,
But caſt out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the boſome of eternall bliſs,
In which he raigned with his glorious ſire,
He downe deſcended, like a moſt demiſs
And abiect thrall, in fleſhes fraile attire,
That he for him might pay ſinnes deadly hire,
And him reſtore vnto that happy ſtate,
In which he ſtood before his hapleſs fate.

In fleſh at firſt the guilt committed was,
Therefore in fleſh it muſt be ſatisfide:
Nor ſpirit, nor Angell, though they man ſurpas,
Could make amends to God for mans miſguide,
But onely man himſelfe, who ſelfe did ſlide.
So taking fleſh of ſacred Virgins wombe,
For mans deare ſake, he did a man become.

And that moſt bleſſed body, which was borne
Without all blemiſh or reproachfull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with deſpightfull ſhame
Reuiling him, that them moſt vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And ſlew the iuſt, by moſt vniuſt decree.

O huge and moſt vnſpeakeable impreſſion
Of loues deepe wound, that pierſt the pitious hart
Of that deare Lord with ſo entire affection,
And ſharply launcing euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his ſoule did dart:
Dooing him die, that neuer it deſerued,
To free his foes, that from his heaſt had ſwerued.

What hart can feele leaſt touch of ſo ſore launch,
Or thought can thinke the depth of ſo deare wound?
Whoſe bleeding ſourſe their ſtreames yet neuer ſtaunch,
But ſtill do flowe, and freſhly ſtill redound,
To heale the ſores of ſinfull ſoules vnſound,
And cleanſe the guilt of that infected crime,
Which was enrooted in all fleſhly ſlime.

O bleſſed well of loue! ô flowre of grace!
O glorious Morning ſtarre! ô lampe of light!
Moſt liuely image of thy fathers face,
Eternall King of glory, Lord of might,
Meeke lambe of God before all world behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy moſt precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'ſt in lieu of all this loue,
But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.
Aye me! what can vs leſſe then that behoue?
Had he required life of vs againe,
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?

He

He gaue vs life, he it reſtored loſt;
Then life were leaſt, that vs ſo little coſt.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and bleſſed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds, but that we louing bee,
As he himſelfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternall band,
Him firſt to loue, that vs ſo dearly bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him firſt to loue, great right and reaſon is,
Who firſt to vs our life and beeing gaue;
And after, when we fared had amis,
Vs wretches from the ſecond death did ſaue;
And laſt, the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen hee himſelfe in his deare ſacrament,
To feede our hungry ſoules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that ſelfe mould, and that ſelfe Makers hand,
That we; and to the ſame againe ſhall fade,
Where they ſhall haue like heritage of land,
How-euer here on higher ſteps we ſtand;
Which alſo were with ſelfe ſame price redeemed
That we, how-euer of vs light eſteemed.

And were they not, yet ſith that louing Lord
Commaunded vs to loue them for his ſake,
Euen for his ſake, and for his ſacred word,
Which in his laſt bequeſt he to vs ſpake,
We ſhould them loue, & with their needs partake;
Knowing, that whatſoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his moſt holy reed
Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
Enſampled it by his moſt righteous deed,
Shewing vs mercy (miſerable crew)
That we the like ſhould to the wretches ſhew,
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,
How much himſelfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouze thy ſelfe, ô earth, out of thy ſoyle,
In which thou wallow'ſt like to filthy ſwine,
And dooſt thy mind in durty pleaſures moyle,
Vnmindfull of that deareſt Lord of thine;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his ſoueraigne bounty maiſt behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from firſt where he encradled was
In ſimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toyleſull Oxe and humble Aſſe,
And in what rags, and in how baſe aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the ſilly Shepheards came to ſee,
Whom greateſt Princes ſought on loweſt knee.

From thence read on the ſtory of his life,
His humble carriage, his vnfaulty waies,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyle, his ſtrife,
His paines, his pouerty, his ſharpe aſſaies,
Through which he paſt his miſerable daies,
Offending none, and dooing good to all,
Yet beeing maliſt both of great and ſmall.

And looke at laſt, how of moſt wretched wights
He taken was, betrayd, and falſe accuſed,
How with moſt ſcornfull taunts, & fell deſpights
He was reuil'd, diſgraſt, and foule abuſed,
How ſcourg'd, how crowned, how buffeted, how bruſed;
And laſtly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (ſide.
With bitter wounds, throgh hands, throgh feet, throgh

Then let thy flinty hart that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorſe,
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,
At ſight of his moſt ſacred heauenly corſe,
So torne and mangled with malicious force:
And let thy ſoule, whoſe ſinnes his ſorrowes wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With ſenſe whereof, whilſt ſo thy ſoftned ſpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endleſſe merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th'author of thy weale,
And go his ſoueraigne mercy doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee ſo deare,
And in thy breaſt his bleſſed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy ſoule and mind,
Thou muſt him loue, and his beheaſts embrace:
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and ſtirre vp affections baſe,
Thou muſt renounce, and vtterly diſplace,
And giue thy ſelfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himſelfe for thee.

Then ſhalt thou feele thy ſpirit ſo poſſeſt,
And rauiſht with deuouring great deſire
Of his deare ſelfe, that ſhall thy feeble breſt
Inflame with loue, and ſet thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou ſhalt delight,
But in his ſweet and amiable ſight.

Thenceforth, all worlds deſire will in thee die,
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,
Seeme durt and droſſe in thy pure ſighted eye,
Compar'd to that celeſtiall beauties blaze,
Whoſe glorious beames all fleſhly ſenſe doth daze
With admiration of their paſſing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the ſpright.

Then ſhall thy rauiſht ſoule inſpired bee
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes ſhall plainly ſee
Th'Idee of his pure glory, preſent ſtill
Before thy face, that all thy ſpirits ſhall fill
With ſweet enragement of celeſtiall loue,
Kindled through ſight of thoſe faire things aboue.

AN HYMNE, OF HEAuenlie Beautie.

RApt with the rage of mine owne rauiſht thought,
Through contemplation of thoſe goodly ſights,
And glorious Images in heauen wrought,
Whoſe wondrous beauty breathing ſweet delights,
Doe kindle loue in high conceited ſprights:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, ô thou moſt almightie Spright,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flowe,
To ſhed into my breaſt ſome ſparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth; that I may ſhowe
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake diſtraughted mind I ſee.

That with the glorie of ſo goodly ſight,
The harts of men, which fondly here admire
Faire-ſeeming ſhewes, and feede on vaine delight,
Tranſported with celeſtiall deſire
Of thoſe faire formes, may lift themſelues vp hier,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty,
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th'eaſie view
Of this baſe world, ſubiect to fleſhly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortall skie.
Of the ſoare Faulcon ſo I learne to flie,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till ſhe herſelfe for ſtronger flight can breath.

Then looke who liſt, thy gazefull eyes to feed
With ſight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wide *Vniuerſe*, and therein reed
The endleſſe kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canſt not count, much leſſe their natures aime:
All which are made with wondrous wiſe reſpect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

Firſt th'Earth, on Adamantine pillers founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with braſen bands;
Then th'Ayre ſtill flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On euerie ſide, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer conſum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And laſt, that mightie ſhining cryſtall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompaſſed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That ſtill as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, ſo ſtill more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of pureſt beautie, it at laſt aſcend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
On that bright ſhinie round ſtill mouing Maſſe,
The houſe of bleſſed Gods, which men call SKYE,
All ſow'd with gliſtring ſtarres more thicke then graſſe,
Whereof each other doth in brightneſſe paſſe.
But thoſe two moſt, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire ſway.

And tell me then, what haſt thou euer ſeene,
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the ſight that is moſt ſharpe and keene,
Endure their Captaines flaming head to ſee?
How much leſſe thoſe, much higher in degree,
And ſo much fairer, and much more then theſe,
As theſe are fairer then the land and ſeas?

For, farre aboue theſe heauens which here we ſee,
Be others, farre exceeding theſe in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as theſe ſame bee,
But infinite in largeneſſe and in hight,
Vnmouing, vncorrupt, and ſpotleſſe bright,
That need no Sunne t'illuminate their ſpheres,
But their owne natiue light, farre paſſing theirs.

And as theſe heauens ſtill by degrees ariſe,
Vntill they come to their firſt Mouers bound,
That in his mighty compaſſe doth compriſe,
And carry all the reſt with him around;
So thoſe likewiſe doe by degrees redound,
And riſe more faire, till they at laſt arriue
To the moſt faire, whereto they all doe ſtriue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy ſoules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe ſtill behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Maieſtie:
More faire is that, where thoſe IDEES on hie
Enranged be, which PLATO ſo admired,
And pure INTELLIGENCES from God inſpired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigne
The ſouerain POVVERS & mighty POTENTATES,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly DOMINATIONS are ſet,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be thoſe bright CHERVBINS,
Which all with golden wings are ouer-dight,
And thoſe eternall burning SERAPHINS,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne perſon, without reſt or end.

Theſe

Theſe thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Higheſt they approach more neare,
Yet is that Higheſt farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the reſt which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioynd together were:
How then can mortall tongue hope to expreſſe
The image of ſuch endleſſe perfectneſſe?

Ceaſe then my tongue, and lend vnto my mind
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whoſe vtmoſt parts ſo beautifull I find:
How much more thoſe eſſentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wiſedome, and his bliſs,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himſelfe a ſight.

Thoſe vnto all he daily doth diſplay,
And ſhew himſelfe in th'image of his grace,
As in a looking glaſſe, through which he may
Be ſeene, of all his creatures vile and baſe,
That are vnable elſe to ſee his face,
His glorious face which gliſtereth elſe ſo bright,
That th'Angels ſelues cannot endure his ſight.

But we fraile wights, whoſe ſight cannot ſuſtaine
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth ſhine,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we ſee with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maieſtie diuine;
In ſight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his leaſt reſplendent ſparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,
And in the ſame, as in a braſen booke,
To read enregiſtred in euery nooke
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare.
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect ſpeculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whoſe damps the ſoule do blind,
And like the natiue brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from groſſe miſts of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footſtoole of his Maieſtie,
Throwe thy ſelfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the drad face of that great DEITIE,
For feare, leaſt if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowely fall before his Mercie ſeate,
Cloſe couered with the Lambes integritie,
From the iuſt wrath of his auengefull threat,
That ſits vpon the righteous throne on hie:
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,
More firme and durable then ſteele or braſſe,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth paſſe.

His ſcepter is the rod of Righteouſneſſe,
With which he bruſeth all his foes to duſt,
And the great Dragon ſtrongly doth repreſſe,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iuſt:
His ſeate is Truth, to which the faithfull truſt;
From whence proceed her beames ſo pure & bright,
That all about him ſheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing ſparke,
Which darted is from TITANS flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are red:
Whoſe nature yet ſo much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greateſt Wiſards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth ſhine,
Is many thouſand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, doe plaine appeare:
For from th'eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompaſſed around,
And hid in his owne brightneſſe from the ſight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnſound:
And vnderneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempeſtuous fire,
The inſtruments of his auenging ire.

There in his boſome SAPIENCE doth ſit,
The ſoueraine dearling of the DEITIE,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, moſt fit
For ſo great powre and peereleſſe maieſtie;
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeouſly
Adornd, that brighter then the ſtarres appeare,
And make her natiue brightnes ſeeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of pureſt gold
Is ſet, in ſigne of higheſt ſoueraignte,
And in her hand a ſcepter ſhe doth hold,
With which ſhe rules the houſe of God on hie,
And menageth the euer-mouing ſky,
And in the ſame theſe lower creatures all,
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe:
For of her fulneſſe which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and doe in ſtate remaine,
As their great Maker did at firſt ordaine,
Through obſeruation of her high beheaſt,
By which they firſt were made, and ſtill increaſt.

The faireneſſe of her face no tongue can tell,
For ſhe, the daughters of all wemens race,

And

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increast by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Nocan on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictur'd VENVS with so curious quill,
That all posteritie admired it,
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maistring skill;
Ne she herselfe, had she remained still,
And were as faire, as fabling wits doe faine,
Could once come neare this beautie soueraine.

But had those wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that sweet TEIAN Poet, which did spend
His plentious veine in setting forth her praise,
Seene but a glimse of this, which I pretend,
How wondrously would he her face commend,
Aboue that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world should with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Presume to picture so diuine a wight,
Or hope t'expresse her least perfections part,
Whose beautie filles the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with shadowe of her sight?
Ah gentle Muse, thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of so heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,
And see at will, her soueraigne praises sing,
And those most sacred mysteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens King.
Enough is me t'admire so heauenly thing:
And beeing thus with her huge loue possest,
In th'onely wonder of her selfe to rest.

But whoso may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God so much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celestiall face,
All ioy, all blisse, all happinesse haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her selfe can win the wishfull sight.

For shee, out of her secret treasurie,
Plentie of riches forth on him will poure,
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the closet of her chastest bowre,
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all those which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but those whom shee
Vouchsafeth to her presence to receiue,
And letteth them her louely face to see,
Whereof such wondrous pleasures they conceiue,
And sweet contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their soule of sense, through infinite delight,
And them transport from flesh into the spright.

In which they see such admirable things,
As carries them into an extasie,
And heare such heauenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praise, that filles the brasen sky,
And feele such ioy and pleasure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them set.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleshly sense,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
But all that earst seemd sweet, seemes now offence,
And all that pleased earst, now seemes a paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their desire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they see,
All other sights but fained shadowes bee.

And that faire lampe, which vseth to enflame
The harts of men with selfe-consuming fire,
Thenceforth seemes foule, and full of sinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aspire
By name of honour, and so much desire,
Seemes to them baseneſſe, and all riches drosse,
And all mirth sadnes, and all lucre losse.

So full their eyes are of that glorious sight,
And senses fraught with such satietie,
That in nought else on earth they can delight,
But in th'aspect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward eye;
On which they feed, and in their fast'ned mind,
All happy ioy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry soule, which long hast fed
On idle fancies of my fooliſh thought,
And with false beauties flattering bait misled,
Hast after vaine deceitfull shadowes sought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought;
But late repentance through thy follies prieſe;
Ah! cease to gaze on matter of thy griefe.

And looke at last vp to that soueraigne light,
From whose pure beames all perfect beautie springs,
That kindleth loue in euery godly spright,
Euen the true loue of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and these gay-seeming things;
With whose sweet pleasures beeing so possest,
Thy straying thoughts henceforth for euer rest.

FINIS.



DAPHNAIDA.

AN ELEGIE VPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND vertuous *Douglas Howard*, daughter and heire of *Henrie Lord Howard, Viſcount Byndon, and wife of* Arthur Gorges, Eſquire.

(***)

Dedicated

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE THE LADY *Helena*, Marqueſſe of *North-hampton.*

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

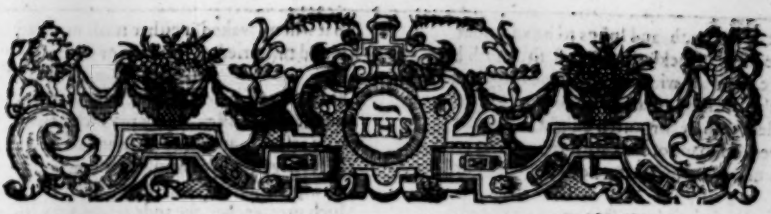
TO THE RIGHT HONORAble and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marqueſſe of *North-hampton*.



Haue the rather preſumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiſhip. The occaſion why I wrote the ſame, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceaſſed, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Maſter *Arthur Gorges*, a louer of learning & vertue: whoſe houſe, as your Ladiſhip by mariage hath honoured, ſo do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and ſuch as haue euer borne themſelues with honourable reputation to the world, and vnſpotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: beſides, ſo lineally are they deſcended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldeſt daughter to *Iohn* Duke of *Norfolke*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe aſſure my ſelfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be moſt gratefull to your Ladyſhip, whoſe husband and children doe ſo neerly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection. London this first of Ianuary. 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer,

Edm. Sp.



DAPHNAIDA.

WHat-euer man he be, whoſe heauy mind
With griefe of mournful great miſhap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his cares increaſe would find,
Let read the rufull plaint herein expreſt,
Of one (I weene) the wofulſt man aliue;
Euen ſad ALCYON, whoſe empierced breſt,
Sharpe ſorrowe did in thouſand peeces riue.

But whoſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſht farre away from hence:
Ne let the ſacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrowe heauily can ſing:
For euen their heauie ſong would breed delight:
But here no tunes, ſaue ſobs and grones ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweet harmonie,
Let thoſe three fatall Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Doe weaue the direfull threds of deſtinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach heereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darknes deepe come from the STYGIAN ſtrands,
And griſly Ghoſts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweatie ſteedes now hauing ouer-run
The compaſt skie, gan water in the Weſt,
I walkt abroad to breathe the freſhing ayre
In open fields, whoſe flowring pride oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beauty faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauineſs,
Which ſhe conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainneſs, and lifes wretchedneſs,
That yet my ſoule it deepely doth empaſſion.

So as I muſed on the miſerie
In which men liue, and I of many moſte,
Moſt miſerable man; I did eſpy
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſte,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And IAAKOBS ſtaffe in hand deuoutly croſt,
Like to ſome Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careleſs locks, vncombed and vnſhorne,
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-growne,
That well he ſeemd to be ſome wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He ſighed ofr, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his hart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenaunce,
Me ſeemd I had his perſon ſeene elſewhere,
Moſt like ALCYON ſeeming at a glaunce;
ALCYON hee, the iolly Shepheard ſwaine,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, becauſe of his diſguiſe,
I ſoftly ſaid, ALCYON? There-withall
He lookt aſide as in diſdainfull wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not: till I againe did call.
Then turning backe, he ſaid with hollow ſound,
Who is it, that doth name mee, wofull thrall,
The wretcheſt man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulneſs impreſſed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to heare,
And giuen like cauſe with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe finds ſome eaſe by him that like does beare.
Then ſtay ALCYON, gentle ſhepheard ſtay
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my truſtie eare
Committed, what thee doth ſo ill apay.

Ceaſe fooliſh man (ſaid he, halfe wrothfully)
To ſeeke to heare that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguiſh, which doth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doe I care, that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap or any weepe that would,
But ſeeke alone to weepe, and die alone.

Then be it ſo, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpittied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cauſe, which thee thereto conſtrained:
Leaſt that the world thee dead, accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

Who life dooes loath, and longs to be vnbound
From the ſtrong ſhackles of fraile fleſh, quoth hee,
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occaſion of his death to bee:
Rather deſires to be forgotten quight,
Then queſtion made of his calamitie.
For harts deepe ſorrowe hates both life and light.

Yet ſith ſo much thou ſeem'ſt to rue my griefe,
And car'ſt for one that for himſelfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie caſe relate.
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For neuer didſt thou heare more hapleſſe fate.

Whilome I vſde (as thou right well dooſt know)
My little flocke on Weſterne-downes to keepe,
Not far from whence SABRINAES ſtream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with ſiluer liquor ſteepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;
For all my ioy was on my gentle ſheepe,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Feareleſſe and free, a faire young Lioneſſe,
White as the natiue Roſe before the change,
Which VENVS blood did in her leaues impreſſe,
I ſpied playing on the graſſie plaine
Her youthfull ſports and kindly wantonneſſe,
That did all other Beaſts in beautie ſtaine.

Much was I mooued at ſo goodly ſight,
Whoſe like before, mine eye had ſeldome ſeene,
And gan to caſt, how I her compaſſe might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught diſporting on the greene,
And brought away faſt bound with ſiluer chaine.

And afterwards, I handled her ſo faire,
That though by kind ſhe ſtout and ſauage were,
For being borne an ancient Lions heire,
And of the race, that all wild beaſts doe feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan ſo to my bent,
That ſhee became ſo meeke and milde of cheare,
As the leaſt lambe in all my flock that went.

For ſhee in field, where-euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did ſpend,
If cauſe requir'd, or elſe in ſleepe, if nay.
She would all night by me or watch or ſleepe;
And euermore when I did ſleepe or play,
She of my flocke would take full wary keepe.

Safe then and ſafeſt were my fillie ſheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildeſt beaſt:
All were I drown'd in careleſſe quiet deepe:
My louely Lioneſs without beheaſt
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither moſt nor leaſt
I found miſcaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their Laſſes, which my luck enuide,
Daily reſort to me from farre and neare,
To ſee my Lioneſſe, whoſe praiſes wide
Were ſpred abroad; and when her worthineſſe
Much greater then the rude report they tride,
They her did praiſe, and my good fortune bleſſe.

Long thus I ioyed in my happineſs,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh! fond man, that in worlds fickleneſs
Repoſedſt hope, or weenedſt her thy friend,
That glories moſt in mortall miſeries,
And daily doth her changefull counſels bend
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilſt I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruell SATYRE with his murdrous dart,
Greedy of miſchiefe, ranging all about,
Gaue her the fatall wound of deadly ſmart:
And reft from me my ſweet companion,
And reft from me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lioneſſe (ah woe is me) is gone.

Out of the world thus was ſhe reſt away,
Out of the world, vnworthy ſuch a ſpoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter prey:
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
ALCYDES ſlew, and fixt in firmament:
Her now I ſeeke throughout this earthly ſoyle,
And ſeeking miſſe, and miſsing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afreſh to waile and weepe,
That I for pitty of his heauy plight,
Could not abſtaine mine eyes with teares to ſteepe:
But when I ſaw the anguiſh of his ſpright
Some deale alayd, I him beſpake againe;
Certes ALCYON, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almoſt equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderſtand
The riddle of thy loued Lioneſſe;
For rare it ſeemes in reaſon to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule poſſeſſe,
Should to a beaſt his noble hart embaſe,
And be the vaſſall of his vaſſaleſſe:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull caſe.

Then ſighing ſore, DAPHNE thou knew'ſt, quoth he,
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to ſay:
But fell to ground for great extremitie,
That I beholding it, with deepe diſmay
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
All were my ſelfe through griefe in deadly drearing.

Than gan I him to comfort all my beſt,
And with milde counſaile ſtroue to mitigate

The ſtormy paſſion of his troubled breſt;
But he thereby was more empaſſionate:
As ſtubborne ſteed, that is with curbe reſtrained,
Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
And breaking forth at laſt, thus dearnly plained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
Which ſo vniuſtly do their iudgements ſhare
Mongſt earthly wights, as to afflict ſo ſore
The innocent, as thoſe which doe tranſgreſſe,
And doe not ſpare the beſt or faireſt, more
Than woiſt or fowleſt, but doe both oppreſſe.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world ſo faire, ſith faireneſſe is neglected?
Or why be they themſelues immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She faire, ſhe pure, moſt faire, moſt pure ſhe was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
Yet ſhe in pureneſſe, heauen it ſelfe did pas.

In pureneſſe and in all celeſtiall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and ſeem'd of Angels race,
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wiſedome and with chaſtitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (ſince faire ASTREA left
The ſinfull world) more vertue in a wight:
And when ſhe parted hence, with her ſhe reft
Great hope; and robd her race of bounty quight:
Well may the ſhepheard Laſſes now lament,
For double loſſe by her hath on them light;
To loſe both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELISA, royall Shepheardeſſe
The prayſes of my parted loue enuy,
For ſhe hath praiſes in all plentiouſneſſe,
Pour'd vpon her, like ſhowers of CASTALY
By her owne Shepheard, COLIN her own Shepheard,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of ruſticke Muſe full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Roſe, the glory of the day,
And mine the Primroſe in the lowely ſhade,
Mine, ah! not mine; amiſſe I mine did ſay:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for aye:
O that ſo faire a flowre ſo ſoone ſhould fade,
And through vntimely tempeſt fall away.

She fell away in her firſt ages ſpring,
Whilſt yet her leafe was greene, and freſh her rind,
And whilſt her branch faire bloſſomes forth did bring,
She fell away againſt all courſe of kind:
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruite blowne downe with wind:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

2 What hart ſo ſtonie hard, but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of inceſſant teares?
What TIMON, but would let compaſſion creepe
Into his breaſt, and pierce his froſen eares?
In ſtead of teares, whoſe brackiſh bitter well
I waſted haue, my hart bloud dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire bloſſome fell.

Yet fell ſhe not, as one enforſt to die,
Ne dyed with dread and grudging diſcontent,
But as one toyld with trauell, downe doth lye,
So lay ſhe downe, as if to ſleepe ſhe went,
And cloſde her eyes with careleſſe quietneſſe:
The whiles ſoft death away her ſpirit hent,
And ſoule aſſoyld from ſinfull fleſhlineſſe.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forſake,
She all reſolu'd, and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wiſe beſpake;
ALCYON, ah! my firſt and lateſt loue,
Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghoſt, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chaunſt ſome euill tourne?

I, ſith the meſſenger is come for mee,
That ſummons ſoules vnto the bridale feaſt
Of his great Lord, muſt needs depart from thee,
And ſtraight obey his ſoueraine beheaſt:
Why ſhould ALCYON then ſo ſore lament,
That I from miſery ſhould be releaſt,
And freed from wretched long impriſonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and diſeaſe,
Our life afflicted with inceſſant paine,
That nought on earth may leſſen or appeaſe.
Why then ſhould I deſire here to remaine?
Or why ſhould he that loues me, ſorrie bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to ſee?

I goe, and long deſired haue to goe,
I goe with gladnes to my wiſhed reſt,
Whereas no worlds ſad care, nor waſting woe
May come, their happy quiet to moleſt,
But Saints and Angels in celeſtiall thrones
Eternally him praiſe, that hath them bleſt;
There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs paſt,
My young AMBROSIA, in lieu of mee
Loue her: ſo ſhall our loue for euer laſt.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So hauing ſaid, away ſhe ſoftly paſt:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make mine vnderſong.

3 So oft as I record thoſe piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my breſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my hart, and rend my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeeches doe compare,

The which my ſoule firſt conquerd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endleſſe care;

And when thoſe pallid cheekes and aſhie hew,
In which ſad death his portraiture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghaſtly night did ſit,
I match with that ſweet ſmile and cheerefull brow,
Which all the world ſubdued vnto it;
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I ſaw her lead
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſſe with roſie garland crownd?
And when ſhe liſt aduaunce her heauenly voice,
Both Nymphes & Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtownd,
And flocks and ſhepheards cauſed to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Laſſes, who ſhall lead
Your wandring troupes, or ſing your virelayes?
Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your bliſſe be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the ſame fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard ſound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleaſance: but let ghaſtlineſſe
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heanineſſe.

Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods reſound with dreadfull yells:
Let ſtreaming floods their haſtie courſes ſtay,
And parching drouth dry vp the cryſtall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,
And th'ayre be fild with noyſe of dolefull knells,
And wandring ſpirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature, nurſe of euery liuing thing,
Let reſt herſelfe from her long wearineſſe,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hidious monſters full of vglineſſe:
For ſhe it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No Nurſe, but Stepdame, cruell, mercileſſe,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderſong.

4 My little flocke, whom earſt I lou'd ſo well,
And wont to feede with fineſt graſſe that grew,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter ASTROPHEL,
And ſtinking Smallage, and vnſauerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with thoſe weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew,
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

Ne worſe to you my ſilly ſheepe I pray,
Ne ſorer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelfe, for whoſe confuſde decay
To careleſſe heauens I doe daily call:
But heauens refuſe to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth ſcorne to come at call,
Or grant his boone that moſt deſires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnrighteous which aliue remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forſake,
By liuing long to multiply their paine:
Elſe ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the great Iudge at firſt did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

Therefore my DAPHNE they haue tane away:
For worthy of a better place was ſhe:
But me vnworthy willed here to ſtay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghoſt doe ſeruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waſte my bitter age.
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mind,
My drinke the teares which fro mine eyes doe raine,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may find:
So will I wilfully increaſe my paine.

And ſhe my Loue that was, my Saint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtiall throne
(In which ſhe ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pittie me that liuing thus doe die:
For heauenly ſpirits haue compaſſion
On mortall men, and rue their miſerie.

So when I haue with ſorrowe ſatisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me ſeeke,
And th'heauens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pitie of my ſufferance meeke,
Will ſend for me; for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painfull penance eeke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

5 Henceforth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure find:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade.
So ſoone as on them blowes the Northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of mind,
And mocking ſuch as thinke they long will ſtay.

I hate the heauen, becauſe it doth with-hold
Me from my Loue, and eke my Loue from me:
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mould
Of fleſhly ſlime, and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flies,
I hate the Ayre, becauſe ſighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, becauſe it teares ſupplyes.

I hate

I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not my Loue to ſee;
I hate the darknes, and the dreary night,
Becauſe they breed ſad balefulneſſe in mee:
I hate all times, becauſe all times doe fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed bee,
But as a ſpeedy poſt that paſſeth by.

I hate to ſpeake, my voice is ſpent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine eares:
I hate to taſte, for foode with-holds my dying:
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my fleſh is numbd with feares:
So all my ſenſes from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and ſhun all womankind;
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are:
The other, for becauſe I doe not find
My Loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt,
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or paſt.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth euer to and fro,
And neuer ſtandeth in one certaine ſtate,
But ſtill vnſtedfaſt, round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midſt of miſerie,
Driuen with ſtreames of wretchednes and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing ſtill does die.

So doe I liue, ſo doe I daily die,
And pine away in ſelfe-conſuming paine:
Sith ſhe that did my vitall powres ſupply,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht fro me, why ſeeke I to prolong
My wearie dayes in dolour and diſdaine?
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderſong.

6 Why doe I longer liue in lifes deſpight,
And doe not die then in deſpight of death?
Why doe I longer ſee this loathſome light,
And doe in darknes not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrowe ſhould haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it ſo vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I find it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to die muſt needs be ioyeous,
And wiſhfull thing this ſad life to forgoe.
But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My DAPHNE hence departing bad me ſo,
She bad me ſtay, till ſhe for me did ſend.

Yet whilſt I in this wretched vale doe ſtay,
My wearie feet ſhall euer wandring be,
That ſtill I may be ready on my way,
When as her meſſenger doth come for me:
Ne will I reſt my feete for feebleneſſe,
Ne will I reſt my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heauineſſe.

But as the mother of the Gods, that ſought
For faire EVRYDICE her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wofull heauy thought;
So will I trauell whilſt I tarry heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping TITAN draweth neere,
To looſe his teeme, will I take vp my Inne.

Ne ſleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more.
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore:
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With PHILVMENE, my fortune to deplore,
With PHILVMENE, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I ſee the ſtarre to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to mind will call,
How my faire Starre (that ſhin'd on me ſo bright)
Fell ſuddainly, and faded vnder-ground;
Since whoſe departure, day is turnd to night;
And night without a VENVS ſtarre is found.

But ſoone as Day doth ſhewe his deawie face,
And cals forth men vnto their toylſome trade,
I will withdrawe me to ſome darkeſome place,
Or ſome deere caue, or ſolitarie ſhade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

7 Henceforth mine eyes ſhall neuer more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on falſe delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my faireſt flower is faded quight:
For all I ſee is vaine and tranſitory,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment loſe their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride:
Be ſure that they ſhall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'only vſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in ſorrowe and ſad ſufferaunce,
When ye doe heare me in that deſert place,
Lamenting loud my DAPHNES Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miſerable caſe,
And when life parts, vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enioy
The preſence of your deareſt loues delight,

When ye doe heare my ſorrowfull annoy,
Yet pitty me in your empaſſiond ſpright,
And thinke that ſuch mishap, as chaunſt to me,
May happen vnto the moſt happieſt wight;
For all mens ſtates alike vnſtedfaſt be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your careleſſe flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, then did me ſucceed;
Remember yet my vndeſerued paines:
And when ye heare, that I am dead or ſlaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow ſwaines;
That ſad ALCYON dyde in lifes diſdaine.

And ye faire Damſels, Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loues doe their rude harts poſſeſſe,
When as my hearſe ſhall happen to your ſights,
Vouchſafe to deck the ſame with Cypareſſe;
And euer ſprinkle brackiſh teares among,
In pitty of my vndeſeru'd diſtreſſe,
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with reſtleſſe toyle
Wearie your ſelues in wandring deſert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes aſſoyle,
When paſsing by, ye read theſe wofull layes,
On my graue written, rue my DAPHNES wrong,
And mourne for me that languiſh out my dayes:
Ceaſe Shepheard, ceaſe, and end thy vnderſong.

THus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauieſt plaint that euer I heard ſound,
His cheekes wext pale, and ſprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I ſaw, I (ſtepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his ſtonie ſwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor ſuffer ſolace to approach him nie,
But caſting vp a ſdeignfull eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,
As one diſpoſed wilfully to die,
That I ſore grieu'd to ſee his wretched caſe.

Tho when the pang was ſomewhat ouer-paſt,
And the outrageous paſsion nigh appeaſed,
I him deſirde, ſith day was ouer-caſt,
And darke night faſt approached, to be pleaſed
To turne aſide vnto my Cabinet,
An ſtay with me, till he were better eaſed
Of that ſtrong ſtownd, which him ſo ſore beſet.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ſtay:
But without taking leaue he forth did goe
With ſtaggring paſe and diſmall lookes diſmay,
As if that death he in the face had ſeene,
Or helliſh hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COM-

COMPLAINTS

CONTAINING SVNDRY SMALL POEMES OF THE Worlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE following maketh mention.

(***)

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.



A note of the ſundry Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 *The Ruines of Time.*
2 *The Teares of the Muſes.*
3 *Virgils Gnat.*
4 *The Ruines of Rome:* by *Bellay.*
5 *Muiopotmos*, or *The tale of the Butterflie.*
6 *Viſions of the Worlds vanity.*
7 *Bellayes Viſions.*
8 *Petrarches Viſions.*



THE RVINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the *Ladie* Marie, *Counteſſe of* Pembrooke.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there be long ſithens deepe ſowed in my breaſt, the ſeedes of moſt entire loue and humble affection vnto that moſt braue Knight your noble brother deceaſed; which taking roote, began in his life time ſomewhat to bud foorth: and to ſhew themſelues to him, as then in the weakneſs of their firſt ſpring; And would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to drawe out his daies) ſpired foorth fruite of more perfection. But ſith God hath diſdeigned the world of that moſt noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muſes; together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſomes nipped and quite dead. Yet ſithens my late comming into England, ſome friends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with how ſtraight bands of dutie I was tied to him, and alſo bound vnto that noble Houſe, (of which the cheefe hope then reſted in him) haue ſought to reuiue them by vpbrayding mee, for that I haue not ſhewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them; but ſuffer their names to ſleepe in ſilence and forgetfulneſſe. Whom chiefly to ſatisfie, or elſe to auoyd that foule blot of vnthankfulneſſe, I haue conceiued this ſmall Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines:* yet ſpecially intended to the renowning of that noble Race, from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chiefe of them late deceaſed. The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whom it moſt ſpecially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden, by many ſingular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honorable happineſſe: and ſo humbly kiſſe your hands.

Your Ladiſhips euer
humbly at commaund,
Edm. Sp.

THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.

Since my late ſetting foorth of the Faerie Queene, *finding that it hath found a fauourable paſſage amongſt you; I haue ſithence endeuoured by all good meanes (for the better encreaſe and accompliſhment of your delights,) to get into my hands ſuch ſmall Poëmes of the ſame Authors, as I heard were diſperſt abroad in ſundry hands, & not eaſie to be come by, by himſelfe; ſome of them hauing been diuerſly imbeziled and purloyned from him, ſince his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together theſe fewe parcels preſent, which I haue cauſed to be imprinted altogether, for that they all ſeeme to containe like matter of argument in them: beeing all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderſtand that he beſides wrote ſundry others, namely,* Eccleſiaſtes, *and* Canticum canticorum *tranſlated,* A ſenights ſlumber, The hell of Louers, His Purgatorie, *beeing all dedicated to Ladies; ſo as it may ſeeme, he meant them all to one volume. Beſides, ſome other Pamphlets looſly ſcattered abroade: as,* The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The ſacrifice of a Sinner, The ſeauen Pſalmes, &c. *Which when I can either by himſelfe, or otherwiſe attaine to, I meane likewiſe for your fauour ſake to ſet forth.*

In the meane time, praying you gently to accept of theſe, and graciouſly to entertaine the new Poet; I take leaue.



THE RVINES OF TIME.

IT chaunced me one day beſide the ſhore
Of ſiluer-ſtreaming THAMESIS to bee,
Nigh where the goodly VERLAME ſtood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor any little moniment to ſee,
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was ſhee, may warned be to ſay.

There, on the other ſide, I did behold
A woman ſitting ſorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellowe locks, like wire gold,
About her ſhoulders careleſly downe trailing,
And ſtreames of teares frō her faire eyes forth railing.
In her right hand a broken rod ſhe held,
Which towards heauen ſhe ſeemd on high to weld.

Whether ſhe were one of that Riuer Nymphes,
Which did the loſſe of ſome deere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of thoſe three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent:
Or th'ancient GENIVS of that Cittie brent:
But ſeeing her ſo pittiouſlie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her ſo vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthly thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?
Whoſe happineſſe the heauens enuying,
From higheſt ſtaire to loweſt ſtep me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds ſad ſpectacle, and Fortunes ſcorne.

Much was I mooued at her pittious plaint,
And felt my hart nigh riuen in my breſt
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint,
That ſhedding teares awhile, I ſtill did reſt,
And after, did her name of her requeſt.
Name haue I none (quoth ſhe) nor any beeing,
Bereft of both by Fates vniuſt decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me
By ROMANE Victors, which it wonne of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lie in mine owne aſhes, as ye ſee:
VERLAME I was; what bootes it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and waſtefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnſtedfaſt ſtate
Of all that liues on face of ſinfull earth!
Which from their firſt vntill their vtmoſt date,
Taſte no one houre of happineſſe or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe:
So wailing, backe goe to their wofull tombe.

Why then doth fleſh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduauncement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With ſo great labour and long laſting paine,
As if his dayes for euer ſhould remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vaniſh, and decay.

Looke backe, who liſt, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be thoſe learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wiſedome knew the perfect ſomme:

Where

Where thoſe great Warriors, whith did ouercome
The world with conqueſt of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th' ASSYRIAN Lyoneſſe,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the PERSIAN Beares outrageouſneſſe,
Whoſe memory is quite worne out with yeares:
Who of the GRECIAN Libbard now ought heares,
That ouer ran the Eaſt with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuoure?

And where is that ſame great ſeuen-headed beaſt,
That made all Nations vaſſals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her beheaſt,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth ſhe all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her owne weight downe preſſed now ſhe lies,
And by her heapes her hugeneſs teſtifies.

O ROME, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall, my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilſt heauens with equall view
Deigned to behold me, and their gifts beſtowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhewe:
And of the whole world as thou waſt the Empreſſe,
So I of this ſmall Northerne world was Princeſſe.

To tell the beautie of my buildings faire,
Adornd with pureſt gold, and precious ſtone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone:
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but loſt labour, that few would beleeue,
And with rehearſing, would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walles, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large ſtreets, braue houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
Sure gates, ſweet gardens, ſtately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All thoſe (ô pitty) now are turnd to duſt,
And ouer-growne with blacke obliuions ruſt.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples ſtore,
In BRITANNIE was none to match with mee,
That many often did abie full ſore:
Ne TROYNOVANT, though elder ſiſter ſhee,
With my great forces may compared bee;
That ſtout PENDRAGON to his peril felt,
Who in a ſiege ſeauen yeares about me dwelt.

But long ere this, BVNDVCA, Britonneſſe
Her mightie hoaſt againſt my bulwarks brought,
BVNDVCA, that victorious conquereſſe,
That lifting vp her braue heroïck thought
Boue womens weaknes, with the ROMANS fought,
Fought, and in field againſt them thrice preuailed:
Yet was ſhe foyld, when as ſhe me aſſailed.

And though at laſt, by force I conquer'd were
Of hardie SAXONS, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full dere,
And priz'd with ſlaughter of their Generall:
The moniment of whoſe ſad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me laſted,
But now to nought through ſpoile of time is waſted.

Waſted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the reſt that me ſo honourd made,
And of the world admired eu'rie where,
Is turnd to ſmoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no ſhade,
But griſlie ſhades, ſuch as doe haunt in hell,
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high ſteeples whilome vſde to ſtand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heape of lime and ſand,
For the Shrich-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to poure
Her reſtleſſe plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plouers.

And where the cryſtall THAMIS wont to ſlide
In ſiluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whoſe flowrie banks on either ſide,
A thouſand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no nuers courſe is to be ſeene,
But mooriſh fennes, and marſhes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my miſhap, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to ſhun the horrible miſchiefe,
With which he ſaw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure ſtreames with guiltleſs blood oft ſtained,
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,
And his ſweet waters away with him led.

There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeene
In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie,
And thouſand Fiſhers numbred to haue been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentious pray
Of fiſh, which they with baits vſde to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fiſhers ſtore,
Nor euer ſhip ſhall ſaile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man elſe doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet is it comfort in great languiſhment,
To be bemoned with compaſſion kind,
And mitigates the anguiſh of the mind.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne ſheddeth teares from lamentable eye:
Nor any liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of poſteritie,
Saue One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

CAMDEN

CAMDEN, the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:
CAMDEN, though time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,
And grieue that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doe daily see things highest placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
Forgotten quite, as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mighty Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:
Scarce any left to close his eye-lids neare;
Scarce any left vpon his lips to lay
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to say.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainely thinke your selues halfe happy then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doe fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in hart and trustie to you trowe.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,
That euery shower will wash and wipe away,
All things doe change that vnder heauen abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay.
Therefore, what-euer man bearst worldly sway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And euill men (now dead) his deedes vpbraid:
Spight bites the dead, that liuing, neuer baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse vpon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne already out of thought,
Ne any Poet seekes him to reuiue;
Yet many Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his COLIN, careless COLIN CLOVT,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise whoso list, yet I will him dispraise,
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And whoso else did goodnes by him gaine,
And whoso else his bountious mind did try,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For many did, which doe it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilst you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

He dide, and after him his brother dide,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilst he liued, was of none enuide,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
But vnto thee most deare, ô deerest Dame,
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilst he liued, happy was through thee,
And beeing dead, is happy now much more;
Liuing, that linked chaunst with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
As liuing, and thy lost deare Loue deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Doost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:
For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,
Though death his soule doe from his body seuer.
And thou thy selfe, heerein shalt also liue;
Such grace the heauens do to my verses giue.

Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patron of weake powertie,
Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,
Haue purchast him in heauen a happy crowne:
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne t'ensue those steps of his.

He, noble bud, his Grandfires liuely heire,
Vnder the shadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to shoote vp fast, and flourish faire
In learned Arts, and goodly gouernaunce,
That him to highest honor shall aduaunce.
Braue Impe of BEDFORD, growe apace in bountie,
And count of wisedome more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring

Out of this ſtocke, and famous familie,
Whoſe praiſes I to future age doe ſing,
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens pourd all their gifts vpon her.

Moſt gentle ſpirit breathed from aboue,
Out of the boſome of the makers bliſs,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natiue propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his,
With treaſure paſſing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heauen it ſelfe, which brought it forth.

His bleſſed ſpirit, full of power diuine,
And influence of all celeſtiall grace,
Loathing this ſinfull earth and earthly ſlime,
Fled backe too ſoone vnto his natiue place;
Too ſoone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too ſoone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy ſoule to heauen went
Out of this fleſhly gaole, he did deuiſe
Vnto his heauenly Maker to preſent
His body, as a ſpotleſſe ſacrifice;
And thoſe, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should poure forth th'offring of his guiltleſs blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble ſpirit, liue there euer bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, & the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here diſtreſſed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou dooſt that happines enioy,
Bid me, ô bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee alwaies ſee.

Yet whilſt the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, vntill that timely death
By heauens doome doe end my earthlie daies:
Thereto doe thou my humble ſpirit raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt, perfect and entire.

Then will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thine owne Siſter, peereles Lady bright,
Which to thee ſings with deepe harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare, I feele my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and raviſhed with ioy,
(O ſad ioy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thou thy ſelfe, thine owne ſelfes valiance,
That whilſt thou liuedſt, mad'ſt the forreſts ring,
And fields reſownd, and flocks to leape and daunce,
And Shepheards leaue their lambes vnto miſchaunce,
To runne thy ſhrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happy were thoſe dayes, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted ſweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elyſian* fields ſo free,
With ORPHEVS, with LINVS, and the choice
Of all that euer did in rimes reioice,
Conuerſeſt, and dooſt heare their heauenly layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praiſe.

So there thou liueſt, ſinging euermore,
And here thou liueſt, beeing euer ſong
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,
And now thee worſhip, mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroës ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And euerie where through excellent deſart.

But ſuch as neither of themſelues can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſtie darknes euer lie,
Vnleſſe they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſuruiue,
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But ſleepes in duſt dead and inglorious,
Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrils is,
And hath no hope of happineſſe or bliſs.

How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their dates moſt famouſly did floriſh:
Of whom no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſpunge do periſh,
Becauſe they liuing, cared not to cheriſh
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye liue,
That of the Muſes ye may friended be;
Which vnto men eternitie doe giue:
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie,
And IOVE, the Father of eternitie,
And doe thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie doe choſe.

The ſeauen-fold yron gates of griſly Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad PROSERPINA,
They able are with power of mightie ſpell
To breake, and thence the ſoules to bring away
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which elſe would die
In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameleſſe lie.

So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden-girt ALCMENA, for great merit,
Out of the duſt, to which the OETAEAN wood
Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vitall ſpirit;
To higheſt heauen, where now he doth inherit

All

All happineſſe in HEBES ſiluer bowre,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

So raiſde they eke faire LEDAES warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes
To ſhew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pitty of the ſad wayment,
Which ORPHEVS for EVRIDICE did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

So happy are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the PIERIAN ſacred Siſters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambroſia doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men doe in themſelues decay,
But wiſe words taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, liue for aye;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor enuie ſhall them euer waſt.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aſpired;
Or huge Coloſſes, built with coſtly paine;
Or braſen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the metall moſt deſired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one MAVSOLVS made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one MARCELLVS, but was torne with thunder:
Such one LISIPPVS, but is worne with raine:
Such one King EDMOND, but was rent for gaine.
All ſuch vaine moniments of earthlie maſſe,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe paſſe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,
Admir'd of baſe-borne men from farre away:
Then whoſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
To mount to heauen, on PEGASVS muſt ride,
And with ſweet Poets verſe be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in LETHE lake,
Could ſaue the ſonne of THETIS from to die:
But that blind Bard did him immortall make,
With verſes, dipt in deaw of CASTALIE:
Which made the Eaſterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whoſe vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to ſound.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good MILIBAE, that hath a Poet got,
To ſing his liuing praiſes beeing dead,
Deſeruing neuer here to be forgot,
In ſpight of enuie, that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of Armes doe wander vnrewarded.

Theſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble ſpright
Of SALOMON, with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wiſeſt wight.
But now his wiſedome is diſproued quight:
For, ſuch as now haue moſt the World at will,
Scorne th'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O griefe of griefes! ô gall of all good harts!
To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpiſed bee
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſd for vertuous parts,
And now broad ſpreading, like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoote vp that nigh them planted bee:
O! let not thoſe, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Aliue nor dead, be of the Muſe adorned.

O vile worlds truſt, that with ſuch vaine illuſion,
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and ouerkeſt,
That they ſee not the way of their confuſion,
O vaineneſſe to be added to the reſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

And whoſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeate
Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himſelfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull ſhrikes ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrowe wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay,
For her departure, had no word to ſay:
But ſate long time in ſenſeleſſe ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her haue ſight.

Which when I miſſed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned grieued, home againe,
Renuing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans pitious paine;
Whoſe words recording in my troubled braine,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning breſt,
And deepely muzing at her doubtfull ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning, much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Beeing aboue my ſlender reaſons reach:
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eyes ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragicke Pageants ſeeming to appeare.

Out of this ſtocke, and famous familie,
Whoſe praiſes I to future age doe ſing,
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens pourd all their gifts vpon her.

Moſt gentle ſpirit breathed from aboue,
Out of the boſome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natiue propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his,
With treaſure paſſing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heauen it ſelfe, which brought it forth.

His bleſſed ſpirit, full of power diuine,
And influence of all celeſtiall grace,
Loathing this ſinfull earth and earthly ſlime,
Fled backe too ſoone vnto his natiue place;
Too ſoone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too ſoone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy ſoule to heauen went
Out of this fleſhly gaole, he did deuiſe
Vnto his heauenly Maker to preſent
His body, as a ſpotleſſe ſacrifice;
And choſe, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should poure forth th'offring of his guiltleſs blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble ſpirit, liue there euer bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, & the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here diſtreſſed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou dooſt that happines enioy,
Bid me, ô bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee alwaies ſee.

Yet whilſt the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, vntill that timely death
By heauens doome doe end my earthlie daies:
Thereto doe thou my humble ſpirit raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt, perfect and entire.

Then will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thine owne Siſter, peereles Lady bright,
Which to thee ſings with deepe harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare, I feele my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and raviſhed with ioy,
(O ſad ioy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thou thy ſelfe, thine owne ſelfes valiance,
That whilſt thou liuedſt, mad'ſt the forreſts ring,
And fields retownd, and flocks to leape and daunce,
And Shepheards leaue their limbes vnto miſchaunce,
To runne thy ſhrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happy were thoſe dayes, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted ſweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elyſian* fields ſo free,
With ORPHEVS, with LINVS, and the choice
Of all that euer did in rimes reioice,
Conuerſeſt, and dooſt heare their heauenly layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praiſe.

So there thou liueſt, finging euermore,
And here thou liueſt, beeing euer ſong
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,
And now thee worſhip, mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroës ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And euerie where through excellent deſart.

But ſuch as neither of themſelues can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſtie darknes euer lie,
Vnleſſe they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſuruiue,
Of former beeing in this mortall hous,
But ſleepes in duſt dead and inglorious,
Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrils is,
And hath no hope of happineſſe or blis.

How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies moſt famouſly did floriſh:
Of whom no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſpunge do periſh,
Becauſe they liuing, cared not to cheriſh
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye liue,
That of the Muſes ye may friended be;
Which vnto men eternitie doe giue:
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie,
And IOVE, the Father of eternitie,
And doe thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie doe choſe.

The ſeauen-fold yron gates of griſly Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad PROSERPINA,
They able are with power of mightie ſpell
To breake, and thence the ſoules to bring away
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which elſe would die
In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameleſſe lie.

So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden-girt ALCMENA, for great merit,
Out of the duſt, to which the OETAEAN wood
Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vitall ſpirit:
To higheſt heauen, where now he doth inherit

All

All happineſſe in HEBES ſiluer bowre,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

So raiſde they eke faire LEDAES warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes
To ſhew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pitty of the ſad wayment,
Which ORPHEVS for EVRIDICE did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

So happy are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the PIERIAN ſacred Siſters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambroſia doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men doe in themſelues decay,
But wiſe words taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, liue for aye;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor enuie ſhall them euer waſt.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aſpired;
Or huge Coloſſes, built with coſtly paine;
Or braſen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the metall moſt deſired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one MAVSOLVS made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one MARCELLVS, but was torne with thunder:
Such one LISIPPVS, but is worne with raine:
Such one King EDMOND, but was rent for gaine.
All ſuch vaine moniments of earthlie maſſe,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe paſſe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,
Admir'd of baſe-borne men from farre away:
Then whoſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
To mount to heauen, on PEGASVS muſt ride,
And with ſweet Poets verſe be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in LETHE lake,
Could ſaue the ſonne of THETIS from to die;
But that blind Bard did him immortall make,
With verſes, dipt in deaw of CASTALIE:
Which made the Eaſterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whoſe vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to ſound.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good MELIBAE, that hath a Poet got,
To ſing his liuing praiſes beeing dead,
Deſeruing neuer here to be forgot,
In ſpight of enuie, that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of Armes doe wander vnrewarded.

Theſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble ſpright
Of SALOMON, with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wiſeſt wight.
But now his wiſedome is diſproued quight:
For, ſuch as now haue moſt the World at will,
Scorne th'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O griefe of griefes! ô gall of all good harts!
To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpiſed bee
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſd for vertuous parts,
And now broad ſpreading, like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoote vp that nigh them planted bee:
O! let not thoſe, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Aliue nor dead, be of the Muſe adorned.

O vile worlds truſt, that with ſuch vaine illuſion,
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and ouerkeſt,
That they ſee not the way of their confuſion,
O vaineneſſe to be added to the reſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

And whoſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeate
Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himſelfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull ſhrikes ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrowe wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay,
For her departure, had no word to ſay:
But ſate long time in ſenſeleſſe ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her haue ſight.

Which when I miſſed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned grieued, home againe,
Renuing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans pitiour paine;
Whoſe words recording in my troubled braine,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning breſt,
And deepely muzing at her doubtfull ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning, much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Beeing aboue my ſlender reaſons reach:
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eyes ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragicke Pageants ſeeming to appeare.

1

I Saw an Image, all of massie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,
That all, which did the same from far behold,
Might worship it, and fall on lowest staire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,
To which th'ASSYRIAN Tyrant would haue made
The holy brethren falsly to haue praid.

But th'Altar, on the which this Image staid,
Was (ô great pitty) built of brittle clay,
That shortly the foundation decaid,
With showres of heauen & tempests worne away:
Then downe it fell, and lowe in ashes lay,
Scorned of euery one, which by it went;
That I it seeing, dearely did lament.

2

NExt vnto this, a stately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richest stone, that might be found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vprear'd,
But placed on a plot of sandie ground.
Not that great Towre, which is so much renownd
For tongues confusion in holie writ,
King NINVS worke, might be compar'd to it.

But ô vaine labours of terrestriall writ,
That builde so strongly on so fraile a soyle,
As with each storme does fall away, and slit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,
To be the prey of Time, and Fortunes spoyle!
I saw this Towre fall suddainly to dust,
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was brust.

3

THen did I see a pleasant Paradise,
Full of sweet flowres and daintiest delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deuise,
With pleasures choice to feed his cheerefull sprights.
Not that, which MERLIN by his Magick slights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His faire BELPHOEBE, could this garden staine.

But ô short pleasure, bought with lasting paine,
Why will hereafter any flesh delight
In earthly blis, and ioy in pleasures vaine,
Sith that I saw this garden wasted quight,
That where it was, scarce seemed any sight?
That I, which once that beautie did behold,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-hold.

4

SOone after this, a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding stature,
That none durst view the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of speech, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in despight of his Creatour,
With railing tearmes defide the Iewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugeness boast.

For from the one he could to th'other coast,
Stretch his strong thighes, and th'Ocean ouerstride,
And reach his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride;
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,
That downe he fell into the deepe Abysse,
Where drownd with him is all his earthly blisse.

5

THen did I see a Bridge, made all of gold,
Ouer the Sea, from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t'vphold,
But like the coloured Rainbowe arched wide.
Not that great Arche, which TRAIAN edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall viewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to see earthly thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greatest things to ruine bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so braue a building ought remain'd,
That griefe thereof my spirit greatly pain'd.

6

I Saw two Beares, as white as any milke,
Lying together in a mightie caue,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That saluage nature seemed not to haue,
Nor after greedy spoile of bloud to craue:
Two fairer beasts might not elsе-where be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

But what can long abide aboue this ground
In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightinesse
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaued quight,
And I in mind remained sore agast,
Distraught twixt feare and pittie; when at last
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the suddaine shrill I was appalled.

Behold (said it) and by ensample see,
That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can bee,
But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclind;
For all the rest must needs be left behind.
With that it bade me, to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spide.

1

VPon that famous Riuers further shore,
There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hew,

And

And gentle kind, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white STRIMONIAN brood might no man view:
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At laſt, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly ſigne;
There now the ioy is his, here ſorrow mine.

2

WHilſt thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee
I ſaw an Harpe ſtrung all with ſiluer twine,
And made of gold and coſtly Iuorie,
Swimming, that whilome ſeemed to haue been
The Harpe, on which DAN ORPHEVS was ſeene
Wild beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of PHILISIDES now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,
And borne aboue the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heauenly noyſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and ſorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a ſigne it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beſide the Northerne Beare.

3

SOone after this, I ſaw on th'other ſide,
A curious Coffer made of HEBEN wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worldes good:
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,
That ſight thereof much grieu'd my penſiue thought.

At length, when moſt in perrill it was brought,
Two Angels downe deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtreame it lightly caught,
And twixt their bleſſed armes it carried quight
Aboue the reach of any liuing ſight:
So now it is transform'd into that ſtarre,
In which all heauenly treaſures locked are.

4

LOoking aſide, I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for any Princes couch be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it ſhould
Be for ſome Bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine ſleeping lay;
A fairer wight ſaw neuer Sommers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe, her Bridegrome was in ready ray
To come to her, and ſeeke her loues delight:
With that ſhe ſtarted vp with cheerefull ſight,
When ſuddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5

STill as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that bred was of MEDVSAES blood,
On which DAN PERSEVS borne of heauenly ſeed,
The faire ANDROMEDA from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That ſtreames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (ſmall ioy to him alas)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atchieuements from his enemies.
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his loſſe for to deplore.

6

LAſtly, I ſaw an Arke of pureſt gold
Vpon a brazen pillour ſtanding hie,
Which th'aſhes ſeem'd of ſome great Prince to hold,
Encloſde therein for endleſſe memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with th'earth did diſagree,
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper bee.

At laſt, me ſeem'd, wing-footed MERCVRIE,
From heauen deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Arke did beare with him aboue the skie,
And to thoſe aſhes gaue a ſecond life,
To liue in heauen, where happineſs is rife:
At which, the earth did grieue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L: Envoy.

IMmortall ſpirit of PHILISIDES,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome waſt the worlds chiefeſt riches;
Giue leaue to him that lou'd thee, to lament
His loſſe by lacke of thee, to heauen hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighes, to deck thy ſable Herſe.

And ye faire Lady, th'honour of your daies,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts ſcorne:
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe,
With ſome few ſiluer-dropping teares t'adorne:
And as ye be of heauenly off-ſpring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high mind aſpire,
And loathe this droſſe of ſinfull worlds deſire.

FINIS.

THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*



AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.



TO THE RIGHT HONOV-
rable, the Ladie *Strange*.

(***)



OST BRAVE AND NOBLE Ladie, the things that make yee ſo much honored of the world as ye be, are ſuch, as (without my ſimple lines teſtimonie) are throughly knowne to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behauiour, and your noble match with that moſt honourable Lord, the verie Patterne of right Nobilitie: But the cauſes for which ye haue thus deſerued of mee to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome priuate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleaſed your Ladiſhip to acknowledge. Of which when as I found my ſelfe in no part woorthy, I deuiſed this laſt ſlender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiſhip, & alſo to make the ſame vniuerſallie knowne to the world; that, by honoring you, they might knowe me, and by knowing me, they might honour you. Vouchſafe noble Lady to accept this ſimple remembrance, though not worthy of your ſelfe, yet ſuch, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee may heereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence of your owne excellent deſerts. So, recommending the ſame to your Ladiſhips good liking, I humblie take leaue.

Your La: humbly euer,

Ed. Sp.



THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

(*_*)

RHearſe to me, ye ſacred Siſters nine,
The golden brood of great APOLLOS wit,
Thoſe pitious plaints and ſorrowful ſad tine,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did ſit
Beſide the ſiluer Springs of HELICONE,
Making your muſick of hart-breaking mone.

For ſince the time that PHOEBVS fooliſh ſonne
Y thundered through IOVES auengefull wrath,
For trauerſing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compaſſe of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Siſters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer ſince inuented.

Nor ſince that faire CALLIOPE did loſe
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her PALICI, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatall Siſters, did for ſpight deſtroy,
Whom all the Muſes did bewaile long ſpace;
Was euer heard ſuch wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heauenly noyſes
Of their ſweet inſtruments were wont to ſound,
And th'hollow hills, from which their ſiluer voices
Were wont redoubled Ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling ſhrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling ſtreames which wont in chanels cleare
To rumble gently downe with murmur ſoft,
And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
A Baſes part amongſt their conſorts oft;
Now forſeo ouerflow with brackiſh teares,
With troublous noyſe did dull their dainty eares.

The ioyous Nymphes, and lightfoote Faeries
Which thither came to heare their muſick ſweet,
And to the meaſure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble-ſhifting feet;
Now hearing them ſo heauilie lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that elſe was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infuſion of their skill,
And all that elſe ſeemd faire and freſh in ſight,
So made by nature for to ſerue their will,
Was turned now to diſmall heauineſſe,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglineſſe.

Aye me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cauſe of ſo impatient plight?
What furie, or what fiend with felon deeds
Hath ſtirred vp ſo miſchieuous deſpight?
Can griefe then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce immortall breaſts with mortall ſmarts?

Vouchſafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me thoſe ſecret cauſes to diſplay;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread ſo dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldeſt Siſter of the crew,
And let the reſt in order thee enſew.

CLIO.

HEare thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That moſt art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Sire that raignſt in *Caſtalie*,
And Mount *Parnaſſe*, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare and behold the miſerable ſtate
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull deſolate.

Behold the foule reproach and open ſhame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought,
By ſuch as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented vs themſelues to ſcorne,
Doe ſeeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly duſt,
The ſonnes of darknes and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou great IOVE by doome vniuſt

Didſt

Didſt to the type of honour earſt aduaunce;
They now puft vp with ſdeignfull inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeſtiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to ſhoote vp ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,
They vnder keepe, and with their ſpreading armes,
Doe beate their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoues the honourable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wiſedome to ſuſtaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themſelues behoues to bee;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they doe eſteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wiſedomes influence,
And to be learned, it a baſe thing deeme;
Baſe minded they that want intelligence:
For, God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
And men to God thereby aſe nigheſt raiſed.

But they doe onely ſtriue themſelues to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And onely boaſt of Armes and Anceſtrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe Armes firſt giue
To their Grandſires, they care not to atchiue.

So I, that doe all noble feates profeſſe
To regiſter, and ſound in trumpe of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or baſe ſlothfulneſſe,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them, to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages haue no light
Of things forepaſt, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkneſſe, and lie hid in ſlime:
Therefore I mourne with deepe harts ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble haue to ſing.

With that ſhe raind ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming teares,
That could haue made a ſtonie hart to weepe,
And all her Siſters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with ſalt humour ſteepe.
So ended ſhee: and then the next anew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

MELPOMENE.

O Who ſhall poure into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of teares that neuer may be dride,
A braſen voice that may with ſhrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heauens, and fill the ayer wide,
And yron ſides that ſighing may endure
To waile the wretchednes of would impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickedneſſe,
Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the houſe of heauineſſe,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miſerie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of Gods wrath, and ſlaues of ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature vnder ſky,
Man without vnderſtanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wiſely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy ſhe is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breaſt with conſtant patience,
Againſt the bitter throes of dolours darts,
She ſolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldly ſmarts:
When he is ſad, ſhee ſeeks to make him merie,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reaſons skill bereft,
And wants the ſtaffe of wiſedome him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left,
Withouten helme or Pilot her to ſway,
Full ſad and dreadfull is that ſhips euent:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then doe fooliſh men ſo much deſpiſe
The precious ſtore of this celeſtiall riches?
Why doe they baniſh vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt vnhappy wretches,
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchedneſſe,
Yet doe not ſee their owne vnhappineſſe.

My part it is, and my profeſſed skill,
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaints and out-cries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can find
Then this, of men depriu'd of ſenſe and mind.

For all mans life me ſeemes a Tragedie,
Full of ſad ſights and ſore Cataſtrophees;
Firſt comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at laſt laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull ſpectacles is fild,
Fit for MEGERA or PERSEPHONE:
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, find nought to buſie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pittifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan ſhe wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe:
And all her Siſters thereto anſwering,
Threw forth lowd ſhrieks and drerie dolefull cries.
So reſted ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

THA-

THALIA.

VVHere be the ſweet delights of learnings trea-
That wont with Comick ſock to beautify (ſure,
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners eyes, and eares with melodie:
In which I late was wont to raigne as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beſeene?

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to ſee;
And in her roome vnſeemly Sorrow ſits,
With hollow browes and griſly countenaunce,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beſide ſits vgly Barbariſme,
And brunſh Ignorance, yclept of late
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyſme,
Where being bred, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudeneſs foule diſguize.

All places they with folly haue poſſeſt,
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;
But me haue baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfeſaunce and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that elſe the Comick Stage
With ſeaſoned wit and goodly pleaſance graced;
By which mans life in his likeſt image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:
And thoſe ſweet wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature ſelfe had made
To mock her ſelfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant WILLY, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrilitie,
And ſcorning Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of ſhameleſſe ribaudry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreames of Honny & ſweet Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of ſuch baſe-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhly throwe;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Then ſo himſelfe to mockery to ſell.

So am I made the ſeruant of the manie,
And laughing ſtocke of all that liſt to ſcorne,
Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of loſels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and ſorrow with the reſt,
Vntill my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe lowdly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreames of teares abundantly,
And all her Siſters with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingults did ſupply.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth enſew.

EVTERPE.

LIke as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Faire PHILOMELE, when Winters ſtormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earſt ſo gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quite deſpoyled hath,
All comfortleſſe doth hide her cheerleſſe head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whilſt fauourable times did vs afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charmes at will:
All comfortleſſe vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culuers doe ſit wayling now.

For far more bitter ſtorme then winters ſtowre
The beautie of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted:
And thoſe yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A ſtonie coldneſs hath benumbd the ſenſe,
And liuely ſpirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,
Darknes more then *Cymmerians* daily night:
And monſtrous error flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that ſeemed fayre.

Image of helliſh horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the boſome of the black Abyſſe,
And fed with Furies milke for ſuſtenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amiſſe
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So he his Sonnes both Sire and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnes and with boldnes ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our faire light defaced;
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced;
And our chaſt bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutiſhneſs and beaſtly filth hath ſtained.

The ſacred ſprings of horſe-foote *Helicon*,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreames of pure *Caſtalion*,
The famous witnes of our wonted praiſe,

They trampled haue with their foule footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleaſant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And Arbors ſweet, in which the Shepheards ſwaines
Were wont ſo oft their Paſtoralls to ſing,
They haue cut downe, and all their pleaſance mard,
That now no Paſtorall is to be hard.

In ſtead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries ſhrill.
So all is turned into wilderneſſe,
Whilſt ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

And I whoſe ioy was earſt with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits now diſmayd with ſorrow dull,
Doe mone my miſery with ſilence ſoft.
Therefore I mourne and waile inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe the heauens affoord me remedie.

Therewith ſhe wailed with exceeding woe,
And pittious lamentation did make,
And all her Siſters ſeeing her doe ſo,
With equall plaints her ſorrow did partake.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

TERPSICHORE.

VVHoſo hath in the lap of ſoft delight (ſweet,
Been long time luld, and fedde with pleaſures
Feareleſſe through his owne fault or Fortunes ſpight,
To tumble into ſorrow and regreet,
If chance him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miſerie.

So we that earſt in ioyance did abound,
And in the boſome of all blis did ſit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crownd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound;
Be now become moſt wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately ſtood
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of foule infamie;
Blind Error, ſcornfull Folly, and baſe Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that we ſhould haue by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merry with their fooleries,
They cheerely chaunt, and rimes at randon fling,
The fruitfull ſpawne of their ranke fantaſies:
They feed the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnifie.

All places they doe with their toyes poſſeſs,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The ſchooles they fill with fond new-fangleneſs,
And ſway in Court with pride and raſhnes rude:
Mongſt ſimple Shepheards they do boaſt their skill,
And ſay their muſick matcheth PHOEBVS quill.

The noble harts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights diſtaine:
Clerks they to loathly idlenes intice,
And fill their bookes with diſcipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vſurped kingdoms maintenaunce,
The whiles we ſilly Maids, whom they deſpize,
And with reproachfull ſcorne diſcountenaunce,
From our owne natiue heritage exild,
Walke through the world of euery one reuild.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchſafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnleſſe ſome one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties ſake compaſſion our paine,
And yeeld vs ſome reliefe in this diſtreſſe:
Yet to be ſo releu'd is wretchedneſſe.

So wander we all carefull comfortleſſe,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So ſeeke we helpe our ſorrow to redreſſe,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwere to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittileſſe complaine,
Becauſe none liuing pittieth our paine.

With that ſhe wept and wofully waymented,
That nought on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the reſt her dolefull din augmented,
With ſhrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her pittious plaint as doth enſew.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in VENVS ſiluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe diuine, full of the fire of loue,
With beautie kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecuritie poſſeſſe,
Forgetfull of your former beauineſſe.

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye vſe your loues to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praiſe,
Aboue the compaſſe of the arched skie:
Now change your praiſes into pittious cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging loue firſt gan you to torment,

And

And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;
Thoſe now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in meaſure moderate,
The tempeſt of that ſtormie paſſion,
And vſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of Louers life in likeſt faſhion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindlie skill,
Baniſht by thoſe that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be ſchoole-maſter of my skill,
And the deuicefull matter of my ſong;
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and ſpotleſſe, as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th'Almighties boſome, where he neſts;
From thence infuſed into mortall breſts.

Such high conceit of that celeſtiall fire,
The baſe-borne brood of blindnes cannot gheſſe,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aſpire
Vnto ſo loftie pitch of perfectneſſe,
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire CYTHEREE, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maiſt goe pack:
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And yee three Twins to light by VENVS brought,
The ſweet companions of the Muſes late,
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall any more
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:
He ſings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly praiſe.

With that ſhe poured forth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Siſters ſeeing her ſad mood,
With lowd laments her anſwered all at one.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth enſew.

CALLIOPE.

TO whom ſhall I my euill caſe complaine,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart;
But rather ſeekes my ſorrow to augment
With foule reproach, and cruell baniſhment.

For they to whom I vſed to apply
The faithfull ſeruice of my learned skill,
The goodly of-ſpring of IOVES progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whoſe liuing praiſes in heroick ſtile,
It is my chiefe profeſsion to compile.

They all corrupted through the ruſt of time,
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble ſloth, or ſinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Haue both deſire of worthy deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vtterly doe ſcorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the aunceſtrie
Of th'old Heroës memorizde anew:
Ne doe they care that late poſtentie
Should know their names, or ſpeak their praiſes dew:
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelues ſhalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred?
What oddes twixt IRVS and old INACHVS,
Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are ded;
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake?

Or who would euer care to doe braue deed,
Or ſtriue in vertue others to excell;
If none ſhould yeeld him his deſerued meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of dooing well?
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chuſe goodnes of his owne free-will.

Therefore the nurſe of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:
BACCHVS and HERCVLES I raiſd to heauen,
And CHARLEMAINE, amongſt the Starris ſeauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now onely ſeeke for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great reuenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
Now Paraſites and Sycophants doe ſhare:
Therefore I mourne and endleſſe ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelfe, and for my Siſters ſake.

With that ſhe lowdly gan to waile and ſhrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of teares did powre,

And all her Siſters with compaſsion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpnes of her ſhowre.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſew.

VRANIA.

VVHat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conſpiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath pourd on earth this noyous peſtilence,
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect
Wih loue of blindnes and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknes without ſouerance?

What difference twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th'heauenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wiſdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleſhes frailtie, and deceit of ſin.

In this wide world in which they wretches ſtray,
It is the onely comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadſtarre, and their day;
But hell and darknes, and the griſlie graue
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men borne heauenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formleſſe mas:
By knowledge we doe learne our ſelues to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

From hence, we mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the cryſtall firmament:
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres ſwift mouement,
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,
And Angels waighting on th'Almightyes chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high inſight,
Th'eternall Makers maieſtie wee view,
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can view.
O ſoueraigne Lord, ô ſoueraigne happineſſe,
To ſee thee, and thy mercie meaſureleſſe!

Such happineſs haue they, that doe embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie diſcipline;
But ſhame and ſorrow and accurſed caſe
Haue they, that ſcorne the ſchoole of Arts diuine,
And baniſh me, which doe profeſſe the skill
To make men heauenly wiſe, through humbled will.

How-euer yet they me deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feed on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And pleaſe my ſelfe with mine owne ſelfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the sky,
And beeing driuen hence, I thither flie.

Thence I behold the miſerie of men,
Which want the bliſs that wiſdom would them breed,
And like brute beaſts doe lie in loathſome den,
Of ghoſtly darknes, and of gaſtly dreed:
For whom I mourne and for my ſelfe complaine,
And for my Siſters eake whom they diſdaine.

With that, ſhee wept and waild ſo pitiouſly,
As if her eyes had beene two ſpringing wells:
And all the reſt her ſorrow to ſupplie,
Did throw forth ſhrikes and cries and dreery yells.
So ended ſhee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth enſew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A Dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,
Without vaine art or curious complements:
And ſquallid Fortune into baſenes flong,
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for me,
To tell my ſorrowes that exceeding be.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures,
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tunefull Diapaſe of pleaſures;
Now beeing let to runne at libertie
By thoſe which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite loſt their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound though hauing little ſence,
They thinke to be chiefe praiſe of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poëſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Whilome in ages paſt none might profeſſe
But Princes and high Prieſts that ſecret skill.
The ſacred lawes therein they wont expreſſe,
And with deepe Oracles their verſes fill:
Then was ſhe held in ſoueraigne dignitie,
And made the nourſling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintaine,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to be
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands vncleane,
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie;
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,
Which was the care of Keſars and of Kings.

One onely liues, her ages ornament,
And mirror of her Makers maieſtie,
That with rich bountie and deare cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poëſie:
Ne onely fauours them which it profeſſe,
But is her ſelfe a peereleſs Poëtreſſe.

Moſt

Moſt peereleſſe Prince, moſt peereleſſe Poëtreſſe,
The true PANDORA of all heauenly graces,
Diuine ELIZA, ſacred Empereſſe,
Liue ſhe for euer, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praiſes of diuineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beſide, this ſacred skill eſteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which beeing lightned with her beauties beme,
Are thereby fild with happy influence,
And lifted vp aboue the worldes gaze,
To ſing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the reſt, as borne of ſaluage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit ſauour this celeſtiall food;
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſſe led,
And kept from looking on the lightſome day:
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftſoones ſuch ſtore of teares ſhe forth did powre,
As if ſhe all to water would haue gone;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did breake.
The reſt, vntold, no liuing tongue can ſpeake.

FINIS.

VIRGILS GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

To the moſt noble and excellent Lord, the Earle *of Leiceſter, deceaſed.*

(*_*)

WRongd, yet not daring to expreſſe my paine,
To you (great Lord) the cauſer of my care,
In clowdie teares my caſe I thus complaine
Vnto your ſelfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,
Shall chaunce, through power of ſome diuining ſpright,
To read the ſecret of this riddle rare,
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,
Let him be pleaſed with his owne inſight,
Ne further ſeeke to gloſe vpon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what-ſo by my ſelfe may not be ſhowen,
May by this *Gnats* complaint be eaſily knowen.



VIRGILS
GNAT.

WE now haue plaid (AVGVSTVS) wantonly,
Tuning our ſong vnto a tender Muſe;
And like a cobweb weauing ſlenderly,
Haue onely playd: let thus much then excuſe
This GNATS ſmall Poëme, that th'whole hiſtorie
Is but a ieſt, though enuie it abuſe:
But who ſuch ſports and ſweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter ſeeme then this GNATS idle name.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure,
And for thy worth frame ſome fit Poëſie:
The golden ofspring of LATONA pure,
And ornament of great IOVES progenie,
PHOEBVS ſhall be the Author of my ſong,
Playing on Ivorie harp with ſiluer ſtrong.

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle moode
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beſide
Faire XANTHVS ſprinkled with CHIMAERAS blood;
Or in the woods of *Aſtery* abide;
Or whereas mount *Parnaſſe*, the Muſes brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
And the ſweet waues of ſounding *Caſtaly*,
With liquid foote doth ſlide downe eaſily.

Wherefore ye Siſters which the glorie be
Of the *Pierian* ſtreames, fayre NAIADES,
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holy PALES,
To whom the honeſt care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall ſucceſſe,
Haue care for to purſue his footing light: (dight.
Through the wide woods, and groues, with green leaues

Profeſſing thee, I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forreſt wide and ſtarrie ſky:
And thou moſt drad (OCTAVIVS) which oft
To learned wits giu'ſt courage worthily,
O come (thou ſacred child) come ſliding ſoft,
And fauour my beginnings graciouſly:
For not theſe leaues do ſing that dreadfull ſtound,
When Giants blood did ſtaine *Phlegraan* ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horſie people, CENTAVRES hight,
Fought with the bloudie LAPITHAES at bord,
Nor how the Eaſt with tyrannous deſpight
Burnt th'*Attick* towres, and people ſlew with ſword;
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands abord
The *Pontick* ſea by their huge Nauie caſt,
My volume ſhall renowne, ſo long ſince paſt.

Nor *Helleſpont* trampled with horſes feet,
When flocking *Perſians* did the *Greekes* affray;
But my ſoft Muſe, as for her power moore meet,
Delights (with PHOEBVS friendly leaue) to play
An eaſie running verſe with tender feete.
And thou (drad ſacred child) to thee alway,
Let euerlaſting lightſome glorie ſtriue,
Through the worlds endleſſe ages to ſuruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongſt heauenly ranks, where bleſſed ſoules do reſt;
And let long laſting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deſerueſt beſt,
Hereafter many yeeres remembred be
Amongſt good men, of whom thou oft art bleſt.
Liue thou for euer in all happineſſe:
But let vs turne to our firſt buſineſſe.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,
Vp to the heauenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden Charet gliſtering light;
And faire AVRORA with her roſie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the ſhepheard ſeeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan driue out of their ſtalls,
To feede abroad, where paſture beſt befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſſe did cloathe the open hills:
They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,

Now

Now in the valleyes wandring at their wills,
Spread themſelues farre abroad through each deſcent;
Some on the ſoft greene graſſe feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hie,
Nibble the buſhie ſhrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmoſt boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freſhly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the vtmoſt top
Of ſome ſoft Willow, or new growen ſtud;
This with ſharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another, high doth ouerlooke
Her owne like image in a cryſtall brooke.

O the great happineſs, which ſhepheards haue,
Who-ſo loathes not too much the poore eſtate,
With mind that ill vſe doth before depraue,
Ne meaſures all things by the coſtly rate
Of riotiſe, and ſemblants outward braue:
No ſuch ſad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie minds of couetous men,
Doe euer creepe into the ſhepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice ſteeped in Aſſyrian die;
Ne gliſtering of gold, which vnderlayes
The Summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye.
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious ſtones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup emboſt with Imagery
Of BAETVS, or of ALCONS vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles eſteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:
But with pure breſt from carefull ſorrow free,
On the ſoft graſſe his limbs doth oft diſplay,
In ſweet Spring time, when flowres varietie
With ſundry colours paints the ſprinkled lay:
There lying all at eaſe, from guile or ſpight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himſelfe, with palme bedight,
His looſer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milke-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitfull PALES, and the forreſt greene,
And darkſome caues in pleaſant vallies pight,
Whereas continuall ſhade is to be ſeene,
And where freſh ſpringing wells, as cryſtall neate,
Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirſtie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,
Then he, that with cleane mind and hart ſincere,
No greedy riches knowes, nor blondie ſtrife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleete doth feare,
Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the ſacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering ſpoyles and treaſure,
Or may abound in riches aboue meaſure.

Of him his God is worſhipt with his ſythe,
And not with skill of craftſman poliſhed:
He ioyes in groues, and makes himſelfe full blythe,
With ſundry flowers in wilde fields gathered;
Ne frankincenſe he from *Panchæa* buyth,
Sweet quiet harbours in his harmeleſs head,
And perfect pleaſure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from ſad cares, that rich mens harts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole endeuour,
To this, his mind and ſenſes he doth bend,
How he may flowe in quiets matchleſs treaſour,
Content with any food that God doth ſend,
And how his limbs, reſolu'd through idle leiſour,
Vnto ſweet ſleepe he may ſecurely lend,
In ſome coole ſhadow from the ſcorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds doe eate.

O flocks! ô Faunes! and ô ye pleaſant ſprings
Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are rife,
Through whoſe not coſtly care each ſhepheard ſings
As merry notes vpon his ruſticke Fife,
As that *Aſtrean* Bard, whoſe fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In ſuch delights, whilſt thus his careleſſe time
This ſhepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
And on ſhrill reeds chaunting his ruſtick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beames full hott,
Into the higheſt top of heauen gan clime;
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great Ocean doth himſelfe diuide.

Then gan the ſhepheard gather into one
His ſtragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
Whoſe cærule ſtream, rombling in Pibble ſtone,
Crept vnder moſſe as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
When he is heard back from that water foord,
Draue from the force of PHOEBVS boyling ray,
Into thicke ſhadowes, there themſelues to lay.

Soone as he them plac't in thy ſacred wood
(O *Delian* Goddeſſe) ſaw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old CADMVS brood,
Cruell AGAVE, flying vengeance ſore
Of king NICTILEVS, for the guiltie blood,
Which ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
There ſhe halfe frantick hauing ſlaine her ſonne,
Did ſhrowd her ſelfe, like puniſhment to ſhonne.

Heere alſo playing on the graſſie greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and ſwift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing ſeene.
Not ſo much did Dan ORPHEVS repreſſe,
The ſtreames of *Hebrus* with his ſongs I weene,
As that faire troupe of wooddie Goddeſſes
Staied thee, (ô PENEVS) pouring forth to thee,
From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & gladſome glee.

The

The verie nature of the place, reſounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleaſant bowre with all delight abounding
In the freſh ſhadowe did for them prepare,
To reſt their limbs with wearineſs redounding.
For firſt, the high Palme trees with branches faire,
Out of the lowely vallies did ariſe,
And high ſhoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongſt the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
VLYSSES men, whom rapt with ſweetnes new,
Taking to hoſte, it quite from him did ſtay,
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hew,
The Sunnes ſad daughters waild the raſh decay
Of PHAETON, whoſe limbs with lightening rent,
They gathering vp, with ſweet teares did lament.

And that ſame tree, in which DEMOPHOON,
By his diſloyaltie lamented ſore,
Eternall hurt left vnto many one:
Who als accompanied the Oake, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to ſuch an one:
The Oake, whoſe Acornes were our foode, before
That CERES ſeed of mortall men was knowne,
Which firſt TRIPTOLEME taught how to be ſowne.

Here alſo grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ſhips braue ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly ſigne,
Which couching, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the ſtarres diuine,
Decks all the forreſt with embelliſhment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the ſweet Cypreſſe, ſigne of deadly bale.

Emongſt the reſt, the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with graſping hold,
Leaſt that the Poplar happely ſhould rew
Her brothers ſtrokes, whoſe boughs ſhe doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top ſurvew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the ſmall Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their ſundry tunes with ſweet conſent,
And vnder them a ſiluer Spring forth pouring
His trickling ſtreames, a gentle murmure ſent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the ſlimie ſcowring
Of the moiſt moores, their iarring voyces bent;
And ſhrill graſhoppers chirped them a round:
All which the ayrie Eccho did reſound.

In this ſo pleaſant place, this Shepheards flock
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to reſt,
On euerie buſh, and euerie hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whiſtling wind mote beſt:
The whiles the Shepheard ſelfe tending his ſtock,
Sate by the fountaine ſide, in ſhade to reſt,
Where gentle ſlumbring ſleepe oppreſſed him,
Diſplaid on ground, and ſeized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keepe,
But looſlie on the graſſie greene diſpred,
His deareſt life did truſt to careleſs ſleepe;
Which weighing down his drouping drowſie hed,
In quiet reſt his molten hart did ſteepe,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falſhed:
Had not inconſtant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid ſtrange miſchaunce his quietnes to ſpill.

For at his wonted time, in that ſame place,
An huge great Serpent all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelfe in mooriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himſelfe to hide:
He paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſht tongue the emptie ayre did gride,
And wrapt his ſcalie boughts with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now more and more hauing himſelfe enrold,
His glittering breaſt he lifteth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His creſt aboue ſpotted with purple die,
On euerie ſide did ſhine like ſcalie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did ſeeme to flame out flakes of flaſhing fire,
And with ſterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelfe diſpace
There round about, when as at laſt hee eſpide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and moſt truſtie guide:
Eftſoones more fierce in viſage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on euerie ſide,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full ſternely rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdaines, that any one ſhould dare
To come vnto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins ſtraight to prepare
The weapons, which to him Nature had lent:
Felly he hiſſeth, and doth fiercely ſtare,
And hath his iawes with angry ſpirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is ſtained,
And all his folds are now in length outſtrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,
A little nourſling of the humid ayre,
A GNAT, vnto the ſleepie Shepheard went,
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which ſight vnto him lent,
Through their thin couerings appearing faire,
His little needle there infixing deepe,
Warnd him awake, from death himſelfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpſtart,
And with his hand him raſhly bruzing, ſlew,
As in auengement of his heedleſſe ſmart,
That ſtraight the ſpirit out of his ſenſes flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When ſuddenly caſting aſide his view,
He eſpide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his deſtruction bent.

All

All ſuddainly diſmaid, and hartleſſe quight,
He fled abacke; and catching haſtie hold
Of a young Alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him gan behold,
What God or Fortune would aſsiſt his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had
To ouercome, that made him leſſe adrad.

The ſcalie back of that moſt hideous Snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aſſaile, he fiercely ſtrake
Whereas his temples did his creaſt-front tyre;
And for he was but ſlowe, did ſloth off ſhake,
And gazing ghaſtly on (for feare and ire
Had blent ſo much his ſenſe, that leſſe he feard;)
Yet when he ſaw him ſlaine, himſelfe he sheard.

By this, the night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of HEREBVS her teemed ſteeds gan call,
And lazie VESPER in his timely howre,
From golden OETA gan proceed withall:
Whenas the Shepheard after this ſharpe ſtowre,
Seeing the doubled ſhadowes lowe to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto reſt his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whoſe ſenſe ſo ſoone as lighter ſleepe
Was entred, and now looſing euery lim,
Sweet ſlumbring deaw in careleſnes did ſteepe,
The image of that GNAT appeard to him,
And in ſad tearmes gan ſorrowfully weepe,
With griſly countenaunce and viſage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In ſteed of good, haſtning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deſeru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-caſt,
Whilſt that thy life more deare and precious
Was then mine owne, ſo long as it did laſt?
I now in lieu of paines ſo gracious,
Am toſt in th'ayre with euery windy blaſt:
Thou ſafe deliuered from ſad decay,
Thy careleſs limbs in looſe ſleepe dooſt diſplay.

So liueſt thou: but my poore wretched ghoſt
Is forſt to ferry ouer LETHES Riuer,
And ſpoyld of CHARON, to and fro am toſt.
Seeſt thou not, how all places quake and quiuer,
Lightned with deadly lamps on euery poſt?
TISIPHONE each where doth ſhake and ſhiuer
Her flaming fier brond, encountring me,
Whoſe lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CERBERVS, whoſe many mouthes do bay,
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whoſe neck in terrible array,
Ten thouſand Snakes cralling about his hed
Doe hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes doe gliſter firie red:
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
With painfull torments to be ſorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks ſo much ſhould faile of meed,
For that I thee reſtord to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadly dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my ſo pittious deed?
The praiſe of pitty vaniſht is in vaine,
And th'antique faith of Iuſtice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I ſaw anothers fate approaching faſt,
And left mine owne, his ſafety to tender;
Into the ſame mishap I now am caſt,
And ſhund deſtruction doth deſtruction render:
Not vnto him that neuer hath treſpaſt,
But puniſhment is due to the offender.
Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waſte wilderneſſe,
Waſte wildernes, amongſt *Cymmerian* ſhades,
Where endleſſe paines, and hideous heauineſſe
Is round about me heapt in darkſome glades.
For there huge OTHOS ſits in ſad diſtreſſe,
Faſt bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:
Farre off beholding EPHIALTES tide,
Which once aſſai'd to burne this world ſo wide.

And there is mournfull TITYVS, mindfull yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, ô LATONA faire;
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it,
That made him meate for wild foules of the ayre:
Much doe I feare among ſuch fiends to ſit,
Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,
To the black ſhadowes of the STYGIAN ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmoſt brinke doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whoſe throat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride,
His ſenſe to ſeeke for eaſe turnes euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For ſcorning to the ſacred Gods to pray,
Againſt a mountaine rolls a mighty ſtone,
Calling in vaine for reſt, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe curſed Damoſells,
Whoſe bridall torches foule ERYNNIS tynde,
And HYMEN at your ſpouſalls ſad, foretells
Tydings of death, and maſſacre vnkind:
With them, that cruell COLCHID mother dwells,
The which conceiu'd in her reuengefull mind,
With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to ſlay,
And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There alſo thoſe two *Pandionian* maides,
Calling on ITIS, ITIS euermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they ſlew with guiltie blades:
For whom the *Thracian* king lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulie them vpbraides,
And fluttering, round about them ſtill does ſore:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endleſs paine.

But

But the two brethren borne of CADMVS blood,
Whilſt each does for the Soueraignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth againſt the others bodie bend
His curſed ſteele, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſes doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was ſlaine.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of paine,
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried faine,
Where other Powers farre different I ſee,
And muſt paſſe ouer to th'*Elyſian* Plaine:
There grim PERSEPHONE encountring mee,
Doth vrge her fellow Furies earneſtly,
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaſt ALCESTE liues inuiolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
Lo there liues alſo the immortall praiſe
Of womankind, moſt faithfull to her mate,
PENELOPE: and from her farre awaies
A ruleſſe rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All ſlaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And ſad EVRIDICE thence now no more
Muſt turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, beeing forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, ORPHEVS, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthy ſpirit bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadowes goe to ſee,
And could beleeue that any thing could pleaſe
Fell CERBERVS, or *Stygian* Powres appeaſe.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
Nor thoſe ſame mournful kingdoms, compaſſed
With ruſtie horrour and foule faſhion,
And deepe digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloodie night, and darke confuſion,
And iudgement ſeates, whoſe iudge is deadly dred;
A Iudge, that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults, which life hath treſpaſſed before.

But valiant fortune made DAN ORPHEVS bold:
For the ſwift running riuers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wilde beaſts their furie did with-hold,
To follow ORPHEVS muſick through the land:
And th'Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold
Did moue, as if they could him vnderſtand:
And the ſhrill woods, which were of ſenſe bereau'd,
Through their hard barke his ſiluer ſound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her haſtie ſteeds did ſtay,
Drawing in teemes along the ſtarrie skie,
And didſt (O monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly courſe, to heare his melodie?
The ſame was able with like louely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as eaſily,
To yeeld EVRYDICE vnto her fere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,
The fiends to be too cruell and ſeuere,
Obſeru'd th'appointed way, as her behooued,
Ne euer did her eye-ſight turne aſtre,
Ne euer ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking mooued:
But cruell ORPHEVS, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſſe her, brok'ſt the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'ſt her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but ſweet loue of pardon worthy is,
And doth deſerue to haue ſmall faults remitted;
If Hell at leaſt things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receiued into bliſs,
And to the ſeates of happy ſoules admitted.
And you, beſide the honourable band
Of great Heroës, doe in order ſtand.

There be the two ſtout ſonnes of AEACVS,
Fierce PELEVS, and the hardie TELAMON,
Both ſeeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their Sires dreadfull iuriſdiction,
Beeing the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by ſtrange occaſion,
Renown'd in choyce of happy marriage
Through VENVS grace, and vertues cariage.

For th'one was rauiſht of his own bond-maid,
The faire IXIONE, captiu'd from *Troy*:
But th'other was with THETIS loue aſſaid,
Great NEREVS his daughter, and his ioy.
On this ſide them there is a young-man laid,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy:
That from th'Argolick ſhips, with furious ire,
Bett back the furie of the Troyan fire.

O! who would not recount the ſtrong diuorces
Of that great warr:, which Troyans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When *Teucrian* ſoyle with bloody riuers ſweld,
And wide *Sigean* ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood out-weld,
Whilſt HECTOR raged with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, woũds in *Greekes* fleet to haue tynd.

For *Ida* ſelfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines miniſtred ſupplies,
And like a kindly nurſe, did yeeld (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nurſeries,
Vnto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the Nauie of their enemies,
And all the *Rhetean* ſhore to aſhes turne,
Where lay the ſhips, which they did ſeeke to burne.

Gainſt which the noble ſonne of TELAMON
Oppoſd himſelfe, and thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battell bad, gainſt whom appeard anon,
HECTOR, the glory of the *Troian* field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth riue
The rathing heauens, and cloudes aſunder driue.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other ſtroue for to defend
The force of VVLCANE with his might and maine.
Thus th'one AEACIDE did his fame extend:
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plaine
Hauing the blood of vanquiſht HECTOR ſhed,
He compaſt *Troy* thrice with his body ded.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull PARIS ſent;
And alſo him that falſe VLYSSES ſlewe,
Drawne into danger through cloſe ambuſhment:
Therefore from him LAERTES ſonne his vewe
Doth turne aſide, and boaſts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rheſus* fall,
And eft in *Dolons* ſubtile ſurpriſall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycons* him diſmay,
And blacke *Laeſtrigones*, a people ſtout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then doe the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deepe *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Laſtly, the ſqualid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And grieſly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There alſo goodly AGAMEMNON boſts
The glorie of the ſtocke of TANTALVS,
And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts,
Vnder whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
The *Dorick* flames conſum'd the *Iliack* poſts.
Ah! but the *Greekes* themſelues more dolourous,
To thee, ô *Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall,
In th'*Helleſpont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by proofe of their miſchance,
The changefull turning of mens ſlipperie ſtate,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himſelfe therefore to heauen ſhould eleuate:
For loftie type of honour through the glance
Of enuies dart, is downe in duſt proſtrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' *Argolicke* power returning home againe,
Enricht with ſpoyles of th'*Ericthonian* towre,
Did happie wind and weather entertaine,
And with good ſpeed the ſomie billowes ſcowre:
No ſigne of ſtorme, no feare of future paine,
Which ſoone enſued them with heauie ſtowre.
Nereis to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the ſurges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or hapleſſe riſing of ſome froward ſtarre,
The heauens on euerie ſide enclowded bee:
Black ſtormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadſtarre ſee,
But skies and ſeas doe make moſt dreadfull warre;
The billowe ſtriuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens ſtriuing them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and ſtarres, and all the heauenly powres
Conſpire in one to wreake their raſh contempt,
And down on them to fall from higheſt towres:
The skie in peeces ſeeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmfull ſhowres,
That death on euerie ſide to them appeares
In thouſand formes, to worke moſt ghaſtly feares.

Some in the greedy flouds are ſunke and dreint,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th'*Euboick* Cliffs in peeces rent;
Some ſcattred on the *Hercaan* ſhores vnknowne;
And many loſt, of whom no moniment
Remaines, nor memorie is to be ſhowne:
Whilſt all the purchaſe of the *Phrygian* pray
Toſt on ſalt billowes, round about doth ſtray.

Heere many other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly ſeates may placed ſee,
Deſcended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in ſoueraigntie,
And doth all Nations vnto her ſubdue:
Heere *Fabij* and *Decij* doe dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of ſtout CAMILL
Doth euer liue, and conſtant CVRTIVS,
Who ſtifly bent his vowed life to ſpill
For Countries health, a gulfe moſt hideous
Amidſt the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appeaſe the Powers: and prudent MVTIVS,
Who in his fleſh endur'd the ſcorching flame,
To daunt his foe by enſample of the ſame.

And here wiſe CVRIVS, his companion
Of noble vertues, liues in endleſs reſt;
And ſtout FLAMINIVS, whoſe deuotion
Taught him the fires ſcornd furie to deteſt;
And heere the praiſe of either SCIPION
Abides in higheſt place aboue the beſt,
To whom the ruind walls of *Carthage* vowd,
Trembling their forces, ſound their praiſes lowd.

Liue they for euer through their laſting praiſe:
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the ſad lakes, that PHOEBVS ſunny rayes
Doe neuer ſee, where ſoules doe alwaies mourne,
And by the wailing ſhores to waſte my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchleſſe flames doth burne;
By which iuſt MINOS righteous ſoules doth ſeuer
From wicked ones, to liue in bliſſe for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long ſnakes, & thouſand yron chaines,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cauſe of my death, and iuſt complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghoſt complaines
To be the Authour of her ill vnwares,
That careleſs hear'ſt my intollerable cares.

Them

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behind.
But doe thou haunt the ſoft downe rolling riuer,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitfull paſtures mind,
And let the flitting ayre my vaine words ſeuer.
Thus hauing ſaid, he heauily departed
With pittious cry, that any would haue ſmarted.

Now, when the ſlothfull fit of lifes ſweet reſt
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieued minde full ſore oppreſt;
That balefull ſorrow he no longer beares,
For that GNATS death, which deeply was impreſt:
But bends what-euer power his aged yeeres
Him lent, yet beeing ſuch, as through their might
He lately ſlue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that ſame Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftſoones he gins to faſhion forth a place;
And squaring it in compaſſe well beſeene,
There plotteth out a tombe by meaſured ſpace:
His yron headed ſpade tho making cleene,
To dig vp ſods out of the flowrie graſſe,
His worke he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Encloſing it with banks on euerie ſide,
And thereupon did raiſe full buſily
A little Mount, of greene turfs edifide;
And on the top of all, that paſſers by
Might it behold, the tombe he did prouide
Of ſmootheſt Marble-ſtone in order ſet,
That neuer might his luckie ſcape forget.

And round about he taught ſweet flowres to grow;
The Roſe engrained in pure ſcarlet die,
The Lilly freſh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigold, and cheerfull Roſemarie,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence ſweet gum does flowe,
The purple Hyacinth, and freſh Coſtmarie,
And Saffron ſought for in *Cilician* ſoyle,
And Laurell th'ornament of PHOEBVS toyle.

Freſh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankincence,
And pallid Iuie bunkling his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, luckleſſe Paramour,
Ox-eye ſtill green, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narciſſe*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell:

And whatſoeuer other flowre of worth,
And whatſo other herb of louely hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her ſelfe in colours freſh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whoſe high front was writ as doth enſue.

To thee, ſmall GNAT, *in lieu of his life ſaued,*
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.

FINIS.





THE RUINES OF ROME:

BY *BELLAY.*

1

YE heauenly Spirits, whoſe aſhie cinders lie
Vnder deepe ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall neuer die
Through your faire verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voyce of wight aliue,
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deepe Abyſſes open riue,
That ye may vnderſtand my ſhrieking yell.
Thrice hauing ſeene vnder the heauens veale,
Your tombs deuoted compaſs ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie heere doe call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glorie, faireſt of all earthly thing.

2

Great BABYLON her haughtie walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot vp in ayre;
Greece will the old *Epheſian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurſlings their Pyramides faire;
The ſame yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the ſtorie
Of IOVES great Image in *Olympus* placed,
MAVSOLVS worke will be the *Carians* glorie.
And *Crete* will boaſt the Labyrinth, now raced;
The antique *Rhodian* will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſſe, erect to Memorie;
And what elſe in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will ſing aboue all monuments
Seuen *Romane* Hils, the worlds ſeuen wonderments.

3

Thou ſtranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* her ſeekeſt,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiu'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame old walls, olde arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Olde Palaces, is that, which *Rome* men call.
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what waſt,
And how that ſhe, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her ſelfe at laſt,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome*, of *Rome* hath victorie:
Ne ought ſaue *Tyber*, haſtning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconſtancie!
That which is firme, doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and ſtay.

4

Shee, whoſe high top aboue the ſtarres did ſore,
One foote on THETIS, th'other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundneſs compaſſing,
IOVE fearing, leaſt if ſhee ſhould greater grow,
The Giants old ſhould once againe vpriſe,

Her whelmd with hills, theſe 7. hils, which be now
Tombes of her greatnes, which did threat the skies:
Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnall*,
Vpon her belly th'antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her ſtomack laid Mount *Quirinall*,
On her left hand the noyſome *Eſquiline*,
And *Celian* on the right; but both her feet,
Mount *Viminall* and *Auentine* doe meet.

5

Who liſts to ſee, what-euer Nature, Art,
And Heauen could doe, ô *Rome*, thee let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatnes he can gheſſe in hart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the ſhade of *Rome*
May of the body yeeld a ſeeming ſight,
Its like a corſe drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magick skill out of eternall night:
The corps of *Rome* in aſhes is entombed,
And her great ſpirit reioyned to the ſpirit
Of this great maſſe, is in the ſame enwombed;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In ſpight of time, out of the duſt doth reare,
Doe make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddeſſe bright
In her ſwift charret, with high turrets crownd,
Proud that ſo many Gods ſhe brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:
This Citie, more then that great *Phrygian* mother,
Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whoſe greatnes, by the greatnes of none other,
But by her ſelfe her equall match could ſee:
Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthly power ſhould not reſemble
Her that did match the whole earths puiſſaunce,
And did her courage to the heauens aduaunce.

7

Ye ſacred ruines, and ye tragick ſights,
Which onely doe the name of *Rome* retaine,
Old moniments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes doe maintaine:
Triumphant Arks, ſpyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to ſee doth th'heauen it ſelfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the ſpoyle of all:
And though your frames doe for a time make warre
Gainſt time, yet time in time ſhall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your laſt reliques marre.
My ſad deſires, reſt therefore moderate:
For if that time make end of things ſo ſure,
It alſ will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vaſſals *Rome* the world ſubdu'd,
That one would weene, that one ſole Cities ſtrength
Both land and ſea in roundnes had ſurwy'd,
To be the meaſure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet ſo fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that poſteritie
Striuing in power their grandfathers to paſſe,
The loweſt earth ioynd to the heauen hie;
To th'end that hauing all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Common-wealths deuoure,
Yet no time ſhould ſo lowe embaſe their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,
Should not her name and endleſs honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell ſtarres, and eke ye Gods vnkind,
Heauen enuious, and bitter ſtepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by courſe of kind
That ye do wield th'affaires of earthly creature;
Why haue your hands long ſithence traueiled
To frame this world that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Romane palaces
Made of ſome matter no leſſe firme & ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voice doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue beeing,
Are temporall, and ſubiect to decay:
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing
With ſome, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole ſhall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue ſonne of *Aeſon*, which by charmes
Atchiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, ſowne in the ſacred ſand;
So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourſlings praiſe
The firie ſunnes both one and other houſe:
But they at laſt, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, ſo ranke ſeed to repreſſe;
Emongſt themſelues with cruell furie ſtriuing,
Mow'd down themſelues with ſlaughter mercileſſe;
Renewing in themſelues that rage vnkind,
Which whilom did thoſe earth-borne brethren blind.

11

MARS, ſhaming to haue giuen ſo great head
To his off-ſpring, that mortall puiſſaunce
Puft vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seemd aboue heauens powre it ſelfe to aduaunce:
Cooling againe his former kindled heat;
With which he had thoſe Romane ſpirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

Into the Gothicke cold hot rage inſtild:
Then gan that Nation, th'earths new Giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,
And beating downe theſe walls with furious mood
Into her mothers boſome, all did marre;
To th'end that none, all were it IOVE his ſire
Should boaſt himſelfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils, to ſcale the ſtarrie ſkie,
And fight againſt the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles IOVE at them his thunder-bolts let flie;
All ſuddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious ſquadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th'earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th'heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all:
So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On theſe ſeuen Romane hils, it ſelfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face
Againſt the heauen, that gan her force to feare.
But now the ſcorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods ſecure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor the ſwift furie of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,
Nor ruthleſſe ſpoyle of ſouldiers blood-deſiring,
The which ſo oft thee (*Rome*) their conqueſt made;
Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of fortune variable,
Ne ruſt of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor ſpight of men vnſtable,
Nor thou oppoſd gainſt thine owne puiſſance;
Nor th'horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
Nor ſwelling ſtreames of that God ſnakie-paced,
Which hath ſo often with his ouerflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride ſo much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee reft.

14

As men in Summer fearleſs paſſe the foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling ſtreames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope, and ſhepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beaſts vſe to deſpiſe
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardiſe
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend;
And as at *Troy* moſt daſtards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corps of HECTOR cold;
So thoſe which whilome wont with pallid cheeks
The Romane triumphs glory to behold,
Now on theſe aſhie tombes ſhew boldneſs vaine,
And conquerd dare the Conquerour diſdaine.

15

Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye aſhie ghoſts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought forth thoſe ſignes of your preſumptuous
Which now their duſty reliques doe bewray; (boaſts
Tell me ye ſpirits (ſith the darkſome riuer
Of *Styx*, not paſſable to ſoules returning,
Encloſing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doe not reſtraine your images ſtill mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps ſome one of you
Yet heere aboue him ſecretly doth hide)
Doe ye not feele your torments to accrew,
When ye ſometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of theſe old *Romane* workes built with your hands,
Now to becom nought elſe, but heaped ſands?

16

Like as yee ſee the wrathfull ſea from farre,
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noyſe,
Eftſoones of thouſand billowes ſhouldred narre,
Againſt a Rock to breake with dreadfull poyſe:
Like as ye ſee fell BOREAS with ſharpe blaſt,
Toſſing huge tempeſts through the troubled ſky,
Eftſoones hauing his wide wings ſpent in waſt,
To ſtop his wearie cariere ſuddenly:
And as yee ſee huge flames ſpred diuerſlie,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to ſpire,
Eftſoones conſumd to fall downe feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchie aſpire
As waues, as wind, as fire ſpred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

17

So long as IOVES great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that preſumptuous might,
With which the Giants did the Gods aſſay.
But all ſo ſoone, as ſcorching Sunne had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerſpred,
The earth out of her maſſie wombe forth ſent
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.
Then was the Germane Rauen in diſguiſe
That Romane Eagle ſeene to cleaue aſunder,
And towards heauen freſhly to ariſe
Out of theſe mountains, now conſumd to powder.
In which the foule that ſerues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more ſeene flying, nor alighting.

18

Theſe heapes of ſtones, theſe old wals which yee ſee,
Were firſt encloſures but of ſaluage ſoyle;
And theſe braue Palaces which maiſtred bee
Of time, were ſhepheards cottages ſomewhile.
Then tooke the ſhepheards Kingly ornament,
And the ſtout hynd armd his right hand with ſteele:
Eftſoones their rule of yeerely Preſidents
Grew great, and ſixe months greater a great deale;
Which made perpetuall, roſe to ſo great might,
That thence th'Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th'heauen it ſelfe oppoſing gainſt her might,

Her

Her power to PETERS ſucceſſor betooke;
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the ſame foreſeeing)
Doth ſhew, that all things turne to their firſt being.

19

All that is perfect, which th'heauen beautifies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feed our ſpirits and our eyes;
And all that doth conſume our pleaſures ſoone;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th'oldeſt times afore,
Rome in the time of her great anceſters,
Like a PANDORA, locked long in ſtore.
But deſtinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was encloſed,
Their heauenly vertues from theſe woes aſſoyling,
Caried to heauen, from ſinfull bondage loſed:
But their great ſinnes, the cauſers of their paine,
Vnder theſe antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwiſe then rainie cloud, firſt fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftſoones in compaſs archt, to ſteepe his hed,
Doth plonge himſelfe in THETYS boſome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great belly ſpreds the dimmed world,
Till at the laſt diſſoluing his moiſt frame,
In raine, or ſnowe, or haile he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was firſt but Shepheards ſhade,
Vpriſing by degrees, grew to ſuch height,
That Queene of land and ſea her ſelfe ſhe made.
At laſt not able to beare ſo great weight,
Her power diſperſt, through all the world did vade:
To ſhew that all in th'end to nought ſhall fade.

21

The ſame which PYRRHVS, and the puiſſaunce
Of *Africk* could not tame, that ſame braue Citie,
Which with ſtout courage armd againſt miſchaunce,
Suſtaind the ſhock of common enmitie;
Long as her ſhip toſt with ſo many freakes,
Had all the world in armes againſt her bent,
Was neuer ſeene, that any fortunes wreakes
Could breake her courſe begun with braue intent.
But when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it ſelfe againſt it ſelfe did arme:
As he that hauing long in tempeſt ſailed,
Faine would ariue, but cannot for the ſtorme,
If too great wind againſt the port him driue,
Doth in the port it ſelfe his veſſell riue.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with *Africa* and *Byze*,
With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day ariſe;
Her nourſlings did with mutinous vprore
Harten againſt her ſelfe, her conquerd ſpoile,
Which ſhe had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoyld within a while.
So when the compaſt courſe of th'vniuerſe
In ſixe and thirtie thouſand yeares is runne,
The bands of th'elements ſhall backe reuerſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quite vndonne:
The ſeedes, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wiſedome of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from ſpoile ſhould be forborne!
To th'end that his victorious people ſhould
With cankring leiſure not be ouerworne;
He well foreſawe, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleaſures faint deſires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her ſelfe the matter of hes fires.
For in a people giuen all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As in a vicious body, groſſe diſeaſe
Soone growes through humours ſuperfluitie.
That came to paſſe, when ſwoine with plenties pride,
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blind furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equall beaſts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or ſcalie creaſts;
What fell ERYNNIS with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noyſome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard deſtinie?
Or ſome old ſinne, whoſe vnappeaſed guilt
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Vpon your walles, that God might not endure,
Vpon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th'infernall ſhade
Thoſe antique CAESARS, ſleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made:
Or that I had AMPHIONS inſtrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The ſtonie ioynts of theſe old walls now rent,
By which th'*Auſonian* light might be reſtord:
Or that at leaſt I could with penſill fine,
Faſhion the pourtraicts of theſe Palacis,

By

By paterne of great VIRGILS ſpirit diuine;
I would aſſay with that which in me is,
To build with leuell of my loftie ſtile,
That which no hands can euermore compile.

26

Who liſt the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to ſeeke for vſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquare, to meaſure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:
But him behoones to view in compaſſe round
All that the Ocean graſpes in his long armes;
Be it where th'yeerely ſtarre doth ſcorch the ground,
Or where cold BOREAS blowes his bitter ſtormes.
Rome was th'whole world, & all the world was *Rome*.
And if things nam'd their names doe equalize,
When land and ſea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome*, ye land and ſea comprize:
For th'auncient Plot of *Rome*, diſplaied plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* aſtoniſht dooſt behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
Theſe haughtie heapes, theſe palaces of old,
Theſe wals, theſe arks, theſe baths, theſe temples hie;
Iudge by theſe ample ruines view, the reſt
The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen held in reckning beſt,
Yet theſe old fragments are for patternes borne:
Then alſo marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
Repayring her decayed faſhion,
Renewes herſelfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Damon*
Doth yet himſelfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

28

Hee that hath ſeene a great Oake dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome Trophees old,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whoſe foote on ground hath left but feeble holds;
But halfe disboweld lies aboue the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and vnſound,
Onely ſupports herſelfe for meat of wormes;
And though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt wind,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And many yong plants ſpring out of her rind:
Who ſuch an Oake hath ſeene, let him record
That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongſt all Cities floriſhed much more.

29

All that which *Egypt* whilome did deuiſe,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embrave,
After th'Ionick, Attick, Dorick guiſe,
Or *Corinth*, skild in curious works to graue:
All that LYSIPPVS practike arte could forme,
APELLES wit, or PHIDIAS his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And heauen it ſelfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wiſe,
All that which *Africk* euer brought forth ſtrange,
All that which *Aſie* euer had of priſe,
Was hers to ſee. O meruailous great change!
Rome, liuing, was the worlds ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds ſole mouument.

30

Like as the ſeeded field greene graſſe firſt ſhowes,
Then from greene graſſe into a ſtalke doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalke into an eare forth growes,
Which eare the fruitfull graine doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the husband mowes
The wauing locks of thoſe faire yellow heares,
Which bound in ſheaues, and layd in comly rowes,
Vpon the naked fields in ſtackes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe old markes to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by doe ſomewhat pill:
As they which gleane, the reliques vſe to gather,
Which th'husbandman behind him chaunft to leaue.

31

That ſame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoeuer dooſt abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*:
Ne *Africk* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spayne*,
Nor the bold people by the *Thamis* brinks,
Nor the braue warlike broode of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne ſouldiour which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou onely cauſe, ô Ciuill furie art,
Which ſowing in th'*Aemathian* fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy proper hart;
To th'end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatneſs growne, through long proſperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verſes that poſteritie
Of age enſuing ſhall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes work may chalenge for her meed?
If vnder heauen any endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doe appeare,
Might well haue hop't to haue obtained it.
Nath'leſſe my Lute, whō PHOEBVS deigned to giue,

Ceaſe

Ceaſe not to ſound theſe old antiquities:
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,
Well maiſt thou boaſt, how euer baſe thou be,
That thou art firſt, which of thy Nation ſong
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

¶ BELLAY, firſt garland of free Poëſie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue wits,
Well worthy thou of immortalitie,
That long haſt traueld by thy learned writs,
Old *Rome* out of her aſhes to reuiue,
And giue a ſecond life to dead decayes:
Needs muſt he all eternitie ſuruiue,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endleſs, and thy praiſe
Excelling all, that euer went before:
And after thee, gins BARTAS hie to raiſe
His heauenly Muſe, th'Almightie to adore.
Liue happy ſpirits, th'honour of your name,
And fill the world with neuer-dying fame.

FINIS.

MVIO-

MVIOPOTMOS,

OR

THE FATE OF THE BVTTERFLY.

By *Edmunde Spenſer*.

Dedicated to the moſt faire and vertuous Lady,
the Ladie CAREY.

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*.
1611.

TO THE RIGHT WORTHY and vertuous Ladie; the Lady *Carey*.

MOſt braue and bountifull Lady, for ſo excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your ſweet hands, to offer theſe fewe leaues as in recompence, ſhould bee as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my ſelfe whollie to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelfe, and abſolutely vowed to your ſeruices: vvhich in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage, to haue the perſon yeelded. My perſon I wot well how little worth it is. But the faithfull mind and humble zeale which I beare vnto your Ladiſhip, may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and vſe the poore ſeruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to ſpend it ſelfe in honouring you: not ſo much for your great bountie to my ſelfe, which yet may not be vnminded, nor for name or kindred ſake by you vouchſafed, being alſo regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye haue by your braue deſerts purchaſt to your ſelfe, and ſpred in the mouthes of all men: vvith which I haue alſo preſumed to grace my verſes, and vnder your Name, to commend to the world this ſmall Poëme. The which beſeeching your Ladiſhip to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wonted graciouſnes to make a milde conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happineſſe.

(***)

Your La: euer humbly;

Ed. Sp.

MVIOPOTMOS:

OR

The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd vp through wrathfull NEMESIS deſpight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great eſtate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition, and hart-ſwelling hate,
Whilſt neither could the others greater might
And ſdeignfull ſcorne endure; that from ſmall iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchſafe, ô thou the mournfulſt Muſe of nine,
That wont'ſt the tragick ſtage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailefull tine,
Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which ſad CLARION did at laſt decline
To loweſt wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of ſiluer-winged Flies
Which doe poſſeſſe the Empire of the ayre,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilſt heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then CLARION, the eldeſt ſonne and heire
Of MVSCAROLL, and in his fathers ſight
Of all aliue did ſeeme the faireſt wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breaſt he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed
Aboue th'enſample of his equall Peares,
Did largely promiſe, and to him fore-red,
(Whilſt oft his hart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would ſure proue ſuch an one,
As ſhould be worthy of his fathers throne.

The freſh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of luſtfull youth began to kindle faſt,
Did much diſdaine to ſubiect his deſire
To lothſome ſloth, or houres in eaſe to waſt,
But ioy'd to range abroad in freſh attire;
Through the wide compaſs of the ayrie coaſt,
And with vnwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned ſire.

For he ſo ſwift and nimble was of flight,
That from his lower tract he dar'd to ſtie
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft vnto the cryſtall skie,
To view the workmanſhip of heauens hight:
Whence downe deſcending he along would flie
Vpon the ſtreaming riuers, ſport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day, when ſeaſon milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heauen HYPERION's fierie childe
Aſcending, did his beames abroad diſſpred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures ſmilde;
Young CLARION with vauntfull luſtiehed,
After his guiſe did caſt abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breaſt-plate firſt, that was of ſubſtance pure,
Before his noble hart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from iron death aſſure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull ſteele and bitter ſtownd,
No leſſe then that which VVLCANE made to ſhield
ACHILLES life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his ſhoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of ſome wilde beaſt, whom hee
In ſaluage forreſt by aduenture ſlew,
And reſt the ſpoyle his ornament to bee:
Which ſpreading all his back with dreadfull view,
Made all that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Thinke him ALCIDES with the Lyons skin,
When the *Nemean* conqueſt he did win.

Vpon his head his gliſtering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuiſe,
And curiouſly engrauen, he did ſet:
The metall was of rare and paſſing price;
Not Bilbo ſteele, nor braſſe from Corinth fet,
Nor coſtly *Oricalche* from ſtrange *Phœnice*;
But ſuch as could both PHOEBVS arrowes ward,
And th'hailing darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either ſide,
Like two ſharpe ſpeares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them ſad death doe hyde:
So did this flie out-ſtretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet ſo as him their terrour more adornes.

Laſtly, his ſhinie wings as ſiluer bright,
Painted with thouſand colours, paſſing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe ſo many ſundry colours arre
In IRIS bowe, ne heauen doth ſhine ſo bright,
Diſtinguiſhed with many a twinkling ſtarre,
Nor IVNOS Bird in her eye-ſpotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill ſpoken)
The Archer God, the ſonne of CYTHEREE,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped ſpoiles of bleeding harts to ſee,
Beares in her wings ſo many a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought againſt thine honour I haue told,
Yet ſure thoſe wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him ſecretly enuide,
And wiſht that two ſuch fannes, ſo ſilken ſoft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would ſteale them priuily away,
And bring to her ſo precious a pray.

Report is that dame VENVS on a day,
In ſpring when flowres doe clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forhead to array:
Emongſt the reſt a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight ASTERY, excelling all the crewe
In curteous vſage, and vnſtained hewe.

Who beeing nimbler ioynted then the reſt,
And more induſtrious, gathered more ſtore
Of the fields honour, than the others beſt;
Which they in ſecret harts enuying ſore,
Told VENVS, when her as the worthieſt
She praiſd, that CVPID (as they heard before)
Did lend her ſecret ayde, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddeſſe gathering iealous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her ſonne to PSYCHE ſecret loue did beare,
And long it cloſe conceald, till mickle woe
Thereof aroſe, and many a rufull teare;
Reaſon with ſudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing haſtie credite to th'accuſer,
Was led away of them that did abuſe her.

Eftſoones that Damzell by her heauenly might,
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide ayre to make her wandring flight;
And all thoſe flowres, with which ſo plentiouſly
Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the freſh CLARION beeing readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himſelfe addreſſe,
And with good ſpeed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke luſtineſſe,
And all the champaine o're he ſoared light,
And all the countrey wide he did poſſeſſe,
Feeding vpon their pleaſures bountiouſlie,
That none gainſaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes greene,
With his ayre-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnſeene,
Nor the ranke graſſie fennes delights vntride.
But none of theſe, how euer ſweet they beene,
Mote pleaſe his fancie, nor him cauſe t'abide:
His choicefull ſenſe with euery change doth flit,
No common things may pleaſe a wauering wit.

To the gay gardens his vnſtaid deſire
Him wholly caried, to refreſh his ſprights:
There lauiſh Nature in her beſt attire,
Poures forth ſweet odors, & alluring ſights;
And Art with her contending, doth aſpire,
T'excell the naturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleaſant may be found,
In riotous exceſſe doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes ſuruey with curious buſie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there ſet in order;
Now this, now that he taſteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth diſorder,
Ne with his feete their ſilken leaues deface;
But paſtures on the pleaſures of each place.

And euermore with moſt varietie,
And change of ſweetneſſe (for all change is ſweet)
He caſts his glutton ſenſe to ſatisfie,
Now ſucking of the ſap of herbes moſt meet,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the ſame bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on ſome branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moiſt wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To ſpoyle the pleaſures of that Paradiſe:
The wholſome Salge, and Lauender ſtill gray,
Ranke ſmelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roſes raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Iſope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram, and Dayſies decking prime.

Coole

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed Balme, and cheerfull Galingale,
Freſh Coſtmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppy, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veine-healing Vetuen, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perſeline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreſhing Roſmarine.

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himſelfe embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſaunce
Of all his gladfulneſs, and kingly ioyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Then to enioy delight with liberty,
And to be Lord of all the works of Nature,
To raine in th'aire from earth to higheſt ſky,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth pleaſe the eye?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happineſs,
Well worthy he to taſte of wretchedneſs.

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate?
Or who can him aſſure of happy day:
Sith morning faire may bring foule euening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bliſſe alter may?
For thouſand perills lie in cloſe awaite
About vs dailie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedy prouide.

And whatſo heauens in their ſecret doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleſhly wight
Fore-caſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the ayre, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and ſome
Doe ſerue to them, and with importune might
Warre againſt vs the vaſſals of their will.
Who then can liue, what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, ô CLARION, though faireſt thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappy happy Flie,
Whoſe cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of IOVES owne hand, to worke thy miſerie:
Ne may thee helpe the many hartie vow,
Which thy olde Sire with ſacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars ſprent:
Nought may thee ſaue from heauens auengement.

It fortuned (as heauens had behight)
That in this garden, where yong CLARION
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlaue of ſpight,
Had lately built his hatefull manſion,
And lurking cloſely, in awaite now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot diſplacing to and fro,
Feareleſſe of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord how he gan for to beſtirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apply!
His hart did yerne againſt his hated foe,
And bowels ſo with rankling poyſon ſweld,
That ſcarce the skin the ſtrong contagion held.

The cauſe why he this Flie ſo maliced,
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
ARACHNE, by his meanes was vanquiſhed
Of PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow neuer ended.

For the *Tritonian* Goddeſſe hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fild,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her praiſe-worthy workmanſhip to yield:
But the preſumptuous Damzell raſhly dar'd
The Goddeſſe ſelfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtorie ſhe wi'l for her tapet take.
ARACHNE figur'd how IOVE did abuſe
EVROPA like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did beare; ſo liuely ſeene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee ſeem'd ſtill backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The daſhing of the waues, that vp ſhe tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how ſhe in euery member ſhooke,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appeare,
But a wilde wilderneſs of waters deepe:
Then gan ſhe greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull ſhe pictur'd winged Loue,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue;
The one his bowe and ſhafts, the other ſpring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Sires new loue both triumphing:
And many Nymphes about them flocking round,
And many *Tritons*, which their hornes did ſound.

And round about, her worke ſhe did empale
With a faire border wrought of ſundry flowres,
Enwouen with an Iuie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame PALLAS, ſuch as Enuie pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth deuoures,
Could not accuſe. Then gan the Goddeſſe bright
Her ſelfe likewiſe vnto her work to dight.

She made the ſtorie of the old debate,
Which ſhe with NEPTVNE did for *Athens* try:
Twelue Gods doe ſit around in royall ſtate,
And IOVE in midſt with awfull Maieſtie,
To iudge the ſtrife between them ſtirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like viſnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but IOVE aboue them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them ſtands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that ſea-coaſt Citie as his right,
And ſtrikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth iſſues a warlike ſteed in ſight,
The ſigne by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which ſaw his wondrous might,
Did ſurely deeme the victorie his due:
But ſeldome ſeene, foreiudgement prooueth true.

Then to herſelfe ſhe giues her *Aegide* ſhield,
And ſteel-head ſpeare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as ſhe oft is ſeene in warlike field:
Then ſets ſhe forth, how with her weapon dredd
Shee ſmote the ground, the which ſtreight forth did (yield
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries ſpredd,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the ſtorie
Shee compaſt with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongſt thoſe leaues ſhe made a Butterflie
With excellent deuice and wondrous ſlight,
Fluttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That ſeem'd to liue, ſo like it was in ſight:
The veluet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The ſilken doune with which his backe is dight,
His broad outſtretched hornes, his ayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his gliſtering eyes.

Which when ARACHNE ſaw, as ouerlaid,
And maſtered with workmanſhip ſo rare,
She ſtood aſtonied long, ne ought gaineſaid,
And with faſt fixed eyes on her did ſtare,
And by her ſilence, ſigne of one diſmaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her ſhare:
Yet did ſhe inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her bloud to poyſonous rancor turne.

That ſhortly from the ſhape of womanhed,
Such as ſhe was when PALLAS ſhe attempted,
She grew to hideous ſhape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftſoones her white ſtreight legges were altered
To crooked crawling ſhanks, of marrowe empted,
And her faire face to foule and loathſome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This curſed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfeſted grudge, the which his mother felt,
So ſoone as CLARION he did behold,
His hart with vengefull malice inly ſwelt;
And weauing ſtraight a net with manie a fold
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine ſmall cords about it ſtretched wide,
So finely ſponne, that ſcarce they could be ſpide.

Not any damzell, which her vaunteth moſt
In skilfull knitting of ſoft ſilken twine;
Nor any weauer, which his worke doth boaſt
In diaper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor any skild in workmanſhip emboſt;
Nor any skild in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
With this ſo curious net-worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that ſame ſubtile gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftily,
MARS ſleeping with his wife to compaſſe in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and ſcorne their ſhamefull ſin,
Was like to this. This ſame he did apply,
For to entrap the careleſſe CLARION,
That rang'd each where without ſuſpicion.

Suſpicion of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Litle wiſt he his fatall future woe,
But was ſecure, the liker he to fall.
He likeſt is to fall into miſchaunce,
That is regardleſs of his gouernaunce.

Yet ſtill ARAGNOLL (ſo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking couertly him to ſurpriſe,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dreſt in good order as he could deuiſe.
At length, the fooliſh Flie without foreſight,
As he that did all danger quite deſpiſe,
Toward thoſe parts came flying careleſly,
Where hidden was his fatall enemy.

Who ſeeing him, with ſecrete ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his falſe hart fraught with all treaſons ſtore,
Was fill'd with hope, his purpoſe to obtaine:
Himſelfe he cloſe vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there beeing might not be bewraid,
Ne any noyſe, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing ſpide,
Where on a ſunny banke the Lambes doe play,
Full cloſely creeping by the hinder ſide,
Lyes in ambuſhment of his hoped pray,
Ne ſtirreth limbe, till ſeeing readie tide,
He ruſheth forth, and ſnatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke ARAGNOLL him prepares.

Who now ſhall giue vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where ſhall I find lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to ſhow?
Helpe ô thou Tragick Muſe, me to deuiſe
Notes ſad enough, t'expreſſe this bitter throw:
For loe, the drerie ſtownd is now arriued,
That of all happineſs hath vs deprined.

That

The luckleſs CLARION, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultleſs him miſled,
Of ſome vngracious blaſt out of the gate
Or AEOLES raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O ſad hap and houre vnfortunate)
With violent ſwift flight forth caried
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthroe.

There the fond Flie entangled, ſtrugled long,
Himſelfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For ſtriuing more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lymie ſnares the ſubtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breatheleſſe did remaine,
And all his youthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the grieſly tyrant did eſpy,
Like a grimme Lyon ruſhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he ſeized greedily
On the reſiſtleſs prey, and with fell ſpight,
Vnder the left wing ſtrooke his weapon ſlie
Into his hart, that his deepe groning ſpright
In bloody ſtreames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the ſpectacle of care.

FINIS.

VISIONS



VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

(***)

1

ONe day, whiles that my daily cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.
On which when as my thought was throughly placed,
Vnto my eyes strange shewes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,
That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

2

In Summers day, when PHOEBVS fairely shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driuen snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatnes so did ouer-flowe
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne eat'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angry sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:
So by the small, the great is oft diseased.

3

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy *Nile*,
Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That cramd with guiltles blood, and greedy pray
Of wretched people trauailing that way,
Thought all things lesse then his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, call'd *Tedula*,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The griesly gates of his deuouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

4

The kingly Bird, that beares IOVES thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,
That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his young ones, and himselfe distrest:
Ne suffred him in any place to rest,
But droue in IOVES owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the fikh his egs to fling away:
For which when as the Fowle was wroth, said IOVE,
Lo how the least the greatest may reproue.

5

Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flie,
And with his staggy sinnes doth seeme to sweepe

The

The ſomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leuiathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his ſport, that many makes to weepe:
A ſword-fiſh ſmall him from the reſt did ſunder,
That in his throat him pricking ſoftly vnder,
His wide Abyſſe him forced forth to ſpewe,
That all the ſea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were ſtain'd with filthy hewe.
Heereby I learned haue, not to deſpiſe,
What-euer thing ſeemes ſmall in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whoſe backe was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpeare,
With ſhields of Braſſe, that ſhone like burniſht gold,
And forkhed ſting, that death in it did beare,
Stroue with a Spider, his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The ſubtill vermin creeping cloſely neare,
Did in his drinke ſhed poyſon priuilie;
Which through his entrailes ſpreading diuerſly,
Made him to ſwell, that nigh his bowels burſt,
And him enforſt to yeeld the victorie,
That did ſo much in his owne greatneſs truſt.
O how great vaineneſſe is it then to ſcorne
The weake, that hath the ſtrong ſo oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and ſtraight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Mongſt all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not any one.
Shortly, within her inmoſt pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her ſap and vitall moyſture fed:
Thenceforth her garland ſo much honoured
Began to die, (ô great ruth for the ſame)
And her faire locks fell from her loftie head,
That ſhortly bald, and bared ſhe became.
I, which this ſight beheld, was much diſmay'd,
To ſee ſo goodly thing ſo ſoone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I ſaw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and boſſes gorgeouſly,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which ſhone exceedingly;
That he himſelfe through fooliſh vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed vp with paſſing turquedry,
And ſhortly gan all other beaſts to ſcorne.
Till that a little Ant, a ſilly worme,
Into his noſthrills creeping, ſo him pained,
That caſting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and native beautie ſtained.
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith ſo ſmall thing his happineſs may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ſhip with banners brauely dight,
And flagge in her top-gallant I eſpide,
Through the maine ſea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the wind into her boſome right;
And th'heauens looked louely all the while,
That ſhe did ſeeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did ſmile.
All ſuddainly there cloue vnto her keele
A little fiſh, that men call *Remora*,
Which ſtopt her courſe, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
Strange thing me ſeemeth, that ſo ſmall a thing
Should able be ſo great an one to wring.

10

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly ſatisfide,
With pray of beaſts, and ſpoile of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadleſs den him thought to hide:
His ſternneſſe was his praiſe, his ſtrength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I ſaw a Waſpe, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;
Sore he him ſtung, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proud hart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;
And from his bloody eyes doth ſparkle fire;
That dead himſelfe he wiſheth for deſpight.
So weakeſt may annoy the moſt of might.

11

What time the Romane Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and floriſht moſt in might,
The Nations gan their ſoueraignty diſdaine,
And caſt to quit them from their bondage quight:
So when all ſhrouded were in ſilent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a maid,
Poſſeſt nigh of the Capitoll through ſlight,
Had not a Gooſe the treachery bewrayd.
If then a Gooſe, great *Rome* from ruine ſtayd,
And IOVE himſelfe, the Patron of the place,
Preſeru'd from beeing to his foes betrayd,
Why doe vaine men meane things ſo much deface,
And in their might repoſe their moſt aſſurance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?

12

When theſe ſad ſights were outer-paſt and gone,
My ſpright was greatly mooued in her reſt,
With inward ruth and deare affection,

To

To ſee ſo great things by ſo ſmall diſtreſt.
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieued breſt
To ſcorne all difference of great and ſmall,
Sith that the greateſt often are oppreſt,
And vnawares doe into danger fall.
And ye, that read theſe ruines tragicall
Learne by their loſſe to loue the lowe degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours ſeat, forget not what you bee:
For he that of himſelfe is moſt ſecure,
Shall finde his ſtate moſt fickle and vnſure.

FINIS.

THE VISIONS OF *BELLAY.*

1

IT was the time, when reſt ſoft ſliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauie eyes,
In the forgetfulneſſe of ſleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miſeries:
Then did a Ghoſt before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banke, that runnes by *Rome*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;
And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is:
Loe, all is nought but flying vanitee.
So I that know this worlds inconſtancies.
Sith onely God ſurmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence doth ſtay.

2

On high hills top I ſaw a ſtately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iuſt aſſize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the ſame,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But ſhining cryſtall, which from top to baſe
Out of her wombe a thouſand rayons threw,
One hundred ſteps of *Afrike* gold's enchaſe.
Golde was the Parget, and the ſeeling bright
Did ſhine all ſealy with great plates of gold;
The floore of Iaſp and Emeraude was dight.
O worlds vaineneſſe! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake ſhooke the hill from loweſt ſeat,
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3

Then did a ſharped ſpyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in ſquare, appeare to mee,
Iuſtly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So farre as Archer might his leuel ſee:
The top thereof a pot did ſeeme to beare,
Made of the metall which we all doe honour,
And in this golden veſſell couched weare
The aſhes of a mightie Emperour.
Vpon foure corners of the baſe were pight,
To beare the frame, foure Lyons great of gold;
A worthy tombe for ſuch a worthy wight.
Alas! this world doth nought but grieuance hold.
I ſaw a tempeſt from the heauen deſcend,
Which this braue monument with flaſh did rend.

4

I ſaw rayſde vp on Iuorie pillowes tall,
Whoſe baſes were of richeſt metalls warke,
The chapters Alablaſter, the fryſes cryſtall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each ſide purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of ſiluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was ſet on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romane Peares.

No

No worke it ſeem'd of earthly craftſmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne induſtry,
That thunder-darts for IOVE his ſire doth fit.
Let me no more ſee faire thing vnder ſky,
Sith that mine eyes haue ſeene ſo faire a ſight
With ſuddaine fall to duſt conſumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre ſeene,
Vpon ſeauen hills to ſpread his gladſome gleame,
And Conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the banks of the *Auſonian* ſtreame:
There many an auncient Trophee was addreſt,
And many a ſpoyle, and many a goodly ſhow,
Which that braue races greatnes did atteſt,
That whilome from the *Troyan* bloud did flow.
Rauiſht I was ſo rare a thing to view,
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clowniſh fone
The honour of theſe noble boughs downe threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronke to grone;
And ſince I ſaw the roote in great diſdaine
A twinne of forked trees ſend forth againe.

6

I ſaw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Nurſing two whelps; I ſaw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While ſhe her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I ſaw her range abroad to ſeeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T'embrew her teeth & clawes with lukewarme bloud
Of the ſmall beards, her thirſt for to aſſwage.
I ſaw a thouſand huntſmen, which deſcended
Downe from the mountaines bordring *Lombardie*,
That with an hundred ſpeares her flanke wide rended.
I ſaw her on the Plaine outſtretched lie,
Throwing out thouſand throbs in her owne ſoyle:
Soone on a tree vphangd I ſaw her ſpoyle.

7

I ſaw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings aſſay to mount on hight,
By more and more ſhe gan her wings t'aſſure,
Following th'enſample of her mothers ſight:
I ſaw her riſe, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To meaſure the moſt haughty mountaines hight,
Vntill ſhe raught the Gods owne manſions:
There was ſhe loſt, when ſuddaine I beheld,
Where tumbling through the ayre in firie fold;
All flaming downe ſhe on the Plaine was feld,
And ſoone her bodie turn'd to aſhes cold.
I ſaw the fowle that doth the light deſpiſe,
Out of her duſt like to a worme ariſe.

8

I ſaw a riuer ſwift, whoſe fomie billowes
Did waſh the ground-worke of an old great wall;
I ſaw it couer'd all with griſly ſhadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a ſtrange beaſt with ſeauen heads aroſe,
That townes and caſtles vnder her breſt did coure,
And ſeem'd both milder beaſts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall rauine to deuoure.
Much was I mazde, to ſee this monſters kind
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I ſaw the wrathfull wind,
Which blows cold ſtorms, burſt out of *Scithian* mew,
That ſperſt theſe clowdes, and in ſo ſhort as thought,
This dreadfull ſhape was vaniſhed to nought.

9

Then all aſtonied with this mightie ghoaſt,
An hideous body big and ſtrong I ſawe,
With ſide-long beard, and locks down hanging loaſt,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturn-like awe;
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd forth a water, whoſe out-guſhing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie ſhore aflot,
Whereon the *Troyan* Prince ſpilt TVRNVS blood;
And at his feete a bitch-wolfe ſucke did yield
To two young babes: his left, the Palme-tree ſtout,
His right hand did the peacefull Oliue wield,
And head with Laurell garniſht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Oliue fell away,
And faire greene Laurell branch did quite decay.

10

Hard by a riuers ſide a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thouſand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers ſound thus tun'd her ſobs.
Where is (quoth ſhe) this whilome honored face?
Where the great glory and the ancient praiſe,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raiſe?
Suffis'd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds ſpoyle, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred HERCVLES to be aſſaid,
With ſeauen heads, budding monſtrous crimes anew,
So many NERO'S and CALIGVLA'S
Out of theſe crooked ſhores muſt daily raiſe?

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did ſee,
Waxing aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incenſe of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fill'd th'ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way moſt pleaſant notes did ſing,
Whilſt in the ſmoake ſhe vnto heauen did ſtie.
Of this faire fire the ſcattered rayes forth threw
On euerie ſide a thouſand ſhining beames:

When

When ſudden dropping of a ſiluer dew
(O grieuous chance) gan quench thoſe precious flames;
That it which earſt ſo pleaſant ſent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous ſulphure ſmeld.

12

I ſaw a ſpring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Cryſtall gainſt the Sunny beames,
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright PACTOLVS waſheth with his ſtreames;
It ſeem'd that Art and Nature had aſſembled
All pleaſures there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyſe alluring ſleepe ſoft trembled,
Of many accords more ſweet then Mermaids ſong:
The ſeates and benches ſhone of Iuorie,
And hundred Nymphes ſate ſide by ſide about;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villaine feet the ſtreame did ray,
Threw downe the ſeats, and droue the Nymphs away.

13

Much richer then that veſſell ſeem'd to bee,
Which did to that ſad *Florentine* appeare,
Caſting mine eyes farre off, I chaunſt to ſee,
Vpon the *Latine* Coaſt herſelfe to reare:
But ſuddenly aroſe a tempeſt great,
Bearing cloſe enuie to theſe riches rare,
Which gan aſſaile this ſhip with dreadfull threat,
This ſhip, to which none other might compare.
And finally the ſtorme impetuous
Sunke vp theſe riches, ſecond vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedy *Nereus*.
I ſaw both ſhip and mariners each one,
And all that treaſure drowned in the maine:
But I the ſhip ſaw after raiſd againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd theſe viſions ſad,
I ſaw a Cittie like vnto that ſame,
Which ſaw the meſſenger of tydings glad;
But that on ſand was built the goodly frame:
It ſeem'd her top the firmament did raiſe,
And no leſſe rich then faire, right worthie ſure
(If ought heere worthy) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.
Much wondred I to ſee ſo faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coaſt a ſtorme aroſe,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did againſt his courſe oppoſe,
Into a clowde of duſt ſperſt in the aire
The weake foundations of this Cittie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when MORPHEVS
Moſt truſie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to ſee the heauens ſtill wauering thus,
I ſaw TYPHAEVS ſiſter comming neare;
Whoſe head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did ſeeme to match the Gods in Maieſtie.
She by a riuers banke that ſwift downe ſlidd,
Ouer all the world did raiſe a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquiſht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in ſhamefull wiſe;
Whilſt I thus mazed was with great affray,
I ſaw the heauens in warre againſt her riſe:
Then downe ſhe ſtriken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyſe I wakte in ſudden wonder.

FINIS.

M. THE

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

Formerlie tranſlated.

1

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So many ſtrange things happened me to ſee,
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greateſt God delite;
Two eager dogs did her purſue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force ſo in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beaſt,
That at the laſt, and in ſhort time I ſpide,
Vnder a Rocke where ſhe alas oppreſt,
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely dide.
Cruell death vanquiſhing ſo noble beautie,
Oft makes me waile ſo hard a deſtinie.

2

After at Sea a tall ſhip did appeare,
Made all of Heben and white Iuorie,
The ſailes of gold, of ſilke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme ſeem'd the ſea to be,
The skie each where did ſhow full bright and faire;
With rich treaſures this gay ſhip fraighted was:
But ſudden ſtorme did ſo turmoyle the ayre,
And tumbled vp the ſea, that ſhe (alas!)
Strake on a Rock, that vnder water lay,
And periſhed paſt all recouerie.
O how great ruth and ſorrowfull aſſay,
Doth vexe my ſpirit with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to ſee loſt and drown'd
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3

The heauenly branches did I ſee ariſe
Out of the freſh and luſtie Laurell tree,
Amidſt the young greene wood: of Paradiſe
Some noble plant I thought my ſelfe to ſee:
Such ſtore of birds therein yſhrowded were;
Chaunting in ſhade their ſundry melodie,
That with their ſweetneſſe I was rauiſht nere.
While on this Laurell fixed was mine eye,
The skie gan euery where to ouer-caſt,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When ſudden flaſh of heauens fire out braſt,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,
Which makes me much and euer to complaine:
For no ſuch ſhadow ſhall be had againe.

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did riſe
A ſpring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in any wiſe
The homely ſhepheard, nor the ruder clowne;
But manie Muſes and the Nymphes withall,
That ſweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the ſoft ſounding of the waters fall,
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But while therein I tooke my chiefe delight,
I ſaw (alas!) the gaping earth deuoure
The ſpring, the place, and all cleane out of ſight:
Which yet aggreeues my hart euen to this houre,
And wounds my ſoule with rufull memorie,
To ſee ſuch pleaſures gone ſo ſuddenly.

5

I ſaw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and creſt of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of ſome heauenly wight I had the vewe;

Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,
And to the ſpring, that late deuoured was.
What ſay I more? each thing at laſt we ſee
Doth paſſe away: the Phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the tree deſtroyd, the water dride,
Himſelfe ſmote with his beake, as in diſdaine,
And ſo forth-with in great deſpight he dide:
That yet my hart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitty of ſo hapleſſe plight.
O let mine eyes no more ſee ſuch a ſight.

6

At laſt, ſo faire a Ladie did I ſpie,
That thinking yet on her, I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres ſhe walked penſiuely,
Mild, but yet loue ſhe proudly did forſake:
White ſeem'd her robes, yet wouen ſo they were,
As ſnow and golde together had been wrought.
Aboue the waſte a darke clowde ſhrouded her,
A ſtinging Serpent by the heele her caught;
Where-with ſhe languiſht as the gather'd flowre,
And well aſſur'd ſhe mounted vp to ioy.
Alas, on earth ſo nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and ſorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miſerable,
Toſſed with ſtormes of fortune variable.

7

When I beheld this tickle truſtleſſe ſtate
Of vaine worlds glory, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men toſſed by troublous fate
In reſtleſs ſeas of wretchednes and woe,
I wiſh I might this wearie life forgoe,
And ſhortly turne vnto my happy reſt,
Where my free ſpirit might not any moe
Be vext with ſights, that doe her peace moleſt.
And ye faire Ladie, in whoſe bountious breſt
All heauenly grace and vertue ſhrined is,
When ye theſe rimes doe read, and view the reſt,
Loathe this baſe world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the faireſt of Gods creatures,
Yet think, that death ſhall ſpoile your goodly features.

FINIS.